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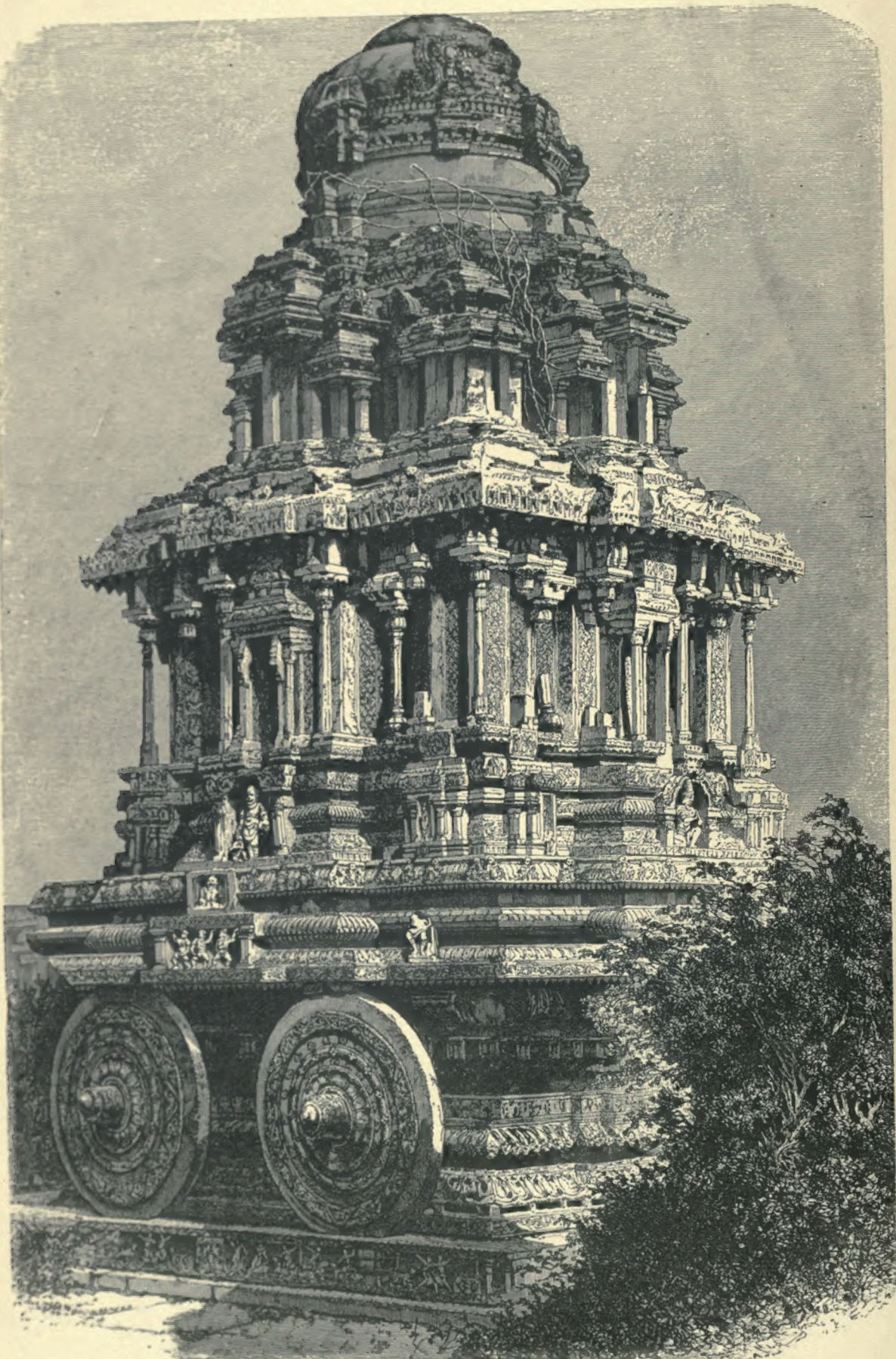


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ORIGINAL FORM OF THE CAR OF JUGGERNATH, CONSTRUCTED IN STONE.—See p. 252.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

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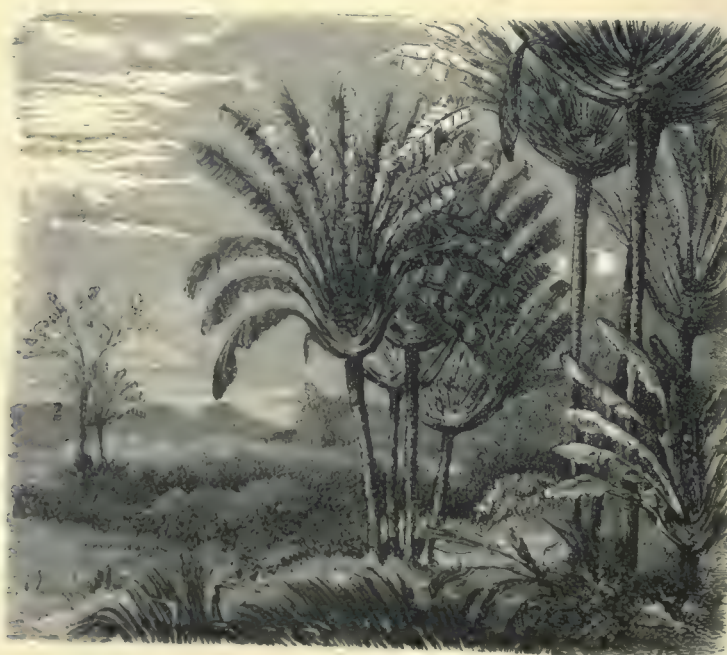
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TRAVELLERS' TREE, MADAGASCAR.

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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



STEAMER ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A Naturalist's Excursion in Wisconsin.

BY P. L. SCLATER, F.R.S., PH.D., ETC., SECRETARY TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

HAD any of my London friends—who are wont to revile the great metropolis as exhibiting the densest and darkest known variety of fog—been in the good steamer *Lady Elgin*, as she lay during seven or eight hours off the town of Superior (situated on the lake of that name) on the morning of a certain day in September, they must have admitted that in the production of fogs, as well as of other articles, our neighbours on the opposite side of the Atlantic need not fear competition. There we were, so the captain said, within a few yards of the end of our journey, but how long it would be before we accomplished the remainder, unless this same fog departed, seemed to be extremely problematical. Having arrived some time during the small hours of the morning, we lay about mid-day still in the same spot, slowly rising and sinking, as the large ripples floating shorewards from the centre of the great lake bore us up and down. One of the men stood on the side of the upper deck, occasionally casting into the lake a small lead line, to guard against the peril of allowing the vessel to drift into too shallow water. The pilot looked gloomily out of his glass box, perched aloft on the top of the huge upper saloon which forms the second story of the American steamers.

The passengers walked about the front deck, anxiously expecting the weather to clear, and busy in discussing the price of town lots, and the problem as to whether it were possible for a wheeled vehicle to traverse the principal street of the city of Superior. At length it began to grow a little more light, the fog was visibly decreasing, and about half an hour before mid-day the outline of the coast appeared in front of us. We steamed slowly forwards, the horizon growing more discernible as we progressed, and soon found ourselves opposite the narrow opening, through which the joint waters of the St. Louis and the Nemadji Rivers discharge themselves into the bosom of Lake Superior. Straight in face of us as we entered lay a slightly elevated table-land, clothed, as are ever the sides of the great American lakes, with one unvarying forest. In front of this about twenty wooden houses, situated in an irregular clearing, represented the city of which we had heard so much during the past four days' voyage. With some difficulty the steamer forced its way through the narrow passage between the sand-banks, and, crossing the stream, was moored alongside a rough kind of landing-place. All the inhabitants turned out to welcome us, and looked joyful as we approached, for the last

steamer* having broken down on her route down the lakes, it was now a fortnight since they had had any communication with the rest of the world, and they were all starving for flour and the latest news. It was not long before we were out of the vessel, glad enough to escape from our four days' confinement, and found ourselves and our carpet-bags inside the biggest house in the place, which was, of course, the hotel.

It shows a decided want of invention on the part of the Americans with regard to names (I suppose they have lots of other objects upon which to exercise their inventive faculties), that in new cities, instead of "Victoria Place" and "Albert Road," &c., they insist on calling all the streets after the cardinal numbers. Thus, in Superior, Second Street fronts the river side (First Street is to be built on piles, upon ground at the present moment covered with water); Third Street is next, and parallel to it. Third Street is the great thoroughfare—the *Broadway*—the Regent Street of the city, owing, I suppose, to the fact that it is the street on which most of the half-finished wooden houses which compose the city are built, and besides that, possesses a double side-walk, composed of planks. Next follow Fourth Street and Fifth Street, about which time we are in the middle of the uncleared forest, although in the lithographed plans of the city the numbers run on to I don't know how far. But to return to our hotel, where the first thing to be done was to write our names and addresses in a book (the unvarying initiatory method of obtaining a footing in an American hotel). We were delighted to find a large room vacant. There were a dozen beds in it, to be sure, but none of them seemed occupied; so, having selected two together, and leaving our coats and carpet-bags to guard them, we descended at once to view the lions of Superior. A walk up and down Third Street, an admiring glance at the stumps standing in the middle of it, and a talk with some of our late companions in the *Lazy E'gin*, who were "prospecting a bit," and strongly urged us to invest in "town lots," satisfied us that we might safely venture to depart the next day without leaving anything unseen. The first step towards departure was to find old Jean Battiste Lefevre, the half-breed voyageur who accompanied Mr. Oliphant in his canoe journey from this place to St. Paul, of which he has given so amusing an account in his "Minnesota and the Far West." We consulted him as to the most practicable way of traversing the 120 miles of forest which lay between us and the nearest settlements on the Upper Mississippi. The result of our inquiries was as follows:—Firstly, we might ascend the St. Louis River in a canoe to Sandy Lake, pass the portage into the Mississippi, and descend it to Crow-wing, the highest

settlement on the main stream, where we should find a "stage" to convey us to St. Paul. Secondly, a walk through the forest of about sixty miles by what was denominated (as we found afterwards somewhat incorrectly) the "winter road," would bring us to the St. Croix, an important branch of the Upper Mississippi. Here it was probable we might find Indians ("sauvages," as the Canadians call them), and obtain from them a bark canoe, to descend to the highest settlement at Taylor's Falls. The objection to this route was that if there were no savages we should find no canoes, and should have to foot it sixty miles more down the banks of the St. Croix. Thirdly, there was a second canoe route, by ascending the Burnt Wood River (which runs into Lake Superior, some miles to the east of the town), and passing by a short portage into one of the upper branches of the St. Croix. After due consideration we resolved to take the middle route—*medio tutissimus ibis*—as it offered more variety than the other two, and was said to be rather the quickest.* We commenced at once to collect necessaries for the way; for since our stock was to consist merely of biscuits, tea, sugar, and a piece of salt pork, it will be allowed that we did not propose to indulge in luxuries.

While at the store, making our purchases we were agreeably surprised at being addressed by a fellow-countryman. A sad reverse of fortune had caused an English gentleman and his charming wife to seek refuge in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, for the purpose of beginning life again. We passed a very pleasant evening in their company. The *parti de quatre* was completed by the presence of an Irish doctor, who had, as he informed us, a monopoly of the practice of the place. Considering the limited number of the inhabitants, and the well-known healthiness of the climate, I fear he did not make much profit out of it, and, as he acknowledged, he rather wished himself back again amongst the fevers of the Lower Mississippi, which he left to migrate to Superior.* However, he did not seem at all low-spirited at his prospects, and joined happily enough in our "yuker" and "poker," the prevailing fashionable games of cards in the West. Our English friend contemplated becoming the shipbuilder of the place, and had located himself in Second Street, close to the water, where he had already two boats afloat. I hope, however, I shall not be accused of "telling tales" if I remark that, as far as I could see, Mr. Z.'s then principal employment (not deviating in this respect from the occupation followed by the other inhabitants of "Superior City") appeared to me to be what the Americans term "loafing" about with a big pipe in his mouth, and waiting for the rise in price of his "town lots."

The reason that capital commands the high rate of interest

* There are two lines of steamers which navigate the American shore of Lake Superior during the summer season, one starting from Chicago in Lake Michigan, and the other from Detroit, at the mouth of Lake Erie. They pass into Lake Superior by the magnificent ship canal at Sault St. Marie, and convey goods and passengers to the numerous mining establishments on the south coast, returning laden with the rich copper and iron ores. The halting-places of the former line are:—

Chicago.		Margnette	170 miles.
Milwaukee	90 miles.	Copper Harbour	80 "
Sheboygan	50 "	Eagle Harbour	16 "
Manitowoc	25 "	Eagle River	9 "
Two Rivers	7 "	Ontonagon	65 "
Manitoc	112 "	La Pointe	80 "
Mackinac	90 "	Superior	80 "
Sault St. Marie	90 "		
		Total.	964 miles.

The Detroit line stops at the same places, but does not generally go farther than the island of La Pointe.

* There is no doubt that the State of Minnesota and adjacent parts of the North-west have the advantage of one of the most salubrious climates in the world. During the week which we passed in the woods, sleeping in the open air, several times wet through as we lay, and but slightly protected from the cold, which was severe towards sunrise, we never felt the slightest ill effects; and it was said that such things might always be done with impunity in this country. Anything like the "fever and ague," so common a little further south, is quite unknown. The Minnesotans tell the following veracious story, as illustrative of this state of things:—One of the earliest settlers in the territory, overburdened with years, became tired of this world, and anxious to depart to a better. His numerous descendants, nowise loth to assist him in gratifying his fancy, and well aware that he could not accomplish it in so healthy a place as Minnesota, shipped him off down the river to New Orleans, where he caught the yellow fever and died accordingly. But, upon bringing him back into the salubrious climate of Minnesota for burial, to their great discomfiture, he revived forthwith.

prevalent in the Western cities (from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. *per month*, upon good security, was the usual rate at St. Paul, Minn., at the time of our visit) is chiefly attributable to the enormous gains derived from traffic in *land*. A speculator picks out what he considers to be a likely spot at the head of some river navigation, or where a railway is likely to pass. If he makes a good choice, and the town becomes really inhabited, his profits are of no ordinary nature. The difference between the Government price for waste land (one dollar and a quarter per acre) and its increased value is often very considerable. While we were at Superior, two "town lots" in Third Street, with a frontage of about twenty-five or thirty feet each only, changed hands at 1,200 dollars. This same land five or six years ago was probably not worth much more than the Government price. This is, perhaps, rather an exceptional case, but it may be laid down as a general rule that for a person who has a little judgment in such matters, and capital to employ, no investment can be more certainly remunerative than that of buying land in the prosperous and rapidly progressive States of the "Great West."

In spite of all our endeavours to hasten matters, our actual departure from Superior did not take place until past mid-day. First of all one of the Canadians who was to have accompanied us discovered that he could not go, and it was necessary to find somebody else to serve in his place. Then Lefèvre brought forward several good reasons why we should not start until next day, and young Coté, whom we finally engaged as our second voyageur, supported him strongly; one of their principal arguments being that they had no mocassins ready. As, however, we had been forewarned that it would be difficult to screw them up to the starting point, and that, if given way to on one day, they would be just as bad the next, we stuck to our text and determined, come what might, to get under weigh. So, after advancing money to purchase the deficient mocassins, and hunting Lefèvre once or twice out of the bar of a drinking store where he had taken refuge, we managed to effect a start.

The Canadians and half-breed "packers," or "voyageurs," as they call themselves—who are thinly scattered along the frontiers of civilisation and throughout the wild interior, from the shores of the great lakes down to the Mexican republics—have many good points in their character, and are deservedly lauded by such men as Ruxton and other explorers, who have tested their endurance of hardships, and their steadiness and fidelity in time of danger. But the stranger requiring their temporary services merely to pass from one settlement to another, as in our case, where their good qualities are not so likely to be brought into play, will find them extortionate in their demands, and, if they are not allowed to do just what they please, sulky and obstinate in their behaviour. The rate of wages in the West being so high (even the ordinary day labourer receiving at least two dollars) they cannot be engaged under two dollars and a half (upwards of 10s. 6d.) a day, and, as they also exact *back fare* to the place whence they start, their cost is by no means inconsiderable. Being paid in this manner, it is naturally their interest to make the journey last as many days as possible, and unless they are sharply looked after they are apt to avail themselves of every pretence for delay. Although many of them understand what is said in English, Canadian French is their proper language, and they invariably use it in preference; and, indeed, the majority of

them (as is usually the case with races of French origin) can speak nothing else, unless it be one of the Indian dialects. They are, however, loyal subjects of Her Majesty Queen Victoria; and when in the company of Englishmen do not hesitate to express a general contempt for Yankees, and the "institutions" of Yankee-land. They carry very heavy burdens, often weighing from sixty to ninety pounds weight, and it is said even more. The mode of portage is rather peculiar. A long thin leather strap, widening into a broad belt in the middle, is laid upon the blanket which lies on the floor ready for packing. The broad belt is placed projecting over one end of the blanket, and its two ends laid along lengthways about a foot or so distant from the sides and parallel to them. The sides of the blanket are then folded over the thongs, and the articles to be carried laid a-top, so that when the whole is rolled up together a sort of bag, with a mouth at each end, is formed. The thongs can be pulled until each mouth is drawn quite tight, and the whole appears just like a short fat pillow-case, of which the leather thongs form the strings. The broad belt, which is kept outside and connects the two strings, forms a loop, which is hung over the forehead, and by which the burden hangs suspended on the back. The packers usually stoop very forward as they walk, and often carry a stick in each hand, and thus throw much of the weight on their arms.

Leaving Superior shortly after mid-day, we crossed the Nemadji River in a wretched ferry-boat, and on the opposite side quickly found ourselves in the forest. The path, such as it was, struck due south along the right bank, crossing occasionally small streams running into the Nemadji. The ground was very wet—often partly under water—and the way continually obstructed by fallen trees, which rendered the walking by no means light work. Until actually inside a primeval forest, it is not very easy to form a correct idea of what it is like. The trunks stand so close to one another, the brush or undergrowth is so thick, the trees fallen in all directions from old age and from the violence of the wind are so numerous, and the whole is so thickly matted together, that it is a much more difficult task than one would suppose to advance a few feet in any one direction; and it is impossible even to see more than two or three yards into the interior. The path which we were following, although dignified by the name of a "winter road," and said to be traversed by sledges over the snow at that season of the year, was by no means well marked in every place, and it was often difficult for the inexperienced eye to discover which way it went. Every now and then we came to a recent "windfall"—or area occupied by fallen trees—of several hundred yards in breadth, and then we had to use hands and feet, and clamber, as best we might, through the branches of the large trees which obstructed the way. These windfalls often extend over a considerable space of ground, and may be seen marked in the sectional maps. One tree in falling usually brings down half a dozen others, and so it goes on, just like the rows of soldiers of a child at play. During our first day's march, which came to an end about seven or eight miles from Superior, the forest was nearly entirely composed of deciduous trees, embracing many of what the Americans call "hard woods," but none of them of very great height or striking dimensions. There were several species of oak (*Quercus*), walnuts and hickory (*Juglans* and *Carya*), chestnuts—merely a variety, I believe, of our *Castanea vesca*—hornbeans

(*Carpinus Americana* and *Ostrya Virginica*), and several birches, amongst which we particularly noticed fine examples of the paper birch (*Betula papyracea*), from which the Indian canoes are made. There are, however, always a certain number of pines intermixed, and, in particular, spruces (*Abies alba* and *A. nigra*), the branches of which come in very conveniently for bedding when one sleeps in the woods. Animal life is certainly not very abundant in this country. Carrying a gun, and constantly on the look-out for anything which came across the path, and pretty well acquainted too with what was likely to be found, I could make but a very poor catalogue of beasts and birds falling under observation. During our first day's progress the only thing we secured in the shape of game for the pot were three pigeons and an unfortunate robin of the Americans, i.e., *Turdus migratorius*.

The passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*) is very generally distributed all over the States, occupying much the same place as our wood pigeon does here, and is the favourite game of the gunner who shoots for "pot." The second and following days, being a little further removed from habitations, we found the tufted woodgrouse (*Tetrao umbellus*)—which is always known as "partridge"—tolerably abundant, and never failed in obtaining a sufficient number of them and the pigeons to furnish a very palatable addition to our salt pork and biscuits. When, however, we emerged from the woods into the sandy pine barrens which here divide the prairie lands from the forest, we found another and larger species of grouse—the sharp-tailed grouse (*Tetrao phasianellus*). This fine bird is known by the name of "pheasant," and in parts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the North-west generally, takes the place of the true prairie bird (*Tetrao cupido*), which occurs in such great numbers in the prairies of Illinois. When whizzing over one of the several rough lines of railroad which traverse the "Prairie State," connecting the important city of Chicago with the Mississippi, numbers of prairie birds rise, startled at the approach of the train, and, as they sink again into the deep heather a hundred yards off, recall to the traveller's mind the black game of Scotland, though it must be allowed that there is little similarity between the vast expanse of uniformly flat prairie and the rugged mountains of the northern portion of our island. Both the tufted grouse and the sharp-tailed have a habit which seems somewhat strange to an English sportsman, though manifestly advantageous in the way of assisting him to fill his bag. When disturbed, if prevailed upon to take flight, they nearly always alight high up in a tree, thus giving one a fine opportunity of making a "pot" shot, of which, I confess, I never disdained to avail myself. But their general practice is to escape by running, and it is not always easy to make them rise. As for other birds (besides those just mentioned as good

for food), though constantly on the watch, I observed but very few species, whilst passing through the thick forest. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to see how birds can exist at all in such a mass of tangled woods; and those which were seen were mostly met with in the partially cleared spots. The squawk of the blue jay may often be heard: he seems at home everywhere; and the Canadian jay (*Perisoreus Canadensis*) occurs more sparingly. In the pine districts families of a black-headed titmouse (*Parus atricapillus*) are always to be found, often mixed with gold crests (*Regulus satrapa*), all busily engaged in searching for insects among the branches, and repeating their shrill call-cries, just as in a European forest. The creeper (*Certhia Americana*) is rather scarce, and resembles our bird in habits as closely as in general appearance. In a clearing I shot a

pair of the hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) and a sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*), and one of the swamp-sparrows (*Ammodromus palustris*) was common in the wet places. These, I think, were the only birds observed during the first two days of our walk. On the second day the ground began to rise a little, but hardly perceptibly, and the pines became more abundant. Some of the white pines (*Pinus strobus*) were of towering height and immense size. This magnificent tree furnishes a great part of the "lumber" which is cut in large quantities on the branches of the Upper Mississippi, for the supply of the cities on the lower part of the river, and, indeed, of the States generally.

About three hours after starting we came to a clearing where was the shaft of a deserted copper mine. The trap-rock, which runs along parallel to the southern shore of Lake Superior, dividing the "Potsdam sandstone" of the coast from the primaries of the interior, is rich in native copper throughout its length.

There are now said to be no less than from 200 to 300 companies working mines along this region with more or less success. From the "Cliff Mine," belonging to the "Boston and Pittsburg Mining Company" at Eagle River (which is, according to Mr. Jackson, the United States' geologist, one of the most remarkable known for its native copper), one of the masses extracted was fifty tons weight, and estimated to yield ninety per cent. of refined metal. Here, however, we were quite at the extreme west end of the copper-bearing trap, where it thins out and ultimately disappears. A little beyond the mine we arrived at the banks of the Rock River, a confluent of the Nemadji, falling in a fine gushing torrent over a rocky precipice, and joining the main stream in the valley beneath. Here again was a clearing and a "claim," and when Superior is become a populous city, this, I have little doubt, will be the usual mountain resort, in the summer, like the House on the Catskills to the citizens of New York, or the island of Mackinac to the inhabitants of Chicago.



PILEATUS WOODPECKER.



FALLS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

After our usual mid-day's rest we took a trail running up the right bank of Rock River, and pursued it for several hours. Towards evening we reached a spot where the course of the stream turns away to the right, and encamped, this being the place where we were to leave the water running northward into the great lakes, and cross the watershed, until we reached the streams flowing southwards into the Mississippi. This we accomplished next day, after walking about twelve miles over roughish ground, chiefly through hard woods (beeches and maples). During this forenoon's journey not a drop of water was to be found, and the sun being hot, and the walking very laborious, owing to the great number of windfalls, we suffered from thirst. There is nothing like a chain of mountains, or even land much elevated, to indicate a watershed. The whole route traversed, from one stream to the other, seems to the passer-by hardly to be distinguished from a flat surface, and is certainly not raised many feet above the respective waters. Tamarack Creek, the first water reached on the other side, where we struck it, was flowing very sluggishly towards the St. Croix, of which it is a confluent. Lefèvre informing us there were fish to be caught, we set to work with sticks and string, and some fish-hooks that H—— luckily had with him. It quickly appeared that we had met with an unsuspecting species of the class *Pisces*, that paid little regard to the vileness of our tackle, and we secured such a number as, though they were small in size, made us an "elegant" supper. They seemed to be a species of *Leuciscus*.

Packing up our traps to start, we were astonished at the sound of human voices, the only ones we heard save our own during the first three days' march, and up came a party going the opposite way. They proved to be engineers returning from a survey of a new "town" on the St. Croix, from whom we were glad to learn that there were Indians encamped at the mouth of the Yellow River, so that there was every probability of our obtaining canoes for the descent. One of the engineers was accompanied by an Indian squaw, probably a half-breed, but ugly enough for a pure Chippeway. She carried a large surveying instrument, which her lord and master informed us weighed seventy-five pounds—not a bad sort of a help-mate for this country. Descending by the course of Tamarack Creek we crossed several tamarack swamps, one of which was upwards of a quarter of a mile in breadth. They are covered with a very soft, thick, sponge-like moss, saturated with water, into which we sank above our knees. The tamaracks, or larches (*Larix Americana*) are the only trees which grow upon them, and these generally have a rugged aspect, and are covered with grey moss, looking as if the situation did not agree with them. These swamps are the favourite retreat of deer (*Cervus Virginianus*) which, however, we were never fortunate enough to fall in with. Here we found the very singular pitcher-plant, or saddle-flower (*Sarracenia purpurea*) not uncommon. The curious cup formed by the involution of the leaf was always filled with water, which seemed pure and good to the taste. I did not observe insects in them, as is sometimes said to be the case. Another beautiful flower we observed common in the swampy places in the woods was a species of *Impatiens*, or jewel weed, very like our European *Impatiens noli-me-tangere*, which is so common in Switzerland. We stopped for the third night on the banks of Tamarack Creek, at a place where the path crosses it by means of some fallen trees from the right bank to the left, and thought our-

selves very lucky in finding the remains of an old encampment with a rough shelter of spruce boughs still standing. Before arriving, we had some two miles back struck the "State-line," which forms the boundary between the State of Wisconsin and the (then) Territory (now State) of Minnesota, and we continued along the same line next day for some distance. Here the aspect of the country changes entirely, as we had passed the forests and entered upon the region of "pine barrens." The "pine barrens" are pine forests, which, for ages past, have been overrun by fires made by the Indians for the purpose of clearing portions of the country, and creating more space for hunting. They now present the appearance of a tolerably open country much varied with belts of pines, and in many places, especially along the sides of the rivers, thickly wooded: the bottoms are frequently occupied by tamarack swamps.

The soil is composed of the leaves of the deciduous pines, and is hard and pleasant to walk on, though somewhat slippery. Here and there solitary large pines, with charred trunks and leafless branches, rise amongst their younger neighbours, evidences of the destructive effects of the former fires. These trees are the favourite resort of a large black woodpecker (*Dryocopus pileatus*), which seems to find their dead wood particularly productive of its insect food. It is a shy bird, like most of its tribe, and upon any one approaching "with murderous thought intent," quickly moves away in undulating flight to a fresh tree. A few hours' walk brought us to the crest of a slight elevation, whence in front, in the valley beneath, we were gladdened by the sight of a noble stream, the St. Croix, rolling down its clear waters towards the Mississippi. To our right, fringed with thick bushes, ran Tamarack Creek, entering the St. Croix about a mile further down. Near the banks of the former stream lay a small log hut, which, we were informed by our guides, was the only building yet erected in the town of "Nichidona," through which we were now passing. A backwoodsman, who emerged from the hut as we passed, informed us that he was at present the only inhabitant! We kept to the right, crossed Tamarack Creek, startling some summer ducks (*Aix sponsa*) from their repose in the trees over the water, and, after passing another mile down the right bank of the St. Croix, arrived at a large strongly-built log hut, called "Bishop's Camp"—now deserted. These "camps," as they are called, are formed by the lumberers on the banks of the rivers in this part of the world for residence in winter. They come up in large parties, under a foreman, and fell the large pines* growing in the neighbourhood, and drag them, by means of oxen, on to the ice, with which at that season the rivers are covered. When the ice breaks up in the spring, the lumber descends, and is fished out at the saw-mills lower down, where it is converted into boarding of all sorts.

As one spot becomes exhausted, by the cutting of all the finest trees, the lumberers move on to another; but such is the extent of the country covered by forests in Wisconsin, Western Michigan, and Minnesota, that it must be many many years before the supply becomes in any degree diminished. The

* The pines used for lumber are the white or Weymouth pine (*Pinus strobus*), the yellow pine (*Pinus mitis*), and the red or Norway pine (*Pinus resinosa*). The pine lumber sawn on the St. Croix in 1855 was estimated at 20,000,000 square feet; the total amount sawn in Wisconsin annually being then reckoned at 200,000,000 square feet.

logs belonging to the different lumberers are marked with distinguishing letters or numbers, and an account is kept at the saw-mills of the timber sawn belonging to each proprietor. Although much of it descends without stoppage, the quantity of logs which stick on the banks, in the shallows, and in the frequent branches of the rivers, is something enormous. The whole shore often seems to be lined many rows deep with logs, and, on passing a branch dry, or with little water in it, except when the river is high, timber of all shapes and sizes may be seen lying heaped up in enormous masses. The lumberers pray for a flood to wash it down, which, it may be truly said of them, "leads on to fortune;" but much of the timber never moves again at all, and rots where it lies.

Just below "Bishop's Camp" we crossed the St. Croix by a ford, the water being up to our middles at the deepest part, and the stream about 100 yards in breadth. Hence two hours' walk through the "pine barrens" carried us across the arc formed by a bend of the river, and brought us again to the St. Croix, just at the mouth of the Yellow River, a fine confluent rolling in on the left bank. As we had been led to expect, we found the commencement of a settlement here, in the shape of a party of workmen building a wooden house. They had already a tolerably good hut roofed, in which we were immediately invited to take up our quarters. This embryo settlement, which had been already mapped out into streets and squares (on paper), and christened by the name of "Gordon Town," is certainly in a very favourable situation as regards locality; and should the proposed Superior Railway pass by it, as is likely to be the case, will without doubt turn out a good speculation to the land company to which it belongs. The Yellow River, at its discharge into the St. Croix, has a considerable fall, quite sufficient to furnish extensive water-power when a dam is erected. The ground rises gently from the river, but to a considerable height, facing the south-west; and during the beautiful summer and autumn, with the ever cloudless sky which prevails in this part of the world, the prospect from behind "the town" to one looking over the broad rolling river on to the deep woods which fringe the opposite bank (belonging to Minnesota) is extremely pleasing. The soil is said to be productive, but I am rather inclined to doubt whether this can be really the case, except on the alluvial ground in the bottoms, and close to the river banks. We are here still upon the primary rocks, which continue as far down as Taylor's Falls; and the pine barrens do not give one the idea of great fertility.

We rested a day here, and explored the surrounding country, visiting a neighbouring lake, and attempting in vain to catch fish.

The "boss" (as the workmen call their foreman) treated us with great hospitality, and at night gave us the post of honour next to his side, on the hay on which we slept; but the snoring of the backwoodsmen, and the barking of the Indian dogs, who came prowling about to see what they could get, made it difficult to sleep. One of the principal articles of food provided was the grain called Indian rice, which, when boiled, becomes very glutinous, and is certainly a much nicer food than ordinary rice. It is from this grain (the *Zizania aquatica*) that the "rice lakes," "rice swamps," &c., of so frequent occurrence in the North-west are named, the true rice (*Oryza sativa*) only ripening further south, in the Carolinas. The settlers procure it from the Indians at a price of about two

dollars a bushel. The *Zizania* grows in great abundance in water from six to nine feet deep in the small lakes in this country, rising to nearly the same height above the surface, and, when ripe, presenting the appearance of a large luxuriant oat field. The Indian squaws gather it in their canoes, and, after drying it, beat it with sticks to get off the husks. It is usually eaten boiled with molasses or butter.

While we were exploring the neighbourhood of Gordon Town our voyageurs negotiated the purchase of a bark canoe for us from some lodges of Chippeways, who were encamped hard by. The Indian title having been what the Americans term "extinguished" in Wisconsin, these poor creatures are now, I believe, intruders in their own country, and are liable to be "transported" at any moment to certain "Indian reservations" on the Upper Mississippi. There were only women and children at present at the lodges, the "braves" having all departed on a grand hunt, at which they would probably seize the opportunity of taking a few scalps from their hereditary enemies, the Sioux, if they should happen to fall in with them. The ladies proved to be keen hands at a bargain, and sold us a very old and leaky canoe for eight dollars, after which they demanded an additional payment for paddles. As, however, the transaction was managed between our voyageurs and the "sauvages" in the Chippeway language, no doubt it was merely a matter of arrangement between them how much we should be made to pay for the joint benefit of the "vendors" and the "agents of the purchasers."

Early next morning we left Gordon Town in our canoe, making the "boss" a present of money to the amount of what we supposed our board had cost him, which, as we were told, was all that was expected. Old Lefèvre took his place in front, with his legs doubled under him and paddle in hand. H—— and I sat side by side on our plaids and blankets in the middle of the boat, it being barely broad enough to hold us. Côté placed himself in a similar position to Lefèvre at the stern. Off we started, shooting rapidly along where the water was deep and the passage easy to be found, but continually obliged to go slowly over the shallows and among the logs, and sometimes choosing an "impassable" branch, when we had to return. When we stuck fast in a shallow our voyageurs stepped out into the water and lifted us over. The greatest precaution is requisite in canoe travelling to avoid the sunken logs and rocks, as a fracture is very easily made in the thin bark which forms the boat, especially in an "ancient craft" such as ours. The river winds about through a country much resembling what we had quitted; pine forests, varied with open spaces, and the river fringed with hard woods. The stream often divides into different channels, and unites again, leaving islands in the middle. Upon one of them we took up our quarters for the night, just below the mouth of a fine confluent on the right bank called "Wood River," having made about thirty-five miles in eight hours' paddling.

We had passed several other confluent rivers from each bank, the largest of which are known as "Clam River" and "Kettle River." A smart shower of rain coming on about the small hours this night, rather disturbed our slumbers. All were wet through except old Lefèvre, who, as we discovered next morning, had judiciously retreated under shelter of the inverted canoe. We resuscitated our fire, and dried ourselves, and were off again soon after daylight. As the day advanced, and the sun rose, it became very close and hot, and the wind,

which was dead against us, began to rise. Our voyageurs told us there was a thunderstorm coming up the valley. Four hours after starting we reached the mouth of "Sunrise River," where a solitary farmhouse and some cultivated fields showed us that we were drawing near to civilisation. Leaving our men to put some resin on the seams of the canoe, which had been leaking fast, we approached, and requested something to eat, for our provisions were very nearly exhausted. An old lady was in the house, and a fine family of sons, such as a settler would wish to have, and most hospitably they entertained us. They were from "down East," like most of the Americans in

Taylor's Falls the St. Croix descends by rapids and broken falls from the plateau of the great primary region of Northern Wisconsin into the prairie region beneath, and becomes navigable for small steamers down to its entrance into the Mississippi at Prescott. Like all stations at the head of navigation, Taylor's Falls is a flourishing place. We found an hotel—"The Chicago House"—which, after sleeping in the woods for a week and walking three hours in the dark through a thunderstorm, seemed quite luxurious. Taylor's Falls is about 400 miles by steamer above Dubuque, in the State of Illinois, whence an uninterrupted railway communication of 960 miles leads to New York.

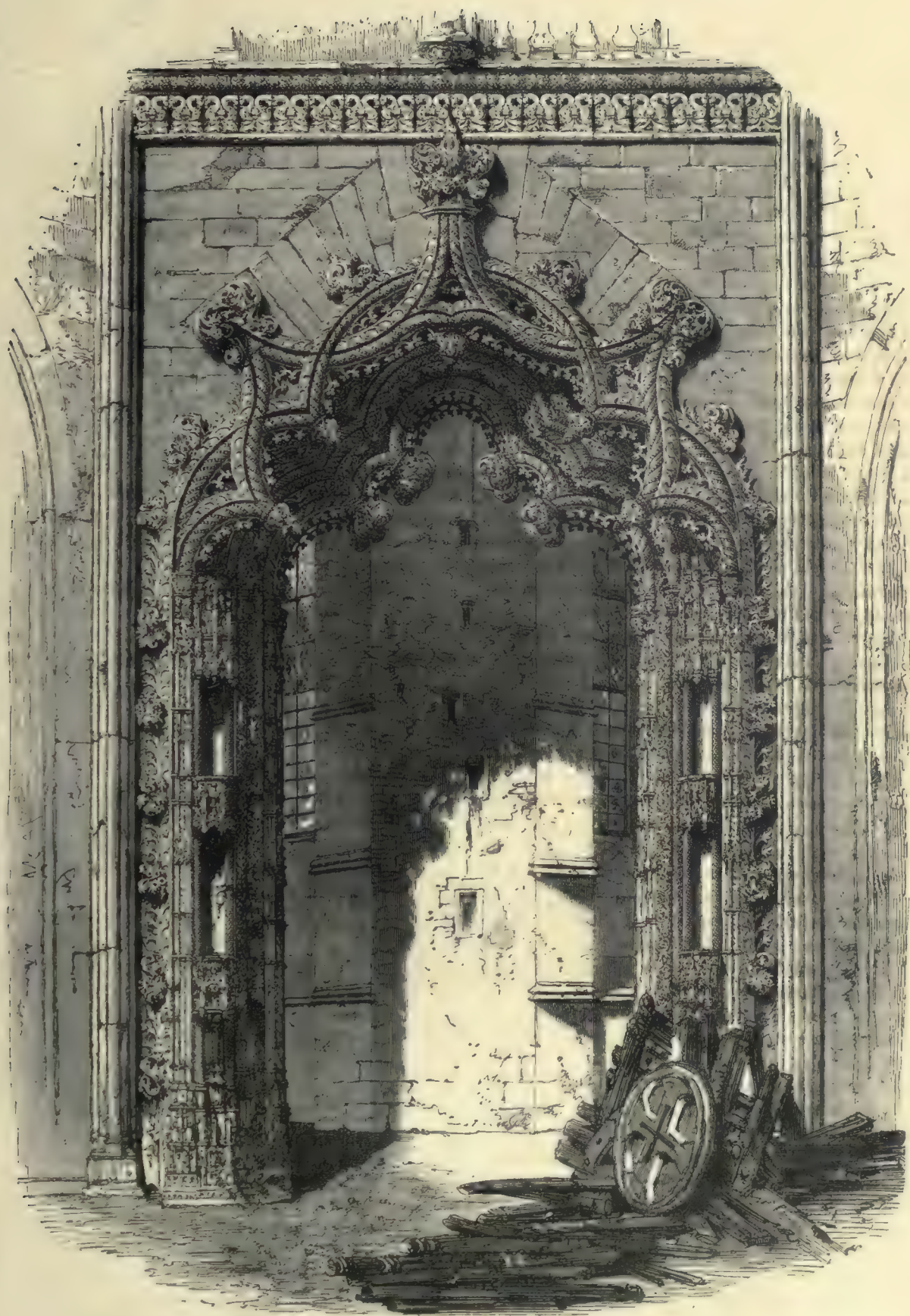


CAMP IN A PINE FOREST.

the North-west, and told us that they were doing well, much better than in Massachusetts. The soil was fertile, and crops good, and a market not far distant.

H—gave our hostess an acknowledgment, in the shape of two dollars, which she said was too much, and insisted on returning us one. After this we made another attempt to continue our journey; but the wind blew so hard against us, and the boat was so leaky, that after two hours' struggle we were compelled to pull ashore again. We were luckily close to the new "Government road," as it is called, which is a clearing of about twenty yards in breadth through the forest leading straight to Taylor's Falls. The canoe was stripped and turned adrift, and we set out to walk the remaining nine miles through one of the very heavy thunderstorms which are so common in the summer and autumn in the valley of the Mississippi. At

Wisconsin, however, must not be supposed to be generally so bare of inhabitants as an excursion through the little settled north-western corner of the State might lead one to suppose. Though only made into a separate territory in 1837, when the settlers were but few and far between, eight years afterwards it already contained 140,000 inhabitants. In 1838 Wisconsin was admitted into the Union on an equal footing with other States, and at the census of 1860 numbered 775,881 residents, of whom only 613 were Indians. The grain crops, even in 1850, were reckoned at 4,300,000 bushels of wheat, 80,000 of rye, 2,000,000 of Indian corn, and 3,500,000 of oats, and the live stock valued at 5,000,000 dollars. Of this State, as of many other parts of the "Great West," it may be truly said, in the words of its own motto, "*Civilitas successit barbaro.*"



ARCHWAY IN THE CAPELLA IMPERFEITA AT BATALHA.

Excursions near Lisbon.—I.

LISBON AND BELEM—BATALHA—ALCORAÇA—PENICHE—TORRES VEDRAS
—MAFRA—CENTRA.

THE entrance of the Tagus, the scenery—noble and grand in some respects, and always beautiful—that is enjoyed in steaming up the Tagus to Lisbon, and the first view of the capital of Portugal, are among the objects that remain imprinted long on the mind of the traveller, however wide his experience may be, or however fastidious his tastes. The city looks clean as well as splendid, and the architectural effects, as seen from the river, include almost everything that is required to please and attract. It is true that they will not bear very close criticism, and that what appears massive is often only lath and plaster. It is also true that some of the very picturesque buildings, especially the palaces and most striking of the churches, are constructed of styles so oddly mixed as to render them almost unintelligible, but still the general impression is exceedingly favourable. They were described long ago by the author of "Vathek" as being "in woful taste—the taste of Borromini—with wrinkled pediments, furbelowed cornices, and turrets something in the style of old-fashioned French clock-cases, such as Boucher designed with many a scrawl and flourish to adorn the apartments of Madame de Pompadour."

But Lisbon seen under other circumstances, and when the glare of daylight is subdued, when the full moon, rising from behind the mountains on the opposite shore of the Tagus (here nine miles broad), lights up with her pale radiance and soft gleams the various objects so oddly mixed together, is, and always must be, one of the most picturesque and interesting of the great European cities. The numerous flights of steps, the terraces, chapels, and porticoes of former convents, and other buildings on the brink of the river, shine forth like edifices of white marble; while the rough cliff covered with miserable sheds rising above them, and the ruins caused by the great earthquake more than a century ago—still left unchanged—are lost in dark shadows. The great Black Horse Square (Praça do Commercio) is then filled with idlers of both sexes, and is illuminated brightly, while splendid carriages roll through the streets and give life to the scene.

But there is, after all, not much to be seen in the city itself. The streets are steep and narrow, and there are few along which it is pleasant to drive. The easiest and best drive is that on the bank of the river, towards Belem—an excursion made by everybody who visits Lisbon. Belem is interesting in many ways, and curious as a specimen of architecture of a style eminently local and national. The church and monastery were intended as a memorial to the great navigator, Vasco da Gama; for, on the spot on which it was afterwards built, he and his companions passed the night previous to their embarkation in a small chapel attached to a hermitage for the convenience of mariners. This event took place in 1497, and hither he returned two years afterwards. The first stone of the present church was laid by the king (Don Manuel) in the year 1500, in a style singularly rich and florid, and in many details altogether fantastic. It is a kind of flamboyant of the latest date, and the architect was an Italian. There is a vast amount of the most exquisite carving in fret-

work, and numerous niches and statues. This is due, no doubt, partly to the fact that an excellent variety of very easily-worked white limestone, almost resembling chalk, but hardening on exposure, and weathering well in the delightful climate of Portugal, was at hand, and lent itself to over-decoration. The taste, both of the people and the period, was, however, very florid, and nothing would have been appreciated that did not give way to this sentiment. So the church was built with every conceivable ornament stuck on or worked out in every possible place; and, if the roof fell in the first time—and the architect, fearing that a similar accident might happen, absented himself on the second occasion—and if, also, the numerous accessories are grotesque in themselves and spoilt by an odd attempt at what is called classical work in the choir, still there remains a building of no ordinary attractiveness, illustrating an odd dying-out form of Gothic, which never took root in the peninsula, and which, it would hardly be unfair to say, never really grew out of native feeling for what is sometimes called Christian art in any part of Portugal and many parts of Spain.

It is curious to observe that certain parts of this building, where the extreme floridness could not do more than peep out, are really not only pleasing and interesting, but beautiful. The cloisters may be especially mentioned; they contain so much charming intertwining of leaves and fruit with quaint figures, and show so pleasantly the capabilities both of the sculptor and his material, that it is impossible not to be pleased.

It is also difficult not to feel that this and so many examples of a similar nature in Portugal have grown naturally and inevitably out of the nature of the people and the climate. Lisbon is certainly a place where the *dolce far niente* is appreciated to the very utmost; where the people are sensuous, enjoying mere animal existence to the utmost, and not disposed to waste themselves in seeking out the æsthetic cause of their enjoyment. The earth brings forth abundantly weeds, and fruits, and flowers. Perhaps the weeds are the most rank, but the flowers and fruits are in sufficient abundance for enjoyment and food. May it be said without offence that the Portuguese reminds one a little of negro nature, with which it thoroughly harmonises in many matters, not all unimportant. Just as the negro, so does the Portuguese, avoid trouble and work, even if the work involve subsequent enjoyment. Both prefer to take things as they are, and would rather do nothing than make a small effort to do and enjoy anything.

Thus it is that the rich floral profusion seen in the prevalent and favourite phase of Gothic art adopted in Portugal has run into wild and excessive luxuriance, entirely altering the character of the style. But when the traveller, arrived at Belem or any similar example, quietly seats himself, either in the broad sunlight or the grateful shade, and simply accepts the rich and not ungraceful freaks that have been indulged in by the sculptor—who has evidently forgotten style in mere enjoyment of the beautiful—some little difficulty is felt in expressing dissatisfaction, though certainly the whole effect of such flaunting rags of rich embroidery expresses and indicates

little more than abject poverty and the absence of any real resources on which a principle or a theory could be based.

But the object of the present article is not altogether to show how it is that art in Portugal has so strangely blundered and degenerated, but rather to point out where such art as exists and such beauties of Nature as belong to the country can be found and enjoyed. It is only very lately that it was possible to see anything a few miles from the capital without more trouble and hardship than most travellers have thought the various objects to be seen were worth. Now, however, much can be done with comparative ease, and excursions from Lisbon mean a great deal.

Among such excursions, and after Belem has been seen and examined, the traveller should make his way to Batalha. It is still not very easy of access compared with some places, but is within a day's ride from the Oporto railroad, lying not very far from the Atlantic coast, on the old road to Leiria, Coimbra, and Oporto. By rail the distance is more than a hundred miles from Lisbon.* It is a small place, with the remains of a cathedral church and convent dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century. The whole building consists of the original church, two sets of cloisters—one attached to a chapter-house the other to the monastery—and two chapels, both remarkable, and connected with the church. The general effect of the church is grand and imposing, but the details are very faulty. The nave is greatly extended, and the choir exceedingly short, the whole of the fittings of the interior being in the most detestable taste. Of the two chapels, one, called the Capella do Fundador, of extreme beauty of construction, is at the end of the south aisle, and another, equally remarkable, called the Capella Imperfeita, at the east end of the choir.

The founder's chapel is square, with a central octagonal lantern forty feet in diameter rising from the roof. It is unrivalled in design and execution. Under the central boss, shaped like a crown, is a high tomb, on which are figures of Dom João and his wife D. Philippa of England. They are very finely sculptured, and of heroic proportions. The extraordinary beauty of the design and workmanship and the extreme richness of the work in this chapel are truly wonderful, and require to be seen to be duly appreciated. They rank among the finest things of the kind ever executed, but the decorations are perhaps somewhat too elaborate to be altogether in good taste.

The other chapel is incomplete, and is hence called generally the Capella Imperfeita. An idea of the nature of its architectural style and elaborate richness will be obtained by referring to the annexed cut, which represents one of the arches, surpassing in florid beauty any part of the building. This chapel is also octagonal, each side comprising three apses, and it was originally intended that each subdivision should be appropriated to some member of the Portuguese royal family. It was, however, never finished, and, with all its extraordinary beauty, fully deserves the name by which it is known. It is thought that King Manuel—to whom Portugal is indebted for this among many of her best works in architecture—intended to imitate and rival by a yet more costly and admirable work the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. The architect, however, died before the work was

completed, and left behind him no working drawings. His successor utterly misunderstood the design, and was only prevented from spoiling it by a timely visit of the king. It is not easy to say what the general effect of this marvellous structure might have been had the original design been carried out, as there is already an exuberance of ornament and an apparent tendency to more florid decoration than would be admitted in the style adopted in northern Europe. Perhaps it may be a fair exemplification of the effect of climate, the Gothic richness running wild and developing into a luxuriance of form almost inconsistent with itself when it is left in the hands of a people whose imagination runs riot whenever it is allowed unrestricted play. It needs only to look at the engraving to recognise this truth.

The position of Batalha is striking, and it is not far from the small city of Leiria, in the valley of the Lis, with a noble castle on the heights, crowning a very steep hill, near which is a magnificent pine forest, planted originally to check the moving sands that threatened to destroy the towns further inland. Like many other places in Portugal, it has a Moorish history. Near it are some hot springs, but they are not much used.

On the coast, a few miles west of Batalha, is Alcobaça, where there is another remarkable church, contrasting strongly with that above described. It is simple and severe in style. It is nearly 400 feet in length, and is said to be sixty-four feet high, but looks more, the arches of the nave having the appearance of extreme height. There is a round apse in the choir, divided into chapels, and lighted with coloured glass. In a chapel in the south transept are the tombs of some of the royal family of Portugal, the most remarkable being those of D. Pedro and Inez de Castro. The details of the work of these tombs are beyond praise, and of the highest quality. The church has suffered much from the hands of the French, but the massiveness of the stone-work has saved it from absolute destruction. Attached to the church was a fine Cistercian monastery. Besides the church there is an interesting Moorish castle, and close by is a pilgrimage church, once very celebrated for its treasures, the tower of which now serves as a sea-mark. The views from the cliffs here are very fine, and the peninsula of Peniche, prominent among the headlands projecting from the Atlantic coast of the peninsula, is an object of great interest, partly because it is of itself a noble headland, with a strong fortress and an excellent harbour, partly because of the little groups of rocky islands, called the Berlengas, known to and dreaded by all ship-masters navigating these seas. These islands are especially dangerous, including many sunken rocks. The peninsula itself is between three and four miles in circumference, and is connected with the mainland by a long, narrow isthmus. There is a lighthouse upon the largest of the Berlenga group of islands, and also a fort.

On the way to Peniche from Batalha, the road passes through Caldas, a neat, small town, celebrated for its hot sulphur waters, a good deal used in cases of scrofula and rheumatism. There is a large hospital. Beyond it is Obidos, an unhealthy, enclosed town, with an unfinished church.

Half way from Peniche to Lisbon is Torres Vedras, celebrated as giving its name to the important and very extensive fortified position constructed for the defence of Lisbon by the

* The railway station of Thomar connects with Payalvo, the distance from Lisbon to this station being seventy-five miles, and the time by express train two and a half hours.

Duke of Wellington in 1810. This remarkable work, or series of works, including 130 forts, redoubts, and batteries, extended across the tongue of land enclosed by the Tagus estuary, the Tagus river nearly as far as the little town of Alhandra, and the Atlantic, an area of more than 1,000 square miles of country. There were two great lines, the outer line extending from the coast near Torres Vedras in an irregular curve, about forty miles in length, and the inner commencing at the sea near Mafra, and reaching the Tagus near Alverca. The distance between the two is about ten miles, near the sea, but diminishes to a very short distance as they approach the Tagus. The country within the lines is very broken, and indeed mountainous, and thus lends itself admirably to the construction of great works of this kind. The fortification is thus described by Colonel Jones :—

“The lines in front of Lisbon are a triumph of the British nation, whose officers it is customary to represent as inferior in military science to those of other nations. Those lines are, without doubt, the finest specimen of a fortified position ever effected. Every objection heretofore urged against lines fails in application to these. From their peninsular situation there is no possibility of manœuvring on the flanks, cutting off the supplies, or getting into the rear of them. In the details of the work there is no pedantry of science, no long lines of fortification for show without strength. Mountains themselves are made the prominent points; the gorges alone derive their strength from retrenchments. The quantity of labour bestowed upon them is incredible, but in no part has the engineer done more than his duty, assisting Nature, assisting the generals, and assisting the troops, and for each arm procuring a favourable field of action. For the militia there are nearly unattackable forts to guard the passes; for the infantry admirable fields of battle, suited to ensure and profit by victory;

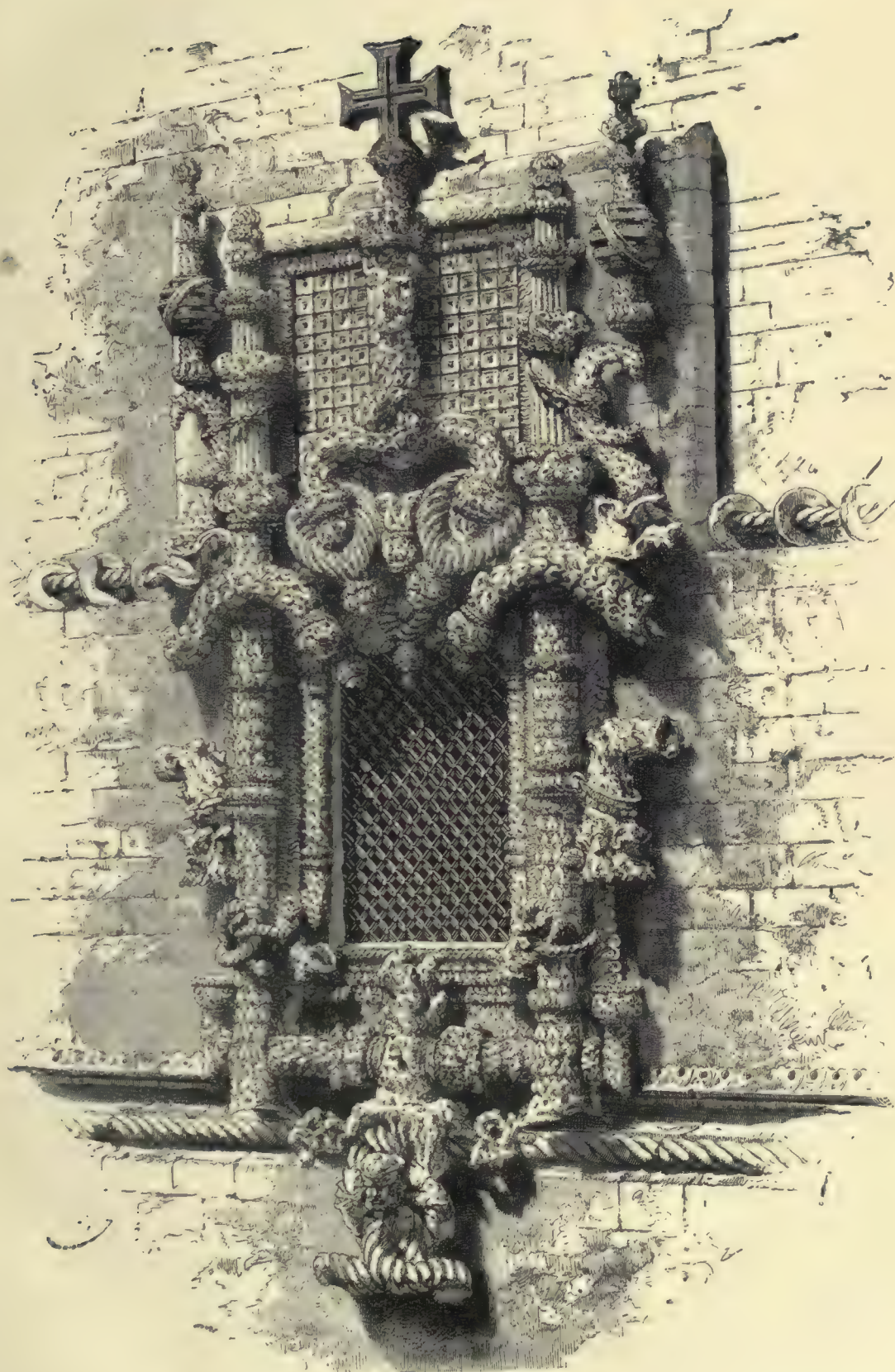
for the cavalry spacious plains, to which the enemy must arrive through passes rendered impracticable to their cavalry and artillery. No movement, either forward or lateral, is cramped; on the contrary, one chief beauty of these lines is the facility afforded to communication. By a system of judicious and well planned roads the distance between each point and each corps of troops has been one half shortened; and from the precaution of having these roads commanded by works of a construction not to be reduced without artillery, they become useless to an enemy in case of accident or partial success. And, on the great scale, Nature has contributed much to this object, by placing Monte Junto immediately in front of the centre of the line, the ramifications of which, extending to the very works, render the enemy's movements in front of the line tedious and difficult, and give to a body of troops posted within a superiority of movement, rendering them equal to twice their numbers without.”

From Torres Vedras there is a direct road to Lisbon, but it possesses no very special interest. Most travellers will prefer proceeding by Mafra and Cintra, and thus complete a circuit of extreme interest, in some respects, perhaps, the most striking in Portugal, both for natural beauty and art. Mafra is not far from Torres Vedras, and contains an enormous palace and convent, founded on the occasion of the birth of an heir to King John V., who had vowed that he would, if so blessed, convert the most miserable into the most magnificent monastery in the kingdom. Mafra at that time consisted of a poor foundation of twelve wretched friars, and had the good fortune to be selected for the metamorphosis. The palace was



DOORWAY AND ORIEL IN THE PENHA VERDE IN CINTRA.

added as a part of the establishment, and no expense was spared, either in the building or the fittings. For thirteen years nearly 15,000 men were employed continually, and at the end of that



CASA DO CAPITULO.

time, when the works were hurried on to completion, the number was trebled. A hospital erected for the sick workmen during the construction of the building cost about £20,000, and the whole cost of the building was believed to have approached four millions sterling. On the day of opening a dinner was given by the king to all comers: the guests are said to have numbered 9,000.

Like many of the gigantic buildings in the Peninsula combining a royal residence, a church of great pretension, and a monastery, there is a general enclosure of vast extent. In this case the enclosure is a parallelogram, whose longest sides measure nearly 800 feet. The extreme angles to the north and south were royal residences, surmounted by towers of great magnitude, 350 feet high. The extent of roof is so great that it is said a small army might be exercised upon it, and the interior contains between eight and nine hundred rooms.

The church is exceedingly rich, but in the classical style more admired by the Latin than the Gothic races. The following account, by the celebrated Mr. Beckford, is characteristic, and describes the impression made on one who was quite ready to admire this style, and who seems to have appreciated it thoroughly. In his account of Portugal he says: "Never did I behold an assemblage of such beautiful marble as gleamed above, below, and around us. The collateral chapels, which are six in number, are each enriched with finely-finished bas-reliefs, and stately portals of black and yellow marble, richly veined, and so highly polished as to reflect objects like a mirror. The pavement, the vaulted ceiling, the dome, and even the topmost lantern, are all encrusted with the same costly and durable material. Roses of white marble, and wreaths of palm branches most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modelled or executed with more precision and sharpness than those of the columns which support the nave. Having satisfied our curiosity by examining the ornaments of the altar, we passed through a long covered gallery to the sacristy, a magnificent vaulted hall, panelled with some beautiful varieties of alabaster and porphyry, and carpeted, as well as a chapel adjoining it, in a style of the utmost magnificence. We traversed several more halls and chapels adorned with equal splendour, till we were fatigued and bewildered, like knights-errant in the midst of an enchanted palace."

As may be supposed, travellers are not agreed as to the effect of this luxury of detail in ecclesiastical buildings, but it does not exist now, although there is still much that is remarkable. It is said that the bells and clocks, and the mechanical arrangements connected with them, are exceedingly curious, and cost sums of money almost incredible. According to an estimate made by competent persons, there is as much as 200 tons weight of metal in each tower.

Mafra is not far from Cintra, one of the most frequently visited and best known of all places near Lisbon, being the country retreat of all who can afford to leave the capital during the heat of summer. It is about six miles from the sea, but the air is so clear, that when seen in the fresh morning breeze, sparkling in the sun, it does not appear more than two. The situation is delightful, and includes almost every variety of scenery. Close to the houses and villas, the resort of the visitors, the gardens are full of orange and lemon trees, which here grow to an enormous size; while the lavender, the rosemary, and the carnation flourish in earthen pots, or on the

walls that surround the enclosures. Every house possesses its water supply, by the aid of which lettuces and other fresh garden produce are grown, and the water, allowed to fall here and there in gentle cascades, produces a murmur which mixes sweetly with the hum of wild bees and the song of the ring-dove.

From the grounds of the Penha Verde the scenery includes all the glories of towering mountains. The country house bearing this name was built by a very eminent Portuguese, Dom John de Castro, long Governor-General of the Portuguese possessions of India. He received as a reward for the conquest of Dice a rock called the Monte das Alviças, and built here the house, which still belongs to his descendants, and a chapel. The exceedingly picturesque character of these buildings of the Penha Verde may be judged of by the annexed illustration. The name (Green Rock) is given from a lofty conical mountain rising immediately behind the estate, and covered to the topmost peak with luxuriant vegetation, forming a fine contrast to the bare and craggy rocks that surround it.

A Moorish castle overhangs the town of Cintra, and the ruins of a mosque are seen on the ascent. There is in the castle a vaulted bath, also Moorish, about fifty feet long, seventeen feet broad, and the water in it is four feet deep, and never varies in quantity, being supplied by springs.

The Penha convent is also very interesting, and is on the summit of one of the highest peaks.

"Far overhead, piercing the vaulted sky,
The convent of 'Our Lady of the Rock' *
In calm pre-eminence of majesty
Rears its grey walls, breaking the tempest's shock,
And at the earthquake's terrors seems to mock."

This building, on the suppression of the convents in Portugal, was at first bought by a private gentleman, but soon afterwards purchased by the present king regent, and has been restored with much taste. It now resembles a feudal castle, but the monastic character is preserved in the interior. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, including Mafra, rising in a huge pile from the plain, the lines of Torres Vedras, and the mouth of the Tagus. To the west is the boundless Atlantic. The top of the mountain immediately below the castle is laid out in shrubberies and gardens, broad walks being cut in every direction through the rock. The authoress already quoted, who describes Cintra as it was nearly half a century ago, thus correctly and pleasantly describes these charming gardens:—

"From monuments of human pride and woe
Gladly I turn, pure Nature's charms to greet.
Heaven! what a joyous prospect laughs below;
What golden orchards, gardens fair and sweet,
And waving woods, in bright confusion meet!
Where leafy groves in mingled foliage gleam,
The cork trees spread on high their rugged arms;
The hoary fathers of the wood they seem,
Protecting the acacia's bending charms,
The trembling ash, the youthful beech, from harms.
The walnut there expands her verdant screen;
Near her the chestnut rears her graceful head;
The pensive cypress darkly waves between;
And lofty fir, on mountain summit bred,
Looks down on the pomegranate blushing red.

"Hark to the varied sounds which gradual swell,
Borne on the breeze they soothe the listening ear;
The ring-dove, murmuring in the lonely dell,
The gush of many a fountain, cold and clear,
And bell of climbing goat or roving muleteer;

"While nearer still the wild bee's fairy horn
Continual rings around my green retreat,
As from the dewy cups—at early morn—
Of every mountain flower th' aroma sweet
She ceaseless culls to form her winter treat.

"List to the sun-bright ocean's distant sound;
Yonder its dark blue waters gently lave
The pebbled shore, which fertile plains surround;
Their yellow harvest's undulating wave,
And call the reaper's care their golden stores to save.

"Hard by the olive and the purple vine
Their mingled treasures lavishly bestow;
Oh, favoured land! thus corn, and oil, and wine,
Along thy happy valleys ever flow,
And bid man's ravished heart in grateful warmth to glow."

Cintra is said to be a corruption of "Cynthia," and the remains of a small temple, dedicated to the queen of heaven, has been discovered on the summit of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood. Seen by moonlight the effect is almost

magical, owing to the contrast of the waving foliage—almost black by this light—with the white country houses. The shaded lanes also are full of glowworms, and fireflies dart from one point to another like meteors. By day the views are charming; one may ride through rocky defiles overhung with cork trees, than which nothing in the way of tree vegetation is much finer. Sometimes the mountain sides are covered with purple heath and yellow broom mixed with ferns and creeping ivy. Ferns grow also on the trunks and branches of the cork tree, forming a singular effect of mingled foliage. Here and there are open patches of land, serving as pasture for cattle, and occasionally wild open commons, where a great variety of heaths bloom in the midst of an underwood consisting of myrtle and arbutus trees.

From Cintra to Lisbon the distance is about sixteen miles. There is a railroad, but the most pleasant mode of conveyance is a horse or mule. After passing St. Pedro the road lies through the pretty village of Bemfica, buried in orange groves, gardens, and orchards, and near it is the once celebrated Dominican convent, now converted into a manufactory. The church, however, is preserved. Before reaching Bemfica, and about six miles from Lisbon, is the royal palace of Queluz—the name signifying "what a light!"—a favourite residence of many kings, and surrounded by very fine gardens.

A Ride to Gebel-Mousa, in North-Western Barbary.

BY TROREY BLACKMORE.

I HAD frequently, in the course of my excursions over the Rock of Gibraltar, looked across the blue waters of the Straits to the African coast, where the much loftier southern "Pillar of Hercules," the modern Gebel-Mousa,* rears its cloud-capped summit to the skies, and longed to be able to penetrate its fastnesses, the more so that it appeared to be veiled in a kind of mystery, as I could not hear of its having been visited (in recent times, at all events) by any of my countrymen. But, in answer to all inquiries that I made on the subject, I was informed that the district of Morocco in which it was situated was inhabited by a wild and lawless tribe of Moors, among whom it was far from safe for a European to travel.

An opportunity of gratifying my wish occurred, however, during the spring of last year, which I spent in Tangier, and I am inclined to believe that a sketch of my visit to the

* The Gebel-Mousa—the Mons Abyla of the ancients—is situated on the north-western coast of Barbary, between Tangier and Ceuta. Its present Arabic name (signifying the mountain of Mousa) is derived from the surname of Mousa-ben-Nosair, the Moorish viceroy of the Caliph Walid I. In conjunction with his general, and afterwards his rival, Tarik-ibn-Zeyad (who has bestowed his name on the European "Pillar of Hercules"—Gebel-Tarik, or Gibraltar), he invaded Spain in the early part of the eighth century, speedily subdued the Visigoths, and introduced Eastern civilisation and refinement into the country. Being disgraced by Soliman, the successor of Walid, he ended his days in grief and misery at Mecca. The Gebel-Mousa is known to the Spaniards as the Sierra Bullones, and to the English inhabitants of Gibraltar as "Ape's Hill," from a vulgar superstition that there exists a submarine passage from this hill under the Straits, for the express accommodation of the tailless quadrupeds who are occasionally to be seen among the palmetto bushes with which the summit of the "Rock" is covered.

Gebel-Mousa, and a subsequent trip to Ceuta and Tetuan, may not be devoid of interest to the readers of ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

According to the existing treaties between Great Britain and Morocco, the Moorish government does not hold itself responsible for the safety of any British subject who may choose to travel far from the walls of Tangier unaccompanied by a Moorish soldier; but as this personage is usually a lazy, and always in many respects a most objectionable individual, for he would probably be the first man to run away if any real danger presented itself, and as he demands as much for his services as would gratify the wishes of any three ordinary servants, I always preferred, in the course of my excursions, to be accompanied by one or two trustworthy native guides, rather than employ the military man in whose company European visitors to Morocco usually travel. In preparing for my journey, I therefore obtained the services of a good attendant to look after my wants and those of my mules, and a guide who was well acquainted with every track and mountain pass in the province. The former I secured in the person of Selam Asdut, a Moor, who had accompanied me in previous expeditions; and as a guide I took with me Abdulla, a young man in the service of the Caid of Angera, the district in which Gebel-Mousa is situated. The Caid was in Tangier at the time, and furnished me, through Abdulla, with an introduction to the people of his village, requesting them that they would attend to my wants while I was among them.

I deemed it advisable to start from Tangier as early as

possible in the morning, so that I might accomplish the greater part of the day's journey before the sun had attained his full power; and as the gates of the city are often not opened till long after sunrise, I availed myself of the offer of a friend to sleep in a house situated outside the walls. From this house I started at four o'clock in the morning of the 24th March, 1870; I riding a small but strong young mule, Selam following seated on the back of an immense bony creature of the same race, between a couple of "Schwarees," the palmetto-leaf panniers, which usually serve as the means of carrying goods in north-western Barbary. In these baskets were packed tea, coffee, and a supply of such articles as it was necessary to carry with me in a country where there would be no

mediately outside the south gate of Tangier, and many of the country-people who had brought in their loads on the previous evening, and had slept for the night in their small camels'-hair tents, were already astir, and preparing for the business of the market-day. Women were spreading before them their stock of salt, bread, eggs, vegetables, and country produce; men were opening one of the *metamors*, the underground granaries in which grain is preserved; and a large drove of camels was just arriving from the interior, laden with hides for shipment to some European port.

Picking our way carefully, lest during the dim morning twilight we should trample upon some sleeper, we were soon past the market-place, and a few minutes' ride along the out-



MOORISH TYPES.

chance of obtaining more than the bare *necessaries* of life. I found Selam to be a good-tempered, active, and hard-working fellow. He was by birth a native of the Riff province,* but since his childhood he has resided in Tangier. By my side strode along Abdulla the guide, a tall, handsome young man, clad in a brown "gelab," or burnous, the hood of which, thrown back over his shoulders, served as a receptacle for such small odds and ends as he might choose to carry with him. He was armed with the long Moorish gun, the red cloth cover of which, twisted turban-wise, served as a head-dress.

We were soon passing through the great market-place im-

side of the crumbling east wall and the old Portuguese outworks, now occupied as the Jewish cemetery, brought us to the wide stretch of firm, hard sand which surrounds the Bay of Tangier. The sun was well risen, and casting a rosy tint over Gibraltar and the distant hills of Spain, by the time that we arrived at the banks of the Wad-el-Halk, a shallow river which runs into the bay at the distance of about a mile and a half from Tangier. Near its mouth are the ruins of a bridge by which it was crossed during the time of the Roman occupation of the country. The centre arch alone is now standing in the middle of the stream. An excellent painting of this bridge by E. W. Cook, R.A., was exhibited some few years since on the walls of the Royal Academy.

Half a mile further along the sands are part of the ruins of Tanja-Balea, old Tangier, said to be the *Tingis* of the Romans, one of the cities founded by the giant Antæus, the discomfited opponent of Hercules. The ruins consist of a large wall of great thickness and apparently of great strength, but upon

* The Riff province is a mountainous district on the northern coast of Morocco, some thirty miles in width, extending from the Algerian frontier to Tetuan, a distance of more than two hundred miles. It is peopled by lawless tribes of mountaineers, owing no allegiance to the Sultan, and appearing to live chiefly by plunder and piracy. No European traveller has ever visited the district, and the life even of a Moor would not be safe among this barbarous race. The men are distinguished among the Moors for their strength and courage, and the women for their virtue.



THE PRISON AND GUARD AT TETUAN.

examination proving to be built of two moderately thick walls, the intervening space being filled in with earth. In the centre of the wall are the massive piers of a large gateway, built in alternate courses of stone and tiles. This is alleged to have been the gateway through which the galleys entered the arsenal. I can hardly suppose such to have been its purpose, as, although the river has certainly shifted its course and become much narrower than in ancient times, there seems to be no appearance whatever of there having been a watercourse through this gateway. Indeed, the level of the ground (virgin soil) immediately inside the gateway is far too high to admit of such a supposition. The sea wall in one place has been repaired by the Moors, and defended by three old English guns mounted on clumsy wooden carriages, now rapidly falling to pieces from decay.

At a short distance past the fort, we cross the river by a shallow ford, and after passing some salt marshes, strike into the hilly country to the east of the Bay of Tangier, of which city we obtain occasional distant views as we wind along the mountain passes and hill-sides, now gay with the white blossoms of the gum-cistus and the many flowering shrubs with which they are covered. By eight o'clock I reached the banks of a small river, the Wad-Ilin, where I intended to rest myself and my animals. The river is situated in a broad valley, which was verdant with a luxuriant crop of young barley. By the river banks tall oleanders were growing, under the shade of which I took my breakfast; and then, after a short stroll, in the course of which I disturbed hundreds of terrapins basking on the stones by the water-side, who quickly shuffled off into the water on the approach of a footstep, I resumed my journey, the route being now across some rather barren and rocky hills, till we descended to the sea-shore at the mouth of the Wad-Alcazar, by the right bank of which are the very extensive ruins of an ancient city. It was some time ere we could discover a safe ford, and after crossing I had not much time to spare for the examination of the ruins. They appear to be those of a Moorish city, built upon the site, and with the materials, of a far more ancient Roman one. It must, however, have been deserted and destroyed for centuries, for from among the ruins large olive, fig, and cork trees, evidently of great age, were growing.

The scenery of the road now changed. We were passing along land well cultivated with wheat or flax, while the occasional sight of a small mud cottage, with its palmetto-leaf thatch, showed that we were in the neighbourhood of a village; and at three o'clock in the afternoon Angera, where I was to stop for the night, was in sight. Our approach to the village was signalled by the barking of a legion of dogs, and in a few minutes the place was astir with men, armed with their clumsy flint-and-steel guns, who were watching the arrival of the stranger that was invading their solitudes. Abdullah went forward in order to deliver the message of the friendly Caid, and in a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a Moor, who seemed to be a kind of lieutenant-governor of the village during the absence of the chief, and who welcomed me to the place, leaving his house at my disposal, and assuring me that he would render every assistance of which I might stand in need; and under his guidance we entered the village, which is composed of a number of low mud huts roofed with palmetto leaves, the whole being enclosed by a hedge of aloes and prickly pears. As we passed these huts the women were

peeping through the small doorways, and bobbing their heads in as soon as the "Nazarene" took a sly glance in return, while all the small shaven-headed boys followed in a procession to the house, or rather hut, which I was to occupy for the night, and which, like most of the residences in the village, was an oblong erection some fourteen feet long by eight feet wide, formed of walls of dried clay or mud to the height of about four feet, on the top of which a roof of palmetto leaf, supported by rafters made of the long flower-stems of the aloes, was placed. There was no window, and the only aperture by which any light was admitted was the small doorway, which was closed at night-time by a rough wooden door, fastened by a rude and clumsy-looking, but no doubt very secure, wooden lock. The floor was the bare earth, upon which, however, a few rush mats had been placed. There was no furniture of any kind whatever to decorate the sole apartment; but in a short time, having spread a carpet which I had brought with me upon the ground, with plates, knives and forks, &c., in preparation for my dinner, the place looked quite habitable. The peasants were most pressing in their attentions, bringing me fowls, eggs, milk, and everything in the way of eatables which their village afforded; so that with the assistance of the few provisions I had brought with me, I was soon able to partake of a substantial meal, after which I strolled out, accompanied by a Moor of the place, and amused myself with shooting the bee-eaters (*Merops apiaster*) which were flying in flocks overhead, and apparently congregating after the manner of swallows, preparatory to their northern migration across the Straits. After securing several examples of these gaily-coloured and elegant creatures, together with specimens of the Hoopoe (*Upupa epops*), and several other small birds, I returned to my hut, intending to ascend Gebel-Mousa on the following day.

At nine I retired to my rug and endeavoured to sleep, but this was almost an impossibility to one whose flesh had not been hardened against the attacks of the insect pests to which travellers in Barbary must submit, and I was wide awake at four the next morning. At five o'clock we bade adieu to the good people of Angera, and commenced our journey. For about an hour and a half our road lay among hills of a considerable elevation, between which and the Gebel-Mousa was a broad valley, into which we descended by a rough winding mule track. This valley, which lies to the south-west of the Gebel-Mousa (on which side only the ascent is practicable), is well cultivated with wheat and flax, and is watered by several small streams, the rocky banks of which were luxuriant with the beautiful maidenhair fern (*Adiantum capillus-Veneris*). At one point, where there was a small waterfall, stood a primitive-looking mill, the simple machinery of which was being superintended by the most diminutive jolly miller whom it has ever been my lot to encounter, a small boy of about five years old. At a short distance further on, and at the foot of the mountain, we came to the "douar," or homestead of a farmer, who was to accompany us to the top, but as he was away in the fields, and had to be sent for, we halted, and breakfasted among the ruins of an old stone-built village which had formerly existed on the spot.

On the return of the farmer we set out on our climbing expedition. For the first quarter of an hour I was able to ride, but we then reached a wood, where we left Abdullah in charge of my own mule and those of Selam and the farmer. The wood was composed of oak trees, growing so close and so

thickly matted together with brambles and creepers of various kinds that in many places we had to cut a way with our hunting knives before we could pass between them. The boughs of the trees were festooned with a lichen of great length, which forms an article of sale among the Moors, who employ it for the purpose of stuffing cushions, &c. The ground was carpeted with sweet-scented purple violets, and the bird's-nest orchis was not uncommon among the decaying leaves. I can hardly say what is the extent of this wood; but it was so difficult to make our way through it that it was a long time ere we were able to emerge from it, when we found ourselves at the foot of what appeared to be an ancient glacier, lying in a narrow gorge between two spurs of the mountain, and composed of loose stones which had been carried down by the ice, that, in its passage downwards, had left deep grooves in the rocks at each side. Almost the whole of our work hence to the summit was a hard scramble among the loose stones and boulders. The sky had been overcast when we started in the morning, and by the time we reached the highest point of the Gebel-Mousa we were enveloped in a thick, damp fog, which quite prevented my obtaining such a view as I had anticipated of the Mediterranean and the Straits of Gibraltar. I remained at the top for nearly an hour, hoping that the clouds might clear away, and for about five minutes I was so fortunate as to see, through a break in the clouds to the eastward, the white houses and batteries of Ceuta stretching far out into the blue waters 3,000 feet below.

I was surprised to find at the very summit of the mountain a small building, evidently of great antiquity. The farmer who accompanied me informed me that it was an ancient Mahomedan mosque; but I am inclined, from the style of its architecture, to assign it to the time of the Roman occupation of Mauritania; or if used for devotional purposes, it may have been occupied by some anchorite of the early Christian Church, and may have served as the abode of some saint who, like Simeon Stylites, chose an elevated dwelling-place in order to keep himself unspotted from the world beneath him.

The building is quadrangular in shape, measuring about sixteen feet by eight feet, the walls being built of stone, with occasional layers of hard red tiles, the roof being formed of a round arch of masonry. The doorway, which is situated on the north side, is surmounted by a lintel of a single slab of stone. Inside the building, exactly opposite the doorway, is a small domed niche, which may have served as the shrine of a Pagan divinity or a Christian saint. Surrounding this small building are the ruined remains of two lines of walls, formed chiefly of rough stones, such as might be collected in the immediate vicinity; but among them were several hewn stones of considerable size. Among the ruins the pretty and familiar fern *Asplenium trichomanes* was growing most profusely, and the ground was covered with the violet, the bee orchis, a species of *Statice*, several kinds of narcissus, and many wild flowers which I failed to recognise. Having gathered a few of these, and having taken a sketch of the building I have described as a memento of my visit to the African "Pillar of Hercules," and finding that there was no prospect of the clouds clearing away to afford me the extensive view that must be obtained when the weather is more propitious, I commenced the descent, and in about an hour we found ourselves at the entrance of the wood, where our mules awaited us. Having mounted, we took leave of the farmer and started on our way to Ceuta, the road

to which was through some of the most picturesque and romantic scenery which it has ever been my good fortune to witness. For some miles the road was through deep defiles, and ravines watered by the rapid Wad-Irma, the banks of which were fringed with luxuriant belts of oleander trees, while ever and anon we passed waterfalls among the rocky clefts of the hills, whose darkly-shadowed recesses were relieved by the light foliage of *Osmunda regalis*, *Davallia canariensis*, *Pteris arguta*, and other beautiful ferns, while in some places the road lay between narrow gorges of the mountains, which rose a thousand feet perpendicularly on each side, and which were luxuriant with the overhanging boughs of cork, myrtle, and arbutus, growing amongst the rocks.

Then we ascended the range of hills lying immediately behind Ceuta, of whose fortifications stretching out to seaward we caught occasional glimpses, for some hours before we reached the boundary of the Moorish territory.

The evening gun was just firing when I entered the gates of the fortress of Ceuta, and by the time I reached the door of the Fonda in the main street, to which I had been recommended, the sun was setting in a golden glow behind the Gebel-Mousa, and illuminating the rock of Gibraltar, which stood out boldly on the horizon to the northward.

The next morning I rose early, and went for a morning walk round the town. It is without any exception the cleanest Spanish city I have ever been in, and the whole aspect of it is gay and cheerful. The streets present a great peculiarity, being all paved with small black, white, and red tesserae, disposed in various devices. The main street is planted with young trees, which have replaced an avenue of larger ones that were cut down at the time of the late revolution in Spain, to allow of guns sweeping the street in case of an outbreak of the convicts, for Ceuta is the chief penal settlement of Spain, nearly 3,000 prisoners being in the convict establishment at the time of my visit.

The population of Ceuta is, as might be expected, mainly composed of the military garrison regiments, among which I was somewhat surprised to find a regiment of *Riffian* soldiers—a fine, stalwart, hardy body of men, dressed after the fashion of the French *Zouaves*. Their wives might be seen in the marketplace, dressed in gaily-coloured clothes, with their thick black hair ornamented with festoons of shells and silver coins, and with heavy earrings, and necklaces composed of French silver five-franc pieces and Moorish coins. These women bring in large quantities of fruit, vegetables, poultry, and eggs from the neighbouring country to the market, which is an excellent, clean, and well-kept one, while numbers of Moors keep the place supplied with partridges, rabbits, hares, and abundance of feathered game, which is found in the country round about.

The chief amusement of the place, both for the military and civilians, appears to consist in the excitement afforded by cock fights, on the results of which contests large sums of money are daily lost and won. I attended one, but as it was the most inhuman and the nastiest exhibition I have ever seen, I will refrain from describing it here. I was afterwards taken to see the fighting cocks owned by the principal proprietor of these creatures in Ceuta. Each bird was well housed in a roomy cage, and treated and fed with the greatest method and care, but though their owner, in Spanish fashion, wished that I might live a thousand years, and placed the whole collection of birds

at my disposal, I had no ambition to become possessed of them, and politely declined his offer.

I spent a day in Ceuta, and the succeeding night was so rough and stormy that I had made up my mind to a longer stay; but towards daybreak the rain ceased, and I determined to proceed on my journey to Tetuan. At morning gun-fire I was at the gate waiting for my fire-arms, which had been sent to the governor's house. These were soon brought and delivered to me by an orderly, and all being ready, I started with Selam.

The first part of the road is along the sea-shore, and over the plain on which the battle of Castillejos was fought ten years ago. I then struck across the plain of Buzaghal, by the

places we had some difficulty in leading our mules safely over the swampy ground, which is rapidly resuming its pristine state of bog and marsh. The plain of Buzaghal passed, we ascend a range of hills of 600 or 800 feet in height, which forms a bold promontory running into the sea, and known as Cape Negro.

The bushes of cistus, myrtle, dwarf oak, and cork, with which these rocky hills are clothed, form a splendid cover for great quantities of wild boar and jackals, the chase of which animals forms a favourite amusement for the European sportsmen who occasionally visit the district. From the top of these hills I caught the first glimpse of Tetuan—a white spot on the



TETUAN.

military road constructed by the Spaniards during the late war. The road for some distance passes through rough stony ground, covered with scant vegetation, among which the curious creeping *Arnica montana* was rendered conspicuous by its white blossoms. To this barren waste succeeds a marsh of some three miles in breadth, and running for a considerable distance inland. This marsh was teeming with wild fowl of every description, and would form a fine hunting ground for any ornithologist who might visit this part of Africa. Though at so early a time of the year, brightly-coloured butterflies were hovering over the luxuriant herbage, gorgeous dragon-flies were flashing about in the sunshine, and the ground was alive with a tiger-beetle (*Cicindella flexuosa*) abundant during the spring-time in Morocco. This military road (formed only ten years ago) is already falling into unrepair. Wooden bridges over the streams and dykes are tumbling to pieces, and in many

slope of a hill some seven miles away—the broad, flat plain of Marteen intervening, and the Riff mountains rearing their snow-clad heads in the background. In descending the hillside I was so fortunate as to shoot a fine specimen of the Roller (*Coracias garrula*), a bird I had never before met with in a living state. The plain swarms with the red-legged Barbary partridge, of which I put up a great number; but as it was just their breeding time, I left them unmolested. When half way across the plain we met the servants of the Spanish consul, taking blankets, provisions, and other necessities for a shipwrecked party whom we had met in the morning.

The approach to Tetuan from the north is through a lane bordered by deserted gardens, formerly producing an abundance of the finest fruits; but during the war all the trees were felled, and the stumps only of the olive, peach, almond, apple,

pomegranate, plum, and fig trees remain to point out the former site of fruitful orchards.

It was half-past three o'clock, the hour of Al-Hassar, when I reached the city; and as I passed through the gates the

Here all was bustle and confusion. Country-people were loading their mules with the goods they had purchased in the city, and preparing to return to their homes. Riff men, distinguished among the rest of the crowd by their bare heads



MOORISH WARRIOR.

voice of the Muezzin from the gallery of each minaret was calling the Faithful to prayer, and proclaiming the unity of the Almighty and the holiness of his prophet Mohammed. Inside the gate were the forges of the blacksmiths, and it was some time ere my little cortège could make its way through the narrow street, now crowded with mules and asses waiting their turn to be shod, into the great Sok or market-place.

being shaven with the exception of a single long lock of hair on one side, and by the number of murderous weapons with which they were armed, were carrying about jars of the clearest honey for sale. Water-sellers attracted attention by the tinkling of a small bell to the beverage which they bore in a goat-skin slung over their shoulder. Women, their features carefully hidden by the white *haikh* which covered their faces,

and wearing hats of an enormous size to shield their heads from the rays of the sun, were endeavouring to dispose of their stock of wares by offering the last lot at an "alarming sacrifice." Jewish auctioneers, clad in long blue gaberdine and black skull-cap, were loudly calling out the highest bid they had received for the coloured cushion, brass tray, or other article which they carried with them. Every one gesticulated energetically, every one shouted at the top of his or her voice, and every one jostled his or her neighbour, without regard to any rule of the road or street.

Almost the whole of one side of the market square is occupied by the newly-erected Spanish consulate and church, in front of which is a beautifully arranged and well-kept garden. On another side of the square is a large mosque, and the residence of the lieutenant-governor.

My destination in Tetuan was the posada of one Solomon Nahon, situated in the Jewish quarter of the town, which (as is usual in Moorish cities) is surrounded with walls, within which the descendants of Abraham are locked from sunset to sunrise, the Moorish doorkeeper being an ill-shapen dwarf, but a merry fellow, the living counterpart of the little hunchback whose dancing so delighted the tailor of Cashgar in the Eastern story. Indeed, the whole place had a strange Oriental appearance, and at every turn I was reminded of some of the scenes, incidents, and personages rendered familiar to me by the frequent perusal in my boyhood of the charming tales of the Arabian Nights, and a ramble through the narrow streets of a Moorish city carries one's imagination back to the "golden time of the good Haroun-al-Raschid."

I stayed for several days in Tetuan, the first being devoted to a stroll about the city, and visits to the shops of the makers of yellow slippers, embroidered cushions, coloured reed mats, swords and fire-arms, and the many manufactured goods for which this great city is famous. Each street is for the most part occupied by the proprietors of some especial article of manufacture or commerce. In one will be seen "nothing *but* leather;" another is devoted to the manufacture and sale of the white woollen fabric of which the *haikh*, or garment of the Moorish women, is formed; in another "thrive the armourers," who are engaged in making the guns which are the indispensable companion of every Moor. I noticed some of these guns of great length, one which I measured being six feet nine inches from the stock to the muzzle.

The next day I rode to the mouth of the river Busfeka at Marteen, the port of Tetuan, a distance of some four miles from the town. Here is situated a custom-house, a small fort mounting half a dozen rusty old cannon, and a large house formerly the residence of the English consul, whose duties are now performed by the consul of Spain. Large quantities of the fine oranges of Tetuan were being shipped in feluccas, bound for Gibraltar and the Spanish ports.

The following day was appropriated to a visit to some of the orange groves which for several miles adorn the banks of the river; enchanting spots, of which no description can convey any adequate idea to the reader who has not seen the orange tree flourishing in a state of Nature. The trees, at the time of my visit, were laden and bowed down with their rich, ripe, golden fruit, at the same time the air was almost overpoweringly perfumed with the scented white blossoms, while the moist, well-watered ground under foot was carpeted with violets, *adiantum* ferns, and a yellow oxalis. In the afternoon I paid

a visit to the pacha of the city, who took me over his garden, and showed me several of the apartments of his residence. On leaving, the guard was turned out in my honour, and a musical performance by the drum and fife band took place. The dress of the native infantry is somewhat striking, though at the same time simple and inexpensive. It consists of a pair of dirty linen drawers and the cast-off, worn-out, buttonless coat of the British soldier, no attention apparently being paid, in the selection of the latter garment, to the question whether its previous occupier belonged to the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers or the 74th Highland Infantry, the numbers of various British regiments appearing on the shoulders of these Moslem warriors.

On the whole I was much gratified by my visit to Tetuan. My previous acquaintance with Moorish life had been confined to Tangier and its neighbourhood, where the people have such a squalid and poverty-stricken appearance, and where the town itself is so dirty and ill-savoured that, were it not for its lovely environs and its exquisitely delicious climate, life would hardly be found supportable by a European. In Tetuan, on the contrary, the streets, though narrow and ill-paved, are clean and well-kept, and the people give one the idea of being prosperous and well-to-do.

I left Tetuan for Tangier on the 1st of April, starting at six o'clock in the morning, attended by my man Selam. The land for some miles round the city appeared to be well cultivated, and the young crops of barley, wheat, and *dra** tinged the hills with a delightful verdure. Then succeeded some rocky mountainous country, rendered notorious three years ago as the scene of the exploits of Aisa, a Moorish brigand, who had sworn the vendetta against the Jews of Tetuan, of whom he managed to slay thirty-six before he was captured and executed.

I rested for a couple of hours in the middle of the day at the Fondak, or half-way house, at Ain-Jedeeda, from whence an extensive view is obtained right across the province of Gharbea to the Atlantic, in the vicinity of Arzila, the hills on each side forming a grand framework to the picture; those of the right hand (east) being the mountains of the Angera province, through which I had passed a few days before, and those to the left (west) being the ranges of the Gebel Habib and Dar-a-Clow, neither of any great height, but possessing fine bold outlines. Among other birds which I met with at my halting place was a specimen of *Lanius meridionalis*, a very prettily-marked butcher bird. My ride from Ain Jedeeda occupied about four hours, and I arrived at Tangier in the evening.

In concluding this notice of what was to me a most pleasant trip, I would call attention to the very interesting country lying at the north-western extremity of the African continent. Though so easily accessible (the port of Tangier being not more than a week's journey from London, and within a few hours' sail from Gibraltar), Morocco, being out of the ordinary track of the tourist, is seldom visited and comparatively unexplored. The country, besides being of extreme interest to Europeans from the thoroughly Oriental appearance, dress, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, presents a fresh field for the investigations of the naturalist, the geologist, or the antiquarian, all of whom could not fail to reap a rich harvest of information. The climate is temperate and extremely salubrious, and both living and travelling are inexpensive. A great inducement to sportsmen to visit this district is the existence of immense quantities of game.

* A large species of millet much cultivated in Morocco.

The Fresh-water Turtle of the Amazons.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE head-quarters of the large edible turtle of the Amazons lie in the upper part of the great river system which fills the equatorial plains of South America. In the lower course of the river, at least for 500 or 600 miles from the mouth upwards, where the stream, three to seven miles broad, flows rapidly down a broad valley hemmed in by hilly ranges, the turtle is met with but very rarely. When met with, it is only as a straggler from the upper river, and it does not deposit its eggs or assemble in great bodies. The same may be said of the great cayman (*Jacare nigra*), the manatee, and several of the larger fresh-water dolphins. All these large and remarkable aquatic animals are characteristic of the waters of the Upper Amazons, where the slower current and the countless sluggish back channels and chains of lakes form a domain well fitted for their development. The upper part of the great river flows through a nearly level plain, about a thousand miles in length from east to west, and 400 miles in width from north to south. It may be said to commence on the eastern side, near the mouths of the Madeira and Rio Negro, and to extend to the foot of the Andes. Over the whole district the land is covered with a dense, impenetrable, and lofty forest; the slope is very gradual and slight from west to east, and still more slight in a transverse direction towards the main river. Owing to this, perhaps, and to the great and almost constant rainfall, with diminished evaporation, the courses of the rivers are exceedingly winding, and the waters collect at intervals into sheets of water, with frequent areas, large as English counties, choked up with luxuriant marsh vegetation. In such a region, lying near the equator, with a high and uniform temperature (about 80° Fahr.), there is no cause for wonder at the abundance of large and strange forms of aquatic life. Of these the most useful to man is the large edible turtle.

This animal is of a tolerably regular oval form, measuring, when full-grown, about three feet by two. Its upper or dorsal shell has very little convexity, and its legs are short; it is, therefore, unable to right itself when by force or accident it is thrown on its back. The horny covering of its shell is thin and of a dull blackish hue, and altogether it presents a very different appearance from the marine turtle, so much prized by our city gastronomes, and so often exhibited alive in the windows of the chief dining-houses in London. Its flesh is white, tender, and good-flavoured, and those who have tried both give the preference to the Amazonian turtle for richness of taste, although in the wild region, where alone it can be had, the trial has to be made under the disadvantage of lack of all those additions afforded by the spices, butter, variety of herbs, and other resources of a civilised cuisine. The Indians and other inhabitants of the Upper Amazons rely upon it as their chief article of animal food throughout the year, the absence of grass land in the whole region having hitherto prevented the introduction, or at least the increase of cattle. It has, however, other uses to them of not less importance. From the very oily eggs they prepare a thick, impure oil, or liquid butter, which they use for lamps and as fat to fry their fish and bananas. This is an article of exportation from the district of the upper river, many thousand gallons, contained in earthen-

ware jars, being sent to the civilised settlements on the lower river, where turtle butter is much used by the poorer classes. The skin makes a useful tough leather for various purposes. As a supply of the animal is to be obtained only in the dry season, when the waters of the river and lakes are low, the stores of turtle have to be kept in the villages in little ponds, which each householder excavates in the garden at the rear of his house. The turtle—called by the inhabitants, with justice, “O gado do Solimoens,” i.e., the cattle of the Solimoens, or Upper Amazon—is connected, therefore, in many ways with the daily life and habits of the scattered population of this remote semi-aquatic region. Let us endeavour to follow their proceedings in hunting the animal and preparing oil from its eggs.

We will commence with the beginning of the dry season—a short spell of time in this watery wilderness, when the clouds no longer distil their daily showers, and the great river ebbs from the shores of the village ports with the steadiness of a great annual tide.

Towards the end of June a few clear bright days occur, after seven or eight months' constant rainy weather. The villagers, half-starved by the long scarcity of animal food, arising from the flooded state of the country, note with joy the cessation of the rise of the waters, which had penetrated by a thousand creeks and ramifications over the whole land, cutting off communication with the plantations, and enabling the fish and turtle to scatter themselves over too wide an area for the success of the fishermen. In a few days the waters ebb; the muddy and swampy land dries up; trees blossom in the forest; and swarms of migratory birds pass over to new feeding or nesting places. Everybody prepares for the turtle harvest which will soon follow. As a general rule, and especially at the commencement of the season, they are obtained by shooting with the bow and arrow; and the first care of the villagers is to re-string their powerful bows, and prepare a good stock of arrows.

The bow is a powerful instrument about seven feet in length, made from the hard, horny wood of a tree called “Pao d'arco,” a lofty, handsome forest-tree, of the *Leguminosæ* or pea family. The only tools used in fashioning it are a common knife and the incisor tooth of a large rodent animal (*Calogenys Paca*), the latter used for scraping and finishing. The cord is made of the twisted fibres of a plant allied to the pine-apple. The arrows are five feet in length. For the shafts the wonderful “arrow-grass” of the borders of the Amazons supplies a ready finished material, for lightness and strength unsurpassable by the resources of the most consummate human art. The grass grows in large patches on swampy shores, to a height of fifteen or twenty feet; the part used for the arrow is simply the flower stem, and is therefore free from knots. The feather wings of the arrow are secured by neat cotton thread, spun by the women. At the tip an ingenious loose spear-head has been contrived, to meet the peculiar requirements of turtle fishing. The point is made of the best steel, and is fixed into a peg of hard wood; this peg fits into the hollow at the tip of the arrow, and a fine and strong twine connects the two, the twine, some twenty fathoms in

length, being neatly wound round the end of the shaft. By this arrangement the turtle, which, of course, cannot be killed by an arrow, is pierced in its dorsal shell by two or three successive arrows, and pulled up to the surface by the lines,

main river of the Upper Amazons, and the creeks, back channels, pools, and lakes connected with it. In the tributary rivers it is much less common; and, in fact, those tributaries which have clear or dark waters, unlike the main stream,



TURTLE SHOOTING.

after it has dived towards the bottom with the loosened steel tips adhering to its shell.

Well, the village blacksmiths, who alone can make the steel points of the requisite shape and temper, are very busy during these days. The men get out their old fishing nets and mend

which has turbid, clayey water, are almost destitute of this valuable animal. The settlements, both Indian and civilised, however, are almost all situated on the banks of clear water affluents and lakes, owing to their immunity from mosquitoes, and consequently it is often a long boat voyage to reach the



INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

them; caulk and repair their canoes; and as soon as their wives can prepare a supply of mandioca meal, to serve as their mainstay in the way of vegetable food, they are off to the unfrequented parts of the river.

The turtle inhabits almost exclusively the waters of the

uninhabited places where turtles abound. The principal channel of the main stream has an average breadth of about three miles, but this channel in scarcely any place constitutes the whole river. Most frequently islands, or chains of islands, divide it into two or more broad arms, each a mile or two in



UPPER AMAZONS—INDIANS DINING.

width; and there are besides inland arms, or loops, called in the Indian language "Parana-miris," or "little rivers," which leave the main stream, and rejoin it again lower down. Some of these, of course, are of short extent, but several are hundreds of miles in length, and themselves become the receptacles of large tributary rivers. In all these branches and inland arms, as well as near the mouths of every tributary flowing from north or south, there are large expansions of water, some only a few miles in area, others of the dimensions of lakes, with blank sea horizons in place of the opposite shore. The lakes arise from the slight slope of land on either side towards the central channel of the river. The main river has generally a powerful current, and the waves rise high in the sudden squalls which are liable to occur at all seasons. The banks present everywhere the most inhospitable appearance. In very few places, for seven hundred miles, is there a spot which could be fixed upon as a promising site for a town. A vertical cliff of clay or earth, falling in masses, with all the superincumbent vegetation, wherever the set of the current sweeps in that direction, is the principal feature met with. In the flood season (March to July) the waters of the river have risen about forty feet above low water; they are then nearly on a level with all the less elevated parts of the earthy banks, and pour through the numerous watercourses and depressions into the interior of the land, filling the half-dried pools, and converting, in some places, whole districts into a network of inland waters. At this time the turtles are living in these interior pools, feeding and fattening on the fruits that fall from the trees. As soon as the first signs of desiccation appear in July, they warily escape by the nearest outlet into the main river. At least this happens to all those with whom the instinct of pairing is operating. The others—the very old and the young in all stages—remain in the pools, where, cut off from escape by the drying up of the channels of exit, they are found, sometimes crowded together in dense swarms in the diminished water, about the middle of August.

The first excursions of the villagers are made to these inland pools; and as the same spots are not equally favoured by the turtles from year to year, it is necessary first to explore the forest, and find out the best places. Many of the knowing ones leave the village slyly, unknown to their neighbours, and return in a few days with a boat-load of turtles, keeping the locality of their successful search as a secret for their own benefit. The price of a moderate-sized turtle, in the times before steamboat navigation and increased trade raised the prices of all articles of food, was about a quarter of a dollar—not very dear for fifteen or twenty pounds of delicious meat. Since then the value has increased to about two dollars.

The situation of some of the larger pools, which annually yield a greater or less number of young turtles, is more generally known, and parties of the townspeople are formed to visit them, and chase the animals under fair, neighbourly conditions. They embark at the villages in their separate light canoes, glide down the smooth waters of the tributary on which their quiet homes are situated into the turbulent main river, and, after one or two long days' journey, arrive at the fishing grounds. By this time the surface of the Amazons has sunk some twenty feet below the outlets to the lakes; a convenient spot has therefore to be sought for mooring the canoes and forming a rough encampment on the river bank. Here rude shelters are quickly erected, by fixing stout poles

in the light soil, and forming a roof of the broad leaves of palm trees. When all is ready, the smallest of the canoes are hauled up the steep bank, a road is cleared with cutlasses through the entangled forest, rollers of short cut poles are laid down, and the canoes run over the ground to the banks of the pool. The skilled fishermen then embark, one in each skiff, with an Indian or boy at the stern to steer. Some of them erect stages in tripod form in the shallow waters to stand upon; others station themselves on the bank.

The situation of these turtle lakes and pools is wild and picturesque. They often cover many acres, and ramify into many winding nooks and harbours. All around rises the glorious, infinitely-varied tropical forest; scattered amid the greenery are groups of palm trees of many different forms—some with massive, erect columnar stems, others with light, gracefully-curving shafts, bearing aloft their nodding plumes of foliage; in the rear are the more bulky, rounded forms of forest trees of the most diversified foliage, amid which the voices of parrots and toucans are heard, or troops of gambolling monkeys seen leaping from branch to branch; while the water frontage presents a luxuriant drapery of climbing plants, covering the face of the nearest trees, from the water's edge to the upper branches, with a curtain of elegant foliage, or hanging from projecting boughs in garlands and streamers. Flowers are rarely seen amid the uniform bright green clothing; but here and there a brilliant scarlet passion flower attracts the eye, or long panicles of yellow or pink flowers of climbing *Combretaceæ* vary the monotony. The lower bushes near the water consist of wild fruit trees of the guava (*Psidium*) or ingá (*Inga*, fam. *Leguminosæ*) genera. The edges of the pools seldom show the bare muddy earth, but are clothed with a tough, spongy growth of marsh plants; and over them stretch the fronds of gigantic ferns, which grow in great profusion on the ground and the trunks of trees everywhere in these humid districts.

The skill of the fishermen, and the temper of their steel-pointed arrows, are soon put to the test. Although the calm surface of the pools at first shows no indication of animal life, signs of turtles are presently seen in winding lines of disturbed water; the indications are followed by the canoes in various directions, the steersmen paddling stealthily, and all voices hushed. Presently the snouts of the animals peer above the surface, when they rise to breathe the indispensable air; the convex portion of the shell next emerges; the bow of the fisherman is bent, and an arrow is quickly seen quivering in the bony covering. An experienced fisherman does not hesitate to shoot at a distance of seventy or eighty paces, although he prefers a nearer shot. It is on this account they erect the stages in the middle of the pool; for the wary animals cannot be reached so closely in canoe as from a spot where the marksman remains stationary and motionless. A long shot, however, tests their skill; and they have a pride on these occasions, at the commencement of a field-day, in displaying their ability. The arrow, describing a parabolic curve, has to be elevated; and as there is no "sight" to guide the marksman, the nicety with which he calculates the distance and the degree of elevation is astonishing. They seldom miss; on the instant that one arrow has told a second is let fly, and the light skiff is paddled forward with the speed of lightning. The concussion loosens the arrow-points; the shafts remain floating, with the attached cord unreeling at

a great rate, as the wounded animal dives along the bottom. The shafts secured, however, the fisherman takes his time about the finishing of his work; he gently hauls in the lines together, the animal is brought up, and helplessly laid on his back in the bottom of the canoe.

All the party are thus employed, and at the end of the day's work they return to the encampment on the banks of the river. Here some of them vary the day's sport by shooting fish with the bow and arrow, as represented in the engraving. For this a different kind of weapon is necessary, a simple steel point, long and fine, with a barb at the base. A quick eye, and some practice in calculating the amount of refraction in the water, are required for success in this kind of fishing, and these very few Indians or half-castes of the villages, or even boys above the age of fourteen, are without. At sundown the hearty and well-earned meal is enjoyed, and then smoking and rum-drinking and story-telling are kept up far into the night. The sport is continued the next day, but not with so much success, as the turtles become more wary after one day's persecution. Sometimes it becomes impossible to get near an animal at all, and then netting is tried with a long stout drag net. To work with this all must get into the water, and as these pools abound with alligators, leeches, and spiteful biting fishes, it is a mode of fishing not much resorted to.

As the dry season progresses the declining river lays bare the extensive sand-banks which form in tranquil waters at the upper and lower ends of islands, and on which the turtle annually deposits its eggs. Some of these banks are many miles in length by a mile or two in width, and form gently undulating surfaces, with their highest parts lying twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the river when at its lowest point. They vary in the fineness of the sand of which they are composed, and as the turtles choose only the finest, the number of favourite banks is somewhat limited. The principal sand-banks, or "prayas" as they are called, lie between Coary and Tabatinga on the Upper Amazons, the best of all being near the mouths of the rivers Juruá and Jutahí, in the wildest and most thinly inhabited part of the whole of this interior region. Another peculiarity is that the turtles will lay only in the higher part of the banks, and at a great distance from the water—a marvellous case of instinctive foresight, for it is by this only that they secure a good chance of the eggs hatching before the flood season (commencing in November) might inundate the nests and destroy the progeny of the year.

The mother turtles, having escaped from the inland pools, congregate in the tranquil waters and bays near the sand-banks, and watch their opportunity of crawling on to the sands in safety. But they are so timorous that the passage of a few canoes in these parts at this juncture would infallibly drive them away to other remote places; the villagers, therefore, every year elect one of their number as head man or governor of each "praya," who establishes guards near the bank, and punishes any trespasser with fine or imprisonment. If, notwithstanding all precautions, the animals are scared away, and can find no other suitable sand-bank, they deposit their eggs at random along the muddy shores of the river, and the product of the season is lost. A steamer passing over the spot at this time would ruin the turtle season; but the tranquil waters in which they congregate fortunately lie out of the main track of river navigation. The guards appointed by the head men proceed to their posts about the middle of August, and establish

themselves quietly in a sheltered corner of the bank near the forest that covers the island, erecting a rude observatory on some tall tree reached by a ladder made of bush ropes. From this they watch the progress made in ovi-depositing, and report to the authorities in the villages.

The turtles choose a clear calm night about the end of September, and, all being favourable, clamber out of the water by countless thousands. The clean white sand swarms with their black coats of mail, a sight best seen at sunrise, when, their task being accomplished, they all hurry back to the water. Crawling for about half a mile they commence excavating holes in the sand, to the depth of three or four feet. The first comer for each hole goes the deepest, and lays her eggs, about 120 in number, and lightly covers them over with sand; another succeeds in the same hole, and then another, rarely more than three in each hole. The holes lie pretty close together, and when the whole work is done large patches of disturbed sand are seen on the bank, each of an acre or two in extent, marking the site of the deposit. Three or four nights suffice to complete the whole work. The guards then despatch one of their number to the village to report, and the governor of the "praya" thereupon posts notices on the church door, appointing all the villagers to meet at the bank on a certain day to excavate the eggs simultaneously.

The event is regarded as an annual holiday by the villagers. The men take their whole families, including their household pets—tame monkeys, parrots, tortoises, and so forth—and embark in the great family canoe, which is sometimes a commodious vessel of eight or ten tons, furnished with two masts, and called a "Cuberta." Families of Indians, civilised and wild, take part in the harvest. It is the mid-summer of the year. The sun shines in a cloudless sky, and a gentle cool breeze blows from morning to night, tempering the fierce heat of the vertical sun. It is the season of plenty, of frolic, love, and courtship, leaving its trace in numerous weddings which come off in the village between the end of the turtle harvest and Christmas. The young men take their fiddles, flutes, and guitars, and the cabins of the canoes are well stored with *cashaça*, or cane-brandy, to stimulate the enjoyment of the time.

On the day fixed, at an early hour in the morning, all the people being ready with their wooden paddles, to be used as spades, the beating of drums gives the signal for the work to commence, and several hundred brawny arms are soon at work, wielding the spades, and showering the sand all around. The eggs are turned out by myriads. They are rather larger than a hen's, much rounder, and about twice as heavy; the skins are flexible and leathery, but perfectly white. Each family keeps its heap apart. At five in the evening the signal beats for the cessation of the work. It is resumed again in the morning, and continues until the whole sand-bank is thought to be exhausted. A large "praya," however, is never exhausted of its eggs; this is proved by passing canoes in November, just before the rising of the waters, finding hundreds of young recently-hatched turtles crawling down to the water.

The excavation finished, the preparation of the oil commences. The eggs are thrown into an inverted canoe and mashed with wooden prongs. Sometimes this process is not thought quick enough, and naked children jump in and crush

the dirty mass with their feet, making a pretty figure of themselves with the yolk bespattered all over them. The buttery contents are then left for a day or two exposed to the heat of the sun, which brings all the oil to the surface. This is afterwards skimmed off by means of ladles made of large clam shells tied to the end of long rods. Meantime fires are lit, and the huge family cauldrons slung over them, into which the oil is poured to be purified. This being at length completed, the neat produce is stored in earthen jars, or in hollowed logs of wood, for conveyance to the village.

The whole affair lasts, on a first-class sand-bank—"praya real," or royal praya—about a fortnight. The place resembles

period of lowest water is reached about the end of September; and although there is a spell of rain and rising water in November, the sand-banks are not laid under water again before March. Sometimes, however, the dry season is a failure; frequent rains fall, and the river reaches a low point only in October, to rise again in half flood in November. If the turtles did not choose the highest parts of the highest banks to deposit, they would probably become almost extinct in a few generations from natural causes. This habit, however, entails the great inconvenience of a long journey from the water to reach the place of their deposit, a journey evidently painful to such heavy aquatic creatures, with clumsy, short, webbed



INDIANS MASHING TURTLE EGGS.

a rude village wake or fair. Lines of tents and encampments, with all the paraphernalia of a household, stretch along the banks of the river for a long distance, and canoes of all descriptions, from the light open skiff of the fisherman to the schooner of the down-river trader, are anchored or moored near the shore. At night the glimmering fires light up the great solitude of river and forest, and laughter and the tingling of *violas* are heard as accompaniment to the hoarse snort of caymen and other aquatic monsters, or the deep "hough" of the jaguar in the neighbouring woods. The poorer classes sell their oil at once to the traders, and many spend the proceeds in jollification before the fortnight is over.

The period of the deposit of turtle's eggs varies according to the season; for the seasons vary in the tropics almost as much as they do in our own uncertain climate. Normally, the

feet. Four hundred miles higher up the river, the dry season falls a full fortnight earlier than in the neighbourhood of Ega and Coary, and the turtles deposit their eggs accordingly.

The eggs laid about the end of September are hatched between the middle or end of November, those lying deepest in the holes being of course the latest. Immediately the young turtle, born with its breast and back-plates of tolerable solidity, escapes from the egg, it bites its way through the superincumbent sand, and makes its way straight for the water. Many hundreds are devoured before they reach it by vultures and after they are in the water by alligators. Nevertheless, sufficient escape to keep up an enormous population of turtles in these waters. It is calculated, from the number of eggs annually collected for the manufacture of oil, that the progeny of at least 400,000 turtles is destroyed by this means alone.

The Musk Ox and the Wolverine—a Geographical Parallel.

BY P. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.S., PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

MAN, the musk ox, and the wolverine have been great travellers, and have maintained a curious relation to each other under very different geographical conditions. The peculiarities of the race now hunting these animals are almost as opposed to those of the rest of mankind as the zoological characteristics of the arctic musk ox and of the glutton or wolverine are to ordinary cattle and carnivora. The three commonly associated living forms are, in fact, very anomalous, and although they are never seen together out of a limited space in the arctic regions of North America, they formerly enjoyed more southern climes and lived on other continents. An Esquimaux, with his social and economical peculiarities and habits, and with his racial physical characteristics, is a very different man to those of the nations inhabiting temperate climates. The ethnologist separates him psychologically, and to a certain extent by his physical structure, from his fellow-men; and the pre-historic student admits him into the list of the doubtful peoples which dominated in the west of Europe when palæolithic weapons were carried by the early hunters.

A musk ox was formerly a zoological puzzle, and the difficulties of the comparative anatomist were at last overcome in its case by the assumption of a name, which recognises the anomalous nature of this old unwilling companion of man. So many sheepish peculiarities are combined in the musk ox with those characteristic of oxen, that after it had been alternately termed musk sheep and musk ox, and occasionally called a buffalo, a wise naturalist satisfied his colleagues by giving the beast the name of ovibos (sheep-ox). It is clear that the wolverine or glutton is equally unmanageable by the classificatory zoologists. It has a head shaped somewhat like that of a dog, and teeth resembling to a great extent those of cats, lions, tigers, and dogs, which are the

carnivora that walk with their feet raised from the ground and on their toes. But although the glutton has such teeth, it does not walk on tiptoe, but puts the heel down, and has a splay foot like a bear.

The anatomical characters are therefore, so far as those dogmatic restrictors of Nature, the classificatory zoologists, are concerned, very abnormal. It has no comfortable place in a classification, and, like the ovibos, it has been called by a variety

of scientific names. Sometimes a bear, now fixed between badgers and rats, and often considered to be a cat with a dog-like look by those who only examined the head, or a bear with a longish tail by those who studied the extremities, the glutton has been a natural history puzzle, and, like many apparently incongruous beasts, has had a vast amount of scandal and slander to suffer from the book maker.



OVIBOS MOSCHATUS.

In spite of their anomalies, the Esquimaux, the ovibos, and the gulo or glutton, have outlived many species of animals—have lasted out the ages of the pre-historic and the savagery of the historic and Christian eras, and have witnessed vast alterations in the geography and climate of the northern hemisphere. They have had curious beasts living with them in their long history; and, indeed, what can be more “against Nature” than the association, in one fauna, of the race of men, the sheep-ox, and the dog-like bear, and elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, lions, and zebu? This was the jumble of animals amongst which the early hunters chased the reindeer on the area of present France, Great Britain, and Belgium, and which accompanied the first evidences of ovibos and gulo. The great mammoth has died out; the woolly-haired rhinoceros lives no longer; the Esquimaux love the ice-bound coast; ovibos has fought hard for life, and has left its bones in many an old river silt in Europe and Asia; but at last it is hemmed in, and occupies

a small elliptical area in the far north of the New World. Gulo has submitted to much the same fate, but has a wider range; nevertheless, to keep up its dislike to conventional natural history, it often goes far north in mid-winter, where the cold is terrific, and then it rejoices in a black coat.

Ovibos was first noticed when the French settled in the Canadas, and wandered to the north in their hunting parties. Jeremie notices this animal in Charlevoix's "Nouvelle France," and the discovery was substantiated by one Dobbs, about whose nationality there can be no mistake. Then Pallas, in 1772, found fossil bones within the arctic circle, but on the Asiatic continent, which he correctly attributed to the musk ox; and subsequently, in 1809, other portions of fossil skeletons were found further north, at the mouth of the Yana, between Lena and Irdigirsk. Richardson discovered more fossils in Eschscholtz Bay—that vast cemetery of mammoths, where, in the short summer, the stench of the cliff is smelt, and is due to the incomplete decomposition of the members of species long since extinct. But no living ovibos has been seen on the Asiatic continent. The recent skeleton of an old musk bull was found on Melville Island when Parry exhumed in that far north coal, plants, and ichthyosaurians, from the sub-rock; and Ross, in his magnetic pole expedition, when entering his long and patiently borne captivity, came across traces of ovibos, which, with gulo, now and then enlivened those terrible years in the Gulf of Boothia. What can be more different than the scenes of the early days of ovibos, gulo, and their hunters, and those witnessed by Ross in Felix and Victoria harbours; between the assemblages of the animals, the temperature, and the nature of the struggle for existence? Yet there may have been some things in common.

One of Ross's most interesting investigations referred to the stationary condition of a large portion of the arctic fauna in the district around Felix harbour (latitude, 70° north, longitude, 92° west), and he proved that ovibos, gulo, and other animals, remained, and did not invariably emigrate southwards during mid-winter. On December 30, 1829, the cold being great, and the thermometer indicating 37° below freezing point, the footsteps of a wolf travelling northwards were seen in the snow near Felix harbour; and early in January, 1830, the cold being as intense as ever, the Innuits came into the neighbourhood with the skins of recently slain gluttons, and they reported having seen musk oxen on the hills to the south-west. This January was a very cold month, and the first part of it had a temperature of 50° below freezing-point, the middle of 40° , and the end of 28° below freezing, yet gluttons and hares were seen and killed, and also foxes, ptarmigan, willow partridges, and seals.

In April wolves, reindeer, and other deer were seen in abundance, and on the 27th Commander Ross started to examine the coast to the north of Felix harbour, having already bought musk ox beef, or mutton, of the Esquimaux. In latitude $70^{\circ} 25'$ he began to prepare his instruments, in order to complete the necessary observations, after a tempestuous night in a snow hut, having walked all the day before in a high wind with drifting snow. He writes: "It was not very wonderful that the sight of the instruments revived in the mind of the guide the belief in our powers of conjuration; and, as the idea of eating is ever predominant in the mind of an Esquimaux, while hunting and fishing are

almost the only occupations of their lives, his inquiries took this very natural turn. Should we find any musk oxen by means of this inexplicable brasswork, or see them among the hills while looking so intensely through these tubes and glasses? In fact, we were in the parts frequented by these animals; and it was a very natural conclusion that we had come thus far and taken all this trouble for that most important of all purposes—a dinner or a feast."

"I was by no means desirous of passing for a conjuror. We had found ourselves in a sufficiently awkward predicament already in consequence of this, to us, unenviable reputation; and I, therefore, declared my total ignorance of all musk oxen and their ways." . . . "In less than half an hour his sharp eyes observed the tracks of several of those animals on the face of a steep hill, at the foot of which our road lay. On examining them, he found that the animals had passed many days before; but, making a further search, he soon found traces of two which he asserted to have been at this spot on this very evening. We therefore went back to the sledges, and, after selecting a spot to build a hut, and leaving the work to be executed by a boy, he took his bow and arrows and set off; leading two of his dogs in couples, and desiring me to follow with my gun and favourite dog. The dogs went off at full speed, and we went on laboriously enough for two hours, over a very rugged country, and through deep snow; when, finding that the footsteps of the dogs no longer followed that of the oxen, he concluded that they had got up with the animals, and were probably holding one or both of them at bay. We soon found this to be the fact, on turning the angle of the hill, when the sight of a fine ox at bay before the three dogs cured our fatigue in an instant, and we went off ourselves at full speed to the rescue. Poo-yet-tah however kept the lead, and was in the act of discharging his second arrow when I came up. We saw that it had struck one rib, since it fell out without even diverting the attention of the animal from the dogs, which continued barking and dodging round it, seizing it by the heels whenever they had an opportunity, or when it turned to escape, and then retreating as it faced them. In the meantime it was trembling with rage, and labouring to reach its active assailants, but unable to touch them, experienced as they were in this service. It was easy to see that my companion's weapons were of little service in this warfare, or that the victory would not at least have been gained in many hours, as he continued to shoot without apparent effect, finding his opportunities for aim with much difficulty, and losing much time afterwards in recovering his arrows; I therefore fired at the animal with two balls, at the distance of about fifteen yards. They took effect, and it fell; but, rising again, made a sudden dart at us, standing close together as we were. We avoided the attack by dodging behind a large stone which was, luckily, near us; on which, rushing with all its force, it struck its head so violently that it fell to the ground with such a crash that the hard ground around us fairly echoed to the sound. My guide on this attempted to stab it with his knife; but, failing in this, he sought shelter behind the dogs, which now again came forward to the attack. At this time it was bleeding so profusely that the long hair on its sides was matted with blood; yet its rage and strength seemed undiminished, as it continued to advance and butt with the same ferocity as before. In the meantime I had reloaded my gun behind the stone, and was advancing for

another shot, when the creature rushed towards me as before, to the great alarm of Poo-yet-tah, who called to me to return to the same shelter. But I had time for a cool aim; and it immediately fell, on the discharge of both barrels, but not till it was within five yards of me." On the way to the hut they found another ox, and the guide, knowing its habits, said it would not be far off in the morning. The beef was very good, not having at this season of the year the least flavour of musk. In August, at Melville Island, some beef was offered by the natives, which was very offensive. "The Esquimaux did not forget the other ox, and stole out of the hut during the night, and went in pursuit. In a short time he returned, and told us that he had found the animal grazing on the top of the hill, that he had advanced upon it by the only accessible road, keeping himself in the midst of the dogs; and that he had done this with so much rapidity, that the creature, finding no other mode of escape, had thrown itself over the precipice." The feast, which occurred in a day or two, at the end of a dreary day. The wind without howled round the snow walls of the hut, and the drift which it brought sounded against them with a hissing noise. The hut, but four feet high, kept all in a sitting posture, but it was warm, if not supremely comfortable. The talk of the friends who had joined the party did not prevent them from using their jaws in a very different manner. "During the whole of the day," writes Ross, "they were employed in removing the meat from the upper part of the ox; cutting it off in long narrow slips, which, in the usual manner, they crammed into their mouths as far as they could push it in; then cutting the morsel from the level of the end of their noses, by the means of their sharp knives, they bolted the mouthfuls as a hungry dog would have done."

On the next day Ross bagged a brace of grouse, and having made a hut, they had to dig themselves out of it and superincumbent snow in the morning after, the drift covering them for six feet. Again tracks of musk oxen were seen, but a storm, which bared some places, exposing the black rocks, rendered others so unsafe, that the hunt was given up. The expedition was over by May 5th, and ended in a great fall of snow. The ice in a lake close by was eight feet thick; but traces of reindeer and hares were seen, and an arctic fox was caught. It is evident that ovibos is a gallant little animal, not disposed to yield its life or liberty without a desperate struggle, and it must be acknowledged that it lives in the dreariest of climates, where the food is too often covered with snow, and where, if not distressed by the insect world, it finds no mean enemy in men (leaving out the explorers) who have not advanced very much in their powers of destruction since the palæolithic period. We use indifferent iron instead of sharp stones, and have domesticated dogs, but there the difference between the earliest European hunters and the present Innuits ceases, so far as their killing powers are concerned. Remove the man with the gun from the scene, and the slight advance since palæolithic times becomes evident.

In the month of June a native dog was bitten by a glutton, and six months after, when the thermometer was pointing to 32° below freezing, one of these active animals was seen skirting the shore.

When in Victoria harbour, a glutton made a dashing attack upon the ship as she was at anchor, and surrounded by a high snow wall. It was in mid-winter, when the animal,

pressed by hunger, climbed the wall, and came down on to the deck, undismayed by the presence of twelve or fourteen men. He seized upon a canister which had some meat in it, and was in so ravenous a state, that whilst busily engaged at his predaceous feast he suffered Commander Ross to pass a noose round his neck, after which there was an end of him. Roaming about amidst the desolation of the far North, the glutton, nevertheless, has plenty of prey as a rule, and fights against his enemies with great courage and pertinacity. The fox is our type of clever audacity and impudence, and the jackal is the same for Asiatic nations; but the glutton has a northern reputation for rascality, impudence, gluttony, and dirty habits, which appears to have accumulated, age after age, ever since the ancestors of our *gulo luscus* ate garbage from the caves of the reindeer hunters of France and Belgium. In some stories he is made to outwit the clever little arctic fox, whose food he steals, and in others he is represented with wonderful attributes of cunning and strength. Thus, when hungry he climbs the trees under which the reindeer love to roam, and scratches off the lichens and mosses they desire for food. When the thoughtless deer is enjoying the tempting morsels, the glutton suddenly pounces down on its neck, and fixes itself by its talons and teeth. The deer rushes off with its burden, to sink at last from exhaustion. Olaus Magnus writes an awful story about the destructive powers and inordinate voracity of the glutton; and in old books on natural history there may be seen pictures of this clever animal in the act of squeezing the superabundance of food out of its stomach between two stout saplings. Buffon even called it the "Quadruped Vulture." Nevertheless, *gulo luscus* is not worthy of all these legends. It is a clever thief, and destroys the traps set by fur hunters and takes the bait. It resembles the bear in its gait, and is often bullied by the snowy owl, for it cannot get along very quickly in deep snow. Small rodents, dead flesh, and sometimes beavers, are its food. Richardson says that it surprises the beaver during the summer, when working on the banks of streams. The present range of *gulo luscus* is into Canada, and as far north as latitude 75°, and it remains in latitude 70° during the whole winter. It inhabits Lapland, the northern and eastern parts of Siberia, and Kamtchatka, so that it dwells in a complete circle round the pole. Ovibos, on the contrary, has a very restricted residence, for its southern limit is the entrance of the Welcome River into Hudson's Bay (about latitude 60°).

It has been mentioned that *gulo* was associated in the palæolithic fauna with ovibos and the great extinct mammalia and the existing lion, and the proof of this statement depends upon the discovery by truthful explorers in caves of the skulls, teeth, and limb bones. Years before any one credited the high antiquity of man, Schmerling had exhumed the proofs of it with the bones of the glutton, and he had no hesitation in deciding that they belonged to a former member of the existing species. Goldfuss, the great German palæontologist, discovered the skull of a glutton amidst the wonderful collection of bear bones in the great caverns of Gailenreuth; and since the days of those celebrated anatomists, the glutton's bones have been found in France and England.

Man, living a hunter's life, left his remains with those of his present arctic associates far south in France, in Belgium, and in England, and the question at once arises, What was

the geography of Western Europe at that time? Moreover, speculations will enter the thoughts concerning the causes of the disappearance of the present arctic animals from such southern climates.

If the analogy of Nature is to afford a decided means of answering these questions and surmises, error will surely arise; for it will be difficult to associate an arctic climate with the geography of Western Europe whilst hippopotami, zebus, *elephas antiquus*, and the lion flourished on the area. Had the arctic animals only been found, the severity of the climate, the northern condition of the flora, and the dreary nature of the landscape, must have been conceded; but the association of the great mammalia with the species, the present representatives of which are dwellers in the far North, renders it necessary to prosecute further inquiries.

There is no doubt that ovibos and gulo were living in Western Europe with the wapiti, the reindeer, the marten, the lemming, the beaver, and the brown and the grizzly bears during the age of the mammoth and the great beasts. Moreover, many animals, whose species still exist on our area, were then living, such as the badger, weasel, otter, fox, wolf, red deer, goat, pig, and perhaps the sheep. Moreover, many others have become extinct, such as the cave bear, cave hyæna, Irish elk, the Early ox, hippopotamus major, and the elephants and rhinocerides.

Now the remains of ovibos were collected years since in a river gravel at Maidenhead, and were described by Owen, the locality having been examined and noticed by Prestwich. Their position, and that of the sediment in which they were found, indicated that the physical geography and the climate in the olden time were not the same as they are at the present.

Such sediments characterise many of our rivers, and a general parallelism of them may be, and has been, asserted. The rivers have cut their way through them, and have sought a lower level, and synchronously the watershed has been worn backwards, whilst much wear and tear by the sea has destroyed their embouchure end. The great masses of angular stone, mixed up with the sediments which contain these interesting remains, testify to some other moving agent than flowing water, and determine the former presence of much ice in the flood times of old. Alterations in the height of the hills, the depth of the valleys, and the ice range of the sea coasts must be conceded, and severe winters doubtlessly occurred as a rule; but a very singular discovery—which has not been considered thoroughly, was made many years since, and has been carefully examined by Osmund Fisher—prevents the acceptance of permanent sub-arctic conditions on the British area.

In a sediment in the river Colne, near Colchester, at a level slightly higher than those containing ovibos bones in the Thames valley, small and large hippopotami, elephants, and the elytra of brilliantly-coloured beetles (certainly dwellers in as warm a climate as ours now is) were found. It must be admitted that the extraordinary concourse of animals which enlivened the geography of the palæolithic period had not such a climate as the arctic, the tropical, or even the temperate, but that severe winters followed hot summers, and it is highly probable that the rainfall was great.

It is impossible but to admit that before the glacial period there was an arctic fauna and flora very much resembling the

present, and that the miocene beasts of continental Europe (England being then continental) met the arctic animals on a boundary line far to the north. Then the gradually increasing cold, and the great changes in the relative position of land and sea, drove the arctic fauna southwards, and the flora settled and maintained itself on the Alpine tracks. There was thus a mixture of faunas, for the Alps and Pyrenees formed more or less important barriers against emigration southwards.

On the alteration of the glacial conditions, the arctic fauna and many of the protected mammalia—such as the woolly rhinoceros and mammoth—wandered northwards, and the alternations of severe cold and great heat enabled the compound assemblage to live on the same area. Gulo and ovibos were doubtless original members of the pre-glacial arctic fauna, and probably had an ancestry far older than that; for their anatomy, as has been noticed, is very generalised, that is to say, the animals contain the peculiarities of more than one type. The horns, head, and face of ovibos cannot be mistaken by the most superficial observer, nor can the fact of their combining the characteristics of oxen and sheep be overlooked. The peculiarities of gulo have been noticed, and the infantile mental powers of his present persecutors are about on an equality with those of the early hunters.

It is interesting to follow such old forms of life in their wanderings, and to endeavour to associate them with the geographies and landscapes of different periods. The desolation of the arctic regions could hardly have been present on the area ovibos and gulo formerly inhabited; but it is evident that the physical geography of the district has greatly changed.

But how came ovibos to be at last restricted to a small area in arctic America, and gulo to be imprisoned on a rather larger track of land? They still are accompanied by many of the species which lived with them in Europe; but all the large animals have become extinct, except perhaps the grizzly and brown bear and lion. The fox and wolf remain on their old area with the small rodents; the zebu is found in India, and the lion left Europe after satisfying itself upon Xerxes' camels.

There has been extinction of species, and there has been emigration of others; but it need not be supposed that the existing ovibos and gulo are the lineal descendants of those which lived on the Franco-British area. They are probably the relics of the American fauna which passed southwards, or of a remote Asiatic assemblage of animals.

What was the cause, then, of the destruction of the species on the European area—of the extinction of such great beasts as the old elephants, hippopotami, and the hardy rhinocerides, to say nothing of the cave bear? Certainly hunting man did not do it, for savages with better weapons now hunt, and have done so for ages, the conquerors of the great mammalia in Africa and Ceylon, and extinction has not taken place. Changes in the physical geography of the Alps and in the great track now occupied by the Rhine and its affluents, the restriction of roaming grounds by the floods incident upon the second retreat of the Alpine glaciers and by the separation of areas from each other by the sea, and the great alterations in the climate and flora determined by the gradual changes in the valley systems, acted slowly and surely amongst animals which were old in the world's history, and whose specific life was about to obey the law of death.

Frontier Adventures in the Argentine Republic.

BY W. S. PARFITT, C.E., F.R.G.S.

AFTER a sojourn of several months in the upper provinces of the Argentine Republic in South America, I reached, in March, 1868, the city of Rosario, the capital of the Santa Fé province, intending to remain there for a short time, to await letters from Europe.

The city of Rosario, on the river Paraná, founded by the Spaniards in 1725, was of small importance until 1852, when the rapid increase of river traffic, owing to the emigration from Europe, and the more general use of steamers, caused Rosario to be looked upon as the best port on the Rio Paraná for the growing trade of the provinces. At the present time it contains more than 16,000 inhabitants.

At the time of which I write, many Englishmen and other foreigners landed there for the purpose of proceeding by the then recently opened Central Argentine Railway to the English, or, more properly, Scotch settlement, at Fraile Muerto.

My principal reason for making a stay in this place was to recruit my strength after several months' hard life in the upper parts of the country, and to wait for letters from home.

I had passed two days very pleasantly, looking about the city and making visits, and on the third evening, as I was sitting in my room at the Hôtel de la Paix, the *mozo* (waiter) entered with a note from a French gentleman who was waiting in the *saia* (hall or waiting-room). It was a letter of introduction in favour of the bearer, M. Moustier, written by a friend of mine in Buenos Ayres. My new acquaintance soon afterwards, over wine and cigars, gave me the following account of himself:—

M. Moustier was the second son of a French gentleman of property residing near Bordeaux. He had been well educated, and had studied for the law; but belonging to a family well known for their Orleanist attachments, and himself of a free, impetuous disposition, he was persuaded by some of his companions to join one of the many conspiracies started in France against the late emperor. The plot was discovered, and the whole party were arrested; but he contrived to escape through the connivance of one of his guards, who proved to be the son of one of his

father's tenants, and returned to his family, who judged it prudent to furnish him with the means of emigrating to South America.

Soon after his landing he received a letter from his father, advising him to stay at Buenos Ayres, and containing an order on a merchant there for a sum sufficient to start him in business. After remaining some time in the city he was advised to purchase some land, and turn sheep-farmer; this he did, and, on account of its low price, became the purchaser of two square leagues (about eighteen square miles)

of land, with an *adobe*-built *estancia* (house built of unbaked bricks) within a few miles of the town of Rio Cuarto, situated on the banks of the river of that name, and well known as a place never free from the attacks of Indians: this latter fact was not made known to him by the vender, for obvious reasons, and it was not until after he had signed the requisite documents, and paid part of the purchase-money, that he learnt it from my friend Mr. B——, of Buenos Ayres, to whom he mentioned his purchase. This gentleman advised him strongly not to venture near his land for



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several months, until some Government troops had been sent there, as was intended; but finding M. Moustier determined upon proceeding, and knowing that I was on my return from Cordova, he gave him a letter of introduction to me, asking me, as a favour, to give any advice or assistance in my power. With this letter he arrived in Rosario the previous day, and had seen me in the Plaza without knowing me; but in looking over the cards of visitors exposed at the entrance of the Hôtel de la Paix, he was agreeably surprised to find my name, and, after a few inquiries, sent me his letter and card.

Whilst listening to the foregoing details I made a close inspection of my visitor. He was evidently a gentleman, and spoke English fluently, having, as he afterwards told me, lived in England two years. He was apparently about my own age—thirty, tall, well-made, and with a cheerful, honest countenance, with which I was well pleased; and by the time he had finished and shown me the map, with his purchase marked thereon, I felt as much confidence in him as if I had known

him for years, and told him if he would come and take breakfast with me the following morning, I would in the meantime consider the matter over, and be then in a better state to offer advice.

The next morning my new-found acquaintance made his appearance early, and together we had a good bath in the Rio Parana whilst breakfast was preparing. After breakfast we resumed our conversation of the previous evening. I tried my best to dissuade him from making the journey, knowing well that the Indians had been recently seen in large numbers, even within a few miles of Fraile Muerto, 160 miles from this spot; and I had myself recently stopped at an *estancia* (farm) near that place, from whence they had driven off all the cattle during my stay. My words proving of no avail, and finding him determined to proceed, I at last, at his earnest request, agreed to accompany him as far as Fraile Muerto, and from thence one day's journey into the pampa.

I proposed this route, although the longest, for several reasons. By going direct from Rosario to Rio Cuarto, we should have the whole journey to perform on horseback, without water, and, being a very dry season, our horses would suffer from want of pasture; but by the way of Fraile Muerto we could go as far as that town by railway, and could there, no doubt, procure horses and a *vaqueano* (guide) to the exact spot we desired to reach.

The remainder of the day was spent in making preparations. My own were soon completed, but my companion's took more time; for when I asked him if he had the requisite things for such a journey, he replied in the affirmative, saying some friends in Buenos Ayres had supplied him with all sorts. This I quite believed, when I saw the number of articles they had loaded him with—overcoats, blankets, hats, guns, a long Enfield rifle, medicine chest, &c. This latter was nearly large enough to contain the whole of the rest, and was stocked with enough physic to kill or cure the whole of the inhabitants of the place. He had been induced to purchase all these things by some person who had brought them from Europe, but finding them an encumbrance, had been glad to part with them at any price. I selected a brace of very good revolvers, a good saddle and fittings, also a good blanket; then going into the town, bought him a belt to contain revolvers, bowie-knife, money, cartridges, &c.; then, after making some small purchases on my own account, returned to dine at the hotel.

At night, soon after retiring to bed, I was awakened by pistol-shots, sounding as if fired in the hotel; but after listening, and finding the noise was from the street, I tried to sleep again, but hearing several more shots, accompanied by shouts and screams, I rose, put on some things, went into M. Moustier's room, and finding him awake, we both ascended to the *asotea* (flat roof) of the hotel, where we found several more of the visitors assembled, watching a fearful fight in the street below, between some drunken Irishmen and some *gauchos* (roving horsemen) from the pampa. The latter used their *faccoones* (daggers or knives, from eighteen inches to two feet in length) freely, killing one and wounding several more of the Irishmen; but getting more sober as their danger increased, the Irishmen used their revolvers with more effect, shot two of their opponents, wounded several more, and drove the remainder away. The *serenos* (watchmen, or police) then made their appearance, arrested two of the bystanders who had taken no part in the fray,

and bore away the dead and wounded. This disgraceful scene did not appear to make any great impression on the citizens who witnessed it, as they are, I am sorry to say, familiar with such scenes.

Early in the morning we procured a cart, conveyed our baggage to the terminus of the Central Argentine Railway, and took our departure for Fraile Muerto at 8 a.m. In this trip a traveller has a fair chance of seeing the general aspect of the province of Santa Fé, and part of that of Cordova.

As this railway is destined ere long to be the longest in South America, a short description will be interesting to the reader. The commencement of the line is at Rosario, at which place the company have built a fine station and workshops, making their own bricks on the spot by steam machinery. The line is single, five and a-half feet gauge, and laid down without timber of any kind, the chairs for holding the rails being cast in one piece, with a large hollow plate, which, resting on the ground, forms, when placed at intervals of about three feet, a sufficient bearing for the rails. The carriages and locomotives are, I believe, of United States manufacture; the former are of the saloon type, with doors at both ends opening out on small galleries, where the guard stands to manage the brake; the guards as well as passengers are thus able to pass from one end of the train to the other through each carriage. The engines are fitted with "cow-lifters," for clearing cattle from the line. This railroad, in 1868, was completed as far as Villa Nueva, but since that time has been opened to Cordova, from whence arrangements are being made to extend it across the Andes to Copaiipo, in Chili, when it will form a highway from England to Australia and New Zealand.

After this digression, returning to the account of our journey, leaving Rosario we passed some large *estancias* and *quintas* (country residences with gardens), then passed on to the wild and extensive pampas of Santa Fé. Here at short intervals we rushed through herds of wild cattle and horses; I was surprised to find how little they were frightened at us. We stopped at various stations on the road for water, and to leave provisions and stores for the men in charge of the stations, and those working on the line. As we got nearer the province of Cordova we fell in with large flocks of ostriches and several red deer; and for about six leagues (eighteen miles) before reaching Fraile Muerto we passed through *montes* (woods, or small forests) of algarroba, tala, quebracho, and other trees, tenanted by birds of all sizes and colours, from the eagle to the humming-bird. Many of them are good songsters. At 4.50 p.m. we arrived at our destination, where we found a good, large, and substantial station, with waiting and refreshment rooms. In the latter, dinner was laid ready for all those passengers who wished it before again starting on their journey.

After making a good dinner at the station, we hired a cart and sent our luggage forward to the only *fonda* (inn) in the place, whilst we walked thither, for the purpose of getting a better view of the surrounding scenery, the station being about one mile from the centre of the town.

Upon leaving the station the road passes through land which has the appearance of a large English park; in fact, so much so, that I once caught myself looking for some evidence of a mansion between the trees. We passed about three-fourths of a mile of this scenery, and then arrived at the banks of the Rio Tercero (Third River), a very rapid stream,

rising in the Cordilleras near Cordova, and joining the Rio Parana about half way between Rosario and the city of Parana. In summer this stream is very much swollen from the snow melting in the Cordilleras. After some time spent in viewing the scenery from the river banks, we paid a small toll, and passed over a good strong English-made iron girder bridge, about eighty yards long, recently erected to take the place of a dangerous ford close to this spot, where many bullock-carts and lives have been lost when the water has been high. After crossing the bridge we found ourselves in the town of Fraile Muerto.

This was formerly an Indian village, and derived its present name, Fraile Muerto (literally, "Dead Friar"), from the fact of the Indians having killed a Jesuit priest sent there by the early Spaniards to convert them. The Spaniards, as they grew strong in numbers, advanced farther into the country, and eventually took this town from the Indians, but it was re-taken by them and again lost many times, until at last it remained in the Spaniards' power; but even so late as a few months before our arrival the Indians had made an incursion, killed some of the natives living on the outskirts, drove off their cattle and horses, and very much alarmed the town.

Before the commencement of the railway the town consisted only of a few mud *ranchos* (huts), each of which was surrounded by a trench about ten feet wide by six or seven feet deep, for the purpose of preventing the attacks of the Indians, who seldom dismount from their horses to attack houses when thus fortified. At the present time new well-built *asotea* houses are being erected in all directions, gardens laid out, the Plaza fenced in, and many other improvements made. A great deal of this is due to the energy displayed by the Scotch settlers, who have settled here in large numbers during the last two or three years.

After passing through the town, looking at the church and Plaza, we at last arrived at the *fonda*, kept by an obliging Italian, where we found our luggage all safe, and, passing inside, we were warmly greeted by some of the before-mentioned Scotchmen, some of them having known me on a former visit to this town. They made us both promise to visit them at their *estancias* before again returning to Buenos Ayres.

As we wished to start at sunrise on the following morning, I made inquiries for a *vaqueano*, and after a while a man appeared who proved to be a half-breed (of Spanish and Indian descent), of a most repulsive appearance, and my Scotch friends strongly urged us on no account to take him; but, making further inquiries, I could obtain no other, owing to the dread of Indians being still in the vicinity, so that we were compelled to take this one, or go alone. After some bantering (to which this class of men are well accustomed, and state their prices accordingly), we agreed as to terms, and ordered him to be ready to start soon after sunrise, and to find five horses, one for himself, one for M. Moustier, and one for me, with two spare ones, in case of accidents.

After a long chat with the Scotchmen, we asked to be shown our beds, when the *fondista* told us they would be made up in the room in which we were then sitting as soon as we wished; but the appearance of the room being highly suggestive of nocturnal visitors, such as fleas and other insects, we preferred having our *catres* (a kind of folding X bedstead) placed outside the house, in the yard attached to the

fonda, where we slept soundly until we were awakened by the sun shining in our faces the following morning. Our *vaqueano* was waiting with the horses all ready.

The countenance of our *vaqueano* by daylight had a more villainous expression even than last evening, and I mentally determined to keep a sharp look-out on his actions, but said nothing to my companion, not wishing to alarm him unnecessarily.

Before taking breakfast we strolled down to the river, near the bridge, in company with two of the Scotchmen, and had a refreshing bath, although we could only swim *with* the stream, which here runs at the rate of five or six miles an hour. We then returned to the *fonda*, took a good breakfast, and having arranged our day's route, started with the intention of reaching and sleeping at an *estancia* marked on M. Moustier's map as about fourteen leagues (forty-two miles) from Fraile Muerto, and owned by an Englishman named Ball. Our course lay south-west, and the distance to M. Moustier's *estancia*, as near as we could estimate from the map, was about forty-seven leagues, or about 141 English miles.

The morning was beautiful. A fine light breeze was blowing, which gratefully tempered the heat of the sun, whose rays would otherwise have been rather oppressive. We travelled without stopping until noon, when, finding a small *laguna* (lake, or large pond) with a few trees near it, we decided to stay in the shade for two hours' siesta. We here watered our horses, and putting *manetas* (straps of hide, to fasten the two fore or hind legs together to prevent straying) on them, turned them loose to feed; for ourselves we mixed some *caña* (a native spirit made from the sugar-cane) and water, which with a few biscuits gave us a fair luncheon, and laid down under the trees and slept for about two hours, after which we rose, caught and mounted our horses, and resumed our journey. From this time to our arrival at Mr. Ball's *estancia* at sunset, we passed over the silent and level pampa, without trees, water, or hillocks; the grass seemed also to be all of one height, not a single tuft rose higher than another, so that, looking around, nothing obscured the horizon in either direction, nor was there any object to serve as a landmark, the traveller in these parts having to find his way by the sun's shadow, or by a constant reference to his pocket compass.

Once or twice we saw some ostriches, a few deer, and several owls, these latter winking and blinking at us from their perch at the entrance to the burrows where they hide.

These *biscachareas*, or burrows of the *biscacha*, excited the curiosity of my companion. We rode round one of the largest of the masses of burrows, to examine it. It comprised a large bare spot of ground, of about two acres in extent, in various parts of which were holes resembling in appearance those made by our rabbits, but much larger; these all terminated in large chambers about three to four feet in diameter, and four feet high. These chambers are the residences of the animals, which are of about the size of an English badger, and in appearance between a badger and rabbit. They are covered with fur of a dark-grey colour on the backs, and white beneath. Their heads are large, and have a white mark passing beneath each eye, and extending to the point of the nose. They have thick whiskers, composed of long black bristles. Their ears are rather short and rounded; the fore legs are slender and short; the hinder ones are longer, and similar in form to those of a rabbit. They only come out

to feed between sunset and sunrise on the young grass, but are very partial to maize, European wheat, &c.

When attacked by dogs they defend themselves bravely, and sometimes come off victorious. I once shot at one whilst I stood before its hole; but only wounding it, my legs were at once attacked and my clothing torn to pieces before I succeeded in destroying it. They seem to live on terms of friendship with the owls, which are always seen at the entrance to their holes.

Near every *biscachares* we passed, we noticed a species of

than one occasion known him to have been suspected of giving information to the Indians. This strengthened my previous resolution to keep a good watch on his movements, and at the first sign of treachery to shoot him.

After listening to several accounts of the dangers of frontier life, we retired to rest, promising our hospitable host to stay a day with him before we resumed our journey.

The following morning we rose early, had a good wash in the cool water from the well, and whilst breakfast was preparing, took a view of the house and other farm buildings, which



STARTING TO RE-CROSS THE PAMPAS.

small and very bitter-tasted wild melon, which appear to thrive on the manure of these animals.

A short time before sunset, we were gladdened by the sight of Mr. Ball's *estancia*, and soon afterwards were warmly welcomed by that gentleman himself, who, seeing us approaching, rode out to meet us. On our arrival at the house, he ordered his *peones* (labourers) to look after our horses, and then made us enter the house, and soon after partake of a hearty supper.

Before retiring to rest we made known to our host the object of our journey, and were much pleased to hear him say that there need be no present fear from the Indians, as they were retreating beyond the frontiers, having heard that troops had been sent against them; but, at the same time, advised us to be on our guard against our *vaqueano*, as he had on more

we were unable to see the previous evening. The house was built of bricks, with an *azotea* roof of the usual kind, but surrounded with a parapet, on which were mounted two small brass howitzers, with which our host informed us he had greatly surprised the Indians in their late raid; for not seeing any person about the place, they ventured rather closer than is usual with them, no doubt with the intention of stealing two good black horses, which had purposely been left outside of the ditch running round the house, as a decoy. Not having any balls, our host had loaded the howitzers with old nails, broken chain links, broken glass, &c., and as the Indians came up, fired them both amongst them, badly wounding several men and horses. They turned and fled in the utmost haste, and he thought would not attempt to again molest him. There were three rooms in the house, two on the ground level,



INDIANS OF THE RIO VERMEJO.

and one above; the upper one was used as a bedroom for the owner and his *capitán* (a sort of foreman or farm bailiff); below this was a large room used as a general store room, but in which beds were made for visitors in wet weather, or in times of danger, otherwise they preferred sleeping outside.

From this room you passed into the general dining and sitting room, furnished with a large, rough table, and half a dozen chairs, all more or less damaged, and repaired in the usual native manner with hide. In one of the corners was an old-fashioned corner cupboard, in another several rifles, some with bayonets attached; in a third were tools of various kinds. On the walls were displayed several coloured prints, some framed, and others not; one of these was a portrait of Queen Victoria, issued some years since with the *Illustrated London News*. It was pasted to the wall, and on each side, on a nail, hung two large holster pistols, with their muzzles pointed, Fenian-like, towards Her Majesty. In other places hung revolvers, riding-whips, and spurs; but what surprised me most was seeing a handsome gold chronometer, with massive chain, hanging in one place. It was nearly new, and by an eminent London maker; this, our host informed us, had been the property of an English naval officer, who had made a journey out as far as here for the purpose of hunting pumas; but in one of his excursions from this house to a forest at some short distance away, he had received severe wounds from a jaguar which he was hunting. He succeeded in getting back to the house, but died the next day from the injuries he had received. They buried him a few hundred yards from the house, and raised a small cross of wood to mark the spot.

On the outside of the house, but inside of the large trench, was a small hut, one part of which was the kitchen, and in the other lived a man and his wife; the former worked as *peon*, and the latter as cook on the *estancia*. Near this hut stood two *ranchos* for the other farm *peones*, and on the outside of all was the before-mentioned deep trench, which could only be crossed by means of a long plank, and which plank was removed at sunset to guard against surprise. On the outside edge of the trench were planted prickly cactus plants, which, with the ditch, proved an almost insuperable barrier to foes.

On the outside of the trench was a fine *potrero* (fenced field) of about six acres of *alfalfa*, similar to English vetches, where the cattle for ploughing were driven into at night, in case of an Indian raid; farther on was a large *corral*, in appearance much like a large, round country pound in an English village; the horses are kept here at night.

In a *galpón* (large shed or barn) the *peones* were at work shelling maize, which had been recently picked.

Everything about the place was in good order, and appeared comfortable, but a stranger could not at first get rid of a feeling of solitude; mentioning this to Mr. Ball, he replied that he greatly preferred living here, contented as he was, to anything in the same way that could be offered him at home: here he always had plenty to eat and drink, raised on the farm itself; and the sale of cattle and maize, besides paying all working expenses, enabled him to lay by a handsome sum yearly as a provision for old age; as for illness in such a climate, he appeared to laugh at the very idea. The only thing he seemed to regret was, not being nearer to some town, so that he might get his letters and newspapers from home more regularly.

About the middle of the day we were agreeably surprised

by the visit of the owner of an *estancia* seven leagues from here. He was a German, and a great friend of our host, being, in fact, his nearest neighbour; finding visitors, he was easily induced to prolong his stay.

Soon after the arrival of this friend, M. Moustier, referring to our host's account of the English officer and jaguar, asked if there were still any in the neighbourhood; if so, he should very much enjoy a hunt. Mr. Ball said that he had not seen or heard of a jaguar being in the vicinity for several months, but if we wished to kill one or two pumas, and would remain another day, he would take us to a large *laguna* not far distant, where we should find several. We thanked him, and at once accepted his offer.

In the evening, and following morning, we were busily engaged cleaning and repairing rifles, and getting various things in order for our afternoon's adventure; and about three hours before sunset, accompanied by our host and his German friend, we started for the *laguna*. After a slow ride of four miles we reached the spot mentioned by our host, and found a large pool, about three quarters of a mile wide, and from one and a half to two miles long; the banks were thickly wooded, with plenty of brushwood between the trees, thus forming a good cover for large game, such as we sought.

After riding some distance we put the *manecas* on our horses, and left them in an open space, whilst we walked amongst the trees where there was little obstruction until we came to a small sandy bay, where we discovered recent tracks of pumas leading to the water's edge; Mr. Ball, upon examining them, said there must be three or more large animals near at hand, which would be sure to return at sunset to drink, and therefore advised our immediately seeking hiding-places. After a short search, we found a spot that commanded the little bay, on the sand of which were the tracks. M. Moustier and Mr. Ball climbed up a large tree, and found seats and concealment amongst the branches, whilst the German and myself concealed ourselves amongst the underwood at the foot of the tree. We waited for more than an hour, our conversation carried on in whispers, until the sun had dipped to the horizon. The woods then became all alive with feathered songsters—parrots, cardinals, and many others peculiar to this region: I was intently watching some beautiful humming-birds fluttering around a large wild flower, when the German drew my attention to a movement in the underwood at the head of the bay; in another moment some red deer bounded forth, with every appearance of extreme fright; they then stood a short distance from us, their noses high in the air, eyes strained to the uttermost, and their whole bodies quivering with fear, when, suddenly uttering a peculiar cry, they bounded forward into the water, and began swimming for the opposite shore. At the same moment a puma appeared between the trees, only a few yards from where we were lying, startling us greatly, for we had not heard it approach. Although so close to us, it stopped at the water's edge, and seemed to be meditating following the deer, but at last turned back a few steps, and lied down. Looking into the tree, I saw our host making motions to us to reserve our fire for the present.

After a few minutes' silence, a disturbance amongst the trees at our right hand caused us all to look in that direction; in a few seconds a large male puma, much larger than the first one, appeared, and walked quietly to where the latter

was lying, which immediately got up and moved farther, as if acknowledging the last comer's superiority; two females then followed, one of them with two cubs, who were playing round her legs, but at sight of the water left her, to run forward and roll in it.

Having previously arranged between us that the German and myself were to fire first, the two in the tree reserving their fire to watch the effects of our shots, or in case of danger, I touched my companion, and telling him in a whisper to select the puma which had arrived upon the scene first, aim well and fire, I, having the heavier bore rifle, would take the largest. The German at once fired, killing his on the spot, and I, having aimed well at mine, was about pulling the trigger, when loud cries from my comrades in the tree above, followed by another from the German at my side, startled me, and caused my aim to swerve at the moment of firing, and at the same time a smooth gliding body passed over my back into the brushwood at my side; this was a snake, as far as we could judge, about seven feet in length, which had been concealed in the thick foliage of the tree above the heads of the two men, and, being frightened by the German's shot, had passed between their bodies on its way to the ground, and then over ours into the thicket. After this little interruption, looking for our prey, we found that the two females had succeeded in regaining the thicket with the two cubs, and the largest puma was following on three legs, one of his fore-legs being broken by my shot.

After re-loading, we all pushed into the wood after them, but the dense underwood prevented our advancing far enough to overtake them, and the fast failing daylight warned us that we should not have much time to spare, after skinning the puma, to return home before dark.

Two of us turned our attention to the horses, whilst the other two skinned the puma, which we found shot through the heart; it proved to be of average size, measuring five feet ten inches from the head to the end of the tail. This animal is the so-called South American lion, but more nearly resembles the panther than the lion; it has no mane, and no tuft on the end of the tail, nor is the head of the same shape or so massive as that of the African lion; the head of the one killed was very small in proportion to the body and legs; the latter being very large and muscular. The puma is of a fawn colour, and when young is marked with dark lines along the back; these fade as it grows older. In disposition they are ferocious when wild, but they only attack man when driven to bay, at which time it is very dangerous to approach them; they are, however, easily tamed, and become quite attached to their keepers. Besides the peccary, capybara, and deer, they destroy sheep, hogs, and cattle. The German informed me that one of them killed fifty of his sheep in one night. After skinning the puma we threw the skin across one of the horses, and rode home by starlight.

The next morning we rose, took an early breakfast, and after heartily thanking our hospitable entertainer, and promising to call on our return, resumed our journey towards the south-west. We continued this course without seeing anything worth noting until mid-day, when we halted for siesta, and to cook some meat we had brought with us; there being a light breeze, our matches were of no use in lighting a fire, so I produced from my saddle-bags two bottles, without which I seldom travel far in this country, one con-

taining a mixture of chlorate of potash and finely powdered white sugar, and the other a small quantity of sulphuric acid; placing a small portion of the powder beneath some dried grass and weeds, I let fall upon it one drop of the acid, when we had a bright flame and good fire in less time than it takes to describe.

After a short siesta we again mounted, but had to alter our course. In fact, after riding some time, I looked at my pocket compass, and was surprised to find we were being taken by our *vaqueano* due south instead of south-west, our proper direction. Asking him the reason of this, he seemed confused, no doubt wondering how I found out we were wrong, but said it was for the purpose of avoiding some low, marshy ground, that would otherwise interfere with our course. I told him there would be time enough to avoid it when we saw it, and drawing my revolver from my belt, I threatened him that unless he resumed the proper direction, and refrained from all treachery, I would shoot him. We continued travelling until sundown, when we halted, and prepared to rest for the night. Whilst our tricky guide was taking off his *recado*, or native saddle, I took the opportunity to point out and explain the various parts to my friend, who had never before observed one. It must be borne in mind that the saddle forms the seat of a native for nearly the whole of the day, and invariably his bed at night, when on a journey, so that, viewed in this light, the many component parts need not excite so much surprise. First of all comes the *coronillo*, a sheepskin, which is placed on the horse's back; over this is placed the *jerga primera*, a piece of ordinary carpet, about three-quarters of a yard wide, and from one and a half to two yards long, and folded together once; then another piece of the same kind, but smaller, named *jerga segunda*; then the *corona de vaca* and *corona de zuela*, both of the same size, about a yard square, the former of untanned cowhide, and the latter of tanned leather, and variously ornamented by being stamped with hot iron stamps of various designs; on the top of all these is placed the *recado* proper, made of wood, covered with leather, and sometimes stuffed with wool or hair. It is made to the shape of the horse's back, and at the same time to form a conveniently shaped seat for the rider. To each side of this are fixed the stirrup leathers; after this comes the *cincha*, which usually consists of two pieces of raw hide, fastened together at one end by a ring, forming a sort of hinge. One of these pieces is thrown over the *recado*, whilst the other goes under the belly. The two loose ends, which have also iron rings attached to them, are brought as close together as possible on the near side of the horse, and then drawn tightly together by the *correón*, a long strip of hide, passed through the two rings and fastened. To the ring in the *cincha*, on the off side of the horse, or that side to the right hand of the rider, is attached another ring, to which one end of the lasso is made fast when in use, or the end of a rope, for drawing a cart, or other purposes. Over the whole is placed a woollen cloth, covered with a sort of fringe, either black or white; this is called the *cojinillo*, and is kept in its place by the *sobre cincha*, a small strap or web, which passes round all. The stirrups mostly used are of various kinds, sometimes wholly of wood; but generally, when a *gaucho* comes out in his best, he sports silver-plated iron ones, weighing at least two pounds each; and I have many times seen them wear silver-plated spurs, whose rowels have

been six to eight inches diameter, and made with arms, like a cog-wheel. After watching our *vaqueano* arrange his *recado* for his night's repose, we sat down to supper, over which we lingered, talking of home and friends, and wishing we could enjoy home comforts together with the beautiful climate of this country.

By questioning our *vaqueano*, who appeared rather sullen, we learnt that the Indians who made the late raid were of the Calchaqui tribe, living near the borders of the province of San Luis, and that their weapons are the lance, the lasso, and the *bolas*. The lance is made of bamboo, twenty to twenty-six feet long, armed at one end with hard wood, finely pointed; the lasso is made of plaited raw hide, about

The lance is used in the hand, but never thrown, as described by some writers. With regard to the mode of using the lasso, our engraving will give a better idea than pages of description.

After rolling ourselves in our blankets on the ground, we were soon fast asleep, and had been so for some time, when I woke up from a dream, in which I thought our *vaqueano* had transformed himself into a puma, wore spectacles, and sitting upright, was asking which of us he should devour first. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and looking towards the place where our suspicious guide had laid his *recado*, I could neither see that nor its owner, although the starlight was quite sufficient for that purpose. Turning my eyes to where the horses were, about

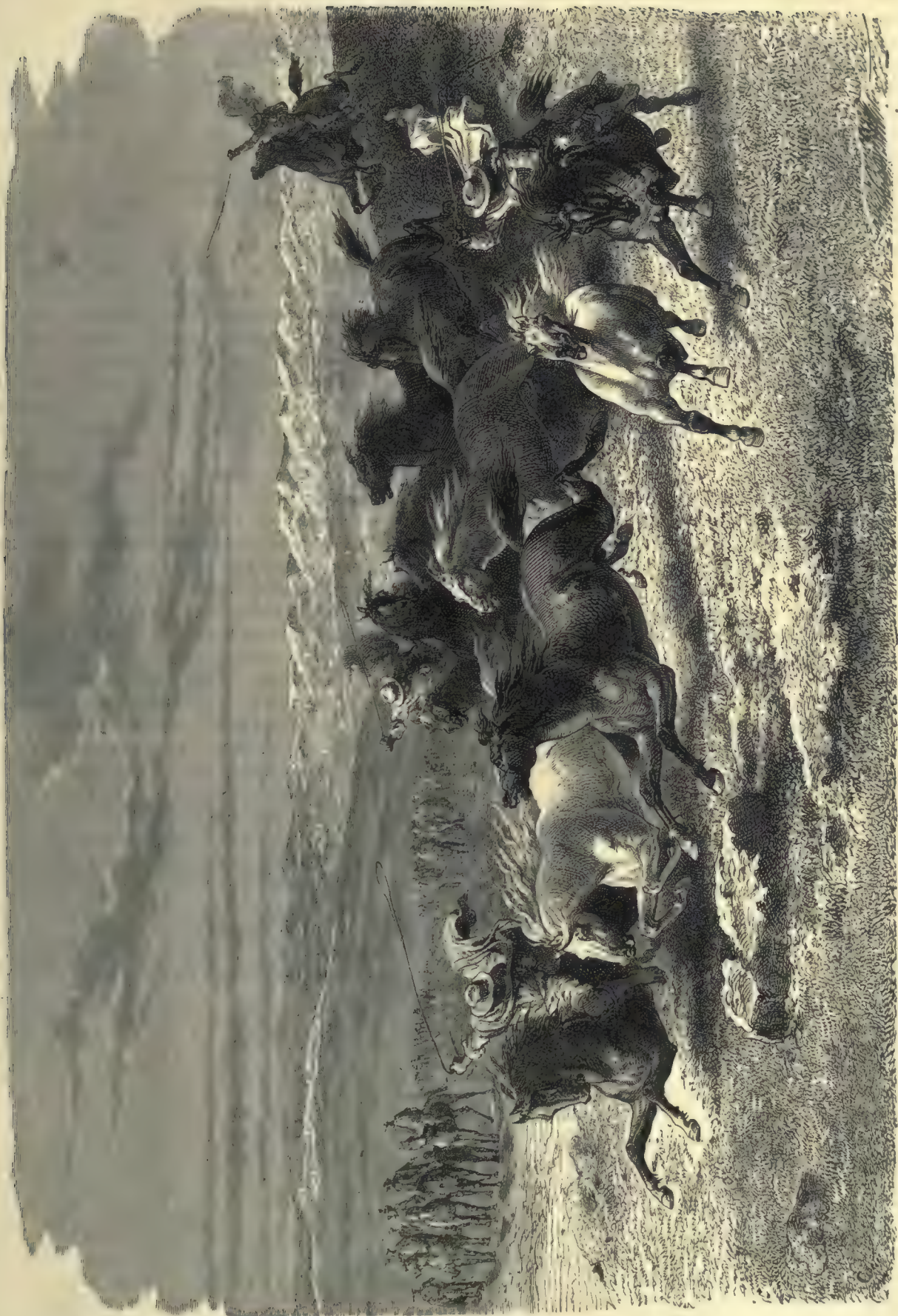


VILLAGE ON THE PARANA.

thirty to forty feet long, with a large iron ring at one end; and the *bolas* are three balls of hard wood, or three round, smooth stones, covered with hide, and united together with strips of hide of equal length, about thirty inches. When thrown, one ball is held in the hand, and the other two whirled round several times above the head of the person using them, and then suddenly let go, when they spread open like chain-shot, and upon striking the object aimed at, if a man, encircles him, binding his arms to his sides, but if an ox or horse, gets round their legs, and throws them to the ground.

The lasso is used by passing one end through the iron ring, forming a long running noose of about six feet in diameter, which, together with several smaller coils, are held in the right hand, and after being whirled several times above the head, is thrown over the head of the person aimed at, seldom, when in a *gaucho's* hand, failing its mark.

one hundred yards from us, I thought I perceived one of them loose, and coming in our direction; and as it drew nearer, I saw our *vaqueano* by its side, leading it. Anticipating mischief, I determined to lie quite still, as if asleep, and watch his movements, but at the same time drew my revolver, keeping it in my hand, ready for instant use. The man and horse approached to within ten yards of where we were lying, when the man left it, and silently drew near M. Moustier, who was nearest him, then bending over him, began unfolding his rug, to get at his revolver and money. I was about to fire, when the sleeper moved, causing the *vaqueano* to get up; but in another instant he had drawn his knife, and was again stooping, when I fired. I saw the knife drop from his hand as the ball struck his arm or shoulder, the arm hanging uselessly at his side. Before I could fire again, M. Moustier sprang up between us, and the man succeeded, wounded as he was, in gaining his horse and mounting before we could



CATCHING WILD HORSES WITH THE LASSO.

arrest him. He then rode up to the other horses, drove off our two spare ones, whose *manas* he must have previously taken off, and was soon beyond our pursuit in the darkness.

Knowing that it would be fruitless to follow him, we again laid down, and slept until morning, when, after eating a few biscuits, and holding a consultation as to ways and means, we decided that, as we had reached so far, we ought to continue our journey. With the assistance of the map and my pocket compass, I thought we could find our way to Rio Quarto, and there get another guide.

During this day's ride we passed a large lake and tract of forest, near which we saw some fine specimens of the South American aloe, together with the cactus known as the prickly pear. We ate a large quantity of the fruit of the latter, which I believe to be one of the best of the country. It has a taste very similar to that of a sweet, ripe gooseberry, but is of the size and shape of a pear. It requires great caution in plucking, being covered with what appears to be light-red spots, but are in reality clusters of very fine and sharp thorns, almost imperceptible, which enter the hand and give great pain, and are, from their small size, very difficult to extract.

When halting for our usual siesta to-day we saw an armadillo, gave chase, and succeeded in catching hold of its tail as it was entering a hole. Knowing the difficulty of withdrawing it from the hole without the loss of its tail, I held it fast whilst my companion dug away the earth with the knife our *vaqueano* dropped in the night after my shot. After a little trouble, we secured and killed our prize, and cooked it in true native style, as *carne con cuero*, that is, in its skin or shell. It was a perfect luxury, tasting very much like a fat sucking-pig. Not eating the whole, we strapped the remaining portion, in the shell, behind one of our saddles, and again started forward. Towards evening, as we were passing at some distance from a herd of deer, we saw a large eagle swoop down amongst them, and re-ascend, bearing away a young fawn in his talons. Further west, among the Andes, these birds frequently carry off sheep, calves, and have been known even to bear away children.

We halted to-night in the open pampa, amongst the high grass and wild flowers. The evening being very still, with wind insufficient to move even a blade of grass, we could not but notice the intense silence and repose of the landscape. Looking round, we could see nothing but one vast level wild plain, covered only with grass and wild flowers, not a tree to be seen.

After supper I looked to the horses; and being now reduced to one horse each, I took the precaution of coupling them together, and then making one end of a *soga* (long line of raw hide) fast round one of their necks, I passed the other end round my arm, as I stretched myself on the ground, so that they could not stray far without waking me. During my sleep, and whilst enjoying, as I fancied, a good rest, having completed our journey, I was suddenly roused by a sharp jerk of the *soga* round my arm, followed by the neighing of both the horses. Arousing my companion, who was snoring by my side, we both sat up to listen, but for some time could hear nothing. As we were about to again lay down, however, we heard sounds similar to those produced by a moving body of horses, and thinking a *manada* (troop) of wild horses was near us, I asked M. Moustier to

saddle our steeds, so as to be ready to move if necessary, whilst I crept forward in the high grass, to see if there was any other danger. After going some distance, I plainly heard the tramp of horses coming nearer and nearer, but thinking from the direction of the sounds they would pass at some distance from us, I was about to retrace my steps, when I heard a movement of something in the grass, and as I turned, my left arm was seized by some animal which I could barely distinguish in the darkness, nor would it leave me until I drew my knife and stabbed it twice. From its howling I knew it to be an Indian dog; the yells were then followed by the voices of men, and I perceived that a troop of Indians had altered their course, and were fast coming in our direction. I at once returned to our horses, and was engaged about the fixings of my saddle, when a loud shout told us we were discovered. Leaving several of our things on the ground, we sprang into our seats, but soon saw the impossibility of escape, for, moving round us in a circle, at a distance of about fifty yards, were between twenty and thirty savages. We could not see them distinctly, but at one time I fancied I saw our late *vaqueano*, and made a resolve that, if it came to fighting, he should serve as my first target.

They continued riding round us for several minutes, and I told my companion on no account to fire, unless compelled to do so in self-defence; but, at the time I was speaking, one of them rode forward with his lance pointed towards us, and M. Moustier, being the nearest to him, shot him down; he fell from his horse without a groan.

Expecting what was to follow, I called to my companion to dismount immediately, at the same time springing from my own saddle to the ground; but before M. Moustier had done the same, the Indians began throwing their *bolas*, and although only starlight, they threw his horse, which, falling on his leg, held him securely to the ground. He begged me to shoot him, and not leave him to the cruelties of the savages; but, speaking a few words to reassure him, I cut the thongs of the *bolas* which were round the horse's fore legs, when he stood up, and I handed him to M. Moustier, who was also liberated; then, getting my own horse ranged alongside the other, we placed ourselves between the two. The Indians then dashed forward to us, but our horses being now quieter, we aimed and fired beneath their necks; two of the Indians fell from their horses wounded, yelling fearfully; the rest fell back, and commenced throwing their *bolas*. Some of these, first striking the horses' backs, making them nearly unmanageable, flew over to our shoulders, which we afterwards found quite black from the blows; but every time an Indian came within sure range we fired, and nearly every time killed or wounded him. This continued some little time, until a dozen of their number lay on the ground—some dead, and others wounded, uttering horrid cries—when they drew off some distance, and, after a short consultation, four of their number remained on their horses to guard us, and the rest dismounted to look after those on the ground. Thinking it was now our best chance to clear off, we proceeded to mount; and before the savages could reach us, were in our saddles; but, in the hurry, my revolver fell from my belt to the ground, and having to dismount to regain it, before I could rise again, I received a thrust from a spear in the calf of my left leg. The pain was intense, but I got into my saddle, and then received another thrust in my right thigh. M. Moustier turned and

shot down the Indian who had wounded me, but at the same moment was speared in the neck by another of the party. He called out that he was fainting; but, reminding him of his fate if he should, I induced him to set off as fast as the horses would go. Turning at the same time, I fired my last shot amongst our three remaining foes, which, although doing no damage, caused them to desist from pursuit. Had they followed us we should have been easily taken, having no more cartridges left, and their horses were much better than ours.

After riding for two hours without slackening speed, the morning dawned, and, seeing no signs of the Indians, we determined to stop at the side of a *laguna* which was now in sight, to bind up our wounds, which were painful and made us very thirsty from loss of blood. After dismounting, I found I was unable to stand, owing to the wound in my leg. The spear, after injuring the muscles, had broken the small bone of the leg, filling my riding-boot with blood. M. Moustier's wound in the neck proved a very bad one, the spear having torn away the flesh for a space of two inches, leaving several veins and nerves exposed. I bound up both our wounds as well as I could with strips of linen torn from my companion's white shirt, my own being coloured, and we then laid ourselves down to rest.

After a few hours I attempted to re-mount, but was too stiff and weak to do so. My companion then suggested that I should remain where I was, whilst he walked to a small wood at a little distance, to see if he could shoot something to cook and eat, as we only had a few biscuits with us. He soon returned with a small red deer, which he had caught by driving it before him into the brushwood, where it became entangled by the horns, when he secured it, made a *soga* fast around its neck, and drove it to our halting-place; it was soon killed and cooked, affording us a first-rate dinner, in the evening a supper, and a breakfast the next morning. The remaining portion was carried with us for use the next day.

We remained at this place all night, but in the morning, knowing the difficulty of reaching Rio Cuarto in our present condition, we decided to return in a north-easterly direction, and, if possible, regain our kind friend Mr. Ball's *estancia*, where we could rest for a while; but not knowing which direction we had taken in the darkness, when flying from the Indians, I was not very sanguine of doing so. We travelled

as fast as our wounds would allow for three days, but could not find Mr. Ball's *estancia*. On the fourth morning we sighted a *rancho* belonging to a native, and on riding up to it, to inquire our whereabouts, he invited us to dismount, cooked us some mutton, made *maté* (native tea) for us, and after we had remained some little time to rest, mounted his horse to show us the way to a small native village about four leagues distant, named Bellesteros, or Esquina, where there was a station of the Central Argentine Railway. We arrived there a short time before sunset, finding a small village consisting only of mud *ranchos*; but as soon as our good-natured guide mentioned our wounds, and our late encounter with the Indians, every one of the inhabitants seemed to vie one with another in kindness to us, and we were soon installed in one of the best dwellings, with every possible attention. We remained here, very kindly treated, for several days, during which time my wounds healed; but my leg for long afterwards caused me acute pain whenever I attempted to walk.

M. Moustier's neck healed but slowly, and I expect the cure was hindered by his habit of indulging too freely in strong drinks, which so irritated the wound, that in a few days he was obliged to leave by train for Rosario, to avail himself of medical advice. I should have accompanied him had my leg been better, but thinking that only rest would put it right, I remained here for the present, agreeing to meet him again in a few weeks at Buenos Ayres; but for several weeks my leg remained in the same state, until a splinter of bone worked its way outwards, when it was well in a few days.

Before leaving the neighbourhood, I paid visits to some of the Scotch settlers I had met in Fraile Muerto, and was most hospitably received, finding great difficulty in leaving them. When I passed through Rosario, on my way to Buenos Ayres, I made inquiry for M. Moustier, but found that after remaining a few days, his wound getting no better, he had taken the steamer to Buenos Ayres, to enter the hospital there. On my arrival at Buenos Ayres, and applying at the hospital, I was told that he had been cured, and had left for Europe, saying he had seen quite enough of South America.

Thus ended my experience of frontier travelling; although I have met with many narrow escapes since, in Paraguay and Brazil, I never thought myself in so much danger as when surrounded by the Calchaqui Indians.

Venice and its Architecture.

THE architecture of Venice involves a curious mixture of styles, which may be summarised as being (1) Roman or Byzantine, (2) Lombard, and (3) Arab. Of these, the first, or Byzantine style, is round-arched, with slight and well-proportioned shafts, capitals and mouldings more or less classical, and walls covered with imagery and mosaic. The dome is a common ornament, but is not essential.

The Arab school, resembling the Byzantine in many essentials, differs from it in the introduction of fantastic and extravagant decoration, chiefly of foliation, always avoiding

animal representations. The arch is pointed, and often distorted; and the characteristic ornamentation called Arabesque, as belonging essentially to this style, not being adapted for large surfaces, is concentrated on features of interest. The dome is retained, but the minaret is added to it.

Lastly, the Lombards, modifying their style to the material chiefly used in the northern countries of Europe during the development of architecture, which was timber rather than stone, introduced the vaulting shaft and the Gothic arch. The general arrangement of all buildings constructed with

this feeling was adapted to the alteration, and the elegance of the classical and Arabic styles was replaced or modified by rough but majestic work, with grouped shafts and vaulting shafts together, and by the introduction of endless imagery of active life. When all these styles had matured, they were superseded to a certain extent, and modified, by a recurrence to the classical architecture of the Greeks and Romans.

This view of the great European styles, met with in various buildings constructed during the best period of Venetian art, is due to Mr. Ruskin, whose admirable work on the "Stones of Venice" abounds with invaluable suggestions. Let us see how far it will help us to understand the varieties of architecture in the principal palaces that still remain, and that adorn so strikingly the canals of Venice.

The Ducal Palace, the crowning ornament and glory of Venice, dates from the close of the Byzantine period, and may be said to separate this from the Gothic period of Venetian art. It was the great work of its period, employing the best architects for its masonry, and the best painters for its decoration, for a long series of years. It seems to have detained for a time the taste and style adopted at the commencement of the building, and kept back the advance of the succeeding style then becoming adopted in other parts of Northern Italy. After its completion the Gothic taste prevailed, till it was in its turn superseded by that of the Renaissance.

This palace is in form a hollow irregular square, adjoining the north side of St. Mark's Basilica, of which it thus seems to form a part. The three other sides have façades, one towards the Piazzetta, the two others toward canals. The plan

of the building is perfectly simple, but it cannot fail to strike the eye of any one looking at the building from the south, which is the principal front, that the style of that façade is exceedingly unusual. It is, in fact, composed of a smooth face of wall, sustained on two tiers of pillars one above the other. This wall is pierced by six windows placed unsymmetrically, the two on the right being lower than the others. In the

centre is a large window to the ground, opening on a balcony and looking towards the sea. The side windows are on the same level.

This peculiar arrangement of the façade was caused by the demand for a magnificent hall to serve as a Grand Council Chamber. The part of the palace in which the lower windows occur is the older, and as the new chamber, added in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was to be adorned with the best paintings of the best masters in Venice, it was thought more important to raise the light near the gorgeous roof of this chamber, and to put it into the room in simple masses for the sake of the paintings, than to follow symmetry and adopt a uniformity, which is



PALACE TALVIALI VENICE.

indeed almost inconsistent with true Gothic feeling.

All the beautiful work of this façade, including the windows and the rich arcades of the lower storey, seems to have been originated and commenced about 1340; but it has been frequently refitted, and parts of the wall rebuilt. The building was finished in 1400, after many interruptions from plague and rebellion; but the Grand Council did not sit in the finished chamber for the first time till 1423. The building was then called the Palazzo Nuovo, a name which it still retains. Soon after the completion of this addition, and the opening of the Grand Council Room, the old building, which was pure



DUCAI PALACE, VENICE.

Byzantine, was destroyed, and the new façade, towards the Piazzetta, built on the same plan as the sea front, and finished rapidly. The greater part of the new building is, however, in the Renaissance style, and by no means corresponds in interest with the rest. There is, however, marvellous beauty in the details of the work even in this part of the building.

There is an appearance of dwarfishness about the columns of the lower tier on the front of the Ducal Palace towards the sea, which somewhat injures the effect. These columns were not on separate plinths, but were raised on a continuous base, and this is now buried under the pavement, in consequence of the gradual sinking of the soil and the island—a sinking which appears to have averaged about three inches in a century during the last five centuries. There is thus fifteen inches of the height of the columns lost. In the time of the Republic, the lower gallery or piazza under the palace was the resort of the noble Venetians; and it is recorded by an English traveller of that time that “it was only in this place and at council that they had opportunities of meeting, as they seldom visited openly or at each other’s houses, and secret meetings would give umbrage to the State inquisitors.”

The principal entrance of the Palazzo is from the Piazzetta, through the passage called the Porta della Carta. Immediately opposite, and seen through the Porta, is a celebrated marble staircase, with two gigantesque figures of Mars and Neptune at the head of the staircase known as the Scala dei Giganti (Giants’ Staircase). The coronation of the Doge was formerly performed at the head of this stair, and near this point are the lions’ mouths of marble placed to receive anonymous communications concerning the public men of the Republic. After ascending two flights of stairs, the rooms are entered which lead to the Council Halls. The larger of these, measuring about 176 feet long, 84 broad, and 51 high, retains its ancient decorations unaltered. Among these are numerous admirable pictures by Tintoretto, Bassano, Zuccaro, Paolo Veronese, J. Palma, and other great Venetian masters. The general effect of the interior may be judged of by reference to the illustration, where the Renaissance style of the decorations is very prominent.

There are many other noble halls in this great building besides the Great Council Room, but none of them are equal to this. Indeed, few such magnificent apartments can be found in any public building. The series of large halls includes the Library of St. Mark, commenced by Petrarch, and since become very rich in valuable manuscripts. Four of the halls were devoted to an arsenal, which is abundantly furnished with arms and ammunition. One of the series served as a chapel. Besides these, the apartments of the Palace included the *Sotto Piombi*, supposed to have been used as prisons, but merely a series of small attics, no doubt very hot in summer, but not otherwise uncomfortable, and now used as sleeping rooms. From one of the rooms of the Palace there was an entrance to the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, which communicated with the public prisons on the other side of a small canal.

The palaces of the great Venetian nobles, deserving notice on account of their architecture, are exceedingly numerous. Commencing with those of older date, we must not omit the Ca d’oro (*Casa d’oro*, or *Doro*, so called either from the gilt ornamentation of the façade, or from the fact that the house belonged to the family of the Doro). This building is one of the most elegant Italian Gothic constructions in existence; its date

is the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and it is in very fair condition. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and richness of the ornamentation, which is chiefly of the Arab style, the pointed arch, however, replacing the horse-shoe of the Moors. It is now greatly injured by restorations, and its beautiful internal staircase, the most interesting Gothic monument in Venice, has been removed. The windows of the upper storey, especially the capitals of the columns, are perhaps the best parts remaining. They are of the fourteenth century. The window traceries are later, but parts of the mouldings are Byzantine.

Another specimen of Venetian Gothic is the Palazzo Ferro, which is small, but well situated on the Grand Canal. The richly decorated frontage of this palace forms a very attractive object. The portal, with its recessed arch supported on twisted columns, surmounted by a complicated and almost fantastic capital of enormous dimensions, is lofty and majestic. Viewed from the canal, the height of the lower floor to the level of the balcony, which projects considerably from the upper or principal floor, is seen to be nearly the same as that of the two lower floors of an adjoining and more modern house to the left. It is very much greater than that of the handsome palace beyond on the other side. On the principal floor of the Palazzo Ferro the whole width of the house is occupied by three windows, and, owing to the great loftiness of the apartments, the light is not interfered with by the massive and far-projecting balconies on the upper floor, which are a part of the construction of the house, and are supported by enormous and richly sculptured brackets. On the lower floor the balcony is single; on the upper, two windows replace the three, and each has its own projection. In this way nothing is lost of the space, and the whole façade becomes one varied but connected design, whose meaning and use are easily recognised. The heavy and massive cornice keeps together the whole plan, and gives shelter as well as effect. The group of four palaces here all in view at once is highly illustrative of the style of house architecture of the Middle Ages, and illustrates the foundation of all picturesqueness. However striking its general plan may be, and however well laid out for general effect, no city can satisfy the eye of the artist which has not a vast amount of variety in its detail. That every street, and each house in every street, should be on the same plan, is monotonous and fatiguing in the extreme. Where each has some individuality, and therefore no two are exactly alike, there are at least the elements of the picturesque. As a specimen of style, the Palazzo Ferro is alluded to by Mr. Ruskin as hard and bad.

The Palazzo Pisani, built late in the fifteenth century, is one of the last specimens of Arabesque Gothic, the general outline being Gothic, but the detail manifesting the effect already produced on the artistic feeling of Venice by the works of the Renaissance rapidly rising around. The family of the Pisani, by whom this palace was built, was among the most illustrious of the Republic, but did not belong to the first order of nobility. In the year 1379 Vittorio Pisani, a great naval commander, having been condemned to imprisonment by the senate for the loss of the battle of Pola, was brought from his dungeon at the demand of the people during the war of Chiozza, and led them to victory. The palace once contained the celebrated picture by Paolo Veronese, known as the Tent of Darius, now in England. Of this building the most striking feature is the deep and daring undercutting of the spirited and graceful capitals of the first-floor windows. Another specimen of very

late Gothic, also passing into Renaissance, may be seen in a superb though partially ruined palace, fronting the little square called the Campo of S. Benedetto. It is described by Ruskin as unique in Venice, in masculine character united with the delicacy of the incipient style. The brackets of the balconies, the flower-work on the cornices, and the arabesques on the angles of the balconies, are especially noteworthy.

The Palazzo Contarini Fasan is another instance, like that of the Palazzo Ferro, of a small and comparatively unimportant dwelling-house dignified and made important by the good sense and genius of the architect. Taking the space he could obtain, and constructing rather with a view to comfort than effect—thinking, that is, of the use before the ornament—and then enriching the front with liberality and taste, he has succeeded in producing one of the principal ornaments of the noblest reach of the Grand Canal. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is an exquisite gem, which would be as much missed in Venice as the Church of the Salute.

A glorious palace of late Gothic (1380—1400) is to be found on a narrow canal in a part of the city now only inhabited by the lower classes, and is known as the Palazzo Bernardo. It is of the finest kind, and superb in its effect of colour when seen from the side. The decoration of the interior court has been also very much admired, and is certainly very elegant. This and a number of other palaces are more or less imitations of the Ducal Palace. The Palazzo Foscari was till lately the best example of this in Venice, but, except the stonework of the main windows, it is entirely rebuilt. The adjoining building, the Palazzo Giustiniani, is a similar instance, and in it the rich detached windows are the most interesting remains. The Hotel Danieli, formerly a palace, is equally beautiful, and is quite unique in the delicacy of the cusps in the central group of windows. The Fondaco dei Turchi, a mixed Byzantine and Venetian building, with much of Moorish sentiment in the ornamentation, is a good instance of the work of the same period. This building was originally designed as a factory, where business could be transacted and goods safely stored, and was one of several similar institutions established by the merchants of Venice in its best days. When circumstances changed, and such buildings were no longer needed, it was sold to the Republic, and is now used as a store for tobacco.

The true Renaissance palaces of Venice are not numerous; one of them is the Palazzo Cavalli, opposite the Academy of Arts. (There is another Palazzo Cavalli adjoining the Post Office, which is a fair specimen of Gothic of the Ducal Palace type.) There is little in the details of this building, but it is an imposing pile, and has good balconies, which are, however, Gothic. The Palazzo Corner Spinelli, on the Grand Canal, is a graceful and interesting example of the period, remarkable for its pretty circular balconies. The most important building of this style is the old Library (*Libreria Vecchia*), commenced in 1526, and designed in the true central Renaissance style. The proportions are good, and although the faults of construction are very serious, the general effect is graceful and effective. The most powerful and impressive of the Renaissance works in Venice is, however, the Palazzo Pesaro, on the Grand Canal. It belongs to the Grotesque period, and the heads are particularly clever. Some of the mingled expressions of the faces, and those of the grinning helmets, are particularly striking.

Of the Lombard style, the Palazzo Loredan, on the Grand

Canal near the Rialto, is one of the most remarkable buildings in Venice for the elegance of its proportions and its decoration. It was built in 1431, and was till lately inhabited by the Duchess de Reni. The order is Corinthian, but there are great arched windows which fill the front, and the mullions of these windows are columns. It is altogether a strange but not disagreeable mixture of styles. The two palaces called the Palazzo Dario and the Palazzo Manzoni are both good examples of this style. The latter especially is perfect, and very rich, and the warm yellow marbles with which it is incrustured are magnificent.

The Palazzo Grimani, now the Post Office, is an especially interesting building, of a style sometimes called "San Michele." The building consists of three Corinthian orders, exquisitely worked, and is very ingeniously contrived to make the best use of a narrow and irregular form of site, only a small part of the building fronting the Grand Canal. It is, however, on the whole, the finest of the modern palaces, and contains two grand storeys, in which the Venetian window is well shown, though greatly mixed up with classical work. There are some other palaces of the same date and style.

The interest of the Venetian palaces is by no means exhausted in this list. It is almost impossible to examine carefully any of the older buildings, even externally and towards the canals, without recognising some indication, even if there are not unmistakable proofs, of good mediæval work, generally of Venetian Gothic or Renaissance, though sometimes of the earlier styles. These peep out now in windows and window traceries, now in capitals of columns, now in cornices. Not unfrequently they occur in the small interior courts, and especially in the staircases of these courts. Look, for example, at the architectural gems in the engraving at page 44. The palace itself is not very remarkable; but it is hardly possible to imagine a more picturesque group of staircase, arcades, balconies, and windows than is here represented. Without being regular or of any defined period, the whole is not only charming, but the details are good. It is this, which is one of the great and characteristic features of Venice, that renders the whole place so deeply interesting, and detains so long the lover of art. The whole atmosphere is redolent of art, and one cannot turn without finding something new and striking, not so much in itself as in the associations connected with it. It is not necessary to inquire the history or date of such a group as that shown in the engraving. The taste is seen in putting together old things rather than in designing new. But how elegant and simple are the means for producing the result! There are plenty of straight lines and even of flat walls; there are arches round and pointed, large and small; there are columns with fantastic capitals, cornices, beadings, and mouldings. We mention and direct attention to all this variety with a special object. Let the reader enter a courtyard in any modern building, and he will find more regularity but fewer conveniences, and generally nothing picturesque; but in these mediæval houses the picturesqueness, as already pointed out, grew from the necessity of the case, and was never superimposed. There is nothing in all the beauty that has not its manifest use. We do not speak, of course, of the pointing of the arch and the elaborate sculpturing of the capitals of the columns as necessities in the ordinary sense; but the arch and the columns were needed, and the decoration merely completed and satisfied the cultivated eye of the proprietor, not having been introduced into the plan beforehand.

for the glorification of the architect. It is much to be regretted that there is not a closer study of this great school of Venetian art by the architects of modern times. A little reference to those principles which in the art of painting are called Pre-Raphaelite, might improve the taste both of the public and the architect.

We have endeavoured, in this account of some objects of architectural interest in Venice, to place prominently forward the fact that there were certain principles of art involved, not only in all the most important constructions, but in the private residences of the wealthy merchants of the mediæval city. For these palaces are, after all, no more than the private town houses of these merchants. They are for the most part of small size, and adapted not so much to receive society as to serve as habitations for families. They were not built to be ornaments of the city, but rather to suit the individual taste,

feeling, and resources of the person who required to live in them. They were not ornamented and decorated so much for the benefit of others as for the pleasure of the owner. They followed, no doubt, the prevailing fashion of the day, and thus, after the Ducal Palace had been commenced, and till after it was completed, it is easy to see that this noble and convenient building was used as a model so far as different circumstances rendered it advisable. When the Renaissance style succeeded the Gothic in public buildings, it was applied to others also; and thus, with the fall of taste and the loss of the fine sense of the beautiful, we see anomalies arise, spoiling the later buildings. But they have not lost their picturesque appearance, and so long as Venice remains a city will it serve as a model and type of all that is most beautiful and appropriate in domestic architecture.

A Naturalist's Ride in the Atlas Mountains.

BY THE REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ST. AUGUSTINE—A FRENCH "COLON"—THE GRIFFON'S NEST—SOLITARY EXPEDITION—IMPERIAL EAGLES—ATLANTIC SCENERY—A NATIVE BIRD—MOUSSIER'S REDSTART—THE TRUE "INDIGENE"—FORESTS OF THE ATLAS—OPEN GLADES—A FRONTIER OUTPOST—MILITARY POULTRY YARD—THE BOOTED EAGLE—ARAB HOSPITALITY—A SHEIKH'S FAMILY—CORK FOREST—REVERIES OF ANCIENT BRITAIN—A STRANGE ACQUAINTANCE—MORNING CALL ON A LION—A HASTY SHOT—PRUDENT SERVANT—ARAB FIDELITY—LA CALLE—ITS LAKES AND MINES—BEDOUIN AGRICULTURE—SIMPLE BEEHIVES—BIRDS OF THE GLADES—ST. AUGUSTINE'S SUCCESSOR.

A NATURALIST is the last man in the world who should complain of being used up in country quarters, and that in spring time in the sunny South. Yet a sensation, actually akin to *ennui*, had begun to creep over us, for an ornithologist's appetite is insatiable. We were domiciled in the far south-east of Algeria, close to the Tunisian frontier, at the little French outpost of Souk Harras, the ancient Thagastum, nestled in the valley of the classic Badagra, now the Medjerdah. The southern spurs of the Atlas rose, tier beyond tier, some densely wooded, some bare and scarped, on all sides of us—those affording home and protection to the imperial eagle, these to the lämmergeyer, the griffon vulture, and the falcon. What though our little *auberge* might be open and comfortless, and its fare of the scantiest, its roof was as watertight as our tent; there was no watch to be kept at night against lions and Tunisian robbers; and were we not entertained at the sign of "St. Augustine de Thagaste," perhaps on the very spot where the great saint of Africa first saw the light?

We had explored the antiquities, we had examined the exhumed marble sarcophagi which fill the little barrack square, and had deciphered the inscriptions which tell the story of the long-lost Thagastum. We had dined with the intelligent though lonely commandant; and had noted how, out of thirty-three houses which composed the settlement, nine were drinking shops. We had had enough of "civilisation" and drunken colonists, and determined to push our reconnaissances further, and to resume our camp life in the wilds.

Two Hungarian noblemen, who had been on a hunting excursion in the south, shared our quarters, and had brought back, along with their trophies of antelope, gazelle, and moufflon (the maned wild sheep of North Africa), wondrous tales of the abundance of vultures, eagles, and bustards, in regions we had not as yet penetrated. At a cabinet council we therefore determined that S—— should reconnoitre the neighbourhood for a suitable camping-ground, where we might examine the habits of the birds of prey at home; that H—— should push on to the south-west for a few days, and report on the prospect of desert birds for the following month; while I was to investigate the cork forests and lakes to the north, on the Tunisian frontier, to ascertain the probability of a successful bird harvest there. At the end of a week we were to re-unite, and decide on our future movements. Not that we had accomplished nothing at Souk Harras. A fine specimen of Bonelli's eagle had been picked up on a heap of rubbish in the street; the commandant had sent us an enormous griffon vulture with its wing broken; the Barbary falcon and the red kite were daily noted; and the bearded lämmergeyer poised himself every morning over our quarters. These calls we had duly returned, by repeated visits to a range of formidable cliffs, where we could see the huge piles of firewood which formed the homes of three families of bearded vultures; but vainly, with the aid of ropes and timid climbers, had we essayed a nearer acquaintance.

But if the king of Eastern vultures had baffled us, the less graceful, yet equally majestic griffon had afforded us our first birds'-nesting triumph of the season. A French *colon*, who, when occasionally sober, plied the trades of carpenter and *chasseur*, had offered to take us to some accessible griffons' nests. The rain was descending in torrents when we set out with our guide, and so dense were the clouds that it was impossible to detect even a vulture at 200 yards. However, after some scrambling in the forest, we approached the edge of a long range of cliffs, from whose fissures and ledges many a mountain shrub and tree stretched forth and partially covered the

nakedness of the rocks. Carefully peering over the top, we soon espied, at a distance of some fifty feet below us, the cumbrous heap of sticks which generally serves a vulture for a nest; but were dismayed to see, instead of an egg, an unfledged downy squab. Had we come too late for nesting? It was an ominous disappointment to begin with. However, "Il y a de plus encore!" cries our Frenchman; and we soon made out a second nest a little lower down the cliff. Alarmed by the falling of a stone, the parent bird deliberately rises, slowly stretches her wings, and with two or three majestic wavings of her pinions, leaves a single egg disclosed to view. Having dis-

proved nearly ready for hatching, for these birds rarely raise more than a single young one.

Two days afterwards I set out for La Calle, a distance of ninety miles. I was lightly equipped, and carried provisions and forage but for one day, as with money in the purse we were not likely to starve. Of our three Arab servants, Salah, an *ex-spahi*, accompanied me on my second horse; Mohammed, our best climber, being left to make himself useful about the cliffs with S—; while Bilgasseem, our trusty Tunisian, was the only one capable of conducting H— safely through the independent tribes of the south. Our route lay by the Hammam



THE IMPERIAL EAGLE.

covered a narrow ledge by which the nest may be reached, H— boldly descends, and reverentially handles the first griffon's egg he had ever seen in its nest. But calling out to us that he will wait till the complement is laid, he clammers up again. He has scarcely reached the top when the mother returns, and quietly sailing in, lets herself drop on the edge of the nest. Here she pauses for a minute or two; grotesquely turns her neck and squints at her beloved egg, first with one eye, then with the other. Next she sniffs at it, turns it over and over, and with fond admiration—taking another look—seats herself down on it. Alas! how little sympathy with the maternal vulturine instinct was shown by the eager collector. "It must be hard set!" exclaims H—; and at once he descends again to secure the prize. He had almost reached the nest before the parent bird would quit it, and the egg

Weled Zeid, so named from some hot sulphurous springs, where baths (*hammam*) have been constructed. Before reaching them we passed the cliffs where we had vainly besieged the *lâmmereyers*, and a long piece of rope, swinging in mid-air from a projecting piece of rock, still told the tale of our unsuccessful assault.

Soon afterwards, on entering a more wooded part of the road, a large eagle settled among some trees under the rocks. Dismounting, I crept up to the spot, and had the satisfaction of watching a fine imperial eagle, who plainly exhibited the white feathers of the shoulder—the distinguishing mark of this species. The nest, hard by, was placed on the projecting branch of a great oak-tree growing out of the ledge. It was at least a yard in diameter, composed of sticks, with a few finer twigs by way of lining, and contained two eggs.

Beyond the *hammam*, which we did not reach till nearly noon, was an Arab tribe, where Salah had acquaintances, from whom he promised eggs and barley-cake, if I could wait for an hour. I sat down on the bank-side, letting my horse graze under the trees, and seldom have I enjoyed a more lovely view. The scenery was not grand, but exquisitely rich. Below me the streaming little torrent of warm water was dashing into a deep glen. The sides of it were clad with pear-trees, figs, wild prunes, and hawthorn, all in full blossom. The sun was bright, the sky cloudless and of the deepest blue, the air charged with the perfume of jasmine, rose, hawthorn, and scented broom. There was nothing in the scenery to astonish, but all was soft, luxuriant, and English. Dreaming of home, I was roused from my reverie by a familiar note—the quickly repeated chirrup of Moussier's redstart, so well described by its native name of *Zinzukh*. I soon descried my little friend, perched upon the topmost bough of a small Numidian broom, as, regardless of my presence, he turned himself round and round on his perch, and performed various somersaults to exhibit his rich and softly blended plumage, continuing the while his cheerful though monotonous note. If ever Libya were in search of an ornithological emblem, Moussier's redstart should be its emblazon. There is no other bird of North Africa so truly "*gleba adstricta*" as this. It is worthy of note, that almost the only bird exclusively pertaining to Mount Atlas—never found to the north or the south, the east or the west of that range—is this little redstart, in its brilliant livery of red, white, and black. The lämmergeyer and the vulture are at home, but their presence recalls visions of the Pyrenees or the Balkan. Every song-bird of the English lists may be found in those thickets, but many of them were born and educated in Europe, and, like the Roman of old, the Spaniard of yesterday, or the Frenchman of to-day, they may return to their northern resorts. The bustard and the sand-grouse abound in these arid plains, but they are familiar forms to the Arab invaders from the East. If the ostrich ventures to his northernmost limits, he is here little better than an invader, like his brother Tonarag,* and is chased as such with as little compunction.

But Moussier is an indisputable *indigène*. While one race of man after another has rushed like a flood over North Africa, and left the faint traces of each invasion in a few stranded ruins on the shores, or in the tide-marks of some wrecks of humanity on the mountain sides—long before the first Phœnician galley had entered the Bay of Tunis and treated with the Numidian king—before either Roman, Vandal, or Saracen had disturbed his retreats—Moussier was here, never agitated by a restless taste for emigration, nor by an appetite for the slopes of Alps or Apennines. I love to watch him as a gentle and genuine Numidian, the one local and peculiar bird. Mauritania (now the province of Algeria) he generally avoids. Numidia and Carthage are his home as he hops among the ruins of Utica, near the coast, or wanders even to the southern oases of Nefta, Souf, or M'zab. Still the bird is not often seen, and as its nest was unknown, I made careful search, knowing from the manner of my friend that his mate was not far distant. But with her brown back and russet-red breast she is detected with difficulty in the bushes, and generally keeps herself among the roots of the thickets perfectly invisible. No little triumph, therefore, did I feel when I discovered the nest, artfully concealed near the base of a *thuya* (*lignum vite*) bush, with its egg,

* The Tonarag are the nomad robbers of the Sahara.

not white, but with the faintest tinge of bluish green, of a delicacy such as I have never noticed in any other species.

Salah had been long waiting with hard-boiled eggs and buttermilk when I obtained my prize, and we soon were in the saddle again for Bou Hadjar, a spahi station some sixteen leagues further on, where I had heard there was an officer, on whom, of course, I proposed to quarter myself. Spahi stations here serve the traveller's purpose (if he have letters), like monasteries in the remoter parts of Italy in the days when monasteries were and Italian unification was not; but there is much greater difficulty in reimbursing the officer, as he keeps no poor's box in his doorway. The remainder of our day's journey lay chiefly along the watershed of two streams which flow to the Mediterranean, the Wed el Kebir—the Tunisian frontier-stream—and the Louledjeah, and by a path on which no English huntsman in cool blood would think of risking his neck. But our trusty, sure-footed Arabs walk, without slipping, across a long, sloping rock. The scenery was rich and varied. Rocky glens, open glades, here and there patches of wheat, smooth valleys, clad with luxuriant herbage, groves of wild olive and cork; the whole backed by mountains gently rising on each side, which are covered with forests—not close, like those of Sweden or Canada, but open and loose, affording many breaks—and composed of a great variety of trees, cork predominating, with its gnarled limbs and dark foliage, but largely relieved by the paler tints of magnificent ash trees, all in the middle of April in full leaf. The ash seems to be precisely the same as our English species. There is, besides, a species of oak—perhaps a variety of the Turkey, but very closely allied to the English oak—the ilex, chestnut, and a vast undergrowth of richly-coloured shrubs—arbutus, myrtle, bay, jasmine, white and yellow broom, of many species, in full blossom and as brilliant as any furze. I found one knoll covered with an exquisite orchis, unlike any I ever saw elsewhere—of a very pale lemon-yellow, with a powerful scent, resembling that of jasmine. The flower was in shape like the figure of *Orchis longicornu* in Desfontaine's book, but much larger, and all of this spotless primrose colour, except three or four very faint dots on the tip.

Leaving the glen about six o'clock, we came out upon a plain ready for the scythe, covered with scented tulips (*Tulipa Celsiana*), pansies, scarlet and blue anemones, &c. In the midst of this plain stands a square redoubt (Bou Hadjar), at the door of which I met a rough, bluff-looking officer, in gardening costume, and invited myself to be his guest for the night. He introduced me to his subaltern and doctor—for they mustered three. The fort had been established for three years, but he told me I was the first traveller they had seen. They are three lonely men, with their seventy Arab troopers, close to the Tunisian frontier, which is but two miles distant, but which they intend to rectify to a more defensible line on the next act of trespass committed from the other side. Meanwhile they occupy themselves chiefly in gardening and poultry-rearing. They were decidedly oologists, for five turkey hens were sitting in boxes in their mess-room, and many hens in the barrack-hall, while their garden showed great taste and skill with small means. They pointed out some curious instances of "reversion" in flowers from France. All their ranunculi—of which they had a good show—the second year become crimson, and their verbenas all run into pink. They had, however, a goodly collection of roses in bloom.

There are some Numidian tombs in the hills near, where

I copied two Numidian or Punic inscriptions, some of the letters of which tally with some of the characters of the recently-discovered famous Moabite stone. The pretty red-bellied Numidian woodpecker enlivened the trees around with his cheery rat-tat-tat.

Next morning I was off before my hosts were up. The road to-day left the forest, and wound for some miles through open valleys, with hills covered with scrub, and tall trees occasionally relieving the outline. On one of these I observed a dark-coloured bird perched, which I took for the black kite, till, on its taking wing, I imagined I had found the common buzzard of Europe, for it had none of the ruddy hues of the African buzzard. After quietly following it for some distance, I had an opportunity of examining it more closely, as it rested on a bare tree and fearlessly scrutinised me in turn. There was no mistake now. I was looking at an old acquaintance—the booted eagle, the smallest of its tribe, but not the least graceful or symmetrical.

About eleven o'clock we descried an Arab camp at some distance, and, feeling very hungry, I sent Salah on foot to report on the chance of meeting with hospitality, while I remained concealed with the horses. In half an hour he returned, and reported the sheikh "very good," as proved by an invitation to breakfast. I trotted down, was met by two Arabs, conducted into an irregular square of tents, and, when I had dismounted, was led under the sheikh's tent, where mat and cushion were already spread for me. The horses were also introduced under the same roof, and a large bundle of green fodder laid for them. Contrary to the usual custom, there was no partition within, so I could survey the domestic arrangements at my leisure. The sheikh, a young man, seemed to have three wives. The elder, and evidently the mistress, as she made and served the coffee, might be about twenty-five, but, like all Arab women of that age, looked shrivelled and forty-five. The two others, who were baking cakes and frying eggs in butter for me, seemed about fifteen or sixteen years old. They were decidedly good-looking, and each had a baby tied in a bundle at her back, so as not to impede work. The goats and cows were brought in, and milked by the two pretty wives at my feet. After our simple feast, the sheikh produced pipes, over which we carried on a broken conversation, the drift of which on his part was, that the Ingles were very good friends of the Sultan, and once drove his enemies (here making a peculiar grimace) out of Egypt, while I impressed on him my desire to find the birds and wild animals of his forests.

The pipe ended, we started again; and after a few miles' ride—during which my horse cast a shoe, and became dead lame—we re-entered the forest. The cork-tree predominated, and is used, though without system, and as a common right, by various tribes. The trunks are peeled—but seldom the large limbs—once in about nine or ten years. The operation does not, for the first two or three years, improve the appearance of the forest. No continuous line of bark is left, but the life of the tree seems to be preserved by the thin membrane which is left inside the bark. We passed an Arab camp employed in barking and stacking the cork. All these forests are claimed by the Empire as Imperial domains, and are let to French companies, who have scarcely yet begun to work systematically, nor is the power of the State sufficiently extended to afford them protection against free

squatters. The first crop of cork in these forests is considered almost valueless, owing to the hardness of the bark on the old trees; they should be barked regularly every seven years, before the cork becomes too dry. The Arabs injure its quality, and often damage the trees, by firing them, in order to make them peel more readily. When the working of these forests has become systematised, they ought to yield enormous profits, as the companies to whom they are let pay only nominal rents, and the quality of the produce is said to be equal to the finest Spanish samples.

The country through which I rode for these two days must be very like what Britain was before the Roman invasion. The oak and cork forests, the narrow rapid streams, the undulating hills, the dells, the forest glades, the very presence here and there of blue-tattooed Arabs in their burnouses—all combined to recall the descriptions of ancient Britain. One had an exact idea presented of what a rich, hilly country is by nature, and of what man can make it. The very district through which we rode was once as well cleared and cultivated as England is to-day; and if Frenchmen *could* colonise, such slopes and valleys would soon be dotted with homesteads.

Soon after re-entering the forest, I had my first, and probably my last, rencontre with a lion. Observing a line of cliff about half a mile to the right, with a pair of white vultures hovering over it, I dismounted, in hope of finding the nest, and told Salah to hold the horses, and follow on as he heard my signal whistle; for I wished to scan the rocks which seemed to extend a mile or two parallel to our track. The ground proved much more difficult than I had anticipated. Before I had proceeded far, I was in a dense thicket of tangled brushwood, through which the trees had forced their way, without giving any idea at a distance of the mass of obstruction below them. Tired, torn, and pricked, I continued to creep as best I could under this matwork, till at length I came upon a little dry watercourse, thickly arched over by shrubs—a sort of tunnel, as it were—up which I could creep more easily to the rocks. I took advantage of it; but after proceeding a little way, suddenly saw, about ten paces in front of me, a young lion, not taller than a large St. Bernard's dog, but very much heavier and more stoutly built. All this I did not take in at once; but instantly, as the beast rose and stood before me, fired one barrel right in his face, before I had at all realised what was before me, and the second trigger was pulled ere I perceived the mistake I had made. One barrel was charged with No. 4 shot, the other with a green cartridge of the same. The beast seemed perplexed for a moment (for both charges had evidently lodged in his face, and perhaps in his eyes), as he sprang up with a note something between a howl, a roar, and a wail, with a considerable undercurrent of a growl. My first impulse was to follow; my second, on which I promptly acted, was to make a precipitate retreat sideways into the tangle, and creep up as speedily as love of life would enable me. I had hardly re-entered the cover, when I felt, rather than saw, the young lion rush down the tunnel. Probably and most providentially the shot had blinded him for an instant. After a hasty ejaculation of gratitude to Almighty God for my escape, I began to reflect on the hastiness and folly of my proceeding; for as the lion could not have been two years old, his mother was probably not far off, and I certainly was not in a fitting condition to pay so grand a lady a morning call

On my way back to Bou Hadjar I captured the Algerian jay and great spotted cuckoo, but carefully avoided paying a second visit to the lions. After resting a night with the hospitable spahis, I determined on a bivouac in the cork forest for the next day, as the weather rendered a tent unnecessary, and forage was abundant. We picketed our horses for the night in an open glade, and slept comfortably under a cork-tree, in the branches of which hung an Arab beehive. The collection of honey appears to be one of the principal employments of the nomads. The bees are not owned individually, but all those which settle in the district are claimed by the clan as its common property. To entice them hives are hung

is not so abundant as the others. The roller had returned to his summer quarters, and might be heard and seen everywhere, performing his strange gyrations, and dropping on the tallest tree within reach with his loud discordant shriek. As evening drew on, the red-necked goatsucker flitted about the glades, and the note of the scops-eared owl floated on the air, with its plaintive "maroof, maroof," from which it derives its local appellation. But in this spot, and this only, I found that most beautiful and almost the rarest of European butterflies, *Thais medicaste*, lighting continually, with brilliant red and yellow wings, on a species of centaury. Butterflies are by no means abundant in North Africa, and



ROBBERS OF THE DESERT.

up among the trees, simply constructed of a large circle of cork about a foot deep, and with an imperfectly fitted lid of the same substance slightly fastened over the top. These hives are quite open at the bottom, and, suspended from a bough, are secure from the attacks of quadrupeds. Perhaps a third of those we noticed were tenanted. The bees are never destroyed; but towards the end of the season the Arabs go round, and, with heads enveloped in their bur-nouses, cut out with impunity as much of the comb as they think fit.

In this spot the woodpeckers abounded, especially the Numidian spotted pecker and the North African green woodpecker, only differing slightly from our English bird, and more brightly, as the *Gecinus canus* of Norway is more plainly, coloured. The lesser spotted woodpecker I also saw, but it

their scarcity contrasts strongly with the endless variety and profusion of the beetles.

At dawn we were again in the saddle, and on the way had the pleasure of watching, for some time, a pair of tawny eagles, of which we afterwards obtained a young one, which is still living in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. On reaching Souk Harras I found our camp was removed to some distance, and so put up at our old quarters in the *auberge*. The commandant, however, hospitably invited me to dine, to meet the curé and another young abbé. The ecclesiastics discussed the Arab population, which they, though professedly missionaries, considered beyond all hope of conversion. The next morning I set out on my tired steed for our new camp at Kef Lak's, and rejoined my companions, who, like myself, had adventures to recount.

The Baltic Provinces of Russia.—I.

BY E. DELMAR MORGAN, F.R.G.S.

THE Baltic or German provinces of Russia are Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, lying between 55° and 60° North latitude, and between 20° and 27° East longitude.

Esthonia, or Esthland, the northernmost of these provinces, is bounded on the north by the Gulf of Finland, on the west by the Baltic Sea, on the south by Livonia and Lake Peipus, and on the east by the Government of St. Petersburg. It includes the islands of Dago and Worrus, and a portion of Lake Peipus, and has an area of 7,966 square miles.

Livonia, Livland, or Liefland, is bounded on the north by Esthonia, on the west by the Gulf of Riga, on the south by Courland and the Government of Vitebsk, and on the east by the Government of Pskoff and Lake Peipus. Its extreme length from north to south is 170 miles, and breadth 110 miles. It includes the large island of Oesel, and has an area of 18,146 square miles.

Courland, or Kurland, the southernmost, is bounded on the north by Livonia and the Gulf of Riga, on the west by the Baltic, on the south by Vilna and Prussia, and on the east by the Government of Vitebsk. Its area is 10,324 square miles.

These provinces are valuable to Russia, from their extent of sea-coast and flourishing sea-ports, from their important rivers, connecting them with the central provinces of the empire, and also from their broad plains of fertile soil, capable of producing large quantities of flax, linseed, and corn; and as railroads recently made now connect their towns of Riga and Revel with St. Petersburg and Moscow, they are more closely united than ever with the great empire of Russia, which has held them by right of conquest for the last 150 years. For centuries they were the historical battle-fields on which the Northern nations contended for mastery, and on their blood-stained fields the Russian soldier was first taught to conquer the luxurious Pole and the hardy Swede.

In the year 1158 some Bremen merchants, on their way to Wisby, in Gothland, landed on the east coast of the Baltic, and founded a colony and trading post near the mouth of the Dwina, where Riga now stands. They found the country inhabited by heathen tribes, and in order to civilise and convert them to Christianity, they instituted an order of knighthood, called *Schwertbrüder*, or Brothers of the Sword, whose founder was Bishop Albrecht, of Buxhovden, the founder of Riga. Well did these Christian knights sustain the name of their order. They burnt the dwellings and slew the inhabitants, until both Letts and Esths submitted, and, throwing away their idols, became converts to the religion of their conquerors, though for many years afterwards they sighed after the simple divinities under whose tutelar sway they had known the peace and prosperity which they were never again to experience.

While the Germans were conquering Livonia, the Danes had invaded Esthonia, and the same cruelties were practised there till the country was subjugated throughout, and the three provinces, known collectively under the name of Livland, acknowledged the power of the knights. Bishopricks were founded, castles were erected, and knights and clergy

feasted and revelled in the halls and celebrated their victories. But the Lithuanians now invaded the land, and, reduced in numbers, the *Schwertbrüder* were forced to seek for aid from Germany. In 1237 they united with the Teutonic Knights, an order created during the Crusades, with whose assistance they again obtained the mastery over their rebellious vassals, and expelled the invaders.

In the meanwhile trade prospered, and flourishing cities were built. Riga, Revel, and Narva joined the Hanseatic League, and maintained their independence. A confederation was established, and a diet convoked at Riga, at which representatives of the nobility and clergy settled all measures for the government of the provinces.

This was the period of Livonian independence. The Grand Master of the Livonian Order of Teutonic Knights ruled in the name of the Emperor of Germany, whom he acknowledged as his liege lord, while the Archbishop of Riga represented the sovereignty of the Pope.

So divided an authority could not last, and the jealousies between the clergy and laity, the rivalries and quarrels between the knights and the growing power of the citizens contributed to keep the country in a state of civil war, which paved the way for foreign invasion. The Reformation now spread rapidly through the Baltic provinces, and was another cause of internal dissension, while the peasants, oppressed by the hard serfdom of their German masters, remained in a state little removed from barbarism. Then came the great invasion of Russians, sent by Ivan the Terrible. They swept like locusts over the country, destroying everything; and it is estimated that the population of the Baltic provinces at the present day is less than it was before the great Tartar-Russian invasion at the commencement of the sixteenth century. Simultaneously with these invaders came Swedes and Poles, till at last, distracted by the number of her enemies, and crushed and bleeding at every pore, Livland surrendered her independence in 1561. Esthonia took the oath of allegiance to Sweden, Livonia to Poland, while Courland was created into an independent dukedom under Gotthard Kettler, last Grand Master of the Order of Livonian Knights, who did fealty to the King of Poland as his liege lord. Aply and wisely governed by her grand dukes, the Duchy of Courland enjoyed a long period of peace and prosperity, and retained her independence long after her sister provinces had lost theirs, becoming incorporated with Russia in 1795, at the partition of Poland. The treaty signed by Sigismond Augustus reserved to the Livlanders their rights and privileges, the observance of the Lutheran faith, the German language, the feudal supremacy of the nobles, and self-government. Poland did not long enjoy her new possessions, nor did the troubles of the Livlanders cease with the loss of their independence. A protracted and bloody war between Sweden and Poland resulted in the victory of the former, and Livonia was ceded to the Swedish crown in 1629.

Gustavus Adolphus confirmed to the Livlanders their rights and privileges, and by his wise and beneficent rule restored for a time prosperity to their country. During his reign the Lutheran

Church was established more firmly than ever; the University of Dorpat, founded by him in 1632, ranks even to the present day among the best of the Russian universities, and can boast of a Piragoff and a Struve. The great king strove to improve the condition of the peasantry and limit the powers of the nobles. But, unfortunately, the reforms which he had so wisely initiated were not carried out by his successors, who looked on the provinces as a means of paying for the wars in which their ambition had involved them. Stripped of their lands by the exactions of Charles XI., the impoverished Livlanders turned to Peter the Great for aid. Again the country was deluged with blood till the power of Sweden was overthrown by Russia in 1710.

A new era for the Livlanders dawned with the supremacy of Russia in the Baltic provinces—an era full of hope and promise. Under the powerful sceptre of their new master, war, famine, and pestilence were no longer to ravage their land. Secured and confirmed in their privileges by the treaty of Nystadt, 1721, they could turn their thoughts to improving the social condition of their vassals, and to the development of the resources of a naturally productive soil. But, alas! the history of the Baltic provinces for the last century and a half does not prove the Teutonic race to be noble and magnanimous when independent and all-powerful over another and a subject race. The feudal system, with all its errors, was continued; the jealousies and rivalry among the nobility were unceasing; the peasants were kept in serfdom, and excluded from a possession of the soil; while the absence of a middle class tended to separate more widely the lord from his tenant. In 1824 serfdom was indeed abolished in Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, but the position of the peasant became almost intolerable, owing to the absence of any change in the agrarian law. The degraded, wretched condition of the Esthonian and Livonian peasants, even at the present day, in many parts of the provinces, bears witness to centuries of oppression and misgovernment, for which their German masters are mainly responsible.

The history of the Baltic provinces of Russia is reflected in their present condition. Let us leave the St. Petersburg and Warsaw railway at a point near Kovno, and proceed by the new line (to be opened in its whole extent in the summer of 1871) to Libau and Courland. The prosperity everywhere visible, in this the southernmost of the three provinces, is due not only to its milder climate and fruitful soil, but to the happier conditions under which its population have lived. The invasions which from time to time have desolated the northern provinces did not extend to Courland. The fierce feudal sway of the Teuton lords was curbed by the grand dukes, who strove to direct their energies to agricultural pursuits. The close proximity of Prussia, and the influence of modern German civilisation, are more apparent in the Courland noble than in his Livonian or Esthonian brother. The Lettish peasant in Courland has a comfortable cottage, and is better educated than his less fortunate brother in the north.

The aspect of the scenery in Courland is that of a broad level plain, extending from the Baltic Sea to the Dwina, which separates it from Livonia. Vast corn-fields, chiefly of rye, extend as far as the eye can see, alternating with rich meadow land, and studded here and there with noble mansions, whose hospitable owners are ever ready "to welcome the coming, and speed the parting guest," with clusters of neat cottages called in Lettish *gesinde*, for there are no villages in Courland.

North of the Dwina the country changes in appearance; the smiling homesteads, the prosperous farms, are less frequent. The great pine forests, so intimately associated with the scenery of Northern Europe, throw a dark, gloomy shadow over the surrounding landscape. Ruins of old castles and monasteries attract the attention of the traveller, and remind him of long tales of violence and bloodshed; for most of these ruins have their romantic histories of old feudal hatreds and rivalry between neighbouring barons, which are still perpetuated in the interminable litigations of the present day.

Some parts of Livonia are, however, better cultivated, as, for instance, the flax-growing district in the north-west, about fifty miles north of Riga, and the district north-east of Riga, in the valley of the Aa. As we approach Esthonia, the country becomes more stern and wild; sand and heath, forest and morass, alternate in unvarying monotony, and the miserable log hut of the poor Esth is the only sign of human habitation. That unwelcome visitor, the wolf, wakes the silence of the long winter nights with his dismal howl, and the recesses of the forest contain the lairs of many a bear, undisturbed beneath his deep covering of snow. And yet, to the sportsman or the naturalist, Esthland has charms peculiar to its wild, rugged nature and northern sky. The early morning air in spring and summer is fragrant with the delicious scent of the pine forests; the woods are full of the songs of all kinds of birds. The willow grouse and black game are but little disturbed on the moors; the elk and deer, the lynx and the hare, love the solitude of the great forests, and wild fowl and snipe of all descriptions haunt the vast lakes and marshes. Then, too, the social gatherings at the Esthonian baron's mansion, the long sleigh drives, the balls, the picnics, and the shooting parties, the delicate beauty of the Esthonian belles, and the courtly manners of the gentlemen, contribute to make a few months' stay in Esthland very agreeable, and almost realise the truth of the old proverb—"Esthonia is an elysium for the noble, a heaven for the clergy, a mine of gold for the stranger, but a hell for the peasant."

The population of the Baltic provinces numbers 1,850,000, of which 200,000 are Germans; the remainder are Letts and Esths (the original inhabitants of the country), Swedes, Danes, Russians, and Jews. The Germans are mostly descendants of the old knights who conquered the country, but some are immigrants of recent date. They are scattered all over the three provinces. Most of them are landowners, for until quite recently they reserved to themselves the exclusive right of owning land. Many of them have entered the Russian service, both civil and military, where, during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, they almost invariably rose to the highest positions. Nicholas was very fond of his German subjects, and the names of Meyendorff, Rosen, Stackelberg, and a great many others, occupy a prominent place in the history of Russia during the nineteenth century. The doctors, lawyers, and clergymen are all Germans or partially Germans, for, owing to intermarriages, some mixture of race has taken place. But, speaking generally, the governing class in Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia is German. Owing to the privileges and rights which they reserved to themselves by charters and treaties, during the successive changes which took place in the possession of the provinces, the German population, although subjects of Russia, are, as far as the internal government of the provinces is concerned, independent and all-powerful over

the peasant class. If the prerogatives which they so jealously guarded had been wisely exercised, the condition of the provinces would be very different to what it is now. The Courland and Livonian nobleman was separated by a great gulf from his poor tenant, and has done little to win his esteem and confidence. The clergy were, in many instances, ignorant of the language of the peasants, and the consequence has been that, except on those estates where the landlord was naturally a humane, kind man, the condition of both Letts and Esths has been most deplorable.

It is interesting to draw an analogy between the state of

pure Lithuanian form of speech holds the same position relatively to its dialects—North Prussian and Lettish—that Latin does to Italian. Very little is known of the earlier history of the Letts. It is supposed that they founded a colony near the mouth of the Vistula about the eleventh century, and gradually spread to the east and peopled the whole of Lithuania, Southern Livland, and North Prussia. Their name has been derived from Lada or Lide, signifying an improver of the soil. They were certainly better agriculturists than the Esths, who were a pastoral race, and who willingly gave them a portion of their land to till and cultivate. Before they were Christianised the



RUSSIAN POST STATION IN LIVLAND.

Alsace and Lorraine under French rule, and that of the Baltic provinces under the Germans. In the two French provinces, but especially in Alsace, the population was entirely German in language, in habits, and in origin, and yet the 150 years of French rule completely reconciled them to their conquerors. They learnt to prefer them to their kinsmen in Germany, but in the Baltic provinces six centuries have elapsed since the Germans conquered the country, and yet the Letts and Esths have the greatest aversion to their conquerors. This fact supports the theory of those who argue that a mutual attraction between races exercises more influence in producing national harmony than a common origin or a common language.

The agricultural population of the Baltic provinces is composed of Letts and Esths, the original inhabitants. The Letts are a branch of the Lithuanians. Their language is more like the Sanskrit than that of any other European nation. The

Letts were governed by their priests, a caste of Hindoo origin. They worshipped one supreme, omnipotent, and all-seeing spirit whom they called "Deevas." Their conception of him was an old, vigorous man, powerful and wealthy, with a large family. They spoke of him as the Old Father. After him they had gods of thunder, of water, and of earth, a goddess of the sun who married the moon, and whose daughters were the stars; a goddess of joy, Ligho; and a goddess of fate, Laima. They built temples to their gods under oak-trees, and offered up sacrifices to them. Their mythology was beautiful in its simplicity and purity of conception. Some traces of it still remain in their superstitious belief in the supernatural.

In character the Letts are clever, intelligent, and inventive, friendly and hospitable by nature; but long years of serfdom and oppression have almost stamped out their good qualities, and the Lett of the present day is indolent and wanting in resolution and courage. Ever in dread of their despotic

German masters, who ruled them by brandy and the whip, they have become cringing and fawning, timid and suspicious. Let us hope that the tardy justice of the decree of 1866, by which the communes were made independent of the landowners, and corporal punishment was abolished, may infuse new life and vigour into the Letts, and develop their inherent good qualities which have lain dormant for centuries.

There are no villages in Courland or Southern Livonia; the Lettish peasant is not of a social disposition—his dwelling stands apart from those of his fellow-men. The houses are neat and clean, with white-washed walls, divided into different rooms, and provided with chimneys, altogether contrasting very favourably with the Esthonian peasant's miserable log hut. The Russian steam-bath is liked as much by the Lettish as by the Russian peasant, and every farm has its bath-room. The dress of the Lett is composed of a coat of greyish-white cloth, trousers extending down to the knee, below which the legs are bound in cloths, sandals of leather or plaited lime-tree bark on the feet, and soft white woollen gloves invariably worn. The dress of the women is more picturesque than that of the men, and they are better-looking. They are fond of finery; their kerchief, which is an emblem of order and cleanliness, is worn tastefully folded over the breast or on the head, and is sometimes very ornamental. They wear large brooches on the breast, made of silver or amber. Some of the customs of the Lettish peasants are much like those of the Russians.

The Esths are of the Finnish race. They people the whole of Esthonia, the northern half of Livonia, and the Oesel archipelago. The character of the Esth is more stubborn and resolute than that of the Lett. The yoke of serfdom, which the latter bore so patiently and meekly, galled the proud spirit

of the Esth. He frequently rebelled against his master and avenged his wrongs. The features of the Esth indicate his Mongol origin. Broad cheeks, small nose and eyes, a sallow complexion, and long hair, never cut, make his appearance

unprepossessing and almost repugnant. The men wear long black or dark-brown coats of undyed wool, with metal buttons down the breast. The women are dressed like the Russian peasants, and wear the same kind of head-dress, consisting of a tiara or coronet of bright-coloured material, rising to a peak over the forehead, and fastened at the back of the head with a broad ribbon tied in a bow, from which depend a number of variegated ribbons, which mingle with the hair and flow over



PEASANT DRINKING.—RIGA.



RUSSIAN MERCHANT OF THE SECOND GUILD.—RIGA.

the shoulders. The houses of the Esths are wretched log cabins, containing one room, in which the whole family are assembled, and in which are congregated in winter a few domestic animals, such as calves, geese, poultry, &c. The chief feature in this room is a large stove of rude masonry, on which are arranged ledges which answer the purpose of sleeping couches. There is no chimney to this miserable abode, and the only exit for the smoke is a hole in the roof.

The Esths are better hunters and fishermen than agriculturists, and they will attack a bear single-handed in his den, armed with a very indifferent gun.

The other inhabitants of the Baltic provinces are Swedes, Danes, and Russians, who are dispersed in the principal cities, following different

trades. The Polish Jews have monopolised the retail trade in the country towns of Courland, where they are very numerous. Their poverty and want of civilisation has a demoralising effect on the population.

There are forty-five cities and country towns in the Baltic provinces, of which Riga, capital of Livonia, and Revel, capital of Esthonia, are the most important. Four others are sea-port



RUSSIAN KNIFE-GRINDER IN ESTHONIA.

towns—Narva, Pernau, Libau, and Windau. Two are larger country towns—viz., Mitau, capital of Courland, and the university town of Dorpat; the remainder are small country towns of from 1,000 to 5,000 inhabitants.

According to Dr. Eckardt, whose excellent book gives the best recent information on the Baltic provinces, the municipal laws of Riga, based on the Hamburg principle, prevail in the towns of Livonia. The towns of Esthland are governed according to the Revel acceptance of the Lübeck laws, and the greater number of the Courland towns are subject to the common law of Courland.

Riga ranks next to St. Petersburg in importance as a maritime commercial city. Founded in 1202 by Bishop Albrecht, it soon joined the Hanseatic League, and became wealthy and populous. As it increased in size and wealth, the citizens formed an independent constitution, and established brotherhoods, to protect themselves from the lawless inroads of the Knights of the Sword, as well as from foreign foes. The most celebrated of these associations was the Fraternity of Blackheads (*Schwarzenhaupter*), in which were enrolled all the unmarried citizens capable of bearing arms. Their hall exists to this day, and is one of the most ancient and interesting buildings in Riga.

Towards the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, the city of Riga was in the zenith of its glory, and ranked as high as Bremen and Hamburg. Numerous were the ships which left its port, laden with flax and hemp, for all parts of the world. Many a noble fir tree, felled in the great forests of Lithuania and White Russia, floated down the dark waters of the majestic Dwina, to build and equip the ships of all nations. The citizens of "proud Riga" fought bravely to preserve its independence. In 1629, when Livonia and Courland surrendered to Poland, Riga closed her gates to the foe, and only surrendered twenty years later, after experiencing all the horrors of a famine. In memory of this celebrated siege, an annual feast is held in the month of August, called the "Hunger Sorrow." Tables are

spread in the open market-place, and all are regaled with a sumptuous repast.

Another great festival held at Riga, which is also celebrated in all parts of the Baltic provinces, is St. John's Day, the 24th of June. This is the great national festival of the Letts, dating from the earliest period of their history, when they worshipped among their heathen divinities a goddess of joy, flowers, and spring, called "Ligho," afterwards Christianised into "Yanne Ligho," or "Joy John." On this day the whole population of Lettland banish their cares and toil; dressed in their holiday garments, decorated with flowers, they meet on the banks of their rivers, in their market-places, or in their squares, and dance and sing and make merry the whole day and night.

In appearance Riga is not unlike Vienna. The old German town, with its narrow streets, and high-gabled houses, and Gothic architecture, stands apart from its suburbs, which are modern and Russian in character, just as old feudal Germany in the provinces stands proud and isolated amid the waves of Russian democracy and Panslavism, which threaten to sweep it away. The old walls and battlements of Riga have been recently levelled and laid out in walks and boulevards. A similar improvement was made not long since in Vienna. Alas! that the warlike spirit of the times should make such alterations of doubtful advantage.

Riga was at one time the residence of the Grand Masters of the Livonian Order. In the castle, which is now the residence of the Russian Governor-General, is a statue of Von Plettenburg, under whose good rule Livonian independence flourished.

Riga maintains to this day her aristocratic form of government, which dates from the thirteenth century, and rests in the hands of the three estates of the city. The population numbers 105,000. Many of the Russian citizens are dissenters from the orthodox Russo-Greek Church, who left their homes during the reign of despotic Nicholas, to escape the innovations of the reformer Nichon.

Hekla.

BY JÓN A. HJALTALÍN.

OF the volcanoes of Iceland, the far-famed Hekla has obtained most celebrity, which it deserves on account of its numerous eruptions, although there are others not less important—such, for example, as Skaptárjökull and Kötlugjá. The name "Hekla" is no way connected with "jökull" (an ice mountain), as some have supposed, but it signifies a mantle. This name has been given to it because there is often a little cloud in the shape of a mantle round its summit. Hekla is situated almost in the middle—perhaps a little east of the middle—of the great mountain range which, in the form of a large amphitheatre, encircles the districts Rangárvalla sysla and Arnessysla. The eastern end of this mountain range is Eyafjallajökull, the western end is Reykjanes.

The last ascent to the top of Hekla was made about seven years ago by Dr. Arthur Leared, of London, who has been

kind enough to furnish me with the details of his ascent, and to permit me to make use of them for this description. From his account my readers will be able to form a clear conception of the surroundings of this most interesting mountain. Dr. Leared's account is as follows:—

"My point of departure for the ascent was the farm of Selsund, at which I had arrived on the previous day from a successful visit to Geysir. Here the tired horses, as well as the guide, were left behind, and three fresh horses were procured, to carry Mr. Gíslason, my companion and interpreter, the farmer, who acted as guide, and myself. We started at noon; the day was beautifully fine, and the thermometer in the shade stood at 51°. After two hours' ride over the most dreary lava and cinder-covered ground, with hardly the least sign of animal and vegetable life, we dismounted. All this

time there was a gradual ascent. Now began climbing; we clambered to a considerable height over rugged lava rocks, and, as it seemed, were ascending the mountain. It turned out, however, that we soon gained the summit of this elevation, and had again to ascend. Now we found ourselves in a narrow valley. Then came another belt of lava, which was climbed, and then a valley covered with fine ashes, in which the feet sank deeply.

"It seems to me that these elevated belts were formed by eruptions of the volcano at different times, and that they represent different degrees of eruptive force. The secondary elevations added a good deal to the difficulty of the ascent. The snow level extends low down, as might be expected in that latitude. The portion of the mountain covered with snow is steep, but not rugged. The angle of inclination is about 45 degrees, and the mountain resembles a large cone.

"During the whole of the latter part of the ascent we were enveloped in a thick fog, which came on suddenly. At about 4.30 p.m. we reached the crater, the extent of which the fog prevented us from seeing. It seemed to be, however, an immense level circular space, as far as we could see everywhere covered with fresh snow. We observed neither fire nor smoke anywhere. There was a very curious cave having supports like groined arches, formed in the frozen snow, which I entered; it seemed as if this had been formed by the partial melting of the snow by the heat beneath it, and made the idea of walking over the surface uncomfortable. At the place where we entered the crater, its edge was deficient for a considerable extent. This edge or rim, which is perhaps 200 feet high, we ascended. The cold here was intense (26° Fahr.), but the strong wind on this elevated and exposed position made the cold most piercing. Our beards were frozen stiff instantly, the fog having previously moistened them. It would have been impossible to have remained there long without shelter, and to have lived.

"After we had descended some distance, a spectacle presented itself which, for novelty and brilliancy of effect, could hardly be surpassed. Far below us, and yet appearing exactly as if suspended in the air, long irregular mirror-like forms suddenly burst upon our view. But no mirror ever shone with such dazzling brightness. So complete was the illusion, that we stood for a moment amazed, and unable to account for the strange sight. Presently we discerned that it was caused by the great river stretched between us and the sea. The view being intercepted, here and there, by the elevation of the river's banks, a succession of isolated patches was produced. These, illuminated by the almost horizontal rays of the sun, while all surrounding objects were obscured by the fog, gave the strange appearance of aerial suspension.

"It took two hours and a half steady climbing, from the spot where we left our ponies to the top of the crater, the distance being about seven English miles, and from the farm about thirteen miles. The height of Hekla from the level of the farm is 4,112 feet, but from the level of the sea about 5,000 feet. The height of the crater, from its base to its summit, is 165 feet." So far Dr. Leared's account.

Hekla must naturally have been subject to eruption long before Iceland was colonised. One of the annals gives the date of the first known outburst as the year 1004, and another chronicle asserts that the eruption of 1029 was the third.

But in general the histories of the country do not agree on this point, for from certain annals, which speak only of great eruptions, Hekla appears to have undergone no more than twenty, while other authorities contend that twenty-six have taken place. But it is very probable that the latter count in those eruptions also which have taken place in the neighbourhood of Hekla.

The intervals between the eruptions of Hekla are very unequal; scarcely from five to ten years sometimes pass in tranquillity, while at other times from fifty to sixty years occur between two eruptions, and in 1765 upwards of seventy years had elapsed since the last fermentation of the mountain, on account of which the inhabitants were daily expecting an eruption more violent than ever. In 1766 their fears were realised, for on the 5th of April an approaching eruption was announced by earthquakes, and it began by an exhalation of smoke and an outburst of flames, while pebbles and large stones were thrown out to a prodigious distance. The agitation of the mountain re-commenced in 1767, and in 1768 flames still continued to rise from the crater.

Nothing more awful can be seen than a burning volcano, when force seems bent upon showing its own greatness, and its destroying powers both on the fields of nature and on the works of man—when the violence of nature seems to be left to its own rage, without any restraint from its Creator. Never does man perceive more instantaneously and clearly his own nothingness than when beholding such great spectacles of overthrow in the physical creation.

In order to give the reader some idea of the tremendous activity of Hekla, I will subjoin descriptions of two of its eruptions, given by eye-witnesses. The eruption of the year 1300 was described in the following manner:—"Fire burst forth from Hekla, accompanied by many prodigies. Immense blocks were seen skipping about like live coals on the hearth of a forge, the collision of which made such loud reports that they could be heard far away. The darkness was so intense that nobody could discern whether it was night or day, within doors or without; and in the north of Iceland the fishermen did not venture to go out to sea, on account of the darkness. This took place in the middle of the summer; nevertheless, the darkness was more intense at noon than ever else in the darkest night of the winter."

We have a description of the above-mentioned eruption in the year 1766 by Dr. Hannes Finnsson, Bishop of Iceland, who at the time lived about twenty-seven miles from Hekla. His description runs as follows:—"On the Saturday before Easter, at half-past three in the morning, it being the 5th of April, 1766, there arose from the mountain a great black column of sand, in which fire and ignited stones were observed, and at the same time cracks, reports, and thunders were heard. Pumice-stones of two yards in circumference were ejected to a distance of nine miles from the volcano. A stone of this kind usually weighed about two pounds, and it was so brittle that it must be carefully taken up, or it would crumble to pieces. The pumice-stones nearly obstructed the rivers of the neighbourhood, and the sea along the coast was so thickly covered with pumice, that the fishing-boats could scarcely go out or carry on their operations. At Thingeyrar, 110 miles from Hekla, it was so dark in the middle of the day on account of the shower of ashes, that a white sheet of ashes could not be discerned from a black one. And at Glaumbae, about 120 miles from Hekla,

the people could not see the doors close to them, but were obliged to grope along the passage with their hands. It may be imagined, though perhaps not easily, what a quantity of stone, sand, and ashes Hekla sent forth on that one day. The thunder and tumult were heard at great distances, as if hundreds of cannons were discharged at once, or as if many thunders were splitting the air."

The last eruption of Hekla, which took place in 1845, was far less terrible; yet I remember that dull reports were heard as far as the western shore of Iceland, where I was then living, the distance being nearly 200 miles. I remember, also, that the winter previous to this eruption was uncommonly mild; while, on the contrary, the succeeding winter was very severe.

the sympathy between Hekla at the time of its eruptions and other volcanoes in Iceland more distant from it than it is itself distant from the sea.

Superstition has been busy with Hekla, as with so many other places in Iceland, and its tremendous activity was accounted for in the following way:—When the Icelander, Saemundr the Learned, the compiler of the mythological songs of Scandinavia, was studying in Germany in the eleventh century, he became acquainted with a certain witch, and the result was that he promised to marry her. When, however, Saemundr returned to Iceland, and did not go back to Germany, the witch perceived that he did not intend to keep his promise. Then, instead of suing him for breach of promise, the witch



THE CRATER OF HEKLA.

This has been often observed to be the case previous to the eruptions of other volcanoes, yet it cannot be considered as a rule.

After some of the eruptions of Hekla, particularly the one of 1340, a great quantity of salt has been found in the immediate neighbourhood of the volcano, which in no small degree tends to confirm a common opinion of the connection between volcanoes and the sea. Such a communication may be reasonably presumed, particularly with respect to the volcanoes and *jökuls* of the eastern part of Iceland, on account of the great extent of their bases; in fact, these mountains vomit a much greater quantity of water than the melting of their snow-fields and glaciers would afford, and it has been observed that the waters thus thrown forth possess a brackish taste. Besides, independently of the opinion—generally received by learned men of all countries—that there is some kind of connection or sympathy between Hekla and Etna in Sicily, since the two volcanoes have so often been observed to burn at the same time, a number of curious examples are known, which prove

sent him a golden casket. As soon as the captain who had taken charge of the casket arrived in Iceland, he despatched a man to bring it to Saemundr; and when he arrived at Saemundr's residence, the latter was in church. He received the man politely, and asked him to place the casket on the altar. There it was left during the night. Next morning, Saemundr took the casket and rode with it to Hekla, and threw it down into it. Shortly after, an eruption took place; and it was believed that all the following eruptions were caused by the contents of this casket. The author of this superstition had forgotten the fact that Hekla was in a state of activity long before Saemundr was born.

At one time, not only in Iceland but also in Denmark and in Germany, Hekla was regarded as the entrance of hell; and during some of the eruptions the people thought they could see birds great and small flying about in the fire, which were supposed to be the souls of deceased men; and once they thought they could see one of the Danish kings, who was not particularly beloved in Iceland, go down into Hekla.



MOUNT HEKLA.

The Mont Cenis Pass and the Alpine Tunnel.—I.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., FOR. SEC. G.S.

ON Christmas Day last, almost to a day the time anticipated many months ago by the resident engineers, the perforation of the Alps—one of the boldest and most remarkable engineering works of the present or any other century—became a *fait accompli*. Already, towards the end of November, the author had received a letter from M. Sismonda, of Turin, on the subject of some important experiments about to be made before the tunnel was completed, and he was then informed that only 130 yards of unpierced rock remained, and that the blasts could be distinctly heard across this distance. In spite of all difficulties of weather—which in the Alps, as winter advances, are not small at the elevation at which the operations are carried on—and in the face of recent political events, there has been no relaxation of the work. For some months past—the distance from either entrance being between three and four miles—the progress made has almost always been the same, amounting to about 250 feet per month from each end. Everything has gone on smoothly, and with a steadiness and energy worthy of the highest praise. The result is now before the world.

Although the actual time occupied in the perforation of the Alps by this remarkable tunnel does not exceed thirteen years, as much as thirty years have elapsed since its construction was urged, and since the site ultimately adopted was pointed out as the best that could be found. A native of Bardonneche, in the Alpine valley by which the tunnel enters Italy, directed attention to this spot in a pamphlet published in 1841; and so decided were the advantages it offered, that, after careful investigation by a very competent engineer, accompanied by a distinguished geologist, no better could be found. Let us consider for a moment the nature of the case, the difficulties involved, and the advantages arising from the construction of the work.

To understand fully the nature of the obstruction offered by the mountain-chain of the Alps to free communication between Northern Europe and the countries of the Mediterranean, and the completeness of the barrier placed by Nature between the Gothic races and those of the South, much more is necessary than a cursory glance at a map. The Alps are known to form an important mountain-chain, rising at two points to an elevation exceeding 15,000 feet, and having a considerable number of peaks exceeding 10,000 feet. This chain rises with great abruptness from the shores of the Mediterranean, behind, and for some distance east and west of, Genoa. From thence the mountains continue, under the name of the Maritime Alps, towards the west into Dauphiny, where they turn northwards, culminating in Mont Pelvoux, and attaining a great elevation in Monte Viso and Mont Tabor. Thence they turn to the east, and after a short distance turn once more northwards, till the chain attains its greatest elevation in Mont Blanc. From this highest point the direction is north-east as far as Monte Rosa, the twin summit, and afterwards eastwards with an important expansion, forming a plateau which continues through the Tyrolese Alps into Austria. From behind Genoa, all along this stretch of country to the Brenner Pass—a distance of fully 500 miles—there is

nowhere any break in the chain which permits a passage at a lower level than 6,000 feet above the sea. The Brenner itself is a little less than 5,000 feet, and is situated so far to the east as effectually to prevent its having any value as a pass for Western Europe. But not only is it the case, that an unbroken wall of separation as lofty as this rises up between France and Italy; but if we look more closely into the nature of the country, we shall find that after leaving the Maritime Alps the chain, widening out as above described and partaking of the nature of a lofty plain or plateau, consists of numerous jagged peaks rising from the plateau, and nearly inaccessible ravines between them; so that the crossing of the Alps comes to involve a double or treble rise to a very considerable height before the obstacles are passed. The valleys also themselves are very unfit, for the most part, for heavy and important traffic, and in winter are often closed entirely in their upper part by snow, while in spring and early summer they suffer from inundations.

The line of demarcation between north and south being thus clearly drawn, and there being no break in the great wall of separation, the forms of animal and vegetable life on the two sides of the chain are very distinct, and could not naturally amalgamate. From time immemorial, the most easy access to Western Europe from Italy and Greece has always been by way of the upper valleys of the Po, and over the passes that communicate with some of the tributary valleys of the Rhone. When the Rhone valley was reached, there was an easy road for the Latins into Gaul, and thence to the countries further north. The difficulty of crossing the Alpine chain being thus considerable, it is not extraordinary that up to the commencement of the present century no carriageable road whatever had been constructed, by which either passengers or goods could be conveyed from France or Germany into Italy. The whole of the traffic—which even at that time was not inconsiderable and was steadily increasing—was carried on by the aid of mules and horses; and as the number of passengers who could afford to pay well for accommodation was exceedingly small, the accommodation itself was as bad as possible. Thus travelling, except for absolute necessity, can scarcely be said to have existed; and we see by the accounts of the few travellers who ventured to attempt any of the Alpine passes, that they neither anticipated nor found in the picturesqueness of the country a sufficient reward for the troubles they were obliged to undergo.

The line, which has been referred to as connecting the various summits of the Alps, forms what is called the watershed of the chain, as determining the direction that must be taken by the rain or melted snow to reach the great rivers, and ultimately return to the sea. On one side of this line all the streams enter the Adriatic by the Po; on the other they are distributed into two groups, some entering the Gulfs of Genoa and Lyons chiefly by the Rhone, but a large number feeding the Rhine and the Danube, the former emptying itself into the German Ocean, and the latter into the Black Sea. The lower parts of all these rivers—the Rhone in Western Europe, the

Rhine in North-western, the Danube in Eastern Europe, and the Po in North Italy—open out ultimately into broad, rich plains, and are the dwelling-places of active commercial peoples, who desire intercommunication for the purpose of exchanging the products of their respective countries.

Between the valleys to the north and west, and that to the south-east of the dividing line that separates Italy from Northern Europe, it has, then, always been necessary to cross a ridge at least 6,000 feet high; and this ridge could not be reached except by penetrating on each side a number of valleys, each more and more difficult of access, and gradually less cultivated as the ridge was approached. The ridge nowhere being very much below the height at which in the latitude of Central Europe water freezes all the year round, and where the snow that falls in winter remains on the ground the whole summer following, the difficulty of making a road was rendered much more difficult than it would otherwise have been. The part of the ridge that forms the pass, and over which the path is carried, is rarely of any considerable width, and many peaks covered with perpetual snow rise on each side to a great height, so that at all times there is difficulty, and during winter and spring great danger from the falling of avalanches, which obliterate and destroy any path constructed in summer. The natural changes also that take place in Alpine regions are so great, that considerable expense must be incurred to keep up a permanent road, however rude, and however favourably it may be situated.

It is only when considerations of this kind are duly weighed, that the long delay in establishing a good road across the Alps can be understood. As a matter of fact, there was no such road till, after experiencing the difficulty of the passage with his army, the great Napoleon in the year 1803 commenced the works for a practicable carriage-way over the Mont Cenis Pass.

The facility with which, on the northern or French side, the valley of the Rhone communicates, by the important open valley of the Iséran, with the mountain-valley of the Arc, which also, for some distance above its junction with the Iséran valley, continues wide and convenient for traffic all the year through, has no doubt determined the early use and popularity of the Mont Cenis route. Above the last town, St. Jean de Maurienne, the valley closes in; but until past St. Michel it nowhere suffers during winter and spring from severe snow-falls or inundations. Till we reach Modana, the stream, though a torrent, has not been known to rise so high as to destroy the road. Thus up to this point a good road was easy. The Mont Cenis itself, from which the pass receives its name, rises out of a small plateau, nearly 7,000 feet above the sea, and about three miles wide. This plateau represents the ridge of the Alps, and on it is a lake of considerable depth. It has a very steep face towards the north, and the summit must have been extremely difficult to reach from the Arc valley before the construction of the road; but on the other side, towards Italy, there is a tolerably easy slope all the way, through a valley which conducts directly to Susa, a town of considerable importance, even during the Roman empire, and situated on a stream which runs directly into the Po at Turin, the distance being inconsiderable and the valley open. Thus, except the part of the journey in the upper part of the Arc valley beyond Modana and on the mountain side facing the north, there was little difficulty to be encountered. In the Arc valley the only

source of danger was the occasional risk of injury from excessive torrents, which sometimes come down with extreme violence. The danger on the mountain side was constant during the winter and spring of every year, and arose from the avalanches. The valley of the Arc at Modana, being about 3,700 feet above the sea, and at the small village of Lanslebourg, where the road leaves the valley, 4,630 feet, the actual ascent up the steep face to the summit is only 2,270 feet. A very large part of this is, however, so precipitous, that it is possible to make the descent in a sledge when the snow lies thickly over the surface, and in ten minutes arrive at Lanslebourg, from a point not very far from the summit of the ridge.

The construction of the road over this pass, although commenced by Napoleon in 1803, was not completed till 1810, and cost 7,500,000 francs (£300,000). It is carried up the mountain side by six zigzags, each of which is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and the slope is about one in twelve. There are a number of stations, or houses of refuge, at short intervals, for the shelter of travellers unable to proceed owing to the weather, and several covered ways or tunnels to defend the road against avalanches, which are often extremely dangerous in spring, when the winter snows are melting. The expense of keeping the road in repair is very considerable.

The Mont Cenis road being completed, a large part of the traffic between North Europe and Italy naturally took this course; and, the example once set, other roads were carried over the most accessible passes, such as the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Splügen, until at present there are seven carriageable roads, none of which offer difficulties in ordinary weather, though all are liable to delays more or less serious during a large part of the winter season. The Mont Cenis, though the most generally open, has been closed for traffic almost every winter, sometimes for many days together; and during a considerable part of winter the snows cover the road so thickly that sledges are used to replace wheel-carriages, and the passage is only made with considerable discomfort and delay. The journey from St. Michel to Susa, under the least unfavourable circumstances and in summer, lasted, till lately, eight hours—the distance being from St. Michel to Lanslebourg thirty-two miles, and thence to Susa twenty-three miles; the total distance, therefore, amounting to fifty-five miles.

A few years ago a very ingenious system of mountain rail was introduced by Mr. Fell, an engineer of considerable eminence, who, assisted by the late Mr. Brassey and others, succeeded in obtaining a concession to connect the French railway, terminating at St. Michel, with the Italian line laid as far as Susa. This line consists of the ordinary two rails, and a third held at some distance above the ground between these two. The third rail is capable of being clasped by two wheels, either serving as brakes when required to do so, or assisting to drag the engine up a very steep incline. The average speed attained in ordinary weather is about ten miles an hour; but the engine is small, and only capable of carrying two small passenger carriages. The rails are laid on the old carriage road, a part being given up for this purpose; and it is very interesting to see the engine and train working steadily up the steep incline of 1 in 12, and make the turn, to take advantage of the zigzags; the whole train turning round curves of forty feet radius while ascending or descending at the usual speed.

Bird-killing Spiders.

THE huge hairy spiders which attract so much attention in collections from tropical America, consist of many distinct species—how many it is not yet known, even to the most learned arachnologists. Although they have a great general resemblance to one another, especially to eyes not accustomed to note the fine distinctions which Nature draws between her productions, the species differ greatly in form, colour, and especially in their habits. It is through forgetfulness or ignorance of this latter fact—diversity of habits—that many writers have been led to doubt the fact of these formidable insects having been seen to prey upon birds. They make the objection that it is incredible—unless the fact be proved by repeated direct observations—that an insect could prey on an animal so superior to it in organisation and in size as a bird; and when Mr. Bates, in his “Naturalist on the Amazons,” states having seen one of these spiders on the trunk of a tree with a dead bird underneath its body, they say that this must be considered to require confirmation, inasmuch as the bird-spiders are nocturnal animals, and the fact was stated to have occurred in the day-time.

In their modes of life, these spiders (placed by the older naturalists in the genus *Mygale*) are some of them diurnal, and some nocturnal. One species inhabits houses, fixing its den under the tiles or between the rafters, and spinning for its concealment a dense, muslin-like web, so as to form a chamber. Within the entrance to this it may be seen wide awake in the day-time. But its prey seems to be chiefly other insects having large succulent bodies, such as moths, large flies, and so forth. It is sooty-black in colour, with curious flesh-coloured palps at the end of its long shaggy feet. In expanse, it rarely exceeds four and a half or five inches. Another species is similar in its haunts, but seems to prefer the palm-thatched roofs of humbler dwellings in villages; the black species being found in the suburbs even of large towns and cities in Brazil, and in the best and cleanest houses. There are probably, however, two or three species inhabiting the roofs of cottages and country houses, differing in colour from a dull brown to a more ruddy hue. The hairs on the body of this, as well as of the larger species found on trees, are coarse and bristly, and produce a most painful irritation if they come in contact with the skin. Sometimes festering sores are caused on the body, in the tender parts about the neck and under the

arms, by a person incautiously touching himself after handling one of these repulsive animals. A robust and very handsome species is found in open sandy and grassy places. It measures six or seven inches in expanse; its legs are stout, and not too long in proportion to the body, and its colour is a mixture of black and tawny-brown; these tints being arranged in stripes down its limbs. This kind is entirely a night animal. It makes large slanting burrows in the sandy soil, the sides of which it garnishes with a smooth silky lining of its own weaving. It is never by any chance seen in the day-time, except when dug

out of its burrow, but at night may be observed lying in wait for prey at the mouth of its den.

The true bird-catching *Mygale* lives on trees, choosing the giants of the forest for its purpose, and forming, in natural crevices of the trunks, a spacious chamber, by weaving over the orifice a close web of firm, close texture, and dingy-white colour; the entrance being generally at the lower end of the web. The colour is dingy reddish-brown, and the expanse of the insect, as it crawls, about seven inches. This is the species described by the “Naturalist on the Amazons,” as seen by him in one of his rambles through the great forest lining the banks of the river Tocantins, on a huge tree, with two dead birds, one beneath its body, smeared with the filthy liquor exuded by the monster, and another a few inches farther away, entangled in portions of the spider’s web; the web-covering of the den further up the tree being torn by the struggle which



MYGALE AVICULARIA.

had doubtless taken place shortly before the traveller arrived on the spot.

Besides the various species of *Mygale*—of which a general description is here given, with a view only to show how much diversity there is in the group—many others are found in the different countries of tropical America; each portion of this great region yielding, in this as well as in other departments of the animal kingdom, its own peculiar species. It may be stated, in conclusion, that a still more wonderful instance of insects killing and preying on vertebrated animals, has been recently made known by Professor Burmeister, of Buenos Ayres, who, one day, attracted by the cries of some small birds on a tree near his house, went to the spot, and found a little finch dead, in the grasp of a large *Mantis*—a long, slender, loosely-jointed insect, which one would little think capable of mastering a bird.



QUATTRO CAPI BRIDGE AT ROME.

A First Visit to Rome.

BY DR. PROSSER JAMES.

RECENT events have added, if possible, to the interest that must ever attach to all that relates to Rome. It is seven years since I first entered the Eternal City, but the memory of that visit remains fresh, and invests with a double charm the page of history last unfolded. There seems to be always an indefinable something about the first impression of a place, that can never be renewed. A new country, a new city, a new village even, has charms which are taken in at first sight, and that cannot be perceived on any subsequent visit. How much more with such a place as Rome—"the city of the world"—which seems a distinct entity from the date of schoolboy's study, and to which so many look as the goal of European travel! Such it seemed to me, at the date named, when, weary of the olive groves of Provence, I turned towards Italy, and wended my way nearer and nearer to the capital, for which she then hoped, and has at length attained. "All roads lead to Rome," says the proverb, and once fairly launched on the Continent, without an urgent call home, the traveller is likely to find it true.

The route I selected has been often described. Through sunny Provence, along the shore of the Mediterranean; the whole length of the lovely Riviera; from Nice—weeping bitterly at being sacrificed to France—along the Ligurian coast to Genoa, rejoicing in what Italy had accomplished, though not without lively sympathy for Nice and Savoy. From Genoa two friends and myself took a night's sail to Leghorn, in order to visit Pisa and Florence. From Leghorn to Civita Vecchia is another night's sail, during both of which we enjoyed the loveliest weather. So calm and smooth was the sea, so bright and clear the moon reflected in its depths, so mild the temperature on those February nights, that two of us spent nearly all the time on deck instead of retiring to our berths. In adopting this route we had made our contrast somewhat less distinct. We had, as it were, left but gradually behind us the almost unintelligible Provençal, as the dialects became less harsh and more distinct, then falling into the lisping Tuscan, with its pure grammar, before we entered the land where the full Roman articulation gives perfection to the Italian language.

At Civita Vecchia we gained our first experience of Papal government, and if the Custom House of that port continued its oppression, every traveller will be glad that Italian officials have taken the reins. All our trunks were mercilessly emptied—clothes, books, papers, all personal effects, were tumbled pell-mell on a counter, and inspected by those terrible coast-guards. A small photographic album, belonging to one of our party, was seized by one officer, and every portrait carefully examined. Queen Victoria, Napoleon III., and others passed muster; family portraits, after consultation, were pronounced innocent; but towards the end of the book was Garibaldi's likeness, which was forthwith confiscated, as were also some other trifles. There being numerous passengers, this precise examination of the luggage hindered us several hours, which we had to pass in a shed, dignified by the name of Custom House, but scarcely fit to lodge a drove of cattle. Nor was this the worst of it, for the delay caused us to arrive at Rome late in the day, which was again the cause of fresh disaster. In fact, on reaching Rome, we could not get a carriage at the

railway station, and so were obliged to take an omnibus to the hotel, where our rooms, for which we had written in advance, were let, as it was not expected we should come so late. Thereupon commenced one of the most vexatious employments a man can have—the search for an hotel in a crowded city. For two hours and more did we drive from hotel to hotel, from house to house, in hopes of finding at least bedrooms to let. All in vain; every decent house was full. Was not to-morrow the Carnival? At last the Hôtel de la Minerve, for the modest sum of two guineas a day, fitted us up a couple of bedrooms, to which, weary and worn as we were in mind and body, we were too glad to retire as soon as a comfortable bath, a little repast, and a cheerful fire had soothed our troubled nerves. Sleep did the rest, and next morning at breakfast we could smile at our woes, rally each other on the fortitude we had displayed, determine that we must see the Carnival before we entered on a study of ancient Rome, and that even our yesterday's treatment by the city of which we had dreamed so much should not drive us away until we had feasted our eyes on the gems of art that adorn her.

Stepping down into the square from our hotel, we do not observe the dirt, of which so many travellers tell us Rome is full. This is a clean, open part, but we had caught some glimpses in our yesterday's drives. On our right is the Temple of Minerva—now the church of Minerva; it is closed, so we pass on, by the fountain, out of the square. The houses here are lofty, the streets not very wide, the wind rushes wildly along them, and one can only keep warm in the sun.

A little further on—I saw the ancient roof from my bedroom window—is the Pantheon. What a portico! Four-and-twenty Corinthian pillars, looking as if they still defied the centuries. We step inside this circular temple to admire its marble columns, and its wondrous roof, with the great central aperture twenty-six feet in diameter. How could such a pile have been placed? How could it have stood so long? There are sixteen altars round the church, for Rome has turned Agrippa's Pantheon into a church (Saint Mary of the Martyrs). In the eleventh chapel repose the remains of Raphael, on which one remarks that the Pantheon still carries out its original destination, for it contains the ashes of the god of painting. Churches everywhere—that is understood at Rome—so we are not surprised, when we leave the Pantheon, to find on our way that we must pass another a few yards off. We enter St. Ignatius for a moment, to contrast its modern structure with the ancient, then pass along by the Roman College to the Corso. There the Carnival has already begun. And what is this supreme *fête*? We find a great concourse. Spectators line the balconies, masqueraders walk along the street, or drive in open carriages. The people in the balconies are pelting those below with *confetti*—supposed to be sugar-plums, but generally consisting more of flour and plaster of Paris. The people below do their best to return these salutes in kind, but those above have the best of the position. Every window of every storey all along the Corso has its balcony, and most of them are decked out in gay coverings of crimson velvet, and thronged with fair spectators. French soldiers and Papal

troops kept order by constantly parading among the masqueraders—a few of whom were dressed in character, as for a masked ball; but the majority were simply arrayed in a white garment—night-dresses being evidently often utilised for the occasion. With high hilarity of a boyish type, the game continued to nearly five o'clock. Then came the event of the day—the race of riderless horses the whole length of the Corso. A squad of soldiers must first clear the way. See here! a long troop marches by, to the sound of those hideous French kettledrums. Then come Pontifical horsemen and some of the Pope's guard of nobles. More soldiers—more horsemen! Many take their places along the route to keep all clear. Signals of life and drum! a great church bell rings out above the hum—one, two, three, four, five. As the last stroke sounds, a cannon booms over all—silence—a momentary pause, and the “wild horses” rush past us in a moment. Poor thin brutes they seemed, as, terrified, with bits of tinsel tied to their ears and flanks, they galloped by, to the shouts of the people behind, along the only open way—the narrow road lined with thousands of spectators. As soon as they have passed, the people are all moving, and there is no longer a thoroughfare. The *fête* is adjourned until night, when there will be more masquerading; it will be renewed again to-morrow and the next day. “And this is your boasted Carnival—this your modern Rome,” exclaimed one of our party, and then proceeded to grow fierce over the matter. “This is the amusement provided for men and women by a paternal government of priests—this the pabulum provided in lieu of liberty—this amidst the almost speaking relics of the time when Rome was the world! How are the mighty fallen! Shades of Cæsars and tribunes, see what manner of men occupy your city!” The member of our party who thus cried out had come to see old Rome, not new, and had, as the reader knows, suffered sadly for coming just at Carnival time. A native told us that the Romans do not keep the Carnival. It is foreigners, he declared, who make the *fête*, and chiefly English and American; and many faces betrayed unmistakably their Anglo-Saxon blood. “But is it well,” urged our English sympathiser with Italy, “that while Romans hold aloof, for political reasons, Englishmen should countenance such childish exhibitions amidst the tramp of the protecting legions of France?” Then he ventured on a prophecy: “Surely Rome will one day rid herself of these foreign soldiers! How low has she fallen, for the accursed Gaul to be for ever parading her streets! Would that the lictors would rise from the dead and grind the bayonets to powder!”

There was some excuse for this outbreak. Nowhere is the din of useless arms so constantly heard. Morning, noon, and night, the bugle, fife, and drum used to assail the ears in Rome, as if the inhabitants needed warning every ten minutes that the garrison was ready for action. In every street bodies of armed men were to be met marching to martial music, and everywhere else officers, sub-officers, and soldiers off duty formed a large proportion of the saunterers. In fact, in our evening chats, we came to the conclusion that Rome was inhabited chiefly by soldiers, priests, and beggars. The third class we looked upon as the product of the two others—the consumers but non-producers. “Parasites of society,” said one, “variegated locusts,” said another, and wondered which is the most objectionable—too many soldiers or too many priests for a population to support.

Modern Rome has hitherto occupied a fair share of our description; still, ancient Rome has not been overlooked. And here it may be remarked, that on first walking about Rome one of the most peculiar features that strike one is the strange manner in which the past and present are intermingled. The life and buildings of to-day flourish amidst the ruins, and constantly arrest attention by their incongruity. You may drive out beyond the walls; and—perhaps close by their ruins, or in some distant, sunny spot—your attention is recalled from reveries of what has passed here ages ago, by a lively company of Romans at the game of bowls you have seen played in every Italian village you have visited. This frequently happened to our little party, though for my own part I was far more struck by the singular sight of a cobbler, engaged at his work beneath the shadow of a magnificent ruin. Nothing could be more suggestive than this busy old man mending shoes for modern Roman peasants, apparently unconscious of the interest attached to the ancient relic he had appropriated for his workshop.

I turned from this scene to find the same strange mixture of new and old at every step. At every turn are churches, in most of which some service is going on. Coming out from a hasty glance at St. Magdalen's, I was shortly confronted by the Antonine Column—that glorious vestige of old Rome, covered all the way up with reliefs of the various victories of Marcus Aurelius, and (another incongruity) surmounted by a statue of—St. Paul! I wandered on a little further, and came upon the ruins of the old Temple of Neptune, with its façade of wondrous proportions surmounted on colossal columns; and this ruin I found degraded by Pius IX. to a custom-house. Entering the gates and looking up, one is astounded at the massiveness of the marble block, and wonders how it could have been brought hither, how raised so high, how remained so long.

If another example were needed of the same commingling of past and present, the old fish-market would furnish a very apt illustration.

But we will take a glimpse at old Rome, or rather at that central spot which monopolises attention when we speak of it. The Carnival over, we were able to gratify our taste by a deliberate exploration, taking a carriage and *cicerone* to facilitate our first essays. “To the Forum, coachman;” and soon we reach the open space, excavated, as it were, below the level of the street; and, leaving our carriage, wander among the majestic broken columns, and gaze at Trajan's pillar, rising from the midst like that of Antoninus, but, with all its associations, even more interesting. The reliefs extend to the top. About 2,500 figures, all *chefs d'œuvre* of sculpture, combine to celebrate here Trajan's victories. The pillar itself is of the Ionic order, and composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, rising to a height of more than fifty feet. On the summit—strange incongruity again—is a bronze statue of St. Peter, which was placed there by Pope Sixtus V. in 1590. And here is the Capitol—the centre, as it were, around which the S. P. Q. R. gathered a force that seems still to linger in the very letters. The Capitol lies between the Forum and the modern city, as if designed to hold its ground as the centre of Roman history. We may wander backwards and forwards at will. We walk into the courtyard of the Senate, and note the remains of the colossal statues; turn into the Museum to gaze a moment at its Venus, its Dying Gladiator, its sarcophagi, and busts of

emperors, philosophers, and senators. We are in the very centre of artistic Rome. It should be stated that the Piazza di Campidoglio, or *Place du Capitol*, is a kind of open space or terrace, in the centre of which stands the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which has so long been the theme of admiring artists. The terrace is reached by a staircase dating from 1536, guarded by statues of Castor and Pollux. It is behind this, so to say, that the Senate-house raises its majestic form. Unwilling to mix modern with ancient Rome too much, we gave the go-by on this occasion to the church and monastery of the Jesuits, and bestowed but little attention to Ste. Marie of the

We pass out, and leave many vestiges of Rome as we go by the Temples of Antoninus and Faustina, of Romulus and Remus, of Peace, of Jupiter Tonans, of Venus and Rome. Resuming our carriage, we pass the arch of Septimius Severus, with much of the carving clear, and reach the most colossal ruin of all—the Colosseum. We drive round this stupendous structure, and at every step seem more to wonder at its massive ruins. And this is the remnant of the work of Vespasian's 30,000 prisoners! this the great amphitheatre, where 100,000 spectators might see the early martyrs of our faith devoured by wild beasts! Climbing a little among the ruined walls, though forbidden by the guard,



VIEW FROM THE FORUM.

Capitol, or the *Ara Caeli* and its white marble staircase; but descended again to the Forum, to meditate further on the few columns, which seem to speak almost as eloquently as the old Romans who were once so familiar with them. Turning to the left in the descent from the monastery to the Capitol, we reach the underground prison where Jugurtha died, 106 years before the Christian era, in which the accomplices of Catiline were executed, and where also perished the cruel minister of Tiberius.

Our guide tells us that in this horrible, damp prison, St. Paul and St. Peter were confined by Nero; and, undeterred by our evident doubts about St. Peter having ever been at Rome, assures us that the two apostles here baptised forty-nine martyrs, with water from a fountain that miraculously sprang from the wall of the dungeon.

we almost came to grief in our vain efforts to take in the vastness of the proportions; but, escaping from the fall of loose material we have started, we come quietly round another way, and then, walking across the circle to estimate its diameter, are arrested by the cross erected by Papal authority, and the inscription promising many days' indulgence to the faithful who salute that cross.

But, wonder as we may, we must still pass on, for everywhere there is much to be seen. As the day is fine, we resolve to drive out into the country. Here we stay a moment to gaze at the arch of Titus, and then to the still finer one in honour of Constantine, which is in the best state of preservation of all these triumphal arches. We drive on then to the Celian Hill, on the summit of which is the mother church of the Catholic world—*urbis et orbis mater et caput*—St. John of the Lateran,



ENTRANCE TO THE FORUM, LOOKING NORTH

San Giovanni del Laterano—the gift of Constantine to Sylvester I., magnificent inside and out, and giving some idea of Christian Rome in its grandeur. Here it is that the Popes take formal possession of the supreme power, and that they confer the imperial crown. The great façade presents five arcades of two storeys with open galleries, above which rises a covered gallery, with its great statue of the Saviour about twenty-five feet in height. Statues of the twelve apostles—some twenty feet in height—adorn the gallery. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect of the interior of this edifice, its architectural beauty, or its riches in sculpture. Between the antique green columns are twelve niches for the marble statues of the apostles, and these are surmounted by oval mosaics of the twelve prophets. The imagination dwells long on the richness of this great Catholic temple, which defies all description. We pass out to note on our right the *Scala Santa*—the sacred steps which the faithful mount on their knees, and which appear considerably worn by the thousands of devotees who have performed that pilgrimage. Thence we drive into the Campagna by the new Appian Road, with its

“Arches on arches—miles on miles extending—”

of ruined aqueducts. We stay at St. Stephen's, but cannot enter, so wander about to observe the old roof, arch, or pile that every here and there peeps out from the soil; sweep with the glass the wide Campagna towards the Latian hills where lie Tivoli and Frascati in sweet repose; talk with a Roman shepherd lad; wile away some time in the balmy atmosphere; and return by the old Appian and Latin Ways, conversing of Horace—who here was so teased with the early specimen of boredom—and the other celebrities who trod these paths and made them classical ground.

The entrance to the tomb of the Scipios is by a mean door in the Appian Way. It is a damp, cold atmosphere one breathes on entering where the arches have had to be supported, and, notwithstanding guides, the visit seemed to us not worth the disagreeables encountered. The only other point of interest I stop to name is the entrance to the Catacombs. These have too often been described, to need another word. We close our day by driving to see another gate or two of Rome.

The reader will, perhaps, have had enough of Pagan Rome, and think it time to give a word to the Christian city; and here St. Peter's, as a matter of course, demands our special recognition. On a first visit the great temple of Michael Angelo overwhelms by a combination of grandeur and

beauty. The vast area of the piazza, surrounded by colonnades of pillars in triple rows; the two fountains in the centre, and the obelisk; then the great domed pile without—combine to give some anticipation of the still more astounding interior, where the filling up with beauty seems, at first sight, to diminish the grandeur of art. The mosaics that rival oil paintings, and might be mistaken for them, the sculptures, the pillars, the altars, the great dome—the all in all—so far surpass description as almost to afflict the beholder with a heaviness from which there is no relief, save escaping from the effort to grasp the *tout ensemble* by forcing the attention to the parts. From St. Peter's one should go direct to the Vatican, and thus compare the oil paintings there with the mosaics over the altars, that are copies of them. But who can tell in a few lines of such treasures—of Raphael's masterpieces, or even his frescoes, and the other glories of this centre of art? How shall we barely imagine the great sculpture gallery?—a long vista of speaking statues—from which, after weeks of study, the mind, perhaps, dwells most on the group of the Nile, the Apollo Belvidere, Jupiter Capitolinus, the Gladiators, Ceres, Hygeia, Minerva.

Let us escape from the treasures which are too much for us. On the way back from a visit to the Protestant cemetery, the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and of the baths of Caracalla, refuse to be passed without admiration, and then we come upon that strange hill, Testaccio—all rubbish and wine stores under it—of which no explanation seems quite satisfactory. We return by a ruined gate, and now have to cross the bridge, Ponte Quattrocapì, where we can best see the division of the yellow Tiber, and the island thereby formed, and note how St. Peter's dominates the Leonine City.

In speaking of places outside the walls, a word should always be reserved for the great Church of St. Paul. Originally built by Constantine, it was destroyed by fire in 1823. Two years after, it was begun to be rebuilt, and has been proceeding ever since. Some Romans said to me, “Let the Pope finish it; 'twill make a splendid house for the Italian deputies.” It is next to St. Peter's in size and splendour, is in the form of a Latin cross, and supported on eighty columns of polished granite. Medallions of the Popes occupy niches all around, and rich mosaics at every turn arrest the eye. The baldachin is supported by four colossal columns of alabaster. There is an altar covered with malachite; the floor is paved with pieces of rare marble and red Egyptian granite.

Such is a slight sketch from one's first impressions of the Eternal City.

Memories of some Indian Storms.—I.

BY C. HORNE.

INDIA is the land of storms, and there are few who have lived for any length of time in that country who have not experienced some, which have left a vivid impression on the mind. Many, also, have suffered from them, either in person or in property; and there is, therefore, such a general interest felt in these exhibitions of God's power, and of the working of Nature's laws, that I have been induced to place upon record a short account of some of the principal of those which have fallen

under my observation during a residence of twenty-five years in the East.

I will begin with one which I can never forget—viz., the Great Calcutta Cyclone of 1864.

This storm would appear to have commenced in the Bay of Bengal on the 2nd of October, as the wind then first showed indications of a vortical movement, which increased as it proceeded at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour until Calcutta

came under its influence (as will be hereinafter shown), on October 5th.* On the day before I had travelled from the North-West Provinces, and noticed nothing to indicate the coming destruction. One felt an unusual depression of feeling in Calcutta, which I attributed to the drizzling rain which set in on the night of the 4th, and which changed to a regular down-pour on the early morning of the 5th of October.

At about seven a.m. the wind shifted to the east. It blew from this point till about half-past ten a.m. By this time, however, it had become a fearful gale, and from that hour till half-past four p.m. it raged without intermission. During the storm the wind shifted from the N.N.E. by E. and by S., eventuating in strong blasts from the south-west. There was driving rain the whole time, which penetrated at every opening.

This briefly is an account of the cyclone, and I will now relate a little of what it was like and what it did. It seemed to have life, with beats, pauses, and pulses: sometimes lulling for a few moments between the fearful gusts, and at others rushing furiously on with scarcely any intermission. Man felt powerless, and it appeared able and willing to carry all before it; houses trembled from their foundations, and the very ground felt unsteady.

Houses or huts constructed of bamboos and thatch, as so many dwellings of the poor are in Calcutta, were carried off bodily; but brick and lime were generally too much for it. At one place it lifted the thatch of a house, and carried it across a river unbroken to the opposite bank; and its force, or rather the pressure of the wind, will be better appreciated when I state that I observed in many places the lightning conductors deflected, or torn with their supports from the walls of the houses to which they had been attached. These consisted of iron rods scarcely thicker than one's finger. Again, the telegraph poles, which consisted of single fir poles, were invariably blown down.

Opposite to my window was a very large forest tree (*peepul*), close to which stood a clump of coco-nut palms. These bowed in the wind, and rattled their nuts; but after the storm, stood erect as ever, despoiled, it is true, of their fruit; whilst the large tree was first stripped of every leaf—those which held on by their stalks being torn in half from the force of the wind—then of every twig, next of every branch of any size, and lastly was torn up by the roots and blown over, carrying with it a high brick wall, which had been built upon its roots, and thus directly beneath it. So general was the destruction of large trees in Calcutta, that, after the storm, it might have been called the "City of Palm-trees," for scarcely any other kind of tree remained standing.

Such was the force of the storm, that there was not even a lily leaf in the flower-beds which was not torn to shreds, no matter how sheltered the situation.

The noble trees on the Calcutta plain, which had stood the storms of a hundred years or more, were nearly all uprooted, and presented a sad scene; whilst the Botanical Gardens, at Garden Reach, were completely wrecked.

But if the trees fared ill, how fared the houses? Some of them had their windows blown in, many of them their verandahs altogether carried away; whilst the sunshades from above the windows of all, but more especially of Government House (five or six dozens, at least), lay in heaps below the buildings.

* A full report on this cyclone was published by order of Government at Calcutta in 1866.

In one case, of which I have a photographic illustration, the whole end of a house was blown down. I noticed one house, the corner of which had been blown off; whilst the appearance presented by the city defied description, the injury caused by the wind being mostly external.

When a window was blown in, the wind and rain entered at will, and the force with which the latter was impelled by the former may be estimated by the fact, that in the house in which I was staying, on a window being blown in, the rain, striking the Venetians at an angle, was projected in a curve of nearly twenty feet diameter, thereby striking the opposite wall and destroying its colouring. I managed to secure the rest of the doors by making a hole in the corner of two of the window panes next to the centre of the door at the opening, and then passing a strong rope through and so round the frames of the Venetian doors.

I noticed in one house, where the doors had given way, a card-basket, on a table more than twenty feet from the window, nearly full of water; and in other houses, where the glass doors were not protected by Venetian doors, I saw, in several places, every pane of glass blown out, and the frames standing.

In other cases, Venetian doors, glass doors, door frames and all were blown in. The theatre was a heap of ruins, its weak high walls having been unable to resist the fury of the gale. We had hoped to record observations at the Revenue Survey Office, but all the external apparatus was blown away at an early period, whilst the native in charge could not get to the office from his house.

The birds fared very badly. The plain was strewn with dead crows, and many kites and adjutant-cranes perished. First of all they had been thoroughly drenched with the rain, and then blown about in a manner which none, save those who have been in a cyclone, can imagine. Dashed against trees and buildings, they became helpless. I remember seeing in a sheltered corner, collected on a broken Venetian door which had been blown down, two drenched and half-dead kites, an adjutant, and three or four crows, cowed by the common trouble, and it was long ere these birds again got their plumage in order.

After the storm there were no trees for the crows to roost upon, and the effect of lines of black crows around the white parapet-rails on the top of every house in Park Street and Theatre Road was most absurd. The houses looked as though mourning. Everything which flew must have suffered, although but little else came under my notice. The sparrows found shelter, as did, I imagine, many of the smaller birds.

The whole of the country around the mouth of the Hooghly river is a low-lying alluvial formation, the greater part of which is below the level of high spring tides. When I therefore state that the great storm-wave caused by the cyclone rushed up the river and over this vast delta to the height of eight or ten feet above the highest spring tide, it can easily be imagined what a fearful loss of life and property there must have been. The measured height of this wave was in some places in excess of fifteen feet!

Of course, as it ascended the Hooghly, it lost height and power from its expansion, and thus probably Calcutta was saved from a vast inundation. But before proceeding to show how the river and all thereupon was affected at Calcutta, I will allude to the fearful destruction effected by the storm-wave nearer to the river-mouth.

The wave swept over the northern portion of Saugir Island, drowning and destroying, at one fell swoop, 12,272 persons! In the Madrapore district no less than 33,000 persons met their deaths in a similar manner, and the estimated number of human beings who perished from the direct results of the storm is very nearly 49,000; whilst a far larger number were subsequently carried off by pestilence, engendered chiefly by the rotting carcases of hundreds of thousands of animals.

Vessels of light draught were carried over the embankment, and left high and dry far inland; whilst in the large village of Tunlook, out of 1,400 houses, only twenty-seven were left

standing. The storm-wave reached Calcutta about one hour in advance of the tide, lifting ships at their moorings, breaking the hawsers and chains, already strained to their utmost by the sheer force of the gale, and driving the whole shipping of the port thus set free in masses on to the shoals. Cultivated land covering a space of about 1,500 square miles was inundated. Over more than half of this the water was six feet deep, and in a few places as much as double or even treble. The rate of progress up the river of this storm-wave, a distance of eighty-three miles, is stated to have been about fifteen and a half miles per hour.



WOMEN OF OCCOBAMBA.

Lima and the Andes.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

JOURNEYING across the Andes, to the south-east of Lima, we found ourselves, after a week's travel, on the elevated ridges and plains near the upper waters of the Mantaro. A snow-storm had clothed the mountains in one unbroken canopy of dazzling white, from their lofty summits, crowned perpetually with the frozen element, to their first spurs rising above the table-land. At all points the savage grandeur of the scenery was highly impressive. Like huge Titanic phantoms of white, the towering peaks of the main range of the Andes were lost in the region of clouds, above strata of which, here and there, glistened the snowy, inaccessible heads. Frozen water hung drooping from lofty shelves, more like gigantic stalactites than enormous icicles, glittering and sparkling with manifold rays and beauty in the clear bright

sunshine—which, however, at that great altitude, failed to melt them—with every tint and variation of the rainbow

During a short stay in the neighbourhood of Yauli, Occobamba, Allamo, and other villages of the *puna*, we did not fail to observe the difference in aspect between the great western and eastern ranges of the Andes. The latter, as a rule, appeared by far the most lofty, though at a few parts the western Cordilleras overtopped them. But what particularly attracted our attention was the fact, that whilst the eastern range ascended in regular, unbroken slopes to sharp, peaked, and pointed summits, the western were formed in broken and distorted terraces, rising, tier above tier, to the high, rugged, tossed, and confused central range of the Cordilleras. The eastern Andes being composed mostly of lime-

stone, disintegration by rain and cold, during incalculable ages, had imparted to their elevated peaks the most fantastic, jagged, and variegated shapes; but the western range, formed of huge granitic and metamorphic masses of rock, remained in the tossed, confused, or block-like sections of elevation into which the mighty Plutonic forces had originally thrown them. This extraordinary geological example of an igneous mountain-chain of vast length, accompanied by a parallel and neighbouring range of early sedimentary formation throughout the whole distance, cannot be elsewhere matched.

We found that much confusion existed, even in the minds of

selves and families close to their own door. The dress of these people was very simple, mostly a coarse blanket robe, sometimes ornamented with bead-work, once white, no doubt; but, as washing was not much patronised, now generally of a colour between dirty brown and quite black. They wore their coarse black hair hanging long and lank about their shoulders, and for the sake of comfort it was as well not to venture too near their unkempt tresses. The obliquity of their eyes, their prominent cheek-bones, and other physical peculiarities, presented strong traces of Mongolian origin. Often from many of the little huts we heard the tinkling sound of the guitar—an



A PANOS INDIAN AND HIS WIFE ON A JOURNEY.

the natives, as to the names and identity of the two great mountain ranges and their inferior spurs, most of the people—Spaniards, half-castes, and aborigines alike—terming them indiscriminately Cordilleras and Sierra Nevada, or Andes. Properly, the latter is the name of the eastern, or inland range only, the two former applying to the western.

The mining and other villages we visited on the table-land were composed of rough mud cottages, thatched with grass, and with floors formed of hardened clay. In many instances prolific clusters of pumpkins grew in a tangled mass all over the walls and roof, whilst fields of maize and vegetables in the valleys, with various fruit trees, flourished near at hand—the Indians being a labour-saving race, averse to any great exertion in the way of going to a distance for agricultural purposes, and much preferring, like the West Indian negroes, to plant only just sufficient to support them-

instrument the aborigines have obtained from their Spanish conquerors, and of which they are passionately fond. In the cool of the evening, to the sound of guitar and native reed flute, the young men and women amused themselves with either the fandango or their own outlandish dances. What with facial resemblance, the pyramid-shaped straw hats worn by some of the men, the hair plaited *à la Chinois* by portions of the women, and the abundance of streamers floating from poles around the huts, one might almost have fancied himself in a Tartar village.

The Indian women do most of the field work, and, as amongst all savages, are more slaves and beasts of burden to the men than companions. Upon one occasion we came across a travelling party of a Panos Indian and his wife, the latter being shamefully loaded with a greater weight than a mule's burden, consisting of two large and heavy paddles, a

lot of dead poultry, and a huge basket hanging on her back from a strap going round the forehead, containing fish, fruit, utensils, gigantic vegetables, and the household gods of the family in general. Whilst the poor creature trudged wearily along in his rear, the husband went strutting on in front, absolutely unburdened, with his arms a-kimbo, and looking as though he were conscious of doing something to be proud of.

We could not stand this, so called on him to halt, and commissioned our guide and factotum, Pasco, to communicate our disgust, and a request that he would assist the woman. The Indians, however, seating themselves upon the ground to listen to our guide, only joined him in laughter at the idea, and no doubt the three of them heartily ridiculed our uncivilised notions and absurd sentiments. The dusky lady, at all events, indignantly refused to be relieved of any of her load, and I verily believe would have deemed herself injured and insulted, had we persisted in our request. So much for the force of habit! She knew no better, had not any desire for alteration in her favour, and seemed quite contented with her lot.

These native women are very ugly. At a little village where we halted for a night, we were accommodated at the hut of two particularly ill-favoured young ladies of the Panos tribe—one of the ugliest we came across during our ramble. Much to their chagrin, we gave our guide, Pasco, peremptory orders to bundle them out of the hut for which we paid, and to inform them that we preferred being alone. Turning up their noses in disgust at our want of taste, the dirty and tawny matrons went off to some other hut, leaving us to obtain the rest of which we were in need—rest, for sleep was quite another question. As usual, the wretched little hovel swarmed with gigantic carnivorous insects of an insatiable voracity and fierceness. We smoked, we even endured a stiffofating green-wood fire, and we continually anointed ourselves with the strongest Pisco *aguardiente*, but all without avail, as nothing seemed to possess the power of frustrating the bloodthirsty proclivities of those horrible assailants, and we were unable to discover any device by which to obtain more than short snatches of feverish slumber. We would certainly have spread our blankets, as several times before, beneath the brilliantly star-lit, coruscant canopy of heaven, had not premonitory symptoms of fever and ague previously warned us to avoid such imprudence, in that rainless country compensated by such heavy dews.

In the morning, at this place, we were astonished at the appearance of several people, amongst a party of Indian travellers who had come from a distance. Their complexion was livid and ghastly, and their shrunken skeleton forms presented an aspect very similar to that of opium-smokers in the last stage of the narcotic vice. I at first imagined that this must be the case, or that they were victims to some dreadful disease; but my commander knew better, having, he said, seen similar objects in South Africa and Central America, and at once pronounced them to be earth-eaters. Truly enough, upon questioning them by the aid of our guide, the captain's surmise proved to be correct. Our curiosity was aroused, and we asked to see some of the peculiar delicacy they esteemed. One of the wretched people then brought forth several balls of a pinkish-white clay, from a store in one of the huts. Putting this to our lips, we found that it possessed a fatty, disagreeable, earthy taste, and was evidently a steatitic clay, for it became quite soapy, and could be rubbed into froth.

Pasco addressed these singular people as *toros*, a name by which they are known to the Peruvians of Spanish origin, and certainly not because they either show or possess anything like the strength of the bull, but, possibly, for the reason that, as the mighty brute is wont to do, they are addicted to licking the earth. We ascertained that most of these strange feeders had been accustomed to the singular habit from twelve to even twenty years; that frequently they ate nothing else, but required large quantities of water; that often, like opium-smoking, spirit-drinking, &c., when carried to excess, the practice ended in death; and that many of the labourers in the mines were addicted to earth-eating.

But little can be said in favour of the Peruvian Indian's character. As a rule, he is not even so brave and warlike as his neighbours, the Araucanians, or his distant brethren, the North American Indians, whose savage bravery and stoic fortitude beneath the most dreadful tortures is such a characteristic feature. Of all Indian races, the Peruvian has, in my opinion, the least energy or force of character. There can be but little doubt, however, that several centuries of oppression, Spanish rule, and the most bigoted Roman Catholic domination, have much to do with the present condition of the aborigines; history proving that their deterioration has been great indeed since the days when their bare-breasted ancestry so gallantly strove to defend their hearths and homes against the mail-clad and brutal *conquistadores*. We know well that Spanish rule is *not* exactly the most favourable in the world for the progress of colonies, and it is equally certain that all the South American republics fell into a worse state than their first, and into confusion worse confounded, after the revolutions by which they threw off the yoke of Spain. It is true that, of late years, Peru and Chili seem to be making rapid progress in civilisation; the discovery of so many rich mines; the introduction of considerable European capital; the increase in many branches of commerce, especially guano; and the freedom from the incessant warfare which destroys most other states on the same continent, having, of course, a beneficial result; but even this does not improve the aborigines, neither ameliorate their condition. One cannot but fancy them a doomed race, fast dying out and passing away from amongst the peoples of the earth, to be replaced by the Aryan and negro, by mixtures of both, and by half-castes between each of the alien breeds and their own, all of whom seem increasing just as rapidly as the pure-blooded aborigines are disappearing. It is only the natural result of invasion; whether it be of human beings, the brute creation, or a foreign flora. In each case the native disappears before, and is eventually superseded by, the invader. The peculiar operation seems a law of nature, as applied to the regular sequence or succession of species—of fauna, and the fossiliferous order of once living things—as revealed by the chapters writ in stone, the geological records of distant periods.

Although the South American Indians do not possess a written language, we were not a little surprised to find that they yet had a rough inkling of the art to represent thought, by a limited system of the rudest hieroglyphics in vogue amongst some of the Peruvian Indians. The characters were of the simplest nature, and were scratched upon a papyrus of the maguey leaf, to mark divisions of the year, and record dates and events of importance. At first we were under the impression that the art had been created by the priests, but the

natives stoutly maintained that it had descended to them from their ancestors. The only way to solve the mystery would have been by submitting a piece of the writing to some competent antiquary; unfortunately, the only piece of inscribed papyrus we obtained was lost during the return journey to Callao; I can only state that the characters were of the concentric or "Ogham" type, similar to those found on the British rocks and in Central America. So far as we could ascertain, no such thing as ancient papyrus manuscripts had ever existed amongst the Indians, and certainly neither traditions nor historical records came to them in that way—only the mere knowledge of how to mark a few simple thoughts and facts for present service. Nevertheless, one cannot resist the query, Are these people indeed the descendants of those who, in distant, unknown ages, rudely carved their thoughts upon our English stones? "Quien sabe?" as Pasco replied, with disgusting apathy and indifferentism, when, from that stolid individual, we tried to elicit some farther information.

In all parts of Peru, except amongst the savage Indian tribes, Christianity, at least nominally, prevails. The aborigines, however, converted by the sword in the old days of Spanish persecution, do not, as a rule, seem to have more notion of that faith in the country parts, than such as may be obtained from stray visits of some errant, image-bearing friar, whose principal object is to obtain sundry *reals* in consideration of prayers offered to his little idols. These wandering ministers also distribute execrable coloured prints of various saints, besides having indulgences for sale. As to the nature of the pious offerings from their disciples, they are not at all particular. They go upon the easy principle that all is fish that comes into their net. If the ignorant and superstitious givers have not "filthy lucre" wherewithal to propitiate the ugly-represented saints, wax candles, silver ore, cacao, sugar, and any other description of property is readily received. Thus, it often happens that these peripatetic friars have a long convoy of heavily-laden mules with which to gladden the members of their monastery when they return home. Much do I fear that these occasional interviews with ill-favoured little idols work but small good in the native mind, and I am rather inclined to doubt whether these peculiar religious recreations make the Indians pious or moral.

The priests throughout Peru dress in a very extraordinary, not to say outlandish manner. One of the lower grade wears a very capacious, shovel hat, projecting as much in front as behind, and looking very like a double-ended coal-heaver's hat. A loose black serge robe covers him all over, as with a funereal pall, and being fastened together only at the neck, gives to his often obese figure an appearance the very reverse of grave or serious. The superior of a monastery, or the priest in charge of a parish, wears a more stately clerical costume. His hat is of formidable dimensions, a huge, flat, Chinese-umbrella-shaped sort of concern, which cannot be compared to anything else in creation. He also affects ruffles and lace, a long cassock, and a voluminous cloak like many of those of Geneva combined together; black silk stockings and low shoes complete the clerical array of the higher ecclesiastics.

Such of the shaven-headed brotherhood as we came across were friendly and hospitable. At the village of Occobamba, on our return journey, the worthy Fray Mansel and his curate treated us to a luxurious farewell dinner. At other places, also, we were very hospitably received. One feast, in especial, I

can well remember. It commenced with the inevitable *puchero*, followed by *picante* so extremely red-hot with chilis, that we could not convey any of that favourite Peruvian dish to within several inches of our unaccustomed Anglo-Saxon lips—much to the disappointment of our kind hosts, who esteemed it above all other culinary preparations, and had, it seemed, particularly instructed their cooks to excel themselves in this case in our honour. But when the fiery compound came to be succeeded by two or three dishes of tender kid, alpaca mutton, and wild deer prepared—with no slight trouble, anxiety, and general consultation of cooks, friars, acolytes, and all, in solemn conclave on the subject—in what they were naïvely pleased to consider and denominate a fashion *à la Inglesa*, roasted and basted with cunning sauces and real skilfulness, we amply made amends; thereby restoring the equanimity and satisfaction of our kind and worthy entertainers, who thereupon incontinently proceeded to bring forth, in the height of their good humour, from sly recesses in their cellar, certain flasks of rare old Spanish wine.

During our ramble in Peru, over the coast district, the elevated plateaux of the *puna*, and through many low-lying tropical valleys, or *quebradas*, we saw many valuable woods—the caoutchouc, sarsaparilla, quassia, vanilla, and fustic. This latter dye-wood grew most numerous, and was known to the natives as the *mora*, though its commercial value seemed utterly neglected, possibly because of the difficulties and expense in the way of its conveyance to the coast. It is a species of yellow mulberry, bearing a sweet and edible fruit. In the *manita* tree, with its peculiar finger-like vegetation, I recognised the "Hand of Fo," of China. We also frequently observed a large species of palm, bearing a heart-shaped flower, known as the *corazon* palm, from which the Indians obtain oil wherewith to rub their dusky skins, and anoint their long tresses. The oil is pressed from nuts, and we concluded that they were those known as the *cozol*. There was, however, a little shrub which impressed us as being one of the most important amongst the prolific vegetable productions of the country. It was called *yerba* by the natives. We found it to be a species of *ilex*, and no other than the *yaupon* of South Carolina, Paraguay, and South America generally. This shrub, when its leaves are dried and made into a decoction, is known to possess even greater invigorating and stimulating qualities than the Chinese tea, which it also excels as a sedative, sudorific, and febrifuge drink. We were surprised to find that it was not in general use amongst the Indians of the *puna*, where it mostly grew, and that they only took it as a medicine—in moderate doses for fever, in stronger decoctions as an emetic—although, in Paraguay, as *maté*, it constitutes the national beverage. It is a beautiful evergreen, and grows mostly on the higher ground near the sea-coast, or the sandy, elevated plateaux near the deserts, or *pampas*, which extend from parts of the Cordilleras towards the sea, in the direction of Arequipa and Mazatlan, in about the 13th parallel of south latitude, and for many miles along the 75th and 76th parallels of west longitude. The leaf, which much resembles our English holly, is about two inches long, of a serrated shape, and grows wild in extensive thickets. As a sedative drink, which stimulates and affects the nervous system of man, it seems strange that Peru does not recognise and appreciate its value; especially as it has been declared, by competent judges, that any beverage of the nature *must* become popular.

Upon several occasions we tried an infusion of the green leaves, but I am free to confess that we became not votaries of the *yaupon*. It was assuredly, to our unaccustomed palates, more aromatic and acrid than agreeable. However, in justice to the strange vegetable, it must be remembered that its leaves should be properly dried and prepared before, like the Chinese plant—as quaint old Samuel Pepys observed—it becomes, though “odd in flavour, good as food.”

Peru is, *par excellence*, the land of birds. The greatest source of revenue to the country accrues from its vast and unequalled deposits of guano, for which some five or six hundred foreign vessels visit its coast every year, carrying off to Europe and the United States about half a million tons of the precious agricultural compound. This has yielded, for many years, a revenue of over two and a half millions sterling per annum to the Peruvian Government; and although the supply on the famous Chincha Islands seems getting exhausted, by the latest reports news has been received of the discovery of enormous guano deposits on the mainland, which

are practically inexhaustible. Those New World birds of the distant ages have indeed proved a blessing to the modern Peruvian, for the wealth derived from the guano is rapidly making his country the richest and most flourishing, the most powerful and civilised, amongst the distracted and sanguinary South American republics. The vast numbers of sea-birds all along the coast are simply incredible to those who have not seen them. A spotted gannet is the great guano producer; a bird from which scientific gentlemen have obtained the most extraordinary results by experiments for that purpose, allowing several cap-

tives an unlimited supply of food. Cormorants form a very powerful body amongst the varied ornithological tribes; the large-banded one, of a greyish colour, with yellow beak and red feet, being a very voracious and handsome bird. The *Inca tern*, however, is the most beautiful of these wild sea-birds; its principal colour is an exquisite brownish grey, light upon the head, darker on the back, and silvery white on the lower

body; at the root of its bill it has a curious growth of delicate white feathers, growing out like a moustache. Vast flocks of penguins throng all the coast and its numerous small islands, presenting quite a solemn and ecclesiastical appearance, with their upright position and surplice-like array of feathers. Amongst this tribe is one known as the *Paxaro niño* (the child bird), being easily tamed, very social, and soon taught to follow its master about like a dog. On board the *Colonist*, during her stay at Callao, several of these birds were captured; but soon, somehow, managed to effect an escape to one of their native elements—the water. One only was retained, and it lived until the ship had reached the Bay of Biscay, having become

the tamest, most docile pet imaginable. This is the fate of many rare specimens of animals brought by voyagers with infinite trouble from tropical countries, on reaching thus far on the homeward voyage. Many of our weather-beaten old tars felt quite sorrowful and tender-hearted at its death. One of the oldest and most superstitious carefully sewed it up in a pair of his old canvas trousers, and with a twelve-pound shot (slyly abstracted from the gunner's stores) made fast to the incongruous shroud, in the middle watch, when he thought that no one was looking, reverently consigned its body to the deep.



PERUVIAN PRIESTS.



THE BAOBAB.

The Baobab (Adansonia digitata, Linn.).

BY W. CARRUTHERS.

THE attention of Needham, an eminent scientific Englishman of last century, was arrested by the great quickness of apprehension, strength of memory, and mental ardour exhibited by a pupil in a public examination near Paris, at which he happened to be present. In recognition of his admiration of talents and acquirements so remarkable, he presented the lad with a microscope. By this accident Adanson, preparing for the Church, to which his father had destined him, was 140 years ago drawn into the study of Nature—a study which he pursued to the last hour of his life with a zeal almost unexampled. Renouncing the preferment which his patron, the Archbishop of Paris, offered him at home, he, at the age of twenty-one, sailed for Senegal, because, as he himself states, it was of all European settlements the most difficult to penetrate, the most hot, the most unhealthy, the most dangerous in every respect, and consequently the least known to naturalists. He spent five years in this region, studying the people and their languages, as well as investigating its natural products. The most remarkable of these was the huge tree known in Senegal as the baobab, and afterwards named by Jussieu, in honour of its discoverer and describer, *Adansonia*, to which Linnæus added the specific name *digitata*, from the finger-like divisions of its large leaves. It is true that the baobab had before this found its way into botanical literature. It had not escaped the researches of the indefatigable Bauhin or the learned Ray. But to them it was little more than a name, and even that little was almost entirely fable, so that Adanson may be considered its true discoverer.

The baobab is a native of tropical Africa, growing not only on the shores on both sides of that great continent, but extending throughout the interior wherever a suitable locality occurs. The general aspect of the inland baobab is very different from that of the more familiar maritime trees which first arrest the traveller's attention. These have a comparatively low, stunted growth, seldom exceeding sixty or seventy feet in height. At ten or twelve feet from the ground the colossal trunk sends out its enormous branches, which are fifty or sixty feet in length. These support an immense hemispherical mass of foliage, having the appearance more of a forest than of a single tree. This is the form described in books of travel, and its mushroom-like aspect is familiar to all readers, from its having been so frequently reproduced in illustrated works. In the interior of Africa the baobab rises to a considerable height before the branches are given off, and these take an upward and outward direction. The main trunk attains a height of sixty feet or more, and the rounded mass of branch and foliage rises as much beyond. Whether this very different habit indicates a second African species has not yet been investigated. To this form belongs the magnificent tree from the interior of Madagascar, a representation of which is given on page 77.

The fame of the baobab rests chiefly upon the enormous size of its stem, which in one specimen was ascertained by Golberry to be as much as thirty-four feet in diameter. Such a magnitude indicates so great an age, that the illustrious Humboldt believed it to be the oldest organic monument on our planet. Adanson, in his elaborate memoir on the tree presented in

1761 to the French Academy, made some curious calculations as to the probable age of the large trees. These calculations were based on some observations made on trees growing on one of the small Magdalena islands, near Cape de Verd, off the mouth of the Senegal river. Some French and Dutch sailors, in order to gratify the very common desire of handing down their names to posterity, had cut them on the trunks of these trees in letters six inches long, and had at the same time incised dates, which enabled Adanson to determine that one at least had been cut in the fifteenth century. As the trunk increased in diameter the inscriptions enlarged laterally, from the expansion at first of the outer bark, and then from its disruption, but the original length of the letters remained the same. From the amount of the lateral enlargement in the letters he estimated the actual increase in the trunk in two centuries, and assuming that the rate had been constant throughout the life of the tree, he arrived at the conclusion that the larger specimens were between 5,000 and 6,000 years old. It is now known that the rate of increase is not uniform throughout the life of a tree, and that it diminishes in proportion as the tree becomes older. The only certain method of determining the age of a dicotyledonous tree is to count the number of wood-rings in the trunk; and had Adanson cut into the stems as far as the original surface of the inscription, he would have obtained, in the number of rings passed through, the years since the date of the inscription, and at the same time the exact addition in feet and inches to the diameter of the trunk in that time. This has been done with the stems of Winter's bark (*Wintera aromatica*, Sol.), from the Straits of Magellan. Captain King, when on shore in the Straits in 1832, observed several trees with inscriptions, which he cut down and brought home. These were found to have been made by the companions of Bougainville in 1767, and of Cordoba in 1786, and the number of concentric rings added to the trunks beyond the surface on which the letters were cut coincided exactly with the number of years intervening between the earlier dates and the time of Captain King's visit, while the whole number of rings gave the true age of the particular trunks. No large specimen of the baobab has been thus examined. It is, however, certain that the estimate of Adanson is too extravagant. A similar error was made with the mammoth trees of California (*Wellingtonia*, or *Sequoia gigantea*, Endl.), whose enormous dimensions have eclipsed those of the baobab. They were estimated to be at least 3,000 years old, but an actual enumeration of the rings of growth, by De Candolle, of a trunk upwards of twenty-six feet in diameter, has shown that it had lived no more than 1,240 years. So also the colossal gum trees of Australia (*Eucalyptus*)—which have lately dethroned the *Wellingtonia* from its pre-eminence—when subjected to examination, may declare that, like the *Wellingtonia* and the baobab, they are quick growers, and that they do not require a longer period than that determined by De Candolle to rear their gigantic forms 500 feet into the air.

The baobab is certainly a native of Africa; it is, nevertheless, found at the present day all over India, having been introduced by the Portuguese, as it is generally believed, about

300 years ago. Yet Dr. Wilson, F.R.S., of Bombay, testifies that he has seen in India trees of the baobab more than thirty feet in diameter. Though such specimens may compel us to carry the period of their introduction considerably beyond the sixteenth century, they testify to a very rapid growth, and compel the reduction, to a great extent, of Adanson's estimate.

The leaves are large, and resemble in general appearance those of the horse-chestnut. They appear in the month of June. When fully developed they form a dense mass of foliage, which, from its extent and solidity, can shield a great multitude from the rays of the burning sun. On this account the village market is often held under the spreading branches of the baobab. In November the trees lose their foliage, and for six months they exhibit to the traveller only their huge stems and bare branches, as represented in our plate. This frequent appearance of the tree has induced travellers to speak of it as unsightly and gloomy. To some extent such adjectives may have been suggested by its not unfrequently indicating the ruin of a native town or village. The negro can scarcely live without the baobab, and consequently plants it wherever he takes up his abode. The colossal tree, shooting up through dense and prickly underwood, frequently leads the traveller to the ruins below; and its gigantic leafless arms appear to bewail the desolation which a powerful but savage tribe had spread around.

In July the baobab is covered with large, handsome white flowers. When fully expanded, they are six inches in diameter. Like many other flowers, they close towards evening, and expand again in the morning under the influence of the sun. The negroes sometimes assemble round the baobab, and watch the opening of the flowers, saluting each one as it expands with "Good morning, beautiful lady!"

The fruit is an oblong, gourd-like, woody capsule, covered with a dense, short brown wool. It is from twelve to eighteen inches long, and six inches in diameter. It contains a large

number of seeds, immersed in a slightly-acid pulp, with which the negro sweetens and flavours his drink. The pulp is replaced in the fruits of the allied genera by the beautiful silk-cotton of the *Bombaceæ*. In India the dried fruits are used as floats in fishing, and the light wood is sometimes employed for the same purpose. The popular name of "Monkey-bread" is given to the baobab, because monkeys are said to be fond of the seeds; while the acid pulp in which the seeds are embedded suggested the name "Ethiopian sour gourd."

The enormous crown of the baobab supplies a favourite habitat for many climbing and parasitic plants. The most interesting of them is a cactus, not long since described by Welwitsch, from Angola. Hitherto this group of gay-flowered, succulent plants has been considered to be truly American. The fleshy *Euphorbias* occupy the position and assume the appearance of the cactuses in Africa. A strange exception to this rule has been discovered. Among the branches of the baobab, high up in the virgin forests of Golungo Alto, Dr. Welwitsch has detected a leafless *Rhipsalis*, with its cylindrical jointed and whorled branches, which he has not been able to distinguish from a species common to the West Indies (*R. Cassyta*, Gaertn.). The localities where he met with this interesting plant convince Welwitsch that it is a native of Africa, and consequently an anomalous wanderer from the home of its race.

Until recently the only species of *Adansonia* known was the baobab of Africa. Gregory, in his expedition in North-Western Australia, in 1856, discovered a second species, which now bears his name (*A. Gregorii*, Muell.), and which is worthy of her sister in Africa. The trunk of the largest specimen he saw was more than twenty-eight feet in diameter. Its fruit is smaller, and is supported on a shorter stalk. The seeds are buried in an agreeable acid pulp, said to be like cream of tartar, which Gregory found to be peculiarly refreshing in the sultry climate where the tree occurs.

The Gulf of Spezia.—I.

GENERAL ACCOUNT—CONDITION OF THE PEASANTRY—COSTUME OF THE PEASANTS—MIDDLE CLASSES OF ITALY.

At the commencement of this century, a journey to La Spezia offered very few inducements to those who dreaded sea-sickness. It was well known, ever since Byron had celebrated in immortal song that marvellous gulf on which the old Ligurian city is built, that the slopes of the Apennines facing towards it were rich in charming scenery. But the slow pace at which the *vetturini* travelled, and the exorbitant demands of the *facchini*, alarmed many; while rumours of primitive cookery in this mountainous country caused to others much vague anxiety. Those who spent money freely were exposed to every sort of vexation. Those who saw the unfavourable side of things were for ever haranguing on the ferocious intolerance of the inhabitants of these districts, who, according to their view, were totally unworthy of better government than the grinding tyranny they suffered under.

As in the East, so it is in Italy. Indolent natures, unwilling

to change their intellectual habits, and arguing that nations are unimprovable, end by believing that their present condition corresponds with what they themselves were in former times. If, however, Byron could rise from his tomb, he would no more recognise La Spezia than he would the Piræus and Athens.

Besides the steamers which now ply frequently on the Gulf, the railway conveys passengers in a few hours from Pisa to La Spezia. In this way there is easy and ready access to this delightful spot. But the progress thus made has brought about also other results. The town itself has changed as much in its general appearance, and its accommodation for travellers, as in its connection with foreign countries.

This little city, formerly renowned for its *dolce far niente* common to all Italian towns, cut off, from difficulty of access, from the rest of the world, and equally notorious for the inquisitorial vexations of its retrograde governments—well portrayed by Boyle, in his "Chartreuse de Parme"—is now alive with the sound of the hammer, and the whistle of the steam-

engine is constantly heard. Napoleon, who had well understood the advantages which could be reaped from all its ports—the Porto della Spezia, at the extremity of the gulf, the Porto di Portovenere, and the Gulfs of Grazie, Panigaglia, and Castagna, on the western coast, and the Porto di Lerici on the eastern coast—wished to make Spezia the first naval port of his vast empire. His ministers, less prescient than himself, were of opinion that an immense state, in which a power succeeding to the liberal propaganda of 1789 would welcome indiscriminately as subjects, or as vassals, the Latin, the German, the Iberian, and the Slavonic races, would have but little chance

run, but at present his ideas and wishes are not regarded. In point of fact, the whole country around is almost an unknown land to the ordinary tourist. So lately as the last century, the same was the case in France, and it was not till an Englishman, the celebrated Arthur Young, made a tour of inspection, and published an account of the resources of that great country, that any change was observable. The admirable work of this philanthropist, professing to be a mere agricultural journey, is still read with profit. In Italy, in the reign of the late King of Sardinia it was first attempted to insist on primary instruction in the rural districts, where the intellectual status is far from



THE "MALTESE CROSS" HOTEL, SPEZIA.

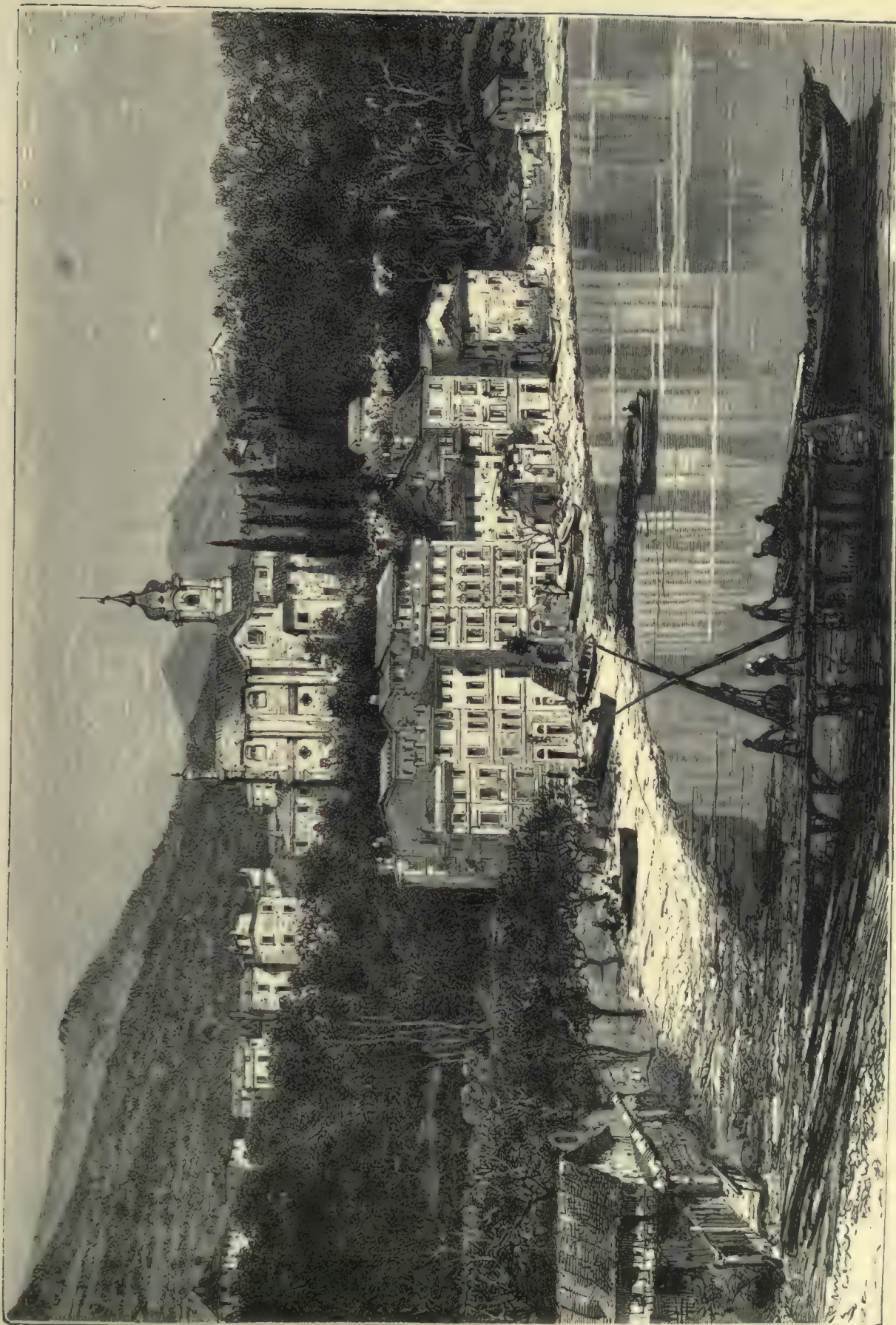
of durability. They, therefore, were unwilling to execute works at La Spezia, which might ultimately prove of service to a people distinct, if not inimical. But when Italy was freed from foreign thralldom, it was but natural that it should again put into execution the plans which the Emperor of the French had commenced at La Spezia.

Here, as in other Italian provinces, the position of the peasantry is an object of interesting study. Nothing can be easier than this in some countries, as, for example, in Switzerland, where the peasant soon attains to manhood—thanks to compulsory education and good political government. But in Italy, as in most of the Latin countries, the peasant still scarcely knows how to read or write, and, as his poverty generally prevents his voting, he is little considered. This species of forgetfulness may prove of serious consequence in the long

being a brilliant one. Monsieur Sismondi, a native of Switzerland, during a protracted residence in Tuscany, made careful systematic inquiry as to the state of agriculture in the Grand Duchy, and the condition of the Tuscan peasantry; and the result of this inquiry was an agricultural tableau of Tuscany, published in 1801, not devoid of interest.

In speaking of the Italian peasantry of the present day, difficult as it may be to procure accurate descriptions of each province, it is not impossible to form a general idea of their condition; but, in order to do this, care must be taken to avoid generalising too much on the subject.

The Italian continental peasant, albeit he may be inferior to the Prussian, who can read, write, calculate, and turn to advantage scientific discoveries, is nevertheless not inferior in these respects to the French peasant in the departments,



FEZZANO, ON THE GULF OF SPEZIA.

but neither of them have had many opportunities of detailed study.

In peninsular Italy the case is unfortunately very different. As a general rule, the former rulers did little or nothing to drag the peasantry from the depths of misery and ignorance. "*Festa, forsa, farina*," was the favourite saying of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. According to him, these words were the shibboleth of government, and were made use of in their most repulsive sense. In Venice the heads of the Republic believed in patriotic rejoicings, or, to say the least, clung to the idea of impartial justice. In Naples the fêtes are well described in the accounts published of the miracle of St. Januarius. Justice did not exist for the inferior classes at this time, and the daily existence of the mass was limited to the consumption of the eternal *polenta*, a concoction of Indian corn, the fabrication of which had been handed down in unbroken tradition from the time of the Roman Empire.

As a rule, the food of the peasant in Italy, even as late as in 1868, was very insufficient; and it is well known that an imperfectly-fed population cannot do effective work. Seventeen millions of Italian peasantry only accomplish the work of four millions of English labourers. It is easy to perceive the sad consequences of such a state of things, tending, as they do, to the absolute decadence of the race.

Nevertheless, there is no need to despair with regard to the condition of the Italian peasantry; and at La Spezia itself instructive comparisons may be made. When, as occasionally happens, an English squadron is stationed in the Gulf, and the sailors are permitted to land and roam about the town, their good looks, frank and resolute bearing, and cleanliness are seen to contrast strongly with the spare frames, the yellow complexions, and the poor brown cotton clothing of the Ligurian peasants, resorting to town on business. But at night the scene is changed. The English sailor, then gorged with food and wine (the wines of the district, both red and white, are agreeable and heady), had completely lost the bearing which reflected so much credit on him; whilst the peasant, who had not yet set out on his homeward journey, was chatting, laughing, and singing under the shade of the plane-trees, looking like a needy butlerman glancing scornfully at a drunken mob. It is pleasant to recognise in this Italian peasant of the nineteenth century the representative of the old Greco-Roman civilisation, whose wonderful prestige is retained even by the lowest of her sons.

In Spezia there are two theatres, the *Teatro Lirico*, erected in 1814, and a new one. This is a large provision for so small a place, and is the more remarkable at the present time, when in other countries but little care is taken to induce the mass of the village population to visit the city for purposes of amusement. In most countries an effort is made rather to render the agricultural existence pleasant, and less monotonous than it was once regarded. Nevertheless, the rich inhabitants of La Spezia have the reputation of attending to agricultural pursuits more than is customary in most provinces. Italian proprietors and capitalists not only much prefer town to country, but are averse to spending on country pursuits those funds which they employ more profitably in the city. In a recent work, "*Sommario Analitico della Storia dell' Agricoltura Italiana*" (Florence, 1867), M. Orlando Orlandino combats with much ability the common but foolish prejudice existing against the pursuit of agriculture, which is sometimes, though without reason,

supposed to give but a very inadequate return for any capital spent on it.

The dress of the peasantry round La Spezia speaks little for their wealth, although every now and then the velvet waistcoat is seen. They generally wear sombre-coloured stuffs, and the farmers wear the same material, cut in the same style as the workmen. The blouse worn in France is seldom seen in Italy, which is the more to be regretted, as it is cleanly, if only because it is so easily washed. Some of the country people on the coast wear a scarlet cap, with a black border, which forms a bright contrast to their other garments. Those who do not share in the Russian Moujik idea, that red and beauty are synonymous terms, wear head-dresses of a less vivid hue. Sometimes the cap drops over one shoulder, like the Greek fez; sometimes it hangs forward, in the Phrygian style. When worn with the velvet coat, it forms a not unpicturesque costume. Those who seek for variety in the dress of the agricultural classes will do well to visit the villages on the first Sunday in July, at the Feast of Our Lady of Acquisanta, whose sanctuary is situated at the summit of one of the hills round Marola, a charming village, whose many-tinted houses (the Ligurians love colour in their habitations) lie dotted about on terraces. The hamlet can be seen from La Spezia. As a matter of course, in order to do honour to the Virgin, the countrywomen don their best attire. They seem to have more taste for vivid colour than their husbands, but even with them it is less a passion than with most Southern populations. They are, however, strikingly fond of jewellery, and some of them wear earrings of spherical form, the lower part studded with ornaments of more or less complicated workmanship. Like the Romans, flowers are their delight, and like the "*flora campi*" in the old Roman songs, they coquettishly place them in their hair, over the right ear, side by side with a tiny flat straw hat, whose streamers, fastened to the hair, form a slight support. A lady-resident in Spezia has related the following anecdote, as illustrative of the tastes of the people:—"Once, during a promenade in the *boschetto*, I saw two old wrinkled females sauntering about like myself. Suddenly one of them, after looking furtively from right to left, to make sure of the absence of the police, whose peculiar dress and wand of office hold in awe the most refractory, glided rapidly through a breach—made, no doubt, by others for similar exploits—in the thick and high box hedge which skirts the principal walk, and pounced on two Indian roses which she had espied in one of the beds. She had hardly secured her spoil, and was mistress of these poor and scentless flowers, than she began to place one of them in her hair, giving the other to her companion. They pursued their walk, as contented and pleased as if they had been securing from an orange-tree its choicest blossoms. They enjoyed the double satisfaction of doing a forbidden thing, and of adorning themselves with flowers whose rich yellow tint presented so pleasing a contrast to the ebony of their hair." Generally the female peasantry have the good taste to prefer the alabaster corolla of the Cape jessamine. So popular is this flower that sometimes even labouring men may be seen wearing it over the ear.

Even the oxen are coquettishly attired. Sometimes the white head of one of these patient animals may be seen decked with a sort of woollen crown, from which hang green, red, and blue balls. These the creature gravely shakes from side to side whilst promenading through the streets of the town. Animals no less than men are susceptible to vanity, and every one

knows that the horse is proud enough when equipped richly, and honoured by bearing one of the magnates of the earth, whose splendid costume is a fortune in itself. The narrow mountain paths which encircle La Spezia do not allow of the passage of carts worthy of such beautiful white oxen, with their splendid black horns and benign expression of countenance. Three sticks in the form of a triangle, forming a rustic seat, solid if not elegant, are the only conveyances for human beings; and sure-footed mules carry easily over the mountains burdens which elsewhere would be placed in carts. Long processions of these animals, in single file, bearing on either side well-balanced barrels of wine, are often met with in La Spezia. They seldom appear tired, and seem as if they possess all the virtues ascribed to the ass by Buffon, in his delineation of that sober and hard-working animal. Although probably ignorant of the works of the celebrated naturalist, the peasantry fully appreciate the qualities of the donkey, which they use for riding. A cavalcade of asses, black and grey, presents a singular appearance. In the East the donkeys, as is well known, are treated with anything but contempt; and it would not be difficult, by ingenious crossings of the breed, superintended by intelligent trainers, to improve very greatly the race at present so despised and hardly treated in Western Europe.

A French writer lately announced that in Italy there was no middle class, and that every one in that country, as in Russia, was either a peasant or a noble. This is a great error. Often in the history of the Italian Republic the middle classes were engaged in active warfare with the patrician. In Genoa there has always been a democratic party, although the innumerable titles might lead the superficial observer to suppose that all the towns are crowded with nobility. The Italian aristocracy, however, readily admits into its rank all whom fortune has

enriched, so that the son of a tradesman may become a noble with little or no trouble. This, at least, was the case a few years ago, when even the Grand Ducal Government in Tuscany sold titles very cheaply. Perhaps a more legitimate accession of titles arises from the fact that old patrician but non-titled families have helped themselves freely to those titles which suit them best; and this is done, as in France, without any authorisation, and without any arrangement having been made with the State.

People privileged to wear orders—and their number exceeds those of France or Germany—call themselves *commendatori* or *cavalieri*, according to the position they hold in the hierarchy of SS. Maurice and Lazare, or of any other order of chivalry, national or foreign. If we sound the matter to the bottom, we shall find that the middle class abounds in Italy, without, however, being as powerful as it was in France in the reign of Louis Philippe. The Comte de Cavour was descended, on the mother's side, from a family of citizens of Geneva; and the economical, practical, laborious turn of mind so common to the Swiss republican was easily discernible in him. M. Ratazzi, at the head of the opposition monarchical party, is a lawyer from Alessandria. M. Mazzini, at the head of the republican opposition party, so celebrated for his oratorical powers, is a lawyer from Genoa. M. Crispi, a noted orator of the opposition party, has no pretensions to being descended from Crispus, of Rome, though the dignity has been ascribed to him by French writers: he belongs to the Albanian colonies of Southern Italy. The nobility, notwithstanding, have not remained passive spectators of the affairs of the country, as was the case in France under Louis Philippe. To illustrate this it is only necessary to mention a few names of the active party in Italy. The Ricasoli, the Peruzzi, the Pepoli, the Rasponi, &c., are examples.

The Baltic Provinces of Russia.—II.

BY E. DELMAR MORGAN, F.R.G.S.

THE railroads which have recently been opened add greatly to the importance of Riga. One line running due east through Dünaburg, Vitebsk, and Smolensk, connects Riga with Moscow and the central provinces of the empire. Another railroad has lately been opened to Mitau, the capital of Courland, which is only thirty miles distant. An hour's journey by this line, across the flat alluvial plain which forms part of the delta of the Dwina, brings the traveller to Mitau, on the river Aa. This city, though inconsiderable in size, and with a population numbering not more than 25,000, is important, from the fact of its being the stronghold of the old nobility of Courland. In Riga everything bespoke industry and commerce, and social equality, arising from municipal institutions; in Mitau the noble is the man, and the matricula or register of nobility the standard according to which he ranks in society. It would be impossible to find two cities divided by so short a distance offering so great a contrast. The very buildings in Mitau are different. The old-fashioned,

quaint Gothic houses and narrow streets of old Riga are replaced in Mitau by broad streets, and large low wooden houses, built by the dukes and barons, and inhabited by them for a few months in the year. The *élite* of Courland society holds its gatherings in Mitau, and to enter its highest circle is the object of ambition of the *jeunesse dorée* of both sexes. Mitau has its literary and scientific societies, its collections of art, museum, gymnasium, and libraries.

The poorer class of the population is almost entirely composed of Jews, who swarm in the country towns of Courland, and who are very poor and very dirty. The castle of Mitau stands on an island in the river Aa; it was built by Biren, created Duke of Courland by the Empress Anne of Russia, and was the residence of the Grand Dukes of Courland. In 1788 it was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt, and became subsequently an asylum for the fugitive King Louis XVIII. The environs of Mitau are its chief attraction, and the stranger, furnished with a letter of introduction, will meet with a warm

welcome, and such hospitality as is only known in the North at the castles of the Courland barons, who, whatever their faults may be, are the most agreeable hosts.

Leaving Riga for the North, the high road to Dorpat passes the cheerful little town of Wenden, in the valley of the Aa, a stream which flows through some of the most fertile country in Livland, called by the natives the "Livonian paradise." Prettily wooded undulating country, with many a château surrounded by fine oaks and graceful birch-trees, marks the course of the silvery Aa. The post road leaves this delightful country to the right, and leads through a cheerless desert of moorland and forest, thinly populated; for in the whole of Livonia there are only sixteen towns, including Arensburg, on the island of Oesel. After passing the small towns of Volmar and Valk, the latter of which marks the boundary between the Letts and Esths, the university town of Dorpat is soon reached.

The history of Dorpat has been a troubled one. Founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, the year of his death, it was destroyed by the Russians in 1656, and afterwards restored in 1667. Thirty-two years later the university was removed to Pernau, and in 1710 the professors and students fled to Sweden. The university was only reopened at the beginning of the present century, under the auspices of Alexander I. Since that time it has flourished, the professors and students have increased in numbers, and its reputation as a seat of learning is equal to that of the other Russian universities. In the faculty of medicine it ranks highest of all.

A tour in the Baltic provinces would be incomplete without visiting Revel, the Gibraltar of the North—ancient Revel, girt round with old Gothic walls, whose gates and towers bear many an inscription of bygone centuries, the monuments of often-repeated struggles between Scandinavian and Slav and Teuton.

Many a change has passed over the old city since Valdemar

II. of Denmark, fired by holy zeal, and anxious to atone for the excesses of an ill-spent life, landed his mail-clad Danes on Esthonia's rugged shore in 1219, and planted the cross's banner on the ungrateful pagan soil. For many years the Danes main-

tained their position with difficulty against the stubborn Esths, the islanders from Oesel, and Kniaz Yaroslav's Russ from Novgorod. Delivered at length from these enemies, Revel became wealthy and prosperous under Hansa's powerful league. She boasted her free institutions, her coinage, her fleets, and her Schwarzenhaupter (Brotherhood of Black-heads); and mistress of the Northern Seas, her fame spread to the icy shores of the Ladoga, to the waters of the Neva and the Volkoff, to the

Vistula and the Elbe. In 1346 Revel, together with Esthonia, was sold by Valdemar III. to the Order of Livonian Knights, and by them was held against the constant invasions of the Russ from Novgorod and Pskoff. Led by their voyevodes, their kniazes, and their czars, by Litowsky and Kniaz Sere-

brianin, by Mstislavsky and Obolensky, the heroes of early Russian history, these troublesome neighbours gave the Revelensers little peace, and a border warfare was waged with alternate success to either side. In 1560 Ivan the Terrible broke the power of the German knights, and to save a surrender to so dreaded a foe the citizens of Revel tendered their allegiance to King Eric XIV. of Sweden. Three times was the city menaced by the numerous but ill-disciplined hosts of the



BIRD DEALER.—RIGA.



SCAVENGERS AT RIGA.



ICE MERCHANT.—RIGA.



APPLE DEALER.—RIGA.

terrible Czar Ivan; but although the besiegers employed every means to take the town, though their granite cannon-balls knocked down the walls, the brave defenders held out, and the besiegers were forced to raise the siege discomfited, and to retreat to their own country with whatever booty they could collect. For a century and a half Revel belonged to Sweden, till the great Czar Peter trained his soldiers to beat the Swedes, though led by the bravest captain the world has ever known;

and in 1710 he reduced Revel to submission. Even then the fortress would not have surrendered if the supply of water had not been cut off by the besiegers, and disease had not carried off numbers of the defenders, including the heroic Patkul, the Uhrich of Revel.

Such has been the history of Revel; and, read by the light of other days, its old towers and battlements possess a charm and attraction not known to any other city of the empire. Its importance as a sea-port is gone, to return no more; its trade and industry have decayed; its wealthy citizens have vanished; but still

Revel preserves its interest and dignity. In summer, when the sea-bathing season has commenced, crowds of fashionable visitors from St. Petersburg resort to the old city, and enjoy the beauty of its scenery and the health-restoring breezes of its rocky coast.

Whence Revel takes its name is a subject of interest to antiquaries. The probable derivation is from the Danish word *Refswell*, a reef—alluding to the many reefs of sunken rocks, which render the navigation of the coast so dangerous. The Esthonians called the city *Tallina*, i.e., Danish town, in Esth language; the Russians named it *Kolivan*, from two Esth words, *Koli wana* (I say, old fellow), a common expression among the Esths in addressing one another, and which doubtless sounded strange to the unaccustomed ears of the first Russian invaders.

The town is divided into two parts: an upper town, Vishigorod or Domberg, from the cathedral church, which stands on the lofty rocky hill; and a lower town, which has always preserved its distinct municipal character.

On the Domberg are the houses of the Governor and nobility of Esthonia. In the cathedral are the tombs of the French refugee and Swedish General De la Gardie, drowned while crossing the Narva, after a victorious campaign against the Russians; of Admiral Chichagoff, whose victory over the

Swedish fleet forms one of the brightest annals of Russian naval history; and of other notabilities. The view from the Domberg is very extensive. Immediately beneath is the lower town, in which the high gables of the old buildings and the

lofty spires and Gothic architecture of the Lutheran churches contrast with the bright-coloured roofs and Byzantine cupolas of the modern Russian churches and buildings; the walls and ramparts, laid out in gardens and boulevards, with beautiful old towers which still defy the wasting hand of Time, extend round the town; beyond is the

suburb of Catherinenthal, the palace of Catherine I., built for her by Peter the Great; to the right are the fine ruins of the convent of St. Brigitta, situated a few miles from Revel, along the coast; while in the far distance are the blue waters of the Gulf of Finland, with the islands of Margen and Wolf shining through the mist.

A steep descent through an old gateway leads to the lower town. Here is the church of St. Nicholas, founded in 1317—a fine specimen of early Gothic architecture. The interior, dimly lighted by the narrow windows, appeals powerfully to the imagination as the footsteps echo mournfully on the tombstones of the German and Swedish knights, whose coats of arms, with curious devices and mottoes, surmounted by their rusty armour, still adorn the walls.

The church of St. Olaf, patron saint of Norway, descendant of Harald Hardrada the Bold, deliverer of

his country from the Danes, stands next in interest, with its lofty spire, once the highest in Christendom. Unfortunately, the church has been burnt down no less than eight times, and its antiquity is only preserved in the archives which were saved, and among which are autograph letters of Luther and Philip Melancthon.

But we must not linger too long on the antiquities of Revel. Lady Eastlake has described them in her delightful



LIVONIAN.



YOUNG PEASANT OF LIVONIA.



WINDMILL NEAR DORPAT.

"Letters from the Shores of the Baltic," and our readers will find a few weeks' stay in this fascinating old city not the least agreeable part of a tour through the Baltic provinces.

The railroad from Revel to St. Petersburg, through Narva, is now open to passengers, and adds an important means of communication with the capital. But in the summer months the most pleasant way of reaching Revel is by one of the fine steamers which leave St. Petersburg twice a week for the ports on the Baltic coast.

Before concluding this short sketch of the Baltic provinces, a few remarks on their present condition and future prospects will not be out of place. The last decade has been an eventful one to Russia. The emancipation of the serfs, the reform of the judicature, and the abolition of the censorship of the press, were the results of a wise and liberal policy. The national party, which formed an important element in Russian society during the years 1840—1850, gained fresh impetus from the events attending the Polish insurrection of 1863, and, from the number and rank of its adherents, has exercised an important influence in the politics of the Russian Empire. For the last six or seven years the efforts of this party have been directed towards the Russianising of the Baltic provinces. Pointing to the unsatisfactory condition of the agricultural population of Livland as the ground for their interference, they called for a radical change in the administration of the provinces, by the abolition of the German aristocratic constitution in the towns as well as in the country, and by the introduction of the Russian agrarian system, based on communal re-distribution of land; they claimed equal rights of citizenship for their countrymen residing in the towns of Livland; they wished to see the Russian language introduced into the schools and colleges, and the Russo-Greek religion in the churches; and they advocated the abolition of the privileges

so long enjoyed by the nobles. In fact, they aimed at supplanting German institutions and German civilisation by Lettish and Esth civilisation, based on Russian institutions. Though they have not yet been able to accomplish all they desired, their influence has produced important changes within the last two or three years. At Riga an archbishop of the Russian Church has been appointed; the Russian language has been introduced into the schools and gymnasiums, to the exclusion of the German; and a Russian inspector has been appointed at the Dorpat university.

These changes have been received with openly expressed dissatisfaction by the German population, who have vented their indignation in several articles and pamphlets, which have appeared from time to time in the Leipsic and Augsburg journals. Their sympathies for Germany have been re-awakened; their secretly cherished hopes of regaining their long-lost independence have been renewed with the prospect of the protection of a powerful confederation of German states, fused and welded into irresistible strength in the fiery heat of the wars of 1866 and 1870, under the skilful hands of Bismarck.

In considering the future of the Baltic provinces we must not forget that the Germans are in numbers but a fraction of the population; that they are almost as far behind Germany in civilisation as they are in advance of Russia; and that the mass of the population—the Letts and Esths—is more allied, by origin and sentiment, with the Slavonic than with the Teutonic race. A few years may decide which way the tide is to turn. Russia is still in a state of transition. She has yet to prove the efficacy of her new institutions at home before she can with justice apply them to her outlying provinces, which, if well governed, will add to her resources and strength, and continue to supply her with the elements of a higher civilisation than her own.

The Mont Cenis Pass and the Alpine Tunnel.—II.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., FOR. SEC. G.S.

INGENIOUS as the mountain railway undoubtedly is, no one can look upon it as a satisfactory substitute for a continuous line, subject to no accidents of weather or season. Such a railway, however, could not have been carried with safety up the valley of the Arc so far as Lanslebourg without the risk of frequent injury from inundations and avalanches. Neither could it have been carried by a tunnel through the Alps under the Mont Cenis Pass, as the difference between the level of the valley of the Arc at Lanslebourg and that of the Dora near Susa is nearly 3,000 feet, and the distance is fully ten miles.

Several conditions required to be fulfilled before a site for the tunnel through the crest of the Alps, to connect the French with the Italian railways, could be considered satisfactory. The actual distance to be tunnelled must be as short as possible; for as the whole of the work required to be completed from the two extremities without a shaft, and as tunnelling under such circumstances had not before been attempted, and could not fail to be tedious, the question of time was very important.

Next, it was absolutely necessary that there should not be a great difference of level between the emerging points of the tunnel at the two ends. For the sake of drainage, and with the possibility of a large body of water in the rocks, and also to ensure ventilation, it was necessary to rise from both ends towards the middle; and thus the whole difference of level, whatever its amount, must be thrown upon one-half of the length. Then, again, as the railway was already completed into the valley of the Arc, and there did not seem to be any other valley that could be made use of on the French side; and as, moreover, the Dora valley—which is parallel to it on the other side of the mountains—is everywhere much lower than that of the Arc, there did not seem much chance of success. It happens, however, that at a point close to the little town of Oulx, where the Dora valley turns southwards and leads to a pass to Briançon, there is a re-entering angle of the crest of the Alps leading towards Mont Tabor, up which is an unusually wide and open valley about eight miles in length,

terminating at the village of Bardonnèche. This valley approaches to within less than eight miles in a direct line from the town of Modana, on the French side of the crest, and the additional rise brings it to within about four hundred feet of the same level. Here, therefore, the engineer found what was needed, and a site was discovered where the crest of the mighty Alps could be pierced at a manageable level, and where the distance to be bored, though doubtless very great, compared with any other tunnel hitherto attempted, was not hopelessly beyond the means at hand for carrying on works of this kind.

The site thus pointed out by Nature for this tunnel is about sixteen miles nearer St. Michel than Lanslebourg, where the present road leaves the valley, and by so much is it better adapted for the work. The level is considerably lower, and the railroad carried along the valley of the Arc much less liable to injury from inundation. On the other side, the railway from Susa can be carried along the wide and open valley of the Dora with no danger from accidents of weather, and is conducted up the Bardonnèche valley from Oulx with equally little chance of injury. It thus comes up to the great wall of the Alps at a level of 4,380 feet above the sea, and at Modana, where it will emerge, the level of the valley of the Arc is 3,540 feet. As, however, the emergence will be in a small ravine a little distance from the stream, it will be arranged to bring the railway up by a zigzag, so as to enter the mountain from the north at a height of 4,046 feet above the sea. The difference of level—336 feet, spread over a distance of between seven and eight miles—is too small to be in any way troublesome.

The line of the tunnel thus selected runs almost under the Mont Frejus, and is only a few miles from the Mont Tabor, one of the loftiest summits of the group of Alps to which it belongs. The actual depth from the observatory constructed immediately over the tunnel, where the ground is highest, is 5,460 feet; the height of the Mont Frejus being very little less than 10,000 feet above the sea. Thus the central part of the tunnel will be about 20,000 feet from each end, and more than 5,000 feet below the top of the mountain.

Until lately it has been supposed that mountain-chains might be regarded as the skeleton or bony framework of the earth; that granitic rock was the nucleus of the earth, and therefore would be found forming the central mass and axis of all mountains; that great convulsions had accompanied the elevation of mountain-chains; that there was a complete system of circulation of water through rocks in the interior of the earth; and that as, in most cases observed, the temperature of the interior of the earth increases at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty or sixty feet, there would be serious difficulty felt in cooling and ventilating any work carried on so far in the earth's interior as the centre of a tunnel calculated as above.

The tunnel works being now completed, a practical answer can be given to each of these hypothetical assumptions, and it is not a little surprising that each of them proves to be altogether without foundation. It is true that the views of geologists have long been tending to such conclusions, and that many who declined to accept the early and popular theories have struggled to overthrow them. But the prevailing feeling has been so strongly in favour of cataclysms, outbursts of extreme violence, rapid upheaval involving fracture and disruption of rocks, and generally of abrupt and sudden, rather than of slow, movement and change—that the lesson given by

the tunnel will astonish and shake the faith of a large number of adherents of the old school in this department of science.

A glance at the careful geological map of these Western Alps, prepared by Monsieur Sismonda, and published by the Italian Government, is sufficient to give to the geologist a clue to the construction of the whole district. There has been a great accumulation of strata, and under this weight a squeezing force has been exerted in a direction nearly north-east and south-west. Here and there—but at very few points, and for a very small space—portions of the intensely-heated and fluid or pasty mass of the interior has been thrust out in weak or cracked parts of the folds. But the places where this has happened are not in the axis of principal elevation, but rather at the sides; and except in the case of Mont Blanc and the peaks immediately adjacent for a few miles to the north-east and south-west, none of the lofty Alpine summits are of this rock. The rest are either of gneiss and mica schist, like Monte Rosa, or of altered secondary rock, still retaining marks of stratification, and often showing by bands of anthracite, gypsum, and quartz, to what its origin is due.

The tunnel through the crest of the Alps, then, has not had any tough granitic rock to penetrate, and the geological map of the country clearly shows that it was not likely to be so troubled, as far as could be determined from the surface. Its worst difficulties arose from the presence of a band of quartz having nearly a thousand feet of actual thickness, which required a year and nine months to penetrate. With this exception, there has been no real difficulty met with on account of the rock. From the French end the rocks were for a long distance more troublesome in working than those at the other end, and were also more varied in their nature, as they included many bands of limestone and gypsum, as well as quartz; whereas on the Italian side there has been no change from the commencement, all the material worked through being a comparatively soft schist with innumerable veins and films of crystalline limestone and quartz.

We have seen, then, that so far from there being a core of granite in the crest of the mighty Alps, there is not even any rock indicated that exhibits more alteration than is common in most of the older series of strata found everywhere in Europe. Neither is there any appearance of dislocation. All the indications of that enormous force that must have been needed to elevate the mass into its present position, consist of a few very slight instances of the sliding of the rocks on each other for a short distance, leaving polished surfaces. Thus the two first probable sources of difficulty have proved altogether harmless in practice.

A third, and in some respects more probable, cause of trouble is connected with the usual presence of water in rocks at a considerable depth, and especially in stratified rocks inclined at a sensible angle, and cropping out at the surface. In a mountain district, where the ground is covered with snow during a large part of the year, mining operations have generally been greatly interfered with, and rendered costly in this way. No doubt, in the construction of a tunnel arrangements can be made to carry off the water, provided it does not come in too rapidly; but instances are well known when the rush has been so great as to inundate the works for a time, and cause great delay and damage. Here, then, was a great difficulty to be anticipated, but there was no

corresponding difficulty in execution. A small quantity of water has followed the workings from both ends, and, singularly enough, the quantity has been nearly the same in both. As a waterproof brick lining was constructed simultaneously with the advance of the boring, the water continually came from the unlined part; but whether this consisted of schist—as on the Italian side—or of gypsum, or quartzite, or limestone on the French side, a rough average of about 40,000 gallons per day has always run out from each end. From time to time, but at great distances apart, fissures have been reached containing water under pressure. When these were approached, the water on two or three occasions forced forward the rock, and gushed out in a jet to a distance of twenty feet. But this lasted only a short time—at most a few hours; and it is the opinion of the local engineers that the whole quantity of water issuing did not exceed a quarter of a million gallons in any one case. Compared with what has been met with in other tunnels, these stores of water are hardly worth mention, and they at no time checked the progress of the work. No increased quantity of water seems to have been met with at or near the contact of different rocks, or in the slips by which the strata were sometimes affected, nor, except in the two or three cases alluded to, in the fissures themselves. The season appears to have had no influence on the flow of water within the tunnel. It has therefore been proved that in the Alps, with strata inclined at an angle of 50° cropping out on the mountain side above, under snow during a great part of the year, the rocks being stratified, and to a small extent subject to slips, and having narrow fissures, there is practically no circulation of water, and the rocks are almost dry.

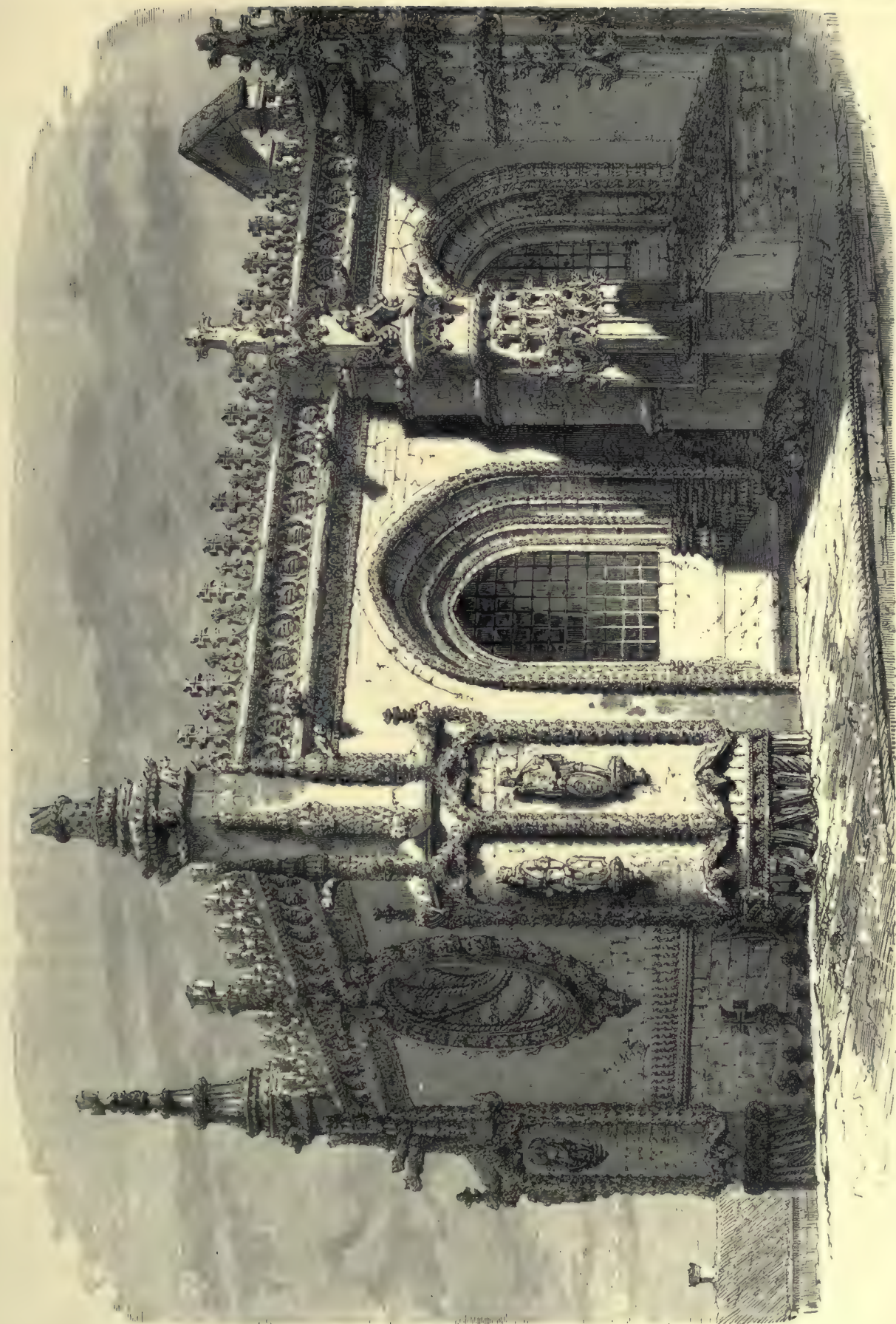
But after all, the real marvel in this truly great undertaking—which must take rank with the Suez Canal, as among the triumphs of engineering in the nineteenth century, so far as immensity of result can justify the title of greatness—has been the steadiness and rapidity with which it has been carried through. Speaking accurately, tunnels of a mile in length had hardly ever been attempted before; for although many completed tunnels of much more than one or even two miles long could be named, they have all been worked from one or more shafts, as well as from the two extremities; and thus the difficulties arising from distance and want of ventilation have not been felt. In many respects, no doubt, the Alpine tunnel has been an exceptionally easy work; but in this, at least, it has no rivals, and it cannot be disputed, that an average progress of 250 feet per month, including all delays and stoppages, carried on for thirteen years uninterruptedly, is a matter of which the engineers may well be proud. It is, perhaps, still more remarkable, that during the last years, when the work has been carried on more than three miles from the outer world, the advance has averaged about double that rate, or nearly 500 feet per month. The greatest amount of work recorded in a month was in May, 1867, when as much as 297 feet was bored in the thirty-one days, from the Italian side only.

It would have been simply impossible, according to the old method of tunnelling, without boring machinery, that the work should have been completed in twice the number of years actually occupied. If at first, and in some kinds of rock, good progress might have been made, the extremely hard and tough quartz occasionally met with could not but have been very tedious. All the work from the beginning has been

done with gunpowder; and though there has been no granite, there have been no alternations of easy excavation. The only occasion on which there was any exception to the usual character of the schists was an interval of nearly a mile of gypsum and gypseous clays with limestone. But this did not make up for the extraordinary difficulty in penetrating the band of quartzite that immediately preceded. Without boring machinery this quartzite alone would have detained the work many years. As it was, it threw back the work so much on the French side, that the amount done from that part was 6,000 feet less than from the other.

The machinery invented for the work of the tunnel is as simple as it is ingenious and effective. It consists of an ordinary boring tool, or solid chisel of steel, of great size and weight, driven horizontally against the rock with great rapidity and force, the tool being slightly turned at each stroke. So rapid and so powerful is the machine, that the author has seen a hole a couple of inches deep bored into a solid block of the hardest quartz in a couple of minutes. The rock was so hard that the steel tool was completely blunted, and rendered useless, and required to be replaced after the experiment. The force employed to drive the machine is compressed air, having a density of between six and seven atmospheres. The condensation of the air is carried on outside the two ends of the tunnel by the aid of a series of very large water-wheels, arranged in succession down the hill-side. The air being pressed into large cylinders, is conveyed thence by an iron pipe to the part of the tunnel where the work is going on, and from this pipe by elastic tubes to each of the separate machines, boring, at the same time, into the face of the rock. As many as seventeen such machines are used together without the smallest confusion, each being perfectly independent of all the others. The air liberated during the working of the machines is made use of to cool and ventilate the works, and as the distance to which the compressed air is carried does not affect its value as a moving power, the work has gone on as well at the most distant point reached (four miles and a quarter from the condenser on the Italian side) as within a few hundred yards of the starting-point. The machine by which the operations of the tunnel have been thus facilitated has been contrived and perfected on the spot. It is simple and effectual, very rapid in its action, and requiring no extraordinary intelligence to work. The steadiness of the work during the last few years is the best proof of its complete success.

Owing to the long time likely to be occupied by the works, every provision was made at an early period for the comfortable accommodation of all engaged. Houses were erected for the chief engineer and his assistants, a club was established, with coffee-room, reading-room, billiard-room, and baths for the principal *employés*, and extensive barracks were run up for the workpeople. A whole village has, in fact, been erected, entirely eclipsing the old village of Bardonnèche; and the little town of Modana, on the French side, has grown enormously on its share of the increased traffic. About a thousand hands are employed on each side, not, of course, altogether in the tunnel, but in the arrangements outside, and the preparations for the railway to connect the tunnel with the main line. The works have been carried on for some years without cessation night or day, Sunday or week-day, winter and summer, with the exception of the great festivals of the Church, and a few days employed in stock-taking in the autumn.



THE CASA DO CAPITULO.

Excursions near Lisbon.—II.

BETWEEN THE TAGUS AND THE DOURO—SANTAREM—THOMAR—
ABRANTES—COIMBRA—SIERRA D'ESTRELLA—AVEIRO—OPORTO.

THE Oporto railroad is very convenient to travellers who wish to see the most interesting towns of Portugal without undergoing extreme fatigue or spending a long time on the road. The main line reaches the principal junction at a distance of sixty-five miles from Lisbon, and thence are two great branches—one eastwards to Badajoz, and so into Spain (about 110 miles beyond the junction), and the other northwards by Coimbra to Oporto (140 miles). Santarem is near the junction, and is reached in a couple of hours from Lisbon. Like many of the Estremaduran towns, its church architecture is very interesting. It has also been the seat of various important events in Portuguese history, and is on every account a place to be visited. It was a Roman town, and is situated on high ground a little north of the Tagus, on its right bank. It was long in the possession of the Moors, and though taken from them in 1093, it was soon retaken, and became one of the most important strong places in their possession. It was ultimately taken by the Christians by a stratagem half a century afterwards, and was permanently retained. There are remains of the old walls, and some interesting fragments of early architecture in the theatre, which was once a mosque. The country near is well cultivated, and the valley of the Tagus very rich.

From Santarem to Thomar is about thirty miles, but Thomar being the first station on the Oporto branch after passing the junction with the Badajoz line, there is always some delay, and nearly two hours is taken by the rail to make the journey. Thomar is rather a large city for Portugal, having more than 4,000 inhabitants, and it is perhaps the most interesting town in the whole country for its ecclesiastical architecture. This is well illustrated by the two views we have given of the wonderful *Casa do Capitulo*, a building that, like many others in this country, combines in a very curious manner classical and Gothic forms and feeling. In both illustrations the odd mixture of extreme enrichment, grotesque forms, and wild fanciful deviations from recognised and ordinary arrangements, is exceedingly remarkable. The mixture of round, oval, square, and pointed forms will not fail to excite the wonder and perhaps the ridicule of the North European. But this is not the right feeling with which to approach these remarkable ruins. The vast abundance of ornamentation seems almost to have overwhelmed the architect, and he appears to have felt so impressed by decoration, as to have been obliged to place it where ornament ceases to be ornamental, and becomes a nuisance. Witness the twisted work above the window in the illustration at page 13, Vol. III., and the quaint figures suspended below the window. These are details, but in the general view something of the same character may be noticed, though not to so great an extent. Gargoyles on the spouts projecting from the drainage of roofs are always regarded as permissible, and are often ridiculous, the workman sometimes revenging himself by handing down to posterity a caricature of some one who had given him offence. But the liberty always permitted in this part of a building, even in the case of churches in the best style and period, degenerates here into extreme licence, and is permitted even in prominent parts of windows; fretwork prevails every-

where and covers everything; the stone seems breaking out into bud and flower, and it is difficult to understand that such a result can have grown out of an attempt to represent the severe beauties of Gothic architecture.

The traveller who desires to cross Portugal and see Badajoz must return to the junction (Entroncamento), and may thence proceed, reaching Abrantes in about an hour, and arriving at Badajoz in from seven to eight hours from the junction. Abrantes is a strongly fortified place, and has a fine church; there is no other town of importance. Elvas is about ten miles from Badajoz; it is a very interesting place, surrounded by country houses and gardens, and in a military sense is strong. It stands on a high hill, and is admirably situated to command the old roads, both to Madrid and Seville. It is a fortress surrounded by several forts, requiring a larger garrison than towns are likely to have in Portugal. The principal fort is very convenient, possessing not only a very large tank, but a spring of water of good quality. This fortress has often been attacked but never taken. There is a direct line of railway open from Lisbon as far as Evora, which will, when completed, greatly shorten the distance from the capital to Badajoz, and which will pass by Elvas. This will, of course, much improve the communication between the capitals of Spain and Portugal, but there seems little probability of its cementing very closely any union between the two countries.

From Santarem the railway conveys the traveller to Coimbra, a distance of about sixty-five miles, in about three hours. It is a town equally interesting for its picturesque position, its architectural beauties, and its university. The town rises steeply on the north bank of the Mondego, but the streets are narrow, steep, and generally dirty. A well-known writer says, "Coimbra is about as rocky as Oporto; in either place it is impossible for old or gouty people to walk." It was long a Moorish stronghold, but recovered from Mohammedan rule in the middle of the eleventh century. At one time it was the capital of Portugal. It is the seat of an important university still in high repute, and having about a thousand students in some one or other of the five faculties—theology, law, medicine, mathematics, and philosophy. The buildings occupy the summit of the hill on which the town is built; but to enjoy the best view of the town and country it is necessary to mount to the tower of the university. The old part of the building will amply repay the trouble of investigation.

The cathedral of Coimbra is interesting, and, like the university, it occupies a commanding position, soaring aloft above a network of small lanes and narrow streets. The style is curiously mixed, as is so often the case in Portugal, and the Moorish element is traceable in the interior. It dates from the early part of the twelfth century, but is sadly barbarised by modern restorations. Some of the Romanesque work seen from the outside, including the western door, and a window also in the west front, is very striking, and, perhaps, one of the best examples in Portugal of its peculiar style. There are in the interior some tombs of the thirteenth century, and some other Romanesque work of considerable beauty. Besides the cathedral there are in Coimbra several

specimens of architecture of similar style and date, some of them interesting enough.

The church of the convent of Santa Cruz is a very noble specimen of flamboyant architecture, including some parts of extraordinary interest. The cloisters and chapter-house are among these. The church also contains some magnificent carving. The stalls are fine—there are seventy-two of them—and the workmanship of the pulpit, said to be cut out of a single piece of stone, is of the most exquisite beauty. The convent possesses great historical interest, and, according to tradition, the apparition of Alfonso Henriquez appeared here at the time that Don João I. was driving out the Moors from Ceuta. This curious legend is described fully in the following lines by a well-known poet:—

“In Santa Cruz, at Coimbra,
The monks were saying tierce,
And scanty through the windows
The storied sunbeams pierce;
When clang’d the gates and clash’d the floor
Of God’s serene abode,
And right up to the chancel door
A kingly spectre rode.

“Then canon gazed at canon,
And monks together press’d,
And there was awe and terror,
And crossing of the breast;
Till by the earl’s fair coronet,
And by the well-scar’d cheek,
They knew Alfonso the adored,
The victor of Ourique.

“‘This day,—thus spake the royal form,
And the brethren held their breath—
‘This day Don John at Ceuta
Must strike for life or death:
Yet let each heart be joyous,
Yet let each eye be bright;
I and my son Don Sancho
Are going to the fight.’

“That very hour at Ceuta,
Two kingly forms were seen,
Mounted on steeds as white as snow,
Of more than mortal mien:
No word they spake, no stroke they strake,
As they charged the Moorish rank;
Yet evermore, where their steeds pass’d o’er,
Th’ accursed crescent sank.”

The remains of the old monastery of Santa Clara, consisting chiefly of the ruins of the church, date from 1286, and are interesting. The building has suffered a good deal, partly by the action of time, but chiefly from the inundations of the river, which are very frequent and serious, owing to the heavy falls of rain in the mountains, and the form of the ground in the surrounding country, which causes the water to run off very quickly. The new monastery of Santa Clara crowns a steep hill on the south side of the river, and is, at least, free from this source of danger. It is, however, a plain, and even ugly, building of the seventeenth century, and contains no object of the smallest interest.

The Quinta das Lagrimas, on the further side of the Mondego, is now the country-house of a gentleman who allows it to be visited by those who desire to see the residence which was a refuge of the fair and poetical Inez de Castro, secretly married to the Infante Don Pedro, the son of Alfonso IV., and here barbarously murdered in the king’s presence, and by

his orders, in the year 1355. The result of this foul crime was that the son rose in rebellion against his father, laid waste the whole of the Minho, and, on his accession to the throne, put the murderers of his wife to death, proclaimed his marriage, and ordered the coronation of the corpse. In the gardens of the quinta is a spring, shaded by beautiful cedars, called the *Fonte dos Amores*. The view of the city and river from this garden is very striking.

There are other very interesting objects around Coimbra, and the neighbourhood is worthy of careful investigation by the artist and naturalist. A little to the north-east lies the ridge and convent of Busaco, extremely interesting in itself, on account of the magnificent trees, chiefly cypresses and cedars, that once covered it and are still its greatest ornaments, and not less remarkable as the site of a bloody battle between the French troops, under Marshals Ney and Massena, and the English, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. The convent was once on a grand scale, its precincts having a circumference of four miles, all walled in, and including numerous chapels and religious stations. On the summit of the ridge was a stone cross, on so large a foundation that 3,000 cart-loads of stone were employed in constructing its base. The cells of the brethren were round the church, and they were lined with cork instead of wood. Each had its garden and watercourse, which formed the sole recreation of the monks.

An interesting excursion may be made from Coimbra, by striking off to the east from Mealhada, by Busaco, to Cea, in the Sierra d’Estrella. The village of Cea is not in itself remarkable, though picturesquely situated on a spur of the principal chain. Near it was stationed the cavalry of the British army when attacked, on its retreat to Torres Vedras, by the forces of the French. The Sierra de Busaco, a continuation of the Estrella, is near; and after the battle the Duke of Wellington was able to continue his march to the lines nearer Lisbon, avoiding the mountains, and saving a considerable distance.

The Sierra d’Estrella is the last of a series of granitic mountain chains, crossing the peninsula nearly parallel to the Pyrenees, but some distance to the south. Commencing in Spain, by the Guadarrama, this chain continues in a direction nearly west-south-west, being succeeded first by the Sierra de Gredos, and then, slightly turning to the west, it connects with the Sierra de Gata, and terminates in the Sierra d’Estrella, which separates the basin of the Tagus from that of the Douro. Beyond the Estrella, to the west and south-west, there is a further extension to the sea, forming the broken and hilly plateau of which the Duke of Wellington took advantage in preparing the lines of Torres Vedras, already alluded to in the former chapter of this article. The Estrella is a lofty chain, rising in places to as much as 7,500 feet above the sea, and exhibits much very noble and varied mountain scenery. Near Coimbra it forms a range of extreme beauty and interest. At the summit is a plateau nine miles long and three miles wide, covered with snow during winter and spring. The snow generally remains as late as June. The whole mountain system of which it forms a part is granitic, and much broken and weathered. On the plateau just described are several small but deep lakes. From the sierra proceeds the river Mondego, crossed at Coimbra, and one of the largest streams of the interior of Portugal. It rises in one of the lakes of the Estrella range, and runs for nearly one hundred miles. Its valley is wide,

fertile, and abundantly watered, and is one of the richest and most beautiful in the peninsula. The slopes of the Estrella afford abundant pasturage to great numbers of cattle and sheep, while forests of oak and chestnut supply food to numerous herds of swine. The smoothness and gentleness of the stream of the Mondego in spring and summer hardly make up for the terrible inundations to which it is subject, and from which all the valley suffers.

The Estrella is regarded as the backbone of Portugal, and embraces a far greater variety of scenery and a larger number of fine views than any other Portuguese chain. It separates the

that again to a third and fourth. The singular mountain peak called the *Cantara Magra* ("a lean pitcher"), though not the highest summit of the Estrella, is considered as the least accessible. It resembles a pitcher balanced on the head of a woman, but from the lake Escura it seems to rise like a needle; and another peak, whose summit is regarded as the highest point in the sierra, is almost equally bold. This culminating point of the ridge, and therefore the highest ground in Portugal, commands a boundless prospect, embracing a large part of Spain, reaching to the mountains near Toledo. The nature of the granitic plateau from which these peaks rise, and of the wild



THE MONASTERY DE LEÇA DO BALIO, NEAR OPORTO.

valley of the Tagus from that of the Douro, and carries out the line of the granitic mountains of Castile to the Atlantic. Several streams besides the Mondego take their rise in its lakes and melting snow, and rush down the narrow ravines and gorges on its sides. The chief of these is the Zezere, which rushes down the southern flanks of one of the loftiest peaks of the sierra, to join the Tagus at a distance of some eighty miles.

The lakes of the plateau of the Estrella are extremely remarkable, and worthy of a visit by the naturalist and physical geographer. The Escura is the largest, and is about a mile in circumference. It is excessively difficult of access, and has been compared to a basin nailed against a perpendicular wall. Its depth is very great, and its waters seem as black as ink. When it overflows, its waters run down to a second lake, and

valleys down which rush the torrents that feed the Portuguese rivers, is very interesting, and unlike anything that can be seen elsewhere in Europe. The course of the Zezere is particularly fine when that river is greatly swollen by the melting of the mountain snows. In some places it forms a continuous cataract for more than one hundred yards without interruption, and is wonderfully grand. At the Ponte de Cabril, near Pedrogão, the river is, in ordinary times, 200 feet below the bridge, but the gorge is so narrow that the water, on the occasion of great floods, rises nearly to the lower part of the arch that spans the gorge.

Well enclosed in the rocky plateau of the Estrella is the old episcopal city of Viseu, situated at the height of 1,300 feet above the sea, and feeling the effect of its position when, in the spring, the south wind, sweeping over the mountain land

covered in most places with twenty feet of snow, is bitterly cold and uncomfortable. It contains a rather interesting cathedral, rich in the works of the native painter, Gran Vasco, the Fra Angelico of Portugal. He is said to have been born in 1470, and studied in Italy. Some of his works in the cathedral are considered to be unrivalled; but there are many of inferior value attributed to him. Viseu was also the birth-place of a celebrated native poet, whose descriptions of Portuguese Asia are very remarkable.

Avoiding the sierra and following the coast, there is a way from Coimbra to Oporto by Aveiro, another old episcopal city, situated on a salt lagoon extending nearly fifteen miles to the north, and separated from the sea by a narrow spit of sand. Several small streams enter the lagoon, and in summer, when these streams are dry, the sand accumulates and chokes up the entrance. It happens occasionally that the winter flow of the rivers is not sufficiently rapid to cut a way through this bar, and in that case the water backs upon the land, converting a great extent of low ground near Aveiro into a marsh. The natural result of this state of things is miasma and fever. Owing to this, the city of Aveiro, once numbering 14,000 inhabitants, has been reduced to 5,000. Very extensive works were constructed in the beginning of the present century by the Government to remedy the evil, and the health of the place is greatly improved. Vast quantities of salt are obtained in the neighbourhood by evaporation, from pits in the inundated ground.

Aveiro is a great fishing-station, and once rivalled the English fishing-towns in the trade in salt cod from Newfoundland; but this has long ceased. The fishermen, however, still continue to deserve the reputation of being the best on the coast, and they work together in companies of about 150 men each.

At Aveiro boats may be hired to Ovar, a town at the northern extremity of the lagoon, rapidly increasing, but very unhealthy. A desert of loose sand extends from hence towards the north for a long distance, as far as the mouth of the Douro. This wide and, for the most part, barren plain is partly covered with pines; but pools of salt water skirt the road, and the whole district is so absolutely without the smallest trace of civilisation that no part of Siberia or Africa could exhibit greater solitude.

By taking advantage of the railway, Oporto may be reached from Coimbra in three hours, but the scenery on the way is of little interest. The town of Oporto is built on the slope of two hills, about five miles from the sea, and though so far from the sea, and built on the banks of the Douro, it is regarded, as its name indicates, as a sea-port town. There is a harbour, capacious, but very difficult to enter, owing to a bar of sand.

The river Douro is responsible for the badness of the accommodation in the way of harbour, and is so because it is subject to the most frightful inundations. In the course of a few hours after a heavy rain in the upper part of its course, the water will sometimes rise twenty or thirty feet near Oporto, bringing down whole trees and enormous quantities of mud and stone from the country above, and dyeing the sea with its yellow muddy colour many miles from the shore. This mud, distributed by marine currents, and drifted to the coast between the mouth of the Douro and Aveiro, has produced the long and large lagoon already described. Some years ago a ship moored near the quay was suddenly torn from its moorings by one of these freshets, and whirled round and round down the stream. Some distance below the town it went aground on a sandbank, and was turned keel uppermost, the masts being embedded in the sand, and a boiling surge of water breaking

upon it. Some of the sailors managed, however, to get on the keel, and clung there for a time; but although the banks were crowded with people, and fabulous sums were offered for their release, none of the spectators could give the least help, either from the shore or by bringing down ropes from a little higher up the stream. The masts gave way, the hull was buried, and every soul on board perished. Similar occurrences have often taken place, though generally with little loss of life. One of the most serious accidents on record was the wreck of a passenger steamer, in 1852, when no less than sixty persons perished within a stone's-throw of the castle at the mouth of the river.



CHURCH AT VILLA DE CONDE, NEAR OPORTO.

But this was rather due to the badness of the harbour than to the inundation of the river.

Oporto is a city of considerable antiquity, and was very important even during the domination of the Moors in Portugal. But this old town was utterly destroyed in the ninth century, and remained a desert till the close of the tenth, when it was re-founded. Fragments of its walls, constructed in the fourteenth century, are still to be seen here and there, but there are few other remains of its former state. As a whole, the town is altogether modern. Being built on a slope, the streets are not very accessible for carriages; but many of them are broad and well paved, with handsome but very irregularly-built houses, oddly mixed up with poor hovels even in the best streets. The cathedral is on the top of a hill; it is of large size, and must originally have been an interesting specimen of its date. Its style is Early Pointed; the Gothic cloisters are very interesting, and the old tiles with which they are decorated are curious. Much of the building has been re-constructed in very questionable taste, and it would be difficult to trace the older and purer parts. Except in the Church of St. Martinho

ie Cedofeita, which contains some curious Romanesque remains, there is little to admire in the church architecture of this the second city of Portugal, nor are there any other public buildings to redeem it from indifference. The town is essentially modern, and the taste of the modern constructions is not good.

But, in visiting Oporto and the Douro, grapes and wine are of more interest than picturesque scenery, ruins of old buildings, or fine churches. The traveller, when at this well-known place, will naturally look for the indications of its trade and importance, and for this purpose he must visit the city, provided with an introduction to one of the many wealthy and hospitable owners of the *armazens*, or cellars. The most celebrated of these stores are situated in a suburb called Villa Nova or Gaya. They are wonderful for their extent, and interesting for the details of manipulation there carried on in the concoction of the popular compound known in England as port wine.

Those who are not satisfied with seeing the treatment of the wine in the city of its preparation, but would visit the wine country, must prepare for a longer and a less easy trip than that from Lisbon to Oporto. The port wines are grown on the upper Douro, of which the modern town of Pezo da Reysa is the capital. The wine district extends about twenty-five miles in length, and is about half that distance across. It is unhealthy, and thinly peopled, and chiefly on the north side of the Douro, and nearly thirty miles from Oporto. The vines are cultivated on terraces, and never allowed to grow above three feet six inches high. Each vine is tied to a stake, and the general appearance of the terraces when the vines are in fruit is as little picturesque as would be that of gooseberry trees cultivated in the same manner. This is, however, generally the case where the fruit itself and not the picturesqueness of its growth is thought of. The earth is turned over in the vineyard three times in the year—once in autumn, after the vintage; next in April, before the leafing, when the soil is removed from the roots to allow the sun's heat to penetrate; and lastly in summer, when the fruit changes colour, and when it is necessary to replace the soil over the roots, to prevent the scorching effect of the sun while the ripening proceeds. The grapes are small, and thickly clustered on the bunch. The vintage generally lasts from the third week in September till the third week in October, and is chiefly carried on by women

and children. The grapes, when picked, are immediately carried to the wine-press, and as soon as the vats are full the pressing takes place. Before the pressing, however, and while the grapes are being accumulated in the vat, a quantity of the juice of the ripest fruit, formed by the squeezing of the mass above, is drawn off, and converted into a very rich wine called *Lacryma Christi*, generally kept by the grower either for himself or his friends. The pressing is performed by men, who jump on the grapes and tread them down. This is very hard work, and is continued for thirty-six hours, after which the liquor, now in the state of must, is left to ferment. This is a natural process, that varies in the time required for its completion according to the vintage; and much of the success of the wine depends on fermentation being stopped at the right moment.

The after preparation of port wine for the English market is a matter that has often been described, and that might, if duly pondered, induce some to pause who now regard this substance as a wholesome beverage for daily use. The following statement is given by Dr. Druitt, in his "Report," published a few years ago, and he adds that it may be relied on as an account of the composition of port wine of the first quality, "given by one who had a better right to know than most men:"—To a pipe of half-fermented wine, as prepared in the wine district and brought to Oporto—the pipe consisting of seventy-six gallons—is added twenty-five gallons of brandy, five gallons of elder-berry juice, to give colour, and, at intervals during the manufacture, eight more gallons of brandy. On shipment another gallon of brandy is added, making in all thirty-four gallons of brandy to the seventy-six of wine. The brandy added is always above proof, but the first twenty-five gallons very much above.

The effect of the brandy is to check fermentation and preserve the fruity flavour. The wine, however, tends to re-ferment, which renders necessary the subsequent additions. The brandy added ought to be made from the juice of the grape; but in bad years, and especially since the vine disease has reduced the quantity of fruit needed, the figs of the south of Portugal have been largely brought under contribution for this purpose. The spirit obtained from the distillation of the fig is, however, extremely noxious, possessing some of the qualities of arrack, and tending to excite those who habitually use it far more than real brandy.

German Arctic Voyages.

WHEN the subject of a renewal of British enterprise in the North Polar regions was agitated in England by Captain Sherard Osborn, early in 1865, the practicability of actually reaching the North Pole of the earth was seriously discussed. Very few of our surviving Arctic navigators who took part in the discussion doubted the feasibility of reaching the pole, but they differed as to the best route to get there. Captain Osborn, and many others, whose opinions were entitled to great weight, including Captain (now Admiral) Richards, the

Admiralty hydrographer, were totally opposed to any attempt to force a passage by the open sea beyond Spitzbergen, and approved of a plan of sledging northwards along the western coast of Greenland. According to Captain Osborn's suggestion, two vessels should proceed in summer through Baffin's Bay to Smith Sound, and sledging parties should start thence in the following winter, the ships to serve as a base of operations, and the successive parties proceeding by convenient stages, forming depôts of provisions and supporting

one another until the last should reach the pole. It was assumed that Greenland, or islands to the north in continuation of it, reached nearly to the pole, and it was considered an essential advantage of this route that the expedition could "hug the land" all the way.

The greatest opponent of this scheme was Dr. Augustus Petermann, a well-known German geographer, who advocated the direct route up the North Atlantic past Spitzbergen. The few English navigators who spoke in favour of Petermann's views dwelt strongly on the greater accessibility and nearness of this route, saying truly that the same high latitude which it would take a whole season to reach *viâ* Baffin's Bay, is within the compass of a short summer yachting trip in the Spitzbergen seas, and the expedition could go forward at once: thus, as to time, the Spitzbergen route was a whole year shorter than the Smith Sound route, and the Spitzbergen harbours are open all summer to ships which could readily take supplies for the expedition. It was assumed, however, that the attempt was to be made by steam-ships, and that the great fields of floating pack-ice which cover the Arctic Ocean from a few miles north of Spitzbergen, forming a compact barrier even in the height of summer, could be penetrated. Dr. Petermann went further than this. He conceived that a great area around the pole formed an open sea, unfrozen even in winter, and that the fields of ice which stretch obliquely from Greenland (in about 74° N. lat.) to the north of Spitzbergen (in about 82° N. lat.) formed only an outer girdle, which once penetrated, a steamer might sail straight across the pole, and come out at Behring Strait.

The learned and enthusiastic German writer adduced many facts and considerations, derived from Arctic voyagers, the direction of currents and distribution of temperature, in support of his views. The publication of his letters in England undoubtedly helped to prevent Captain Osborn's plan from being carried into effect, but failed on the other hand from influencing our naval authorities in favour of the Spitzbergen scheme. The reply of the Duke of Somerset, then first Lord of the Admiralty, to a deputation who strove to urge the Government to take up Polar exploration, was to the effect that amid such diversity of opinion among men of science, the Admiralty could not be expected to take up the suggestion. Petermann thereupon appealed to his own countrymen, and with such success, that sufficient funds were soon raised to equip a preliminary expedition. This started from Bergen, in Norway, in the *Grönland*, in May, 1868, but returned without having reached so high a latitude as previous explorers.

In 1869, a second and more important expedition was organised. The funds were raised by public subscription in Germany, headed by members of royal and ducal families, and the project was announced as a national undertaking—the commencement of German Arctic enterprise. Two vessels, the steam-ship *Germania* and the sailing vessel *Hansa*, commanded by a brave and skilful Arctic navigator, Captain Koldewey, left Bremen on the 15th of June, in the presence of the King of Prussia, and followed by the good wishes of enthusiastic savants and patriots. Captain Koldewey was directed, in the first instance, to make for the Pendulum Islands, on the east coast of Greenland, and from thence to make every effort, by sledging or steaming, to reach the pole.

All that human endeavour could accomplish seems to have been manfully done by Captain Koldewey, the men of science

who accompanied him, and the brave crews of the two vessels; but the result was small as far as geographical discovery was concerned, and the expedition did not reach as far north as our own Arctic expeditions (Captain Parry) by 344 miles. Nothing was discovered in support of the theoretical views of Dr. Petermann. The ships reached the icy sea in the middle of July (lat. $74^{\circ} 49'$), and while struggling amid the floating ice-fields and contrary currents, they were separated, the *Germania* soon afterwards reaching the Greenland coast, and wintering there in safety, the *Hansa* trying in vain to gain shelter, and after being tossed about for three painful months, becoming wrecked in the open sea among stupendous masses of ice, on one of which the crew escaped and passed the winter.

The *Germania* wintered on the southern side of Sabine Island, where Captain (now Sir Edward) Sabine erected his observatory in 1823, in lat. $70^{\circ} 30'$. During the winter and in the spring of 1870, sledging parties travelled along the coast northward, reaching their farthest point on the 15th of April. Scientific observations of much interest were made by the naturalists and physicists of the expedition, and in the summer of 1870 the interesting discovery was made further down the coast, near Cape Franklin, of a deep fjord, penetrating at least sixty miles into the interior of Greenland, and enjoying a mild climate, where great herds of the musk-ox and reindeer enjoy abundant pasture undisturbed by man, no settlement of Esquimaux being known along the whole coast. Grand alpine scenery and verdant valleys close in this picturesque channel, the mountain peaks rising to the height, in one instance, of 14,000 feet. This interesting discovery was made in August, 1870, the *Germania* soon afterwards quitting the coast, and arriving at Bremen on the 11th of September.

The sufferings of the crew of the *Hansa* will form, when the narrative is published, one of the most stirring episodes in the records of maritime adventure. After reaching within eighteen miles of the sheltering coast of Greenland in August, the unfortunate vessel was driven away to the eastward, and by the middle of September became firmly frozen up in the Arctic Sea. The gloomy prospect did not discourage the heroic little crew of fourteen men. They made the ship as secure as they could in a little harbour on the edge of an ice-floe, and built upon the ice, with their bricks of patent fuel, a comfortable hut. All went well until about the middle of October, when the ice was set in fearful commotion by violent storms. On the 19th of the month the ice-floe broke in two, under the hut in which they were sheltered, and their ship, pressed by the moving masses, was lifted fourteen feet out of the water, and hurled broadside on the ice, afterwards falling back again and sinking. A stock of provisions was secured from the vessel with great risk, and the remainder of the winter passed on the fragment of the floe. Upon this dangerous raft they gradually drifted southward in the spring, and finally escaped in the boat they had saved from the wreck to the southern coast of Greenland, reaching Europe afterwards in a Danish vessel within a few days of the arrival of the *Germania*. Two hundred days were thus passed in great suffering on the fragment of ice, drifted about in the stormy Arctic Sea. One of the scientific members of the expedition, Dr. Buchholz, became insane, and has not since recovered.

The results of the voyage will be published under the management of the "German North-Polar Exploration Society," which was started at Bremen in October last.



THE CREW OF THE HANSA ON AN ICE-FLOE.

The Gulf of Spezia.—II.

COSTUME OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES—CLIMATE AND VEGETATION—
SEASONAL CHANGES—GLORIOUS EFFECTS OF MOONLIGHT.

AMONG the male population, the ordinary style of dress common in Northern Europe is worn in La Spezia by the middle classes, but the common people may still be seen wearing large pantaloons, bulging out at the hips, and huge hats, worn negligently over one ear. This style of dress is not uncommon among the Livonian working classes. As in Leghorn, the *popolane* wear in general a handkerchief over the head, the point of which falls over their back. The richer women follow the Parisian fashions with better success than in many of the more important parts of Italy. For the most part, the females of the middle classes wear their national costume, which is not remarkable in any particular, unless it be in the little black veil, which is also worn in Venice, and which covers the ears and the hair. The hair itself is also generally black, for the fair-haired type of Illyrian Venetians is not met with amongst the Ligurians. Some of these may be seen wearing the white veil—common also in Genoa—coquettishly wound round the head, every breeze scattering its folds to the winds. This is very becoming for the young, but not equally so for the old, as the light gauze only throws into relief the angular features, the bowed back, and the wizened form of the older women, who, like the Italians generally, and, indeed, most other Southern people, age rapidly, and alter greatly as they grow old.

Without being confined to the harem, the Spezian lady is less seen than her fellow-women in the large cities bordering on the Mediterranean. At Leghorn it is the custom for every person mixing in society to be carried daily to the Ardenga *in forma solenne*. It would be difficult to introduce the habit into smaller towns, and it is not to be deplored. La Spezia has nevertheless its *caroggio dritto*, which might be of service in similar exhibitions; but the only traffic in the principal street consists of the heavy diligences of the Messageries Impé-

riales, and those of the Italian company's conveyances, which communicate between the city of Genoa and the various towns on the coast of the Gulf of Genoa.

The tourist who has commenced by taking his sea-baths at the Lido, and comes to La Spezia to finish his course, will be struck by the difference which exists between the two countries, although both form parts of Northern Italy.

Continental Italy differs greatly from the peninsular part of the country. The valley of the Po is, no doubt, the country so often depicted by the Mantuan poet, its rich plains being planted with elms and poplars; but the vines trained over picturesque trellises, and yielding abundant grapes, produce very indifferent wine. But although Liguria is not further south than Lombardy and Venetia, it has all the features of peninsular Italy. It belongs to the olive districts, and the Apennine chain protecting it from the *tramontana*, or north wind, permits of the cultivation of the orange and the growth of the palm, both which thrive in the Gulf of Spezia as in the Gulf of Naples.

Orange-trees in the *boschetto* of La Spezia grow as high as apple-trees in the northwest of France, and are common in gardens, rearing their high round tops above the walls, covered with fruit, which is, of course, green during the whole summer. These walls, built very high, are necessary precautions against the clever audacity of greedy children. In Tuscany, from which the Apennines are more distant, vegetation



PEASANT WOMAN OF SPEZIA.

has not the same southern aspect. The *cascine* of Florence, whose long avenues of elm resemble those of the valley of the Po, would be very gloomy were it not for the olives on the hills which surround this laughing city of flowers. Vegetation in Tuscany has a sort of mixed character, partaking both of Liguria and Southern Italy. The *Agave Americana*, which thrives well on the Ligurian coast, greatly assists in giving it its southern aspect. When passing entire hedges of this singular plant, the mind reverts to that great navigator born

on the coast of Genoa, who opened up a new world to the Aryan race. The palm-tree, relic of a primeval vegetation, carries us back to periods of infinite remoteness. Europe is now a modern world, from which the original races and primitive species have disappeared. Of the aborigines, but few remains exist, and the primeval vegetation must be sought for in countries where the fern and the nettle become gigantic trees. The palm is a relic of huge monocotyledons, which formerly covered European soil; it is less often found on an alien soil. Palmyra no longer boasts of those fine trees which gave her her poetic name; but they are still growing in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Spezia, together with the Indian fig and other sub-tropical plants. Professor Paoli Savi, in mentioning the subject, justly remarks that its vegetation resembles that of the north coast of Africa and the warmest parts of Spain. It would be well if the municipality of La Spezia, like that of Hyères, would take under its special protection these venerable remains of the ancient world. How changed in appearance would be the vast piazza of the Prato, where now nothing but stones abound, if the wild plants which cover it, and the acacias, which are so scantily distributed, were replaced by palm-trees, spreading their magnificent crown-leaves as a shelter from the noonday sun!

At La Spezia it may truly be said that the four seasons of the calendar are fully represented in different parts of the year. As the gulf opens out towards the south, and is enclosed by high ground all round, the whole district almost seems to form a natural conservatory. In the bad season—which lasts but a short time—the *tramontana*, which corresponds with the terrible *mistral* of Provence, is occasionally felt dropping down from the Apennines. The sirocco, which the Swiss so much dread under the name of *föhn*, and which has blown over this coast ever since, towards the close of the diluvian period, the Sahara emerged from the depths of the ocean, comes with little or no impediment from Africa, and brings in its train languor and a peculiar morbid state, affecting some persons very disagreeably. Even in summer, however, when most trying, there are some who can bear it with perfect resignation. The English suffer greatly at the time when it prevails. Thus, in the month of August it is almost unbearable, especially if the usual stimulating diet of our country people is retained. At these times wine—especially the strong wines of the district—brandy, pepper, pimento, and all other condiments, and even tea, must be regarded as injurious. The Italians, however, on the other hand, perhaps run into the contrary excess, and live too exclusively on cold vegetable food. In summer, when they are covered with perspiration, they devour iced water and *gelati*; every one consumes large quantities of fruit, which they eat as green in La Spezia as in Roumania. Figs, pistachio nuts, peaches, and pears, hard as stones, frequently bring on gastro-enteric affections. In cholera time, the use of this kind of food counteracts the efforts made by Government and the municipality to stop the complaint. The result of this inattention to proper food, added to the serious want of sanitary regulations, is that this terrible epidemic threatens to become naturalised in the Italian peninsula. For some years past it has, indeed, raged just as it did formerly in India, in the Valley of the Ganges, from whence it spread into Western Asia, thence into Egypt, and finally into Southern Europe. In winter the same contempt of sanitary precaution exists, and it is almost universal in the south. Thus rheumatism is very

prevalent amongst the inhabitants in the Gulf of Spezia, where their clothing, pleasant enough when the sirocco blows, is no defence when the *tramontana* suddenly descends from the Apennines like an icy torrent.

On the Mediterranean coast, this variation of temperature is so decided as to become formidable. Cold is all the more felt because it is followed by great heat. When it rains, the water falls from the heavy lowering sky just as if a deluge were about to drown the world. In the autumn, even so early as towards the end of September, a heavy rainfall sometimes causes the air to become so chilly as to resemble winter. In the year 1867, after an unusually heavy storm, the working classes at Marola found themselves immediately after the tempest so seriously attacked by illness, that a great lesson must have been learnt, by even the most careless, as to the influence these dangerous changes have on the human constitution, and how far they reduce the value of human life in these beautiful countries. An old Arab proverb declares that "Allah does not disinherit any of his creatures." Many a spot where the sun shines but seldom, where wine is not a product of the soil, and where all seems dull and melancholy, may have large compensation in the enjoyment of permanent liberty. In such countries there is an honest pride felt that they are taking an active part in the progress of the human race.

Italians close their bathing establishments before the tempestuous weather arises; consequently, strangers coming for the benefit of the baths are not generally present when these sudden changes of weather occur, and convert for the moment the lovely Gulf of Spezia into a scene so sombre and terrible. The summer is dry and warm, and permits of the full enjoyment of the glorious moonlit nights.

The gulf being enclosed on three sides by mountains, the moon is only visible when it is sufficiently high to be seen above their summits. Before this happens, and the tips of the waves become spotted with silver light, the crest of the mountain is seen crowned with a mysterious aureola, which momentarily becomes brighter and brighter. When the Queen of Night at length appears, her rays shine as a flame, lighting up the summit of the eastern range. The dark-blue waters of the gulf then suddenly become transformed into a sheet of glittering gold, whose undulating waves gently caress the shore. Those who have not seen other seas than the British Channel or the German Ocean, cannot picture to themselves the serenity of these nights in August on the Mediterranean shore. It was these waves that rocked the inspired lover of Graziella in the enchanted gulf of Parthenope—

"Murmur round my bark,
O gentle sea!"

From time to time soft-breathing zephyr convey s gently to the waves the pink and white petals of the oleander, or the large leaf of the plane, a tree which waits not for autumn before shedding its finger-shaped leaves over the passers-by. The oleanders of the *boschetto*, whose green leaves, similar to those of the orange, brave the winter, begin towards the early days of September to lose their crown of flowers; but here they are to be found still, beautiful as those on the shores of the Eurotas, and radiant as in the days when the sacred stream caressed the alabaster form of the mother of Helen.

A month later, the moon shines on a different scene. In August, however, bathers, sailors, and citizens crowd the beach;

from boats, hastening homewards across the gulf, joyous voices are heard singing. The sweet Latin intonation, so precious to the ear of the great poet whose name is still held in soft remembrance all along the coast, is blended with the sonorous though homely tones of the more northern people. In front of the *cafés* are discussed the affairs of the Old and New World. Strangers and sons of the soil seem equally averse to retiring for the night, for they dread heat, gnats, and listlessness as an accompaniment to the pillow. But the manners and customs of the little town are rendered subservient to the habits of the bathing community, and when the moon has risen all is soon calm. Shortly after ten o'clock the momentary hum of life ceases. No carriages are heard returning from excursions in the neighbourhood. The voice of the *popolane* and the noisy songs of the sailors cease to disturb the peace of night, and only a few strangers still haunt the *cafés*. Nevertheless, the magic aspect of the scene remains. So transparent is the air, that, as in Greece, objects an enormous distance off are plainly discernible. From the quay the whole gulf is seen lighted up by the soft beams, and not a skiff is hidden from view. Boats of every kind rock gently on the surface of the water, in which they are reflected as in a mirror.

EXTENT OF THE GULF—GEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES—CAVERNS—LERICI
AND ITS HISTORY.

Almost every one who has visited La Spezia for the bathing season will feel inclined to make excursions on the gulf, which a native writer has called a "*prodigio della natura*," and which has been not unfairly described by a French writer as "one of the most beautiful basins in the known world." The Gulf of La Spezia is between five and six miles long, and four and a quarter miles across in its widest part, from Telaro to the island of Tinetto. It is formed as a gulf by two spurs of the Apennines, which run almost parallel, and which proceed from the north-west to the south-east. Three islands proceed from the western spur, continuing that chain into the Mediterranean. From Parodo, one of the culminating points of the western spur, there is a ramification eastwards, which shuts in the plain at the north of La Spezia. Other smaller spurs proceed from this western branch, some of which advance towards the gulf, crowned with beautiful olive-trees, in the midst of which rises the old castle of St. Georgio, and the *bastia*, forming a charming terrace overhanging the road, clothed with cypress and vine, and numerous ilex-trees and Mexican aloes. This is called the *Rocca del Cappucini*, because on it are the remains of an edifice once inhabited by monks. It seems to be very useful to the town, as the marsh-fevers, which abound in the plains situated to the east of the terrace, are not known in those on the other side. The spur from the mountains between Polverala and Sorbolo has a south-easterly bearing, and terminates in the promontory of Vezzano, which descends to the Magra.

Since the year 1861, when it was decreed that a geological map of the kingdom of Italy should be prepared, M. Giovanini Capellini, Professor of Geology in the University of Bologna, and already known for his detailed observations on the Gulf of Spezia, has been engaged in other and special researches in this district. From these researches there has already resulted the publication of the "*Carta Geologica dei Dintorni del Golfo di Spezia*," &c. (1863), and the "*Descrizione Geologica dei Dintorni del Golfo della Spezia*," &c. (Bologna, 1864). Before the

establishment of the kingdom of Italy, some local geologists had also studied the rocks in this neighbourhood. So long ago as in 1827, M. G. Guidoni published at Genoa his "*Osservazioni Geognostiche e Mineralogiche sopra i Monti che circondano il Golfo della Spezia*." At a somewhat later date, the Marquis l' Pareto, whose researches extended over the whole Ligurian coast, published a memoir entitled "*Cenni Geologici sulla Liguria Marittima*" (Genoa, 1846). These observers had furnished to the *Biblioteca Italiana* (Genoa, 1st July, 1832) a treatise, "*Sulle Montagne del Golfo della Spezia e sopra le Alpi Apuane*." Years before this, in the time of the French dominion, M. Cordier had called attention to the fossils of the western chain ("*Statistique Minéralogique du Département des Apennins*," in the "*Journal des Mines*" of 1811). The reader will also find in the "*Mémoires de la Société Géologique de France*" an article entitled, "*Sur les Environs de la Spezia*," by M. Fr. La Beche.

Although these researches have not yet produced all the practical results hoped for, they, no doubt, assisted in the establishment of the foundry of Petrusola by two Frenchmen, the MM. Thomas. Every traveller must have noticed the cloud of white smoke which extends from the right bank of Petrusola, and which often spreads far beyond the mountain, resembling a light gauze scarf, as white as the marble veins which run through the terraced hills of Carrara. This cloud marks the position of the *fonderia*. On the other hand, some mineral waters at Pitelli, about four miles from La Spezia, have not attracted the degree of attention that would seem justified by a description given of them by competent persons. That which particularly attracts the attention of the tourist is the phenomenon called *Polla di Cademare*, a spring of fresh, or rather brackish water, which issues from a depth of fifteen metres, opposite the Cape San Gerolimo, nearly a hundred yards from the shoals which surround the western coast at this spot. Men of science, as well as mere travellers, have interested themselves in this phenomenon, and that not only recently, but long ago. During the last century, Vallisneri (1726), Targiotti Tozetti (1777), Spallanzani (1784), and, more recently, Messrs. Guidoni, Hericart de Thury, De la Beche, Le Cocq, Collegno, and Capellini have all endeavoured to explain its meaning. It is a phenomenon not unparalleled on the western coast, and has given rise to various theories. It would be well if these were the only geological problems that remain to be solved.

When the eye follows instinctively the course of the clouds drifting over the mountains behind La Spezia, the imagination is apt to dwell on their peculiar outline, producing fantastic effects of light and shade, and speculate as to the possible origin of all these mountains, so graceful in form, without fully concurring in any explanation hitherto given relating to them. The veil which concealed the mysterious Isis from the eyes of the ancients, which represented the obscurity that prevents our comprehending the mysteries of Nature, is doubtless less opaque than it was; but the universal desire for knowledge is still very far from being satisfied, and the contemplation of Nature, instead of leading us, as it did Jean Jacques Rousseau and his imitators, to create metaphysical and theological hypotheses, induces us to have recourse to studies more in unison with the wants of the age, and more fertile in positive results.

The extreme end of the eastern shore is formed by the

Promontorium Lunense of the Romans, now the Capo del Corvo, which took its ancient name from the town of Luni, built near the gulf at the mouth of the Magra, and on the left bank of that river.

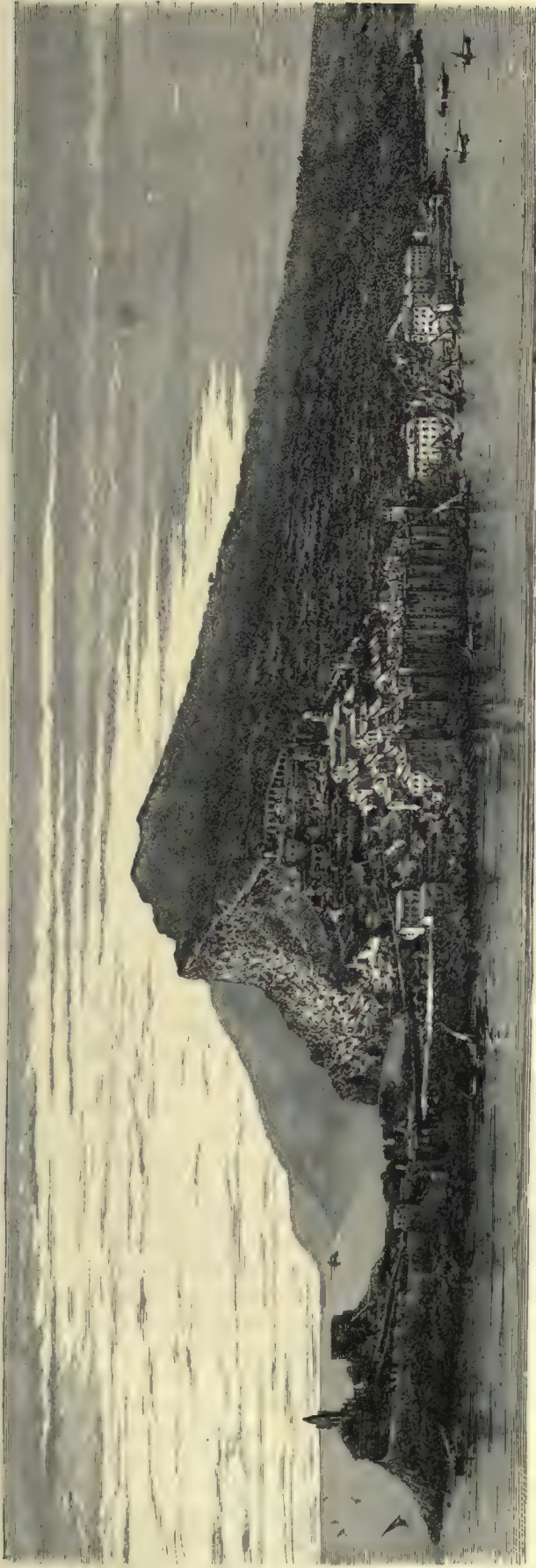
The ruins of the ancient city of Luna, or Luni, which in old times gave its name to the whole Gulf of Spezia, suggest to the thinking traveller the much earlier history of the same spot. Whether the Ligures, whose name appears to be derived from the Basque words *Li-gor* ("a people from above"), were or were not the earliest inhabitants of Europe,—whether, in a word, they belonged to the soil, or were merely an advanced guard of the Iberian tribes migrating from the African continent into Spain—may not be clear; but, according to the archæologists of the country, this lovely gulf, where the pious hero of the *Æneid*, the mythical son of the Trojan and African Aphrodite, stayed his steps for a moment, was probably one of the first inhabited parts of our continent. Cuvier has remarked that "under the shelter of the small irregular mountain chains, shooting out numerous spurs formed of the limestone rock which characterises Italy and Greece, and in the charming valleys intersecting these mountains, philosophy and the arts took their rise, and that it was in these nooks that the human race has given birth to those men of genius which form its brightest and most valued ornament."

The Gulf of La Spezia boasts of several of those caverns which, according to the traditions carefully handed down by the Greek as well as by the Latin race, were the abodes of the first inhabitants of our continent. The Nympharum Domus and the Pocca Lupaca at La Spezia; the cavern of Portovenere; the enormous cavern at the foot of Mount Corvo, said to have been the refuge of a marine monster, vanquished by the prayers of St. Venerius;—all these, together with the caverns recently explored in France by Messrs. Lartet and Christie, M. de Vibraye and M. Garrigou, must have been the habitations of the people of the so-called "stone age," an age which still exists amongst some uncivilised people in Oceania and Southern America. The exploration of caverns in France having already produced admirable results—described in the "*Leçons sur l'Homme*," by Dr. Karl Vogt, and the works of Sir John Lubbock in England—it has become desirable that Italian geologists should submit to a minute examination those of their beautiful peninsula. Naturally enough, in countries like Great Britain, France, and Germany, which were still uncivilised in the time of Cæsar, it is not easy to find traces of that "golden age" which science, far more inclined to deal with realities than with poetic traditions, calls the "Stone Period." But, although Latin civilisation is lost sight of in the dark ages, it would have been strange if some valuable relics of this Stone Age should not have escaped in Italy. This is, however, no longer a mere probability, since Professor Capellini has already discovered some specimens in the mountains of La Spezia, and has also suggested that the examinations of the different caverns and grottos, to which Spadoni had already called the attention of engineers in the last century, would have favourable results for palæontology; but these hopes have not yet been realised. M. Capellini has, however, examined the cavern of Cassana, already explored by Messrs. Savi, Pareto, and Guidoni, and there found a great quantity of bones, which he ascribes to the *Ursus spelæus*, or great cavern bear, an animal which, according to recent discoveries, must have been the contemporary of primeval man. M. Capellini has given the result of

his researches on this subject in an article in the "*Liguria Medica*," and in the ninth chapter of his "*Descrizione Geologica del Golfo*."

The shores of the Mediterranean, like those of the Adriatic, contain abundant illustrations of the revolutions of the globe. The Gulf of La Spezia is not now what it was in the ninth century. The slope on which was built the Poggio, the cradle of La Spezia, once overlooked a wide plain, which was gradually becoming increased by alluvial deposits. In proportion as the soil extended, this Poggio gradually became a dépôt of salt sent from Genoa, and was called the *Spedia*, which in time was changed into Ispezia, or Spezia. Afterwards it was a *borgata*, then a *cedta* (16th century), and finally (17th century), its Genoese *capitano* was succeeded by a *governatore*, and the hamlet was the capital of the province. The physical change still continues. There are yet living persons who remember to have seen reeds and marsh-plants growing on the spot where the fine hotel of the *Croce di Malta* now stands. Less fortunate than the humble village, this noble Etruscan city, overlooked on the west by Monte Corvo—whose colour is not indicated by its name—and on the north by the Apennines, has declined instead of advanced, owing to causes concerning which historians are not agreed.

The history of Lerici, a port situated on the western coast, and in the most important position of the gulf after La Spezia, may be traced back, like that of Luni, to the time when paganism flourished in all parts of Europe. At that time there are said to have existed a certain Butis and Lycaste—the latter a courtesan, called Venus, from her extreme beauty—who had a son, Eryx, who was sometimes called the son of Venus. Butis, the father, was killed by Hercules; but the wrath of the real Venus being aroused by this injury to her namesake, the demi-god, to appease this wrath, founded a city on the coast, which he called Eryx—hence Lerici. In many a Liguarian city some such legend is accepted, and perhaps in this way may be traced a remembrance of the civilising influence of those Phœnician mariners who from earliest times have frequented the coasts of Liguria. The Tyrian Hercules, the symbol of this Asiatic influence, must not be confused either with the Etruscan or Greek hero of the same name, although the same idea may be traced in every myth which relates to this conqueror of darkness, monsters, bandits, barbarians, and wild beasts. The Etruscans called themselves Heraclides, and looking on Hercules as a national hero, it was only natural that they should have attributed to him the origin of a town on the shores of the gulf which they overlooked. Situated on the limits of two races, Lerici might in early times, as afterwards in the thirteenth century, when peace was proclaimed there between the republics of Genoa and Pisa, have been regarded as a centre of reconciliation. Be it as it may, the worship of Hercules was not confined to the Etruscans in Italy. At Rome, where it appeared for the first time four centuries before the birth of Christ, it rapidly obtained great consideration, and became so popular that the altars to this semi-god were to be found occupying a corner in every street. The colossal figures of St. Christopher, so commonly seen in Italy, are not without some reference to the hero whose character suited an energetic, warlike people, convinced that in spreading Roman dominion, they, like the genius of light and truth, and like the conqueror of monsters, were making war against barbarism,



PANORAMA OF PORTOVENERE.



PANORAMA OF SPEZIA.

and extending the limits of the civilised world. The Roman emperors, who never failed to cultivate the religious prejudices of their people, took care to identify themselves with a hero who personated so well the mission of the Romans. When Cæsar's family died out, Venus and her divine sons could no longer be spoken of; and when the Emperor Galba, wishing to divert the thoughts of the people into another channel, placed the image of Hercules of Gades on his coins, Trajan and Adrian followed his example. The infamous Commodus went so far as to adopt his name, and even his costume. Septimus Severus and Caracalla placed him amongst their household gods. Even before this genealogists had named Hercules as the forefather of the Flavians, and when the principality had become invested with a completely Asiatic character, Diocletian and Maximian were represented as Jupiter and his son Hercules, entrusted with the government of the universe. Nero, who from the very first had suspected the growth of Cæsarism, called himself "Jupiter, the Liberator," and Hercules, the "Saviour of the World." The Latin race, who had from the earliest period of their history worshipped in Hercules strength united to justice and reason, at length erected altars to capricious and brute force, and plunged into excesses which ended in hastening the ruin of the glorious Græco-Roman civilisation, and

introducing the Gothic element as the most powerful in European progress.

The village of San Ferenzio belongs to Lerici. On the heights overlooking the village two Englishmen, one of them the poet Shelley, inhabited in 1822 a country-seat belonging to the Marquis Olandini. The author of the "Conversations of Lord Byron" describes how Shelley embarked on these seas in an insecure vessel, and fell a victim to one of those tempests described by himself when only sixteen years of age. It is generally considered that he was drowned between Lerici and Leghorn, and his body drifted a long distance, but a Spezia writer, Mr. Zolesi, assures us that he was drowned within the gulf. His body was found fifteen days afterwards, and was burnt by Byron on the coast of Pisa. Byron and his friends were struck with astonishment at the sight of a bird, which, like the bird of good omen described in the Greek poem, circled continually round the dead body of the poet when placed on the funereal pyre, and was not disturbed either by the brightness of the flames or by the number of people around. Among the ancient Pelasgi there was a constant and irresistible tendency to detect in the manifestations of animal life both moral and intellectual force. The Pelasgic race in the East remains faithful to the superstitions which gave birth to so many myths.

Old South American Geographies.

BY PROFESSOR MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.S., F.G.S.

A CONTRAST can hardly be more remarkable than that which is observed by every traveller in the southernmost part of the American continent, between the fertility and the profusion of the vegetation of the country to the west of the Andes, and the almost desert character of the great plains which extend from the base of the mountains eastward to the sea-coast. If introduced and artificially planted trees are omitted from the flora, it may be stated, with great truth, that from the 38th degree of south latitude to the Straits of Magellan forests do not exist on the eastern side of the continent, and that even large solitary trees are very rare. On the contrary, every island on the rugged western coast, from latitude 38° to the extreme point of Tierra del Fuego, is covered with impenetrable forests. The arid plains of Patagonia support a most scanty vegetation, and stunted bushes, cacti, and strong grass form its most prominent plants. For 800 miles from the Straits of Magellan northwards, the eastern side of the continent is thus almost deprived of useful vegetation. North of the Colorado, however, the sterility gradually diminishes; a larger flora commences to adorn the plains, the grass is more abundant, and many of the peculiar plants of the south die out.

Yet far away to the north, and within the tropics, there is an equally interesting contrast in the different condition of the physical geography of this division of the American continent. The western coast, so fertile in the far south, is almost a desert from latitude 4° south to latitude 32° south; but the corresponding eastern side of the continent, unlike the Patagonian

area, is celebrated for the depth and luxuriance of its virgin forests. The conditions of the eastern and western portions of the continent are thus reversed in the north and south, and probably, as Charles Darwin suggests, mainly on account of the absence of moisture in the winds blowing over the south-eastern and the north-western areas. The prevailing westerly gales blowing over the Pacific deposit their moisture on the western flanks of the mountains in the extreme south of the continent, and pass onward as dry winds; and after leaving the Andes contribute to the aridity of the plains to the east. To the north, where the meteorological conditions are reversed, the constant south-eastern trade-wind brings moisture from the Atlantic, and influences the magnificent vegetation of Brazil and the countries to the north. But the opposite coast is without the range of moist winds, just as is the case with Patagonia.

Central Chili and the provinces of La Plata form an intermediate zone, and the great forests are wanting, as are also the desert plains, for the moist winds are not influenced by the mountains. Charles Darwin noticed this extraordinary variety in the vegetation and climate of South America, in his celebrated voyage round the world in the *Beagle*, and whilst accounting for the alternate desert character and luxuriant vegetation of the continent by the absence or prevalence of rain-bearing gales, did not forget to estimate the value of other causes, the consideration of which involves speculations concerning the former geography and the nature of the ancient fauna and flora of the South American continent.

If the land on the north-east of the Straits of Magellan be considered as the apex of a triangle, the cordillera of the Andes will form the western, and the sea-coast running northwards, with an easterly trend, the eastern side of the figure, whilst its base will extend from Bahia Blanca to the mountains north of the source of the Rio Colorado. The space included within these lines is peculiarised by a geological formation, which evidently has much influence upon the soil above, and which perpetuates its aridity. Its careful examination determines the vast amount of decay which pre-existing land must have suffered during the lifetime of the species of mollusca now existing on the present sea-coast, the former magnitude and extension of the southern Andes, and the amount of upheaval which this part of the continent has undergone in comparatively late geological times. Moreover, the study of the comparative anatomy of the fossil remains of animals found in the area, and which formerly lived on the western edge, enables us to come to some very interesting conclusions respecting its former physical geography, especially when the great fossil fauna of Brazil is allowed to enter into the argument.

Darwin describes the country near the mouth of the Rio Negro, which is somewhat to the south of Bahia Blanca, as being miserable in the extreme (although about the same latitude as Victoria, in Australia). He writes:—"On the south side (of the river) a long line of perpendicular cliffs commences, which exposes a section of the geological nature of the country. The strata are of sandstone, and one layer was remarkable from being composed of a firmly-cemented conglomerate of pumice pebbles, which must have travelled more than 400 miles from the Andes." The pumice is a volcanic product, and is worn down like other stones by the action of moving water, in which stones are in motion so as to become more or less rounded, and the nearest volcanoes are in the Andes far away to the west. Probably the sandstone was derived from the wear and tear of the rocks producing the masses which were rolled into pebbles, and both it and the rounded pumice-stones were formed and deposited below the surface of water. Mr. Darwin continues:—"The surface is everywhere covered up by a thick bed of gravel, which extends far and wide over the open plain. Water is extremely scarce, and where found is almost invariably brackish. The vegetation is scanty; and although there are bushes of many kinds, all are covered with formidable thorns, which seem to warn the stranger not to enter on these inhospitable regions."

Between the great valley with these cliffs, and which was cut through the open plains by the Rio Negro and that of the Rio Colorado, salt lakes, areas covered with gypsum and sulphate of soda, sandy plains, and desert land succeed each other, and the geological formation is much the same, and the dry gravelly subsoil supports tufts of grass, and the everlasting thorny bush. Wells are scarce, and a tree is a rarity; and one in particular—in fact, the only one Mr. Darwin saw—is revered by the Indians, just as their Asiatic forefathers admitted, and still include, more favoured leafy trunks in their symbolical ritual. "It is situated on a high part of the plain, and hence is a landmark visible at a great distance. As soon as a tribe of Indians come in sight of it, they offer their adorations by loud shouts. The tree itself is low, much branched and thorny; just above the root it has a diameter of three feet. It stands by itself without any neighbour. Being winter, the tree had no leaves, but in their place numberless threads, by which the offerings,

such as cigars, bread, meat, pieces of cloth, &c., had been suspended. Poor Indians, not having anything better, only pull a thread out of their ponchos and fasten it to the tree; richer Indians are accustomed to pour spirits and maté into a certain hole, and likewise to smoke upwards, thinking thus to afford all possible gratification to the god Walleechu. To complete the scene, the tree was surrounded by the bleached bones of horses which had been slaughtered as sacrifices. All Indians, of every age, make their offerings; they then think that their horses will not tire, and that they themselves shall be prosperous." The Guachos, the Bohemians of this religious world, wait until the Indians move off for the sake of stealing the offerings. Near the Colorado the plains become fertile, but to the north the land becomes sterile and dry; yet, on the whole, the grass is more abundant, and the thorny bushes less so. Then commences an extraordinary change in the flora, for soon the plains are left without a bush, and are covered with interminable grass, and the pampas begin. The geological sub-rock—the great gravel—thins out and disappears, being replaced by a clay with much lime in it, which is the pampas clay, and which rests upon granite. The gravel, or rather shingle, covers the area included in the triangle already noticed, and thus a space 800 miles long, and with the greatest breadth of nearly 500 miles tapering down to 150 miles, is positively the remains of a sea-bottom, which was situated at no very great depth, and along which pebbles were forced by a strong current.

This enormous shingle-bank is to be traced up to the base of the Andes; and half-way up the river Santa Cruz, a little south of St. Julian, it is seen to be more than 200 feet in thickness. This is probably the extreme thickness, and the bank becomes thin as it passes northwards near the Colorado. All the pebbles are water-worn, and belong to igneous rocks; and Mr. Darwin states that the porphyry of which they are composed evidently came from the Andes. He noticed porphyry in steep pinnacles and bold cliffs up the Santa Cruz river, so that some came from that direction; but none of the granite which lies under the pampas to the far north contributes to this gigantic mass of rolled stone. The current must have been from south to north, and more or less of the area must have been under water. The illustrious naturalist whose name I have so often quoted, and from whose works these descriptions are more or less taken, states that we may consider the wreck of the Andes to have been formed into a layer 700 nautical miles long, 200 broad, and 50 feet thick. "If," he continues, "this great bed of pebbles, without including the mud necessarily derived from their attrition, were piled into a mound, it would form a great mountain chain. When we consider that all these pebbles, countless as the grains of sand in the desert, have been derived from the slow falling of masses of rock on the old coast-lines and banks of rivers, and that these fragments have been dashed into smaller pieces, and that each of them has since been slowly rolled, rounded, and far-transported, the mind is stupefied in thinking over the long, absolutely necessary, lapse of years."

Underneath the great pebble-bed or gravel there is a layer of thick, soft, white stone, more or less made up of volcanic pumice, and it includes about one-tenth part of its bulk of the tiny skeletons of microscopic infusoria. This bed extends 500 miles, or more, along the coast of Patagonia, and is 800 feet thick at St. Julian. It was deposited on a sinking sea-bottom,

near volcanic vents, and at a considerable depth. Now the importance of these upper and lower beds to the geographer is this—they prove that the area of land in Patagonia was formerly limited to the bases of the Andes, and that these mountains were larger, quite as volcanic, and perhaps as high, as they now are. Any members of the species or genera of the present fauna and flora which lived in the south-eastern district of South America must have been restricted to a comparatively limited area near the hill-side; and considering how admirably the plants and animals of Patagonia are suited for its inhospitable climate and dreary landscape, there would be great probability of a corresponding state of physical geography having prevailed in bygone times, if the remains of no other mammalia than those so characteristic had been discovered. The typical form of the Patagonian mammalian fauna is the guanaco, or wild llama, a graceful creature, with slender legs and a long neck, which is the representative of the camel of the Old World, and which lives in herds, and is essentially fearful and timid. The guanacos are admirably adapted for the arid and severe climate, and they roam over the gravelly plains, swim the rivers, and remain without fresh water for any length of time. The agouti, which lives also in the fertile countries to the north, is found in considerable numbers in Southern Patagonia, and bears the struggle for existence easily; but the viscacha, which forms so prominent a member of the fauna of the area of the pampas out of the range of the great gravel of the south, cannot exist upon this arid soil. The present physical and biological conditions of the area under consideration are evidently incompatible with the existence of large and slow-moving quadrupeds. Now two very remarkable discoveries offer some very conclusive evidence concerning the nature of the old strip of land which was washed by the stone-rolling sea with a southern current, and which must have been traversed by river valleys, to carry off the eastern drainage of the cordillera in that part of South America. Mr. Darwin found in some red mud on top of the gravel of a plain near the sea-coast, at Port St. Julian, half the skeleton of a great extinct animal which he

called *Macrauchenia Patagonica* (*macrauchenia*, long-neck). It must have been as large as a camel, and it bears a great relation to that animal so far as the anatomy of its neck is concerned, and is therefore related in that particular to the guanaco. But other points in its osteology link the creature with the pachydermata, not with the elephants and hippopotami, but with the rhinocerides, tapirs, and the extinct palæo-

therium. It was therefore a large animal, bulky in the body, and with a long camel-like neck, and its discoverer considered that it might have lived so lately as to have subsisted on the grass of the wretched gravel plains upon which its bones were found. The nature of the deposit, however, in which the half-skeleton was found indicated aqueous action over the gravel, and that the fossil remains had either been carried down by currents, or that the skeleton, before perfect decomposition had occurred, was wafted by a stream or inundation to its resting-place. When we bear in mind that other remains of the same species of extinct animal have now been found further north, and in the districts where the Patagonian misery is not a feature, it is quite possible that the *Macrauchenia* lived under very different external circumstances on the restricted area already mentioned, and died out in consequence of the general alteration in the configuration and climate of the Patagonian districts, produced by the alteration of the pebbly strata into dry land. The second discovery was made by Captain Sullivan, R.N., some three hundred miles south of Port St. Julian, and up the river Gallegos, in lat.



SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH.

S. $51^{\circ} 4'$. There in regular strata, and therefore beneath the gravel, he found the remains of animals. Mr. Darwin states that "some of the bones are large; others are small, and appear to have belonged to an armadillo." ("Journey Round the World," viii., 172, 1845.)

The former existence of animals of the armadillo type, on this area, which are now so characteristic of the fertile countries to the north, is a sure indication that the vegetation of these sterile plains could not support them. Found in strata, the remains must have been washed down by floods

from higher and distant land, which was adapted for the peculiar existence of the armoured edentata.

The narrow strip of land close to the Andes which sup-

increased elevation of the mountains may have determined the drought of the future land to the east. I feel disposed to infer that these extinct forms lived before and during the



VIEW IN MAGELLAN'S STRAITS.

ported the extinct armadillo-like animal and the great macrauchenia may then have been fertile and covered with grassy plains and forests. It existed as a wearing coast-line, and its

formation of the great pebble bed, and were gradually extirpated by the changes in the geography and natural history which accompanied the permanent upheaval of the area.



VIEW NEAR PORT FAMINE.

detritus formed the vast pebble bed which at last was elevated step by step out of the sea, to become the arid, salt, and barren land, with perhaps one of the smallest faunas and floras in the world. Doubtless the cordillera participated in the general upheaval, which included hundreds of square miles, and the

It has been noticed that the great bed of pebbles thins out to the north of the Rio Colorado, and that a new geological formation then underlies the pampas, which are clothed with a different kind of vegetation from the plains to the south. This new pampean formation, as it is called, consists of a reddish

clay, in which, and often under which, there is a marl, with very solid limestone concretions, which are excessively difficult to perforate. It is seen admirably in the cliffs of the great river of La Plata, which are formed, according to Mr. Darwin, of the following strata :—At the bottom of the cliffs there are beds containing sharks' teeth, and sea-shells of extinct species ; then upon these are others of indurated marl ; and the top is formed by the red clay and the concretions. The red clay contains the silicious skeletons of marine and fresh-water infusoria, and D'Orbigny found at a height of one hundred feet great beds of an estuary shell, now living a hundred miles lower down the river and nearer the sea. Below Buenos Ayres there are raised beds of shells of existing species (Darwin). Far to the south, and where the peculiar formation of the pampas fairly commences, there is evidence that the red rock or clay, and the calcareous layers, were deposited contemporaneously with the great pebble bed to the south. And close to the beach at Punta Alta, the sea has washed the red clay about and mixed it up with sand and gravel, and a number of sea-shells, so as to form a cliff after a process of elevation. The red clay contains here more fresh-water than salt-water infusorial remains, and the shells being nearly all recent, it is a fair inference that the whole deposit took place in an estuary. The northern cliffs, however, would appear to have gradually formed in a vast bay as deposits, which, as they became upheaved, formed the floor part of an estuary, and then of marshes, and finally of the grass-growing, rolling pampas. The pampean formation extends for hundreds of square miles in all directions, and every portion of it was formed in a corresponding manner ; so that at a certain time, more or less contemporaneous with the existence of the stone-rolling sea of Patagonia, the area of the pampas was occupied by shallow, muddy marine tracts, and by deposits, which were the result of the wear and tear of the granitic hills of the north-east and of the many kinds of volcanic and sedimentary rocks of the remote Andes.

As the land rose near the Andes, the sea-shore and shallow water tracts became permanently dry, and were subject to the drainage of the inevitable streams and rivers ; and after a while the present rivers cut their way down through the sea-bottom, as it became elevated into dry land. During the whole of this time a fauna was flourishing, languishing, and almost expiring, on the remote western plains and hill-sides, and was continuous with that characterising the narrow tracts in the Patagonian area. And an examination of this wonderful fauna, the discovery of which we owe mainly to Darwin, leads also to the belief that the physical and biological conditions of that part of the South American continent were vastly different to what they are now. Before commencing this examination, in order to pursue the argument that in the last geological times there was a general sameness of vegetation over a very restricted continent, which was characterised by a peculiar fauna, to a certain extent the gigantic antitype of the existing assemblage of animals, it is necessary to remember the general nature of the physical geography of the Brazils and other countries north of the pampas. Vast tracts of virgin forest cover alluvial soils, and it must be admitted that much of the coast-line and large portions of the embouchure and flood-plains of the larger rivers have been added to the continent quite as lately as the pebbles of Patagonia and the marls of the pampas. In the Brazils, Lund discovered the cave fauna, which is identical with that of the strata of the Rio Gallegos, and of the red

clay of the pampas, so that the former existence of the same mammalia over the whole of the continent is not a matter of doubt.

The forest land to the north of the region of the plains is tenanted by sloths and platyrhine monkeys, opossums, peccaries, tapirs, pumas, and armadillos ; and it would appear that a fauna which possessed closely-allied and the same species, besides gigantic extinct forms, such as the *macrauchenia*, was more or less common to the whole of the South America of the time just before the appearance of man on its area. It is most suggestive, and indeed inexplicable, except upon the theory of descent with modification, that when the anatomy of the gigantic forms which formerly trod the hill-sides, glades, and forests now so diversely peopled, and so geographically different, is carefully examined by the skill of Owen, the great dead should present a most remarkable relationship with the puny living beings of the country. Many of the small beasts of Brazil and the pampas belong to the same species which left their remains in company with their gigantic congeners ; and the small rodents of to-day are represented in the caves and cliffs by the gigantic form of the *toxodon*. The armadillos claim relationship with a huge bucklered edentate creature, with an elaborate tail and casque, whose hind teeth have given it the name of *glyptodon*. The lazy, leaf-browsing, tree-dwelling sloths may be compared in the shortness of their head, the projection downwards of the cheek-bone, and in the conformation of their back-bones and anterior extremities, with the colossal terrestrial sloths, and ancient leaf-eaters, the *megatherium* and *mylodon*. The fossil fauna is as characteristic of South America as the recent, and Darwin, in noticing the discoveries of MM. Lund and Clausen in the caves of Brazil, says, "In this collection there are extinct species of all the thirty-two genera, excepting four, of the terrestrial quadrupeds now inhabiting the provinces in which the caves occur, and the extinct species are much more numerous than those now living ; there are fossil ant-eaters, armadillos, tapirs, peccaries, guanacos, opossums, and numerous South American gnawers and monkeys, and other animals. This wonderful relationship in the same continent between the dead and living will, I do not doubt, hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth, and their disappearance from it, than any other class of facts. It is impossible to reflect on the changed state of the American continent without the deepest astonishment. Formerly it must have swarmed with monsters ; now we find mere pigmies, compared with the antecedent allied races." It must be remembered that there are many of the skeletons of the species which are still members of the South American fauna, found amongst those of the great extinct forms, so that the ancestry of the whole assemblage must be looked for in antecedent times, and in strata unfortunately not yet known. Moreover, there are some very pigmy rodents which are extinct, and which have left their remains in association with the *megatheria* and their gigantic ally, the *toxodon* ; so that it must be admitted that the old fauna was more intensely characteristic than the present, and that the causes of the extinction of the large and small animals must have been identical in kind. The present fauna has continued to flourish in spite of these causes ; and as it is more fully developed in the regions of the forest, less so on the great plains, and in a very diminished state on the dreary wastes of Patagonia, it is a fair inference that the antecedent geographical and biological conditions

of the continent presented greater resemblances to the Brazils near the mountains than to any other part.

It is evident that there were great plains, however, in those days, for amongst the most interesting relics found by Darwin were the teeth of a horse. When the first Europeans who sought the shores of South America landed, they found no traces whatever of the horse, which now roams in thousands over the plains. Every inquiry amongst the antiquities of the civilised races which existed in South America at the time of the arrival of the first conquerors, and of still older people, tends to prove that the horse was unknown to the aborigines, and there can be no doubt that the present South American horse is the descendant of those imported by Europeans. The researches of Owen prove that the extinct horse was remarkable for its curved teeth, and he traced it by this peculiarity into the North American extinct fauna, but it is not probable that it had any distinctions of general shape and habits from those of the present equine herds of the pampas. The elephant does not appear to have formed a part of the extinct fauna, although it did so in the person of the mammoth in extra-tropical latitudes in North America; but the proboscidea were represented by a gigantic mastodon, whose remains have been found over very wide areas in the fertile districts of South America. The existence of this great vegetable-crushing animal testifies to the former condition of the flora; and it is an interesting animal, because its type is no longer found in the New World. The river-banks, covered with water-plants, were the favourite resorts of the toxodon, an animal which Darwin suggests was one of the strangest animals ever discovered, and which was one of the synthetic types of which some naturalists are so fond. In size, writes its discoverer, it equalled the elephant and megatherium; but the structure of its teeth, as Owen states, proves indisputably that it was intimately related to the gnawers, the order which at the present day includes most of the smallest quadrupeds; in many details it is allied to the pachydermata; and judging from the position of its eyes, ears, and nostrils, it was probably aquatic, like the dugong and manatee, to which it is also allied. A head of the toxodon was found with the remains of no less than eight other great quadrupeds, embedded in the bed already noticed at Punta Alta, and this fact is a tolerable proof of the former extension southwards of the flora, and of some of the more genial external conditions of the northern districts. It is remarkable that the largest rodent in the present fauna of the world should still exist on the same area. The water-hog (*Hydrochaerus capybara*) frequents the islands in the estuary of La Plata, but is more

abundant inland near fresh-water lakes and rivers. Darwin describes their habits in a manner which enables the imagination to picture the method of life of their gigantic ally. "Near Maldonado three or four generally live together. In the day-time they either lie amongst the aquatic plants, or openly feed on the turf plain. When viewed at a distance, from their manner of walking and colour, they resemble pigs; but when resting on their haunches, and attentively watching any object with one eye, they re-assume the appearance of their congeners, cavies and rabbits. Both the front and side view of the head has quite a ludicrous aspect, from the great depth of their jaw. These animals at Maldonado were very tame; by cautiously walking, I approached within three yards of four old ones. This tameness may probably be accounted for by the jaguar having been banished for some years, and by the Gaucho not thinking it worth his while to hunt them. As I approached nearer and nearer, they frequently made their peculiar noise, which is a low abrupt grunt, not having much actual sound, but rather arising from the sudden expulsion of air. Having watched the four from almost within arm's length (and they me) for several minutes, they rushed into the water at full gallop, with the greatest impetuosity, and emitted at the same time their bark. After diving a short distance, they came again to the surface, but only just showed the upper part of their heads. When the female is swimming in the water, and has young ones, they are said to sit on her back. On the islands of the Rio Parana they are exceedingly abundant, and afford the ordinary prey to the jaguar."

The great leaf and branch eaters, megatherium and mylodon, were found with the toxodon. At first it was supposed that the megatherium had armour like an armadillo, and such was Dr. Buckland's idea; but Owen proved that it was a tearer-up of roots and a vegetable-feeder, and that it had not that protection which really belonged to the huge glyptodon. The mylodon, with its giraffe-like tongue, and the scelidotherium, which was as large as a rhinoceros, and whose head resembled that of the Cape ant-eater, and the macrauchenia, were amongst the assemblage at Punta Alta, with the extinct horse and a huge animal of the armoured glyptodon kind. These were, moreover, the characteristic animals of the cave deposits to the far north, and some of them were also found in the remotest south of the continent, so that there can be no doubt about their former wide distribution. Nor can there, I trust, be much difficulty in accepting these former geographical conditions, which I have endeavoured to explain, from the consideration of the geology of the greater part of the continent to the east of the Andes.

Lima and the Andes.—II.

BY AUGUSTUS F. LINDLEY.

SOON after the feast at which the Indians of Yauli entertained us, we set forth upon our return to Lima.

Travelling by the pass of Piedra Parada, we were not a little pleased when we had left the highest altitudes of that very considerable elevation, and at night once more put up at the wretched *tambo* outside the village of San Mateo; for during our passage of the Cordilleras we became very un-

pleasantly affected, either by the diminished atmospheric pressure or the exhalations and vapours arising from various metals and minerals in which the mountains abound. This latter opinion was Pasco's, in which we found most of his compatriots agreed; but, for our part, we had no doubt whatever that we were right in ascribing the dimness of vision and hearing, the feeling of vertigo, with the pains in the head and

the feeling of nausea—like sea-sickness, and which the natives dignify by the name of *veta*—to the natural effects of the air at an elevation of over 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. The captain suffered very severely indeed, being of sanguine constitution, not to say of a plethoric habit of body, and subject to determination of blood to the head, which in this case gushed forth in a gory fountain from his nostrils. The air was much colder than during our ascent, which may, perhaps, account for the fact that on this occasion we were considerably more affected by the unwelcome *veta*.

Indirectly this unpleasant visitation very nearly led to a fatal catastrophe. Anxious to escape from the disagreeable influence, we urged our mules down the steep incline descending to the comparatively level plateau on which San Mateo stands. Heedless of Pasco's warning cries, we plied the whip and spur.

At the left-hand side of what served as a road, an abrupt declivity led off in a series of deep and rugged gorges or *barancas*. The captain, never at the best of times a distinguished rider, and now further embarrassed by his bleeding nose, was urging his animal forward at an imprudent pace, and his seat was evidently far from firm and secure. Suddenly, in resistance to a more than usually severe cut with the whip, his mule—to use his own expression—"brought up, all standing;" that is to say, with an abrupt jerk it planted its two fore-feet far out firmly in advance, whilst stopping its downward course. This alone would have been sufficient to throw any ordinary sailor; but when, in addition thereto, the obstinate brute kicked up behind, and made a most vicious and extraordinary sort of wriggle at the same time, the result may very easily be imagined. Away, far over its bent-back long ears, went my commander, and the side wriggle had given him impetus to

the left, in the direction of the precipice before mentioned. I was horrified to see him fall upon the very verge of the *baranca*, and then roll over out of sight down its dark and yawning chasm!

Springing to the ground with extraordinary rapidity, and carrying his *lasso* in his hand, Pasco rushed to the edge of the precipice, crying—

"Madre de Dios! Ay de me! Oh, my poor capitano—my poor capitano!"

Quickly I followed the faithful fellow, anxious yet dreading to gaze below, to where I felt certain we should behold the mangled remains of our companion. What was my joy to hear as I ran—leaving the mules to take care of themselves—Pasco's cheerful exclamation—

"Gracias—mucho gracias a Dios! De capitano is all serene." (This was a favourite expression of his, picked up amongst his last English employers.) "Safe, my boy. Come on den; ve vill mit der *lasso* pull him up."

Upon reaching the verge of the precipice and looking over, sure enough there was my captain safe, as Pasco had declared, but yet lying flat upon his back, from the shock of the fall,

on a regular little platform of rock, some ten or twelve feet below us. A dozen yards either way would have been certain destruction, as, beyond the shelf on which he had so providentially fallen, no projection of any sort broke the sheer descent of the *baranca*.

The side of the precipice was so steep and smooth as to offer no facilities for scaling, so the captain called to us to take a turn with the end of the *lasso* round the trunk of a small tree growing close to where we stood; then up he came, hand over hand, as monkeys and sailors are wont to do, thereby proving that no bones were broken nor any serious damage



FASHIONABLE LOUNGERS OF LIMA.

inflicted, though being a heavy man he was much bruised and shaken. In fact, he told us that the slight injury he had received was due to his having seized and torn out in his descent a young sapling, which broke his fall, and probably saved his limbs.

It was a very providential escape, but as the mule had nothing to do with that fortunate sequel to what might have proved, by its act, so terrible a catastrophe, that phase of the adventure did not save it from severe and condign punishment by the aid of a stout stick and the captain's stalwart arm. Such incidents are common features of travelling in the mountainous parts of Peru.

beneath which appeared the fair señora or señorita's most unfeminine pantaloons, which, being carefully tied above the ankle in a frill, were allowed to fully display that treasure of treasures, that most valued of charms, the beautiful little feet and ankles. In addition to this absurd dress, which conceals the graceful form of perhaps the handsomest race of women in the world, the fair creatures have a style of riding which, to Europeans accustomed to the side-saddle, certainly seems more peculiar than elegant; that is to say, they ride à la Duchesse de Berri—*Anglicè*, like a man.

The full dress, or evening costume, in the provinces, seemed simply an exaggeration upon that of the towns—the crinoline



RIDING AND FULL-DRESS COSTUME OF THE PERUVIAN LADIES.

Amongst the customs and habits of the half-caste and the creole population of the country, if one thing attracted our attention more than another, it was the riding-habit and the mode of riding in vogue amongst the black-eyed, fascinating *donnas*. Very far indeed from the graceful mantilla, the charming *saya y manto*, was this singular equestrian array of the provincial ladies; upon the contrary, it was really one of the most uncouth, unbecoming fashions it was ever my lot to encounter in the midst of a civilised people.

To commence at the top. This riding-dress consisted of a huge felt hat, both tall and broad, generally ornamented with a plume of three great feathers sticking up in front. Next came an all-round sort of a cape, of no shape in particular, with a wide collar, several rows of fringe, much needlework (and corresponding waste of time upon so hideous a garment), and of a length sufficient to reach below the waist, and so completely hide and spoil the wearer's generally fine figure. Then came a short over-skirt, extending a little below the knees,

being more extensive, the petticoats shorter, and the dressing of the hair more wonderful and elaborate.

In Lima and the large towns, many of the ladies, both in dress and in riding, conform to the Parisian fashions and the European custom; but even there the primitive, antiquated *caleza*, a vehicle only to be compared to an empty bottled-beer case perched upon a pair of high wheels, has not yet become abandoned. As a rule, the ladies are graceful, daring, and skilful horsewomen. It is the ambition of every one who can by any possibility afford it, to have an animal of some sort to ride—either a donkey, a mule, or a horse. On the trappings of his steed alone many a Peruvian squanders the greatest portion of his fortune, if a small one. Some of this horse-furniture is very costly, and the weight of gold and silver about it constitutes a load in itself. The wealthy *caballero*, who would be quite *comme il faut*, uses stirrups of solid silver, and often altogether carries about his saddle a quantity of the same metal little short of a hundred pounds in weight.

One morning during our return to Lima, and whilst camping out on the road for dinner, we were surprised at beholding several birds perched on the backs of our mules, each busily employed in picking out and feasting upon sundry insects found thereon. This bird, known as "the horse protector" (*Crotophaga sulcata* of Swainson), is a strange animal. It is about the size of a large starling, its colour is a deep metallic blue; it has a short, strong, curved beak, and a long fan-shaped tail. Its great peculiarity consists in its extreme sociability with every sort of cattle in general, and with the horse in particular. By their actions and movements whilst being operated upon, the animals show how well they appreciate the welcome services of their little feathered friends, who are supposed to exist upon the swarming insects so plentifully distributed upon the skin of the horse and other four-footed things in that prolific climate.

Gradually, as we left the bleak and desolate Cordilleras in our rear, the weather became finer and more enjoyable. We had left the region of almost perpetual storms, mist, and lightning, for the land of unchanging warmth and sunshine. The mountains and the elevated plateaux between the two great ranges seem to act as a sort of climatic safety-valve to the whole country. To those barren and sterile elevations all the bad weather seems to be invariably relegated, to the great blessing of all the fine country extending from them on the Pacific slope to the ocean. The climate of this large portion of Peru is certainly about the most equable and agreeable in the world. No storms of thunder, lightning, wind, or rain, ever come to break the almost changeless calm and beauty of the weather, though such fierce tempests rage and revel continually amongst the lofty mountains inland.

The subterranean agitation ever existing beneath this seemingly favoured land, seems, however, by the design of a balancing Power, to be sent as a compensating quantity, to preserve the universal equipoise of good and evil. If the sky above is ever clear, cloudless, and beautiful, strange rumbling noises are heard reverberating in the bowels of the earth. This is a common and frequent feature of life in Peru, so that its influence is not great upon the minds of the people. Even that most dreadful of Nature's convulsions, the terrible earthquake (the frequency of which has been already referred to in a previous article), does not seem to disturb the equanimity of the Peruvians any more than a severe thunderstorm would agitate the nerves of dwellers in Europe. Of course, I now speak of only those slighter shocks felt, as a rule, some forty or fifty times in a year. When the great catastrophe occurs—the fearful convulsion that, with a terrible regularity, once every cycle of fifty years brings death and destruction over that smiling country, throwing down and sometimes swallowing up great cities with all their teeming populations—then, indeed, the horror of the scene must be a foreshadowing of the last dread day—the sound of human woe, and agony, and lamentation that must prevail before the desolating and resistless fury of the great Creator's most awful power.

It is well known amongst the natives as a singular fact, that always before a great earthquake many persons have a presentiment of its approach; and this is especially the case among the old people who have already once in their lives experienced one of those dreadful visitations.

Another very peculiar feature in connection with these subterranean commotions is the fact that they invariably strictly

follow the line of the sea-coast. Although a shock may be felt a distance of more than a hundred miles along the coast, it will not be even perceptible so far as thirty miles inland. This would seem to bear out the theory of those who believe that all such convulsions, volcanic eruptions, &c., are the result of certain gases or subterranean fires coming into contact with the sea, or else of the water breaking into the earth and coming into contact with them. I believe it is now the opinion of some of our best authorities in the noble science of geology that all subterranean commotions—including those which lead to the slow upheaval of portions of the earth's crust—earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions are caused by the generation of steam in subterranean cavities. When sea-water reaches a deep-lying cavity of this nature, situated in the half-fused or heated interior, the steam thereby generated, expanding, upheaves the solid crust in great arches; and when the force passes from one cavity to another earthquakes are caused; volcanic eruptions arising when a channel is found communicating from these seats of commotion to the earth's surface. There is very strong *primâ facie* evidence in support of this case, as nearly all the volcanoes, and all the great earthquakes of which records exist, seem to have been close to either river or sea—from Callao to Lisbon; from Hecla to Vesuvius.

On getting back to Lima, the proudly-titled "City of the Kings," we once more put up at the hotel of the polite Monsieur Jacques Bonhomme, who after all did not take nearly so much advantage of *les Anglais* as any of the native hotel-keepers would have done with all *gringos* unfortunate enough to get into their clutches. After a night's rest we sent Pasco off to Callao for information as to the state of preparation for sea to which the ship had advanced during our absence inland.

Lima, situated in latitude $12^{\circ} 3' S.$, and longitude $77^{\circ} 8' W.$, has not an imposing position, being built upon a plain of no great extent. Inside the crumbling old walls, however, there are many objects to admire—many notable edifices which serve to point the lapse of time, and recall the memorable events: the power of the Jesuits; the horrors in the roll of Peru's history; of the conquest, and its deeds of daring; the cruelties of the religious persecution of the aborigines; the splendour of Pizarro; the revolt from Spain.

Laid out in large squares, with wide parallel streets, one of the first things to strike the visitor's observation is the power and influence (at least, in former days) of the priesthood, as told by stones and mortar, in the shape of the manifold convents and churches, which seem to occupy at least one-fourth of the city's area. Foremost amongst these buildings stands Lima's magnificent cathedral, occupying the whole eastern side of the Plaza Major. The foundation-stone of this superb structure was laid in 1534, in the time of the celebrated Pizarro, and the building was not finished till ninety years later. The great altar is guarded by six or eight massive columns of solid silver, twelve feet high and two thick, surmounted by a huge crown or canopy of the same metal. A screen and tabernacle exists there of incalculable value, exquisitely carved and wrought in gold, six feet high, and literally studded and ablaze with diamonds and other precious stones. Whilst huge silver candelabra, weighing five hundred pounds each, perpetually shed an artificial light, which is reflected back with a myriad flashing sparkles, the gorgeous and dazzling magnificence of the place brings forcibly to the visitor's mind a recollection

of the wondrous stories, of almost fabulous splendour, told by the *conquistadores* and their historians. This great and richly decorated cathedral is indeed a striking monument of the priests' power and the people's devotion.

What a contrast it was, however, to step from before that shrine of Oriental magnificence and wealth, with one's mind filled with vivid visions of the swarthy, mail-clad *conquistadores*, and find one's self amongst their degenerate descendants and present representatives—the long-haired, be-cloaked, and truculent-looking "lions," or loungers of Lima!

The very unfavourable personal appearance of these gentlemen has already been under advertence in a previous article upon Peru, and that not in the most adulatory terms. Again, during our second sojourn in the "City of the Kings," the same thing forcibly intruded upon our observation; and we could not help wondering at the surprising contrast and disparity between the beautiful brunettes and their particularly ill-favoured beaux. Instinctively, as it were, a feeling of dislike and rivalry seemed to prevail between ourselves and such of these truculent gentry as it was our fortune to come into contact with. They were jealous, no doubt, of the wandering foreigners, whom they chose contemptuously to term *gringos*, but who, they know well enough, are infinitely preferred to themselves by their handsome, coquettish countrywomen. It is, indeed, notoriously the fact, that any respectable man of European birth can marry well, and even far above his own social position, amongst the dark-eyed donnas of Peru. The men don't seem exactly to like it. Judging by their appearance, we found but little difficulty in believing the character which report had given them—namely, their proneness to assassination, especially in love affairs, either personally, or, more frequently, by deputy. If the brilliant creole and half-caste women of this warm, tropical country are some of the most beautiful and lovable of the sex, their sallow, sinister-looking, natural protectors are just the very opposite. The singular difference in the moral and physical characteristics of the two sexes is something really remarkable, and I, for one, cannot satisfactorily explain it to my own mind. That such is the case I venture to affirm; the why and the wherefore I must fain leave to wiser ethnological heads.

In the streets of Lima one meets with an extraordinary variety of feminine attraction and the reverse—from the jetty black—almost blacker than black, with its dull, unshining, bluish tinge—of the genuine importation of Congo, to the exquisitely fair and delicately white-skinned damsel of the best creole blood. The gradations of breed and colour between these two extremes are simply innumerable and incomprehensible; though, at least, five score distinct and leading mixtures are known, recognised, and socially acted upon by this mixed and heterogeneous population. The heart-burnings, the spite, malice, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, engendered by this state of things between the different breeds—that is to say, between all those the colour of whose cheeks, and most especially the twist or curl of whose wool or hair, differs in but the very slightest degree—so little, indeed, as to be imperceptible to an unpractised eye—is a sad lesson in human nature to the "intelligent stranger" from afar. In Lima and the large towns this pride, vanity, conceit, or whatever attribute of race it may be called, is carried to an absurd extent; so that, *par example*, she (for the women are the worst) of, say one-nineteenth white admixture, would almost infallibly give herself

airs of superiority over her less fortunate sister (not admitted so, except by species) who could only claim one-twentieth of the precious fluid.

Amongst the *mulattos*, half-castes of white and negro parentage, and amongst the *mestizos*, half castes of white and Indian parentage, many of the women are very beautiful, and more especially amongst those of the latter race. As a rule, the *mulatto* women are the most witty, clever, and ingenious; and the *mestizos* are the best looking, often possessing a brilliantly fair complexion, magnificent long black tresses, a lithe and graceful figure of exquisite proportions, with features of statuesque, classical regularity, and great black eyes of the most wondrous eloquence and power of expression.

Though often glorious in youth, these dark-skinned, passionate daughters of the sunny Pacific shore soon begin to fade. Although their scant costume and the *manto y saya*—the dress favoured at night—serve only to expose and display the charming contour of their youthful form, as the years roll on and rob them of these alluring attractions, the simple array becomes ugly and ridiculous. Often did we laugh at the absurd figure presented by some stout, middle-aged half-caste, or a good many more caste, lady, clad in her *manto y saya*. Especially ludicrous did these staid females appear when viewed from behind.

Amongst the *zambos*—the produce of Indian and negro progenitors—the ugliest of all the varied races are to be found. It is decidedly a bad and unfavourable adoption of miscegenation; lovers of the symmetrical and the beautiful would not have occasion for regret, if it were to be abandoned in future.

The full-blooded negresses, as is not exactly unusual with their own sisters in other parts of the world, display inordinate vanity, as well as their brawny calves and big feet, by reason of their all too short, though otherwise voluminous, skirts. In this case, jewellery constitutes their failing. They manifest a very apparent weakness for all sorts of glittering ornaments, especially in the way of numerous rings, huge ear-rings, and mighty necklaces. Indeed, it is not at all uncommon to see pearls (their favoured gem) of great value, rising and falling, and gleaming with incongruous lustre, upon their bare, black, and massive bosoms; whilst gemmed ear-rings of solid gold hang glittering from their large ears, in singular contrast to their common and dirty clothing.

Except for the occasional excitement of theatre, cock-fight, or bull-fight, and the regular attendance at mass and vespers, the life of the higher class Limeña is a dreamy existence of languor, amidst siestas, cigarettes, *agua-rica*, and jasmine perfumes, the tinkling of guitars, and the melody of song. Alas! that I must record it; she is, too, a terrible *intrigante*. The *manto y saya*, the *bête noir* of many a poor jealous husband, seems a garment for disguise, invented on purpose to oblige her. It is the very thing for an intriguing dame; and, by a stringent custom, bears a sacred inviolate right, for no man dare profane it by a touch, although he may even suspect the bright black eye it may alone allow to be seen to be that of his own wife! He can follow, if he likes, the graceful, muffled-up figure that he dreads to be so familiar, but woe to the wretch who dares to pull aside a fair Limeña's *manto*! If seen, he would surely experience the resentment of the crowd, and become a regular laughing-stock to all who knew him.

Despite the vices and failings of the inhabitants of Lima, in outward show they are inordinately devout. Every morning,

at about a quarter to nine, the sonorous clang of the cathedral's great bell is heard to reverberate through the city, announcing the elevation of the host during high mass. Then every voice is hushed, all vehicles are stopped, and the people in the streets uncover their heads and kneel down in prayer. This sudden cessation of the busy occupations of the day—this sudden hushing of the teeming city's noise—is not without an impressive effect, which, however, the knowledge that but little real religious feeling troubles the hearts of this seemingly pious people cannot but reduce.

When visiting some of Lima's numerous half-ruined convents, we heard vague and wondrous stories of the vast treasures believed to have been buried by the Jesuits during the troubled period when they were persecuted and expelled from their colleges and cloisters many years ago; but, so far as we could ascertain, although extensive diggings and excavations

very same lady who had noticed us on the Sunday when we first arrived at Lima. Certainly the beautiful donna did not seem to be overburdened with maidenly bashfulness, for she made wicked use of her glorious black eyes, in the way known to the profane as winking! Captain S—— passed that way *alone* in the afternoon, having given his humble servant strict orders to remain in quarters, upon the pretence, forsooth! that a further communication might arrive from the ship. However, I had some sort of consolation for this cruel abuse of authority—this unfair rivalry—when he returned. A little black slave came with him, bearing a tray full of delicious fruit and confectionery, all of which I devoured, I can well remember, with a subdued though savage glee. The captain was too thoughtful to eat, but sat out on the balcony, with his heels elevated on the rail, doing nothing but smoke cheroot after cheroot, and quaff glass after glass of grog (much to mine host's delight),



MIDDLE-AGED LIMENA.



YOUNG MESTIZO WOMAN.

had been long persisted in amongst the cellars, courtyards, and foundations, but little in the shape of valuables had been ever discovered to reward the sacrilegious treasure-hunters. These tales of fabulous buried wealth inflame the imaginations of the townspeople of Peru, just as the stories of vast mineral riches prevail in the country, but do not seem to have nearly so much foundation; for of the argentiferous deposits there is no doubt as to their great extent, to which every year seems adding.

The next day after our return to Lima, Pasco came back from Callao with a letter from our chief mate, stating that the ship would not be ready to sail for another week, which period my friend and commander determined to enjoy in town, for a very sufficient reason—he had fallen in love!

During the first day of our return we made an interesting discovery. Whilst out for a walk, on passing through a secluded street near to our hotel, hearing a soft cough proceed from a balcony above, we naturally looked up—especially as there seemed a meaning sound and a feminine tone in that sudden convulsion of a human larynx—and, to our surprise, saw the

sigh heavily, and gaze fixedly through the smoky wreaths upon nothing, except a blank brick wall upon the other side of the street.

Amongst the fruit was a splendid specimen of the *chirimoya* (*Annona tripetala*), or “custard-apple”—which has been called a master-work of Nature—weighing, at least, three pounds. This I at once proceeded to appropriate, out of revenge. This species of fruit is certainly the most delicious that exists, and sometimes in Peru grows to the enormous weight of sixteen pounds, without losing either in quality or flavour. It has a rough green skin, and contains a soft white pulp—in which are many black seeds or stones—which has the combined flavour of strawberry, pine-apple, pear, and banana.

I saw but little of my commander during the remainder of our stay in this land of dark-eyed beauties, love, and romance.

A few days afterwards the staunch old *Colonist* was under weigh and heading out to sea with a fresh, fair wind, and in the monotony of our life on board I strove, but vainly, to forget the grand scenes I had witnessed among the giant Andes and the charms of the black-eyed maidens of Peru.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—I.

THE little-known but fertile and beautiful island of New Caledonia lies in the western part of the Pacific Ocean, six hundred miles east of our Australian colony of Queensland, and nearly seven hundred north of New Zealand. In form it is long and narrow; its length being about two hundred and twenty, and its average breadth about forty, miles. Lying just within the tropics, and blessed by refreshing breezes and abundant rains, it would long ago have been a desirable possession for any European power, had not the untamable

New Caledonia lies within the region of the trade-winds; which here blow from the south-east, and is so narrow that the sea-breezes sweep over it, and render the atmosphere temperate and remarkably healthy. Like most of the islands of Oceania, it is encircled by a belt of coral reefs, at such a distance from the shore as to leave between reef and land a space of sea calm as a lake, and free for navigation. These reefs are a valuable natural barrier to the great waves and violent storms of the ocean, and form within a safe and quiet haven. It is a



NEW CALEDONIAN HERON AND THE NOTU PIGEON.

fierceness of its negroid inhabitants discouraged all attempts at settlement. It has now for some years, however, been in the hands of the French, and has, consequently, become of some political as well as commercial interest to our Australian colonies.

East and north of it are numerous groups of islands hitherto little visited and known, and all of them less favoured by climate than New Caledonia; among the most important are the New Hebrides, the Vitis, and the Salomon Islands. The position and shape of the French colony give it many advantages, not possessed by the vast neighbouring territories of the English Government. New Zealand is too cold for the successful cultivation of cotton, sugar, coffee, or other colonial commodities; and in those parts of Australia where the soil is favourable to their growth, the unhealthy tropical climate is a most fatal obstacle to the spread of European colonisation.

grand sight from the deck of a vessel on the open sea, to watch the long gigantic waves rolling up swiftly and silently, and, with a roar like thunder, dashing themselves into sheets of foam on those indestructible walls, the work and the abode of infinitesimally small zoophytes, and yet more durable than any breakwater raised by the hands of man.

Even the most experienced sailors cannot hear the roar of those breakers, either at night or by day, without a vague feeling of dread coming over them.

These living walls are, fortunately for navigation, cleft here and there by channels of various widths, forming openings, which usually correspond with the mouths of rivers on the coast of the island, and are, it is supposed, caused by the action of the current of fresh water, which disturbs the labour and destroys the life of the minute architects; the species of coral animals which construct these reefs being able to exist

only in sea-water. The passage of a ship through these canals is always attended with a certain degree of danger, especially in rough weather, and when the wind blows on shore.

A sudden lull, an unlooked-for current, a shifting of the wind, or a squall may be fatal; and when a ship prepares to thread the narrow passage an ominous silence, broken only by the creaking of the rudder, the lapping of the waves on the bows, or, perhaps, the shivering of a sail, comes over the crew. Not until the channel widens, the pilot comes on board, and the ship glides into still waters, do all again breathe freely.

Cook was the first European who is known to have visited New Caledonia. He landed there on his second voyage round the world, in 1774, and gave it the name it still bears—one, certainly, little suited to its tropical climate and vegetation; for there is nothing but its mountain scenery to justify a comparison with the bleak grey land of northern Scotland. He remained some time at Balade, on the N.E. coast, among a tribe which has preserved and handed down to this day the remembrance of their illustrious guest; thence, travelling southwards along the east coast, he discovered and gave names to Cape Queen Charlotte and Pine Island.

La Pérouse, on that fatal voyage from which he and his companions never returned, had intended visiting New Caledonia. No trace of his having done so was ever found, but he is known to have disappeared not far from there, at Wanikoro. A few years later, in 1792, D'Entrecasteaux and Huon de Kermadec, who had gone out in search of La Pérouse, explored the whole island; and Labillardière, a French naturalist, like the two Försters who accompanied Cook, has left us a most interesting record of their visit.

The Loyalty Isles, a group of minor islands lying to the east, off the coast, were discovered in 1827, by Dumont d'Urville, and at that same time he made important hydrographic observations on the coast of New Caledonia; but, with these few exceptions, it remained for years unvisited, save by small coasters, chiefly English, who went there for cargoes of sandal-wood, the large profits they realised fully indemnifying them for the danger and risks incurred.

In 1843 some French missionaries landed at Balade, and in time obtained a good deal of influence throughout the country, notwithstanding the constant resistance and opposition they had to encounter from the natives. It was not until ten years later that some French men-of-war, under the command of Rear-Admiral Febvrier-Despointes, took formal possession of the island, and planted the French flag there, on the 24th of September, 1853. A military post was established at Balade, and in 1855 the first troops took up their quarters there; and shortly after another settlement, destined to become the centre of the colony, and called "Port de France," was founded at the extremity of the Isthmus of Nouméa, under the auspices of Captain Tardy de Montravel. The first years of occupation were employed in circumnavigating the island within the belt of coral reefs, the ships anchoring at night in the numerous bays which indent the coast. Friendly relations were by that means established with many of the tribes, particularly those dwelling on the east coast, that being less dangerous and affording better harbourage than the west, which at the time of Mr. Garnier's arrival there, in 1863, had been very little visited. For three years Europeans and Kanaks* got on very well together; then came a period of

* The name by which the inhabitants of Oceania are generally designated.

hostility, in which it seemed that the natives were determined to assert their right of independence, and shake off the yoke of foreign invasion. They rose at different times, massacred the colonists, and destroyed their habitations, and were in their turn put down by the French troops sent out against them. An extract from a speech made by the Governor du Bouzet on leaving shows, however, that in 1858 the district of Nouméa, at least, was in a peaceable condition, and gives, besides, some idea of the state of the country at that time. "The natives," he said, "seem now to understand that it is in their interest to live at peace with us, and that we have not come to bring them war, but the advantages of religion and civilisation. The murderers of our countrymen have been punished, and those of their accomplices who have escaped know that their retreat cannot long remain undiscovered. Peace and security now reign wherever we have established a footing. Thanks to your labours"—(he was addressing the colonists, officers, and soldiers assembled to bid him farewell)—"the tents and thatched huts which sheltered you the first two years are now replaced by substantial barracks; you have built storehouses and workshops of stone and wood, you have opened up communication with the interior, by means of well-constructed roads, you have dug wells, begun to throw up fortifications, have constructed quays and wharves, and have traced the streets and laid the foundations of a new city."

M. de Saisset, captain in the navy, succeeded M. du Bouzet as governor of the two French settlements in Oceania—Tahiti and New Caledonia—and in 1859 he traversed the island successively in two directions, at the head of a few followers, from Nouméa to Yaté in the south, and in the centre from Kanala to Ouaraï. The country was then so quiet that a Basque shepherd went with two hundred sheep and two oxen from Kanala to Ouaraï, and thence along the west coast to Nouméa, in fourteen days, and found everywhere not only good pasture for his flock, but also the kindest and best treatment for himself at the hands of the natives. In that same year Balade was abandoned, and a new station, called Napoléonville, established in the Bay of Kanala, and a regular postal service organised between it and Nouméa. The Kanaks themselves were employed in this service, and carried the letters to and fro in tin cases. Great disturbance was occasioned in 1860 by the murder of a number of these messengers. An epidemic had broken out, and was raging in one of the villages through which their road lay; the inhabitants, attributing the fatal disease to the mysterious influence of these despatch-boxes, and believing that they contained the cause of all their misfortunes, fell on the unfortunate bearers, killed them, and, according to their barbarous custom, devoured the bodies. The tribe of Waton, to which the murdered men belonged, came to Nouméa and demanded vengeance for the death of their comrades. Some troops were immediately dispatched to the village of Ahouï, but the authors of the crime all succeeded in escaping, and took refuge in the mountains of the interior.

Probably the most interesting and complete account we possess of New Caledonia is that of M. Garnier, a French engineer, who visited the country in 1863, his errand being to visit the mines, and make geological researches and investigations throughout the colony.

Port de France, the small settlement made in 1854 by Captain Tardy de Montravel, had then become the capital of

the whole colony, and had taken the more distinctive name of Nouméa, from the peninsula on which it is situated. Strategically the place could not have been better chosen, and Captain de Montravel then wanted a stronghold. The peninsula is mountainous and very narrow, so that the approach to it was easily guarded by a few sentinels posted on the heights, a matter of great importance to the French, who were at that time few in number, and in more open ground could not possibly have held their own against the numerous hostile tribes that molested them. The deep bay on the shores of which the town lies is almost enclosed by the island of Nou, or Du Bouzet, and forms a first-rate harbour. Long before the French came there, Captain Paddon, an Englishman, of whom further mention is made in these pages, had discovered the advantages of the spot, and had made a small station on Nou Island, where he was reigning as a kind of petty sovereign at the time of Captain de Montravel's first visit. Port de France was probably never intended by its founder to become, as it has, the capital of New Caledonia. When the Kanaks grew reconciled to the foreign occupation of their territory, and had begun to live on friendly terms with the colonists, the impregnable and inaccessible position of the town, which had gradually arisen from the few detached houses and barracks of the original settlement, ceased to be an advantage, whilst the disadvantages, resulting from the want of fresh water and the steep and rocky nature of the site, are more and more seriously felt as the population increases in number and the town in size. New Caledonia is one of the best-watered countries in the world, and yet absolutely the only fresh water in its capital is that which falls in the shape of rain and is collected from the roofs of its houses. A few springs have been discovered near the town, but they are generally so impregnated with salt as to be useless; and Pont des Français, the nearest stream—for it cannot be called a river—is seven miles distant. Often no rain falls for a month and more; and the water in the tanks, exposed to the heat of the sun, becomes so bad, and so filled with all kinds of impurities, such as the larvæ of mosquitoes, &c., as to be almost undrinkable and very unwholesome. Hitherto the general health of the place has not suffered, nor has the supply ever utterly failed, but the population, which until lately, including the garrison, numbered hardly a thousand, is increasing, whilst the rain remains the same. The prosperity and the progress of the colony depend on speedily devising and carrying out some scheme for providing the capital with the greatest requisite in a warm climate, an abundance of fresh water; or, better still, on transferring it to the banks of one of the rivers which water the rich plains of the island. The more central position would be an advantage, whilst the houses would not have to be skilfully perched one on the top of the other, and the streets cut at infinite labour and cost, as they have to be, on the face of the abrupt precipices in which the Nouméan peninsula terminates.

One road, and one only, fit for four-wheeled conveyances, leads from Nouméa to the mainland. It was begun in 1861, and took four years to complete, owing to the difficult nature of the ground, and the number of bridges and deep cuttings it necessitated. On leaving the town it winds first for some miles along the coast, traversing several brackish swamps, and then, crossing the peninsula in a north-westerly direction, divides into two. One leads S.W. to Conception, the head-

quarters of the Roman Catholic mission, and the other to the model farms, founded under Government auspices. Those who have heard of the rich soil and fine vegetation of New Caledonia, and, landing at Nouméa, travel along this road to the interior, will be greatly disappointed at the aspect of the country. The grass on the hills is dry and yellow, and nothing seems to flourish, owing to the want of water; but after passing the Pont des Français, the scene changes, and beautiful forests of full-grown trees, alive with birds, and rich pasture-lands watered by innumerable brooks and springs, justify all that can be said in praise of this favoured land. It was in the month of December, in the hot season, that M. Garnier, after a long sea-voyage, left Nouméa on foot, to make an expedition to the shores of the Dumbea. He was alone, and little encumbered with baggage. Trusting to chance, and to the proverbial hospitality of the colonists of Oceania, he carried nothing but his gun, and a geologist's hammer and compass, for he had that love of adventure for its own sake, and that taste for "roughing it," which are the test of a true traveller. Everything was new to him, and nothing escaped his notice, for he had come to observe and to learn. Now a tree or a flower, a bird or a rock, made him linger, and soon led him off the road. After walking for six hours across wide pasture-lands, following the track of cattle, he reached the first station of M. Joubert, called *Koutio-Kouèta* ("passage of the pigeons"). The large and comfortable-looking house on the top of a hill was a welcome sight to M. Garnier, who was not yet in good walking trim, and felt the heat of a tropical sun very oppressive, after the fresh and bracing sea-breezes on board ship.

M. Joubert, a Frenchman by birth, is one of the chief colonists in the island. He lived for many years in Oceania as a merchant, and when France took possession of New Caledonia went there and obtained from the Government a grant of 1,800 acres, lying between the Dumbea, the Pont des Français, and the mountain range of Koghi. There he established two stations, one for the rearing of cattle, and the other destined to become the centre of vast sugar-plantations. *Koutio-Kouèta*, near the Pont des Français, was, at the time of M. Garnier's visit, the residence of M. Joubert's eldest son. No less than a thousand head of cattle and a hundred horses were grazing on its beautiful pasture-lands.

The second station, called *Koè* ("locust"), is situated on a small table-land commanding a wide plain, which extends to the banks of the Dumbea. It is, besides, watered by several streams, and possesses all the advantages of soil and climate requisite for a sugar-plantation, such as it has since become. According to M. Joubert's original plan, sugar-houses have been built on the chief tributary of the Dumbea, so that the machinery is worked by water-wheels, and every facility for trading is afforded by the river, which is navigable up to that point and falls into the Bay of Dumbea. M. Joubert's second son, who was a sugar-planter in Mauritius for some years, and thoroughly understands his business, manages the estate with great success.

When M. Garnier reached *Koutio-Kouèta*, hungry and tired, the proprietor was out, looking after his cattle. He was, however, very hospitably received by a young Australian servant, and the comfortable, even elegantly-furnished room into which he was shown, and the excellent repast which she immediately served up, were evidences, most unlooked-for in the bush, of

the prosperous circumstances of M. Numa Joubert, and of the style in which he lived.

Resisting the persuasions of the servant to wait until the evening for her master's return, M. Garnier, after resting awhile, set out again, as he intended to make Koè his halting-place, where there were known to be croppings of coal, which it was his object to inspect in the interest of the Government. He had a long and toilsome walk of five hours, though the distance as the bird flies is not more than five miles, for he got off the path, and then went plunging about in the thickets of under-wood and tall grass, tumbling over rocks and trunks of fallen trees, and climbing hills, trying to make straight for the Koghi Mountains, at the foot of which the young Australian had told him that Koè lay. The beaten path would have led him round the hills which he had to climb, and straight to the fords, in search of which he had to walk some distance along the banks of the streams. The traveller in such countries should never be unwary enough to leave even the faintest indication of a beaten track, which will lead him to some outlet, if not actually to the one he wishes to reach.

An unexpected visitor at a bush-station is sure of a friendly welcome, as M. Garnier found when he reached Koè. M. Ferdinand Joubert, on learning the object of his coming, immediately offered to aid him by every means in his power, and accompany him in his researches; but first he must rest, and pass at least one night under his roof.

A description of the station of Koè, and of the manner of life there, will give the reader a very good idea of what a bush-station and a squatter's life generally are.

The house is one-storeyed, and built entirely of wood; its solid frame-work of huge logs can withstand the most violent

gales. A verandah, formed by the wide overhanging roof, runs round the house, and, as in all hot countries, is more used by the inhabitants than the inner rooms. Of these there are four or five, surrounding one large living-room in the centre, where the squatter and his stock-men dine together at one long table, in perfect equality. The day is divided as follows: all rise at six, take tea or coffee, and go to work; breakfast at ten, on

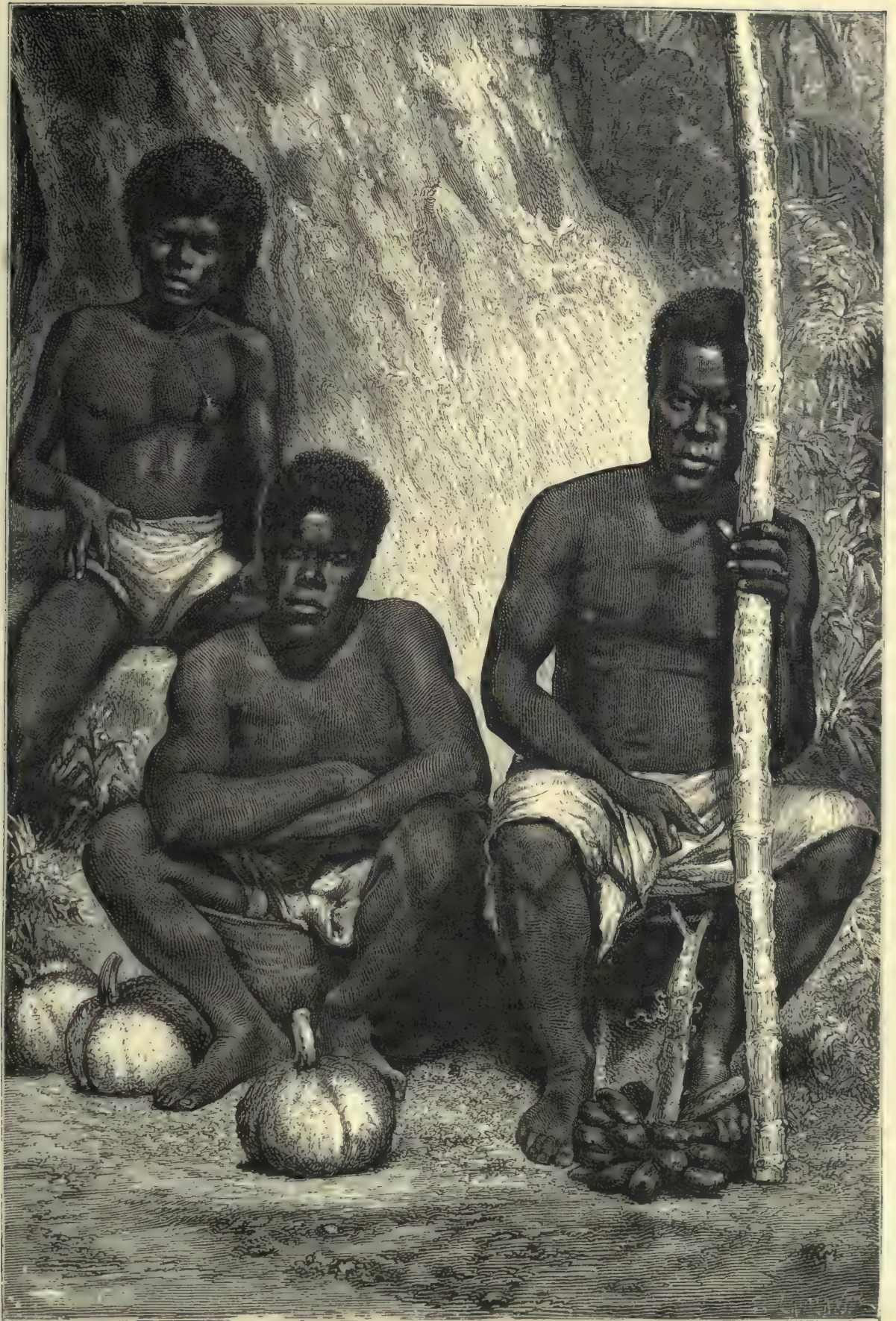
biscuit, salt beef, rice, and batatas (sweet potato); dine at two, and sup at half-past six. Meals are announced by the cooks on a conch-shell, and are dispatched without much loss of time, excepting supper—then work for the day is over, and the company can afford to linger over their pipes and grog; it is then especially that a chance traveller or a friend, with news from "the old country" or from town, is a welcome addition to the home circle, and is questioned and listened to with the liveliest interest. Many of the squatters are men who in Europe moved in the best society, and have been driven by adverse circumstances or some misfortune to emigrate. There is scarcely a station that has not its small library, and the bushmen are generally great readers.

Round about the dwelling-house stand the stables,

store-houses, and kitchen, and at a little distance the cone-shaped huts, built of straw, where the Kanaks live, who are employed as servants on the estate. All these buildings, and the fruit and vegetable-garden, which sloped down from the house, were surrounded by a fence ("fena"). The enclosure, or paddock, as it is called, measures generally about thirty-four acres, and within it the saddle-horses and draught-oxen in ordinary use are allowed to graze at liberty. All the cultivated fields are carefully fenced round, and over the rest of the estate—the run, as it is called—the herds wander at will.



GROUP OF KANAKS.



NEW CALEDONIAN FRUIT SELLERS

Memories of some Indian Storms.—II.

BY C. HORNE, LATE B.C.S.

I WILL conclude the account of the Great Indian Cyclone, given in the previous part of this article, with a brief description of the scene presented next morning along the banks of the river, after mentioning one little circumstance to show the force of the gale.

On the flat roof of the house was a small room, and in this were kept many boxes requiring especial care, as well as plans, maps, &c., as it was a spot less likely to be the resort of white ants than any other, and the inmates of the house flattered themselves that here at least all was safe. However, such was the force of the gale, that when we went up to the roof to inspect, we found the door, door-frame and all, blown in, the window, and window-frame, blown out on the opposite side, and the room several inches deep in water. On the terrace roof were several bedraggled kites, quite unable to fly, protected by the parapet.

Early next morning, the force of the gale having abated, we went out to see the results of the storm. We went first to Cossipir, a suburb of Calcutta, whither many vessels had been driven. Ship after ship had dragged her anchor or broken away from her moorings, and then dashing up against another, had helped it to break loose, and thus ten or twenty ships were literally heaped up together, in many cases high and dry on the shore.

As we stood in one place, there was a small coasting-vessel in a front garden, just large enough to hold it. This had been lifted over the wall by the storm-wave, and so deposited. On the other side was a wonderful sight. Under all lay two or three flat-bottomed barges; on these lay an iron river steamer. This steamer had been driven stem on to a large barge filled with blazing straw, which had been fired by the gale scattering the fire with which the men on board had been cooking, or from a hookah. The fire had made the steamer nearly white-hot, and had burnt through it; it was providential that it was of iron, or some fifteen to twenty fine vessels would have been burnt.

On the steamer, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, was a large ship, her bows in the air and her stern in the mud of the bank, and whilst we were there we saw the captain go aboard. He did so by climbing up the barges and the steamer, and thence got into his vessel by the bowsprit!

Many of the vessels were afterwards got afloat; but all were not so fortunate, as many vessels went down at anchor. Almost every barge was sunk, and produce, such as seeds, rice, and valuable cargo of various kinds, lay in heaps along the bank. A small China steamer was lying high and dry on the strand, and the large steam ferry was perched on the top of a heap of ballast shingle, many feet above the water. Other vessels were shored up with beams, having been left high on the river shore, whilst not a vessel remained at her moorings in the stream.

The exterior damage to the buildings would soon be repaired, but it will take at least a hundred years to replace the noble trees which were destroyed. I have not given any account of the nature of the storm, as all now-a-days are supposed to understand the principles of a cyclone, but in illustration of its

effects I subjoin a short table, showing the directions in which the trees fell along the line of the East Indian Railway, from Calcutta towards the north-west provinces.*

Miles from Howrah.	Name.	Direction.
	Howrah.†	From S.
6½	Bally.	" S.E. by E.
9½	Konnugur.	" S.E.
13	Serampur.	" S.E. by N.
21½	Chundernagore.	" E.
24½	Hooghly.	" N.E. by E.
34	No station.‡	" N.E. by E.
37	"	" N.
40 to 43	"	" N.§
45	Boinchee.	

I will now describe an ordinary "dust-storm" in the north-west provinces.

It was on the evening of a very close and sultry day at the end of May, 1856, that I was sitting working in my court-house at Bareilly, when a native came in and announced the approach of a dust-storm. I jumped up and ran over to my house, which was fortunately near, and so got there just in time to mark its approach.

At this time the whole sky, except at the horizon—over which at this season there is always a haze—was clear of clouds, and of the deepest blue; and save a very oppressive feeling, there was nothing to warn the uninitiated of what was so rapidly approaching. The thermometer had all day, in the shade, stood a little over or under 100° Fahrenheit, so that a little extra closeness was not very observable. I inquired whence the storm would come, and the servants said, "From the north-west." Every one was busy, during the few moments that remained, in fastening up as securely as possible each door and window.

I took up my post with several of my family in the drawing-room, and stood at a large French window opening to the ground, pushing hard against it, expecting the cross-bar to give way before the coming gale.

Suddenly, without any warning, there rose up a wall of cloud in the north-west, and rapidly advanced towards me. It looked from 70 to 100 feet in height, but was in reality much higher, and its colour was a deep purple, glowing with a kind of brick-dust red; and it terminated above in a definite horizontal line cutting the clear sky. But in infinitely less time than this takes to tell, it was upon us—a fearful strain on the window, and we were in pitchy darkness. It was almost a darkness which might be "felt;" and one could not see one's hand. Meanwhile the fine sand poured in as

* These notes were taken, by the aid of a compass, as I travelled in the train.

† This is the Calcutta station of the East Indian Railway, being on the opposite side of the river.

‡ The iron telegraph standards were deflected to this distance.

§ But a few large trees E. and from N.E.

¶ The effects of the storm could not readily be noted further.

water by every crack, and filled the room in which we all stood in silence for a few minutes until the first force of the storm was over.

It soon after became a little lighter, and the air was perceived to be filled with bits of straw, leaves, and fragments of light substances of various descriptions, which had been collected by the storm and stayed by the trees. Blast followed blast; and then came a sound of rain, torrents of which fell for about half an hour. Immediately afterwards there arose that refreshing scent of wet earth given forth as incense by the grateful soil; and then, with every window open, we were inhaling the freshened air.

In three-quarters of an hour all was over. Nearly all the fruit in the garden had been blown off, and many trees stripped of their leaves; but the subsequent drive was most delicious, after our daily round over the arid ground of the dusty roads. Many a mighty tree had given tribute to the storm king in the shape of huge boughs, many a thatch had flown afar; but there can be no doubt that the air was changed and purified, and that the good done far outweighed the evil.

On another occasion we were driving, when a milder but very dense dust-storm overtook us; and we had a narrow escape of being dashed to pieces against the gate-post, or being upset in the ditch; but this class of storms is not very common at Bareilly. There is, however, another kind of storms which merits notice; I allude to hail-storms.

These are dreaded in India, as the hail-stones are often very large, and sometimes kill man and beast, as well as destroy much of the crops. I remember one, in May, 1846, which was as follows:—

I was standing at a friend's door, whose house was not five minutes' distance from my own. It was in the Himalaya at Landour, in the north-west provinces. Suddenly we saw a storm about to break. My friend said, "Sharp's the word! Mount and off, or you'll catch it!" I jumped on my pony and rode up the hill. Down came the hail. One stone hit me on the back of the bridle hand; it raised a lump as big as a cherry. The pony, stung to madness by the blows, rushed on, and in another minute we were under my verandah. The hail-stones varied in size from that of a walnut to that of a cherry, and in the short five minutes while the storm lasted the damage done was fearful. The dahlias were just before the downfall in full glory. All my banks were covered with them, and now they were stripped of every leaf and flower, and made to resemble currant-bushes in winter. The oaks lost all their leaves and the greater part of their small twigs. After the storm I picked up many branches, nearly as thick as my little finger. I heard of several sheep and goats having been killed in this storm, but not of any loss of human life, as the stones on this occasion had not been of unusual size. My house had been built on a little terrace cut out of the hill-side, so that there was only just room to pass behind it, and this space was entirely filled in to the height of between five and six feet with closely-packed hail-stones. These had collected from the bank above, and from the slope of the roof; they served for very many days to supply the mess with materials for cooling drinks, rendering us independent of the ice-cellar.

The effect on the scenery is indescribable, but can well be imagined. A storm of this kind would destroy the hopes of a

tea-planter, and it is a matter of thankfulness that they do not occur very often.

I remember a very ludicrous incident in my camp life. A hail-storm came on, and a friend who was in camp with us rushed under the "shumiana," which is a large flat awning supported on four poles. The hail-stones collected on the top, the weight increased, and presently all collapsed, the poles slipping outwards. Our friend saw this coming, and crept under a table which stood in the middle, whence he emerged all right, after we had thought he had been half smothered by the tent. But the most wonderful effect of a hail-storm that I ever saw was when a fearful one occurred at the station of Nynsee Tal, in the Himalaya, north-west provinces. The stones, some of which were so large as to fill the top of a tumbler, lashed the lake into fury, and the surface of the water presented a wonderful appearance. With such force did these stones fall that they made holes, through which the water leaked, in my roofing. This was of galvanised tinned iron plates, and the perforation of metal by this means, as may well be imagined, filled me with astonishment.

I will conclude this gossip with some remarks on ordinary thunder-storms in India, as far as they have fallen under my own observation. When, in 1843, I went to Calcutta, one of the first things that struck me was the fact that almost every house had a lightning-conductor prominently placed; and next, that very many houses showed signs of rents and settlements in their walls which had been caused by lightning; and it was not long ere I heard Indian thunder and saw Indian lightning. In the Himalaya, the balancing of the clouds is beautifully seen, and the play of the lightning amongst them is one of the most interesting sights of that delightful range. There was a crag opposite to my house, whereupon a house had been erected. This house had been twice burnt down by lightning. I have seen the finest peepul trees, which could scarcely be split to pieces even by lightning, such is their toughness, fired internally by the electric agency; and thus, while the parent stem was destroyed, the surrounding offsprings trees maintained their own; and I have seen a young mulberry tree struck in the midst, and divided in two to the very root. I have also seen forest trees out of which (as in England) a strip of bark has been taken the whole way down the trunk; but I will not detail these things, as they occur everywhere. No one who has heard tropical thunder will discredit me when I describe many of the peals as shaking the house, and sounding like salvos of artillery fired close at hand. Many have been the deaths reported to me from this cause, and wonderful are some of the escapes. I knew a lady, now living in Calcutta, who was standing on a verandah holding one of the wooden pillars which supported the roof, during a storm. There was a fearful peal simultaneous with the flash, and she felt that she had been struck. The electric fluid had passed down the pillar and gone to the ground. It had touched her arm, and fearful pains resulted. She recovered, but has never had the same use of her arm as before, and whenever a storm is impending she feels it severely. The lofty tower of the Kootub at Delhi was struck some years since and partially rent, and there is scarcely a building in India of any size that has not suffered more or less. The water-spouts in the Red Sea, and the "devils," as the whirlwinds of the plains of India are called, deserve a word, but as they have been so often written about, I will now bring this storm gossip to a close.

Black Bear Shooting in the Himalayas.—I.

BY G. BESTE.

PROBABLY there are no places in India of which Englishmen, who have resided in that country, will bear pleasanter recollection than of Simla, Mussouri, and Nynsee Tal. The Madras and Bombay Presidencies have also their hill stations, but it is doubtful whether any of these can vie with the above-named resorts for agreeable climate, pleasant society, general comfort, scenery, and above all, that great desideratum of sportsmen—game, and ease in reaching it. In this latter respect Mussouri easily bears the palm. Simla is more fashionable and gayer, has better houses and a grander club, but these are attractions which tend to make it much more expensive, and, consequently, not so great a favourite with the junior and less well paid of Her Majesty's servants. For a

there with peeping cottages and pretty white houses. It is a lovely scene. Filling up the whole valley, with the exception of the small spot of ground on which rests the village, is the lake, or Tal, of Nynsee, "the white goddess." So completely, indeed, does the lake fill up what would otherwise be a deep and uneven valley, that some difficulty was experienced in making a practical roadway round the water's edge. As it is, one side of the lake only has a narrow road fit for pony-carriages, and even this, in many places, has been built on ground gained from the lake by precipitating in it rocks and earth cut away from the steep hill-side. On the other side there is only a narrow footpath, barely passable to clever ponies. The lake is in parts very deep; in the centre its depth has not yet been



VIEW NEAR NYNSEE TAL.

quiet, lovely, and very hospitable place, let me recommend Nynsee Tal. It is difficult to imagine anything lovelier—in a quiet, unobtrusive way—than the hill-enclosed, lake-filled valley, on one edge of which stands the small native village and larger European settlement of Nynsee Tal.

After the dreary journey through the plains, passing through the wild and notoriously unhealthy Teraï Jungle, and after a long, toilsome ascent of a very bad bridle-path, one quite suddenly catches a glimpse of the "promised land" within hailing distance. Debarred from a view of it by thickly jungled hills, and seemingly endless dark fir-woods, until within a few hundred yards of the village—one step more, as it were, discloses a small valley formed by high hills, at the foot of which lies a clear, dark, and evidently deep lake, on the very edge of which are a cluster of villas, a church steeple, and some native huts, backed, of course, by the overtopping dark woods. The goal is reached! Then, turning round, one sees the high, dark, fir-clad hills forming the valley, dotted here and

ascertained, although a line many hundred fathoms long has repeatedly been cast in it from a boat; and the superstitious natives, of course, declare that a large hole in the centre goes through to the other side of the earth!

In not a few respects the Königsee near Salzburg strikingly reminds me of Nynsee Tal, and I have heard others express the same opinion. The former lake, like the latter, is surrounded by steep hills, in many places thickly wooded, and round the whole circumference of both lakes, in one place only is there a flat surface available for building. At Nynsee Tal this has been used for the European settlement; on the Königsee we see one or two small Bavarian inns, a few cottages, the inevitable carved wood shops, and the boats drawn up on the beach. The principal characteristics of each lake are its clear, deep water, and the dark frowning shadows cast into it by the steep mountain-sides, giving a certain air of mourning and dismalness to the scene. There is certainly great similarity in the two places; a person having seen the



OUR COOLIE PORTERS

Bavarian lake can form a very good notion indeed of the Indian one; and, if the Königsee is considered one of the grandest show-places in that specially favoured part of Central Europe, how much more enchanting must be the Indian Tal, after long residence in level plains, among heat and dust and flies! With the exception of scattered, shady mangoe topes, and occasional tamarind avenues, there is little pleasing scenery in Bengal or Oudh; to a person who has spent four or five years in those provinces, they represent all that is hot, dreary, and monotonous. To such a one how refreshing must be the first view of Nynee Tal—a Königsee in an interminable Salisbury Plain! I venture to say that every one who has spent a few weeks in it must look back to those weeks as, perhaps, the pleasantest of a long lifetime.

It is not of Nynee Tal, however, I have to speak at present; I only mentioned it as one of the favourite health resorts in India. In one particular it strikingly fails to satisfy sportsmen—there is no game near. A few marches beyond Almorah, a sanitarium for European soldiers, and which is itself three marches beyond Nynee Tal, there are a few deer and bears, but only a very few. It is of Mussouri and a shooting expedition in the hills beyond, towards the snowy range, I wish to write.

A few years ago, having obtained four months' leave of absence, I passed the first month at Nynee Tal, but desiring to go on to Dehra and Mussouri, the road I should follow was long and anxiously discussed. I wished to leave Nynee Tal in the last days of September, consequently towards the end of the rainy season. For this reason I was strongly recommended not to follow my inclination, which was to take the path across the hills, being twelve days' march to my destination, but to descend again into the plains, and to make my way to Roorkee, and thence across the Sewaliks to the Dhoon, and then up the hills to Mussouri; and I did so.

There is certainly nothing worth recording in the journey, performed by palkee dāk, along execrable roads deluged by rain. Its chief incident was the flight of my bearers, torch-carriers, and luggage-men, leaving me fast asleep in my palkee under a tree, surrounded by the various packages constituting my luggage. An unusually heavy downpour woke me up; but it was some time before I realised the thoroughly helpless position in which I was left. By the hour I knew that I must be many miles away from the next dāk bungalow. As far as I knew, there might be no native village within a mile or two; and I also satisfied myself that in a very short time the rising flood, in which my boxes already stood, much to the detriment of dress boots and starched shirts, would reach the level of my bed in the palkee. This, in fact, did happen a little later, and all I could do was to take occasional and alternate pulls at my flask and my cheroot, while periodically striking a light to see how the time went. In every respect it was a miserable night. Dawning day fortunately revealed the runaway bearers quietly returning, models of that placid *nonchalance* habitual to natives of India. Each man was well covered with a blanket, hiding every feature but the tip of his nose and his mouth, to which latter organ he, of course, assiduously applied the everlasting hookah. They had passed the night at a village within three hundred yards of the spot where they had left me, and it seems they hoped to return again before I awoke. It was useless to expostulate. Even my threat to cut short the usual bucksheesh at the end of the stage was not carried into effect, as I learnt

that one of the beaters had considerably thrown his blanket over the top of my palkee to keep off the rain.

Notwithstanding that I had been spoilt for scenery by the lovely hills of Nynee Tal and Almorah, and the particularly brilliant sunsets and sunrises to be seen from those places, I greatly enjoyed my early morning ride from Shorepore, at the foot of the Sewalik Range, to Dehra. A friend to whom I had written had sent out a horse to meet me at the former place.

It is difficult to imagine a more glorious amphitheatre than that of the Dhoon, a broad valley of nearly five hundred square miles in extent, partly cultivated and partly covered by luxuriant tropical vegetation, through which rush the two finest rivers of India—through the north-western end the Jumna, and through the north-eastern the Ganges, which breaks out of the hills at Hurdwar, that sacred place in native eyes, but known to sportsmen as one of the very best shooting-grounds in all India, where anything from a hare to an elephant may be met with, and in addition capital "mahseer" or Indian salmon-fishing and shooting may be followed. To return to Austria for an illustration, the Dhoon is not unlike, in many respects, to the little amphitheatre in the centre of which stands Salzburg—with this exception, that the Indian valley is infinitely greater in extent. It is bounded on all sides by hills ever changing in colour with the play of the sun between the clouds, the whole range being covered with rhododendron and pine, whilst away in the background a contrast is formed by the white peaks of eternal snows. Dehra, the largest village of the Dhoon, is a station for a few European troops, and a regiment of either Ghoorkas, Sikhs, or Sepoys, besides the Kumaon battalion, which is constantly quartered there or in the immediate neighbourhood. Dehra also possesses a little colony of Englishmen, in addition to the officers attached to the above-mentioned troops. It being a healthy place, with a moderate climate, and near Mussouri as a resort for very hot weather, it has been made the headquarters of the many tea-planters and retired officers whose choice it is to pass their lives on Indian soil. There are many good houses, not a few surrounded by grounds of almost park-like character. At the time of the year in which I passed through, Dehra is generally enlivened by sportsmen and racing men from all parts of Bengal, the North-West, and the Punjab. It was so on this occasion. Long strings of carefully clothed horses at walking exercise met one at every turn, whilst the small hotel, kept by a retired English jockey, where I stopped for a couple of hours, was full of trainers, jockeys, and their masters. When going to Mussouri, it is usual to ride or drive (there is an excellent road) to a small village at the foot of the hills, and there exchange one's means of locomotion for another—either a dandy, which is merely a blanket or piece of stout canvas, fastened at the extremities of a stout pole, and in which the traveller sits sideways; or a jampan, that is, a large arm-chair slung on two poles, and carried by four men. It is also possible to hire a hill pony; and this being the quickest mode of making the ascent, I preferred it. Many men walk up, reaching the top in three hours if good pedestrians. I have spent so much time on the road that I shall say nothing about the English piggery established in this village, and which supplies all stations within a circuit of five hundred miles, and even more, with hams and other porcine delicacies. It is under the management of an Englishman, who, by means of the hotel which he also keeps, and

which is said to be full for more than six months of every year, appears to be rapidly accumulating a handsome fortune.

Mussouri stands at an elevation of 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, but the rise in the country is so steady from Roorkee, fifty miles off, that I think the actual height of Mussouri above this village cannot be more than 4,000 feet, if so much. Ten years ago there was but one path, and that a very steep one, in places rather dangerous. Since the mutiny another has been made under the direction of Government. This last, though a much broader and safer way, is also of more gradual ascent, and, consequently, better adapted to persons carrying loads or riding; but I was told that natives making the ascent without loads preferred the old, steep, and short way to the new and longer road. I may be accused of expatiating too much on fine scenery; but the fact is, as I have before remarked, the chief impression left on one's mind, after a sojourn in "India's sultry plains," and a visit to the hills, is the great beauty of the scenery, caused by the striking contrasts one meets at every turn. And this is especially the case at Mussouri. The settlement is built on the narrow ridge of a series of very steep mountains, which are so precipitous on both sides that, quite contrary to the usual characteristics of mountain scenery, there is no rolling surface of hill and valley gradually settling down into a level plain. But when standing on any part of the ridge on which Mussouri stands, one sees, when facing the south and south-west, a vast plain commencing, as it were, at the foot of a precipice 4,000 feet immediately below, and faintly bounded by low hills thirty miles distant, beyond which again a perfectly level plain stretches away for many hundred miles. If one turns right round, and faces the north or north-east, one sees, at the bottom of another deep precipice, a series of hills gradually increasing in size and height as they recede, until they end in a series of sharp and clearly-defined peaks perpetually covered with snow, apparently about a day's march only from the spot on which one is standing, but really more than a hundred miles off, and not to be reached in less than three weeks! When it is remembered that this series of rolling hills is covered at certain seasons of the year by the rhododendron plant in full bloom, and that at the height where the rhododendron ceases to grow, dark green and black forests of pine commence, covering thousands of square miles of mountain and valley, and that these again are fringed by white peaks which, at sunrise and sunset, assume the deepest rose and golden tints, I think all persons will agree that the *tout ensemble* must leave on the memory a picture never to be forgotten. To the south all is golden, and rich, and warm; face about, and in one instant there is before you a scene all dark, sombre, and cold. No transformation scene at a theatre can equal the sudden and complete change one thus realises; it is indeed wonderful!

Of Mussouri itself I shall merely say that it is composed almost entirely of well-built houses on the European plan. Some face one way to the plains, some another to the snows, according to the owner's fancy; and between these two rows there runs the only practicable road, at one end of which is what is called by courtesy the Mall, or Rotten Row of Mussouri. The other end of the road extends to Landour, another small hill station—a suburb of Mussouri in fact. It stands on rather higher ground, and is more liable to heavy snow-storms. On the highest point of Mussouri stands a large building, the

Himalaya Club, of which many an old Indian bears affectionate remembrance. It is from the windows of its ball-room that the wonderful pictures, Summer and Winter, I have endeavoured to describe, can be best seen.

A friend with whom I had arranged to pass two or three months in a shooting expedition, among some of the very hills to be seen from the club terrace, was waiting for me at the "Himalaya." He had gone on ten days before me to organise the expedition, and when I arrived I was not sorry to learn that in a couple of days all arrangements would be complete for our trip to Gungotree, a description of which, with our adventures, I propose to give.

This was to be my first experience in hill shooting; consequently my companion, a veteran at the sport, took the lead in all preparatory operations, and absolutely roared at my proposition that a lady and her husband, who had spoken to me on the subject, should accompany us. Quite innocent of the difficulties and obstacles to such an arrangement, I had gladly assented when the proposition was made. It seems the lady, a young girl not long out of her teens, and lately out from England, where she had been married just before starting, had heard a great deal of the scenery of the Higher Himalayas, and the delightful independence of life away from civilisation; she also rather aspired to return to her husband's regiment the heroine of a feat very seldom accomplished; whilst he, a willing slave to her every wish, was ready to do anything she desired. I, too, when the subject was first mentioned, considered the plan not only feasible but highly advantageous to ourselves, who might thus hope to enjoy, not only good sport and pleasant climate away from the trammels of society, but also the agreeable company of a pleasant English girl round our evening camp fire. But I was quite ignorant of the life we were about to lead; and later I saw that the discomfort, hardships, and dirt to be expected in such a trip as we proposed taking, made it utterly impossible for a lady to accompany us. In the first place, after the third march it would be necessary for her to walk the greater part of the way, as our route lay through country quite impracticable for ponies, or the surest-footed mule, to carry a load, particularly a living one. Besides, as my companion argued, the extra company would entail a double number of coolies and a proportionate addition to the stores; whilst the romance of the thing once worn off, and with daily increasing discomfort, it might be looked upon as certain that our fair companion would wish to return, probably within a week, and thus cause a serious dislocation of our plans and intentions. So it was decided against her, and we lost favour in her sight, and fell in her estimation to depths unfathomable of disgrace and disrepute. I shall not attempt a very minute description of all our preparations, neither will I give a detailed list of our stores; and this for two reasons: in the first place, because the enumeration would be uninteresting and tedious to all persons, with the exception of sportsmen whose intention it may be to follow the same road, and who will obtain on the spot much better information as to details; and, secondly, because, though our expedition had as its chief nominal *raison d'être* the shooting of wild animals, in reality the principal reasons for the trip were relaxation from the cares of duty, change of scene and of life, and the search for a cool bracing climate, after the hot, fever-stricken air of the plains. Consequently ours was by no means a model expedition, either as regards weapons or the number of servants and stores that we

took with us. We had resolved to be as comfortable as it was possible to be under the circumstances; and our train of coolies and personal servants, like our quantity of stores, were altogether disproportionate to the campaign we intended to wage against bear, deer, chamois, and leopard. Genuine sportsmen would not dream of hampering their movements with more than one-half of the number of men who were to accompany us, nor more than one-third, or at the most one-half of the provisions, and would be quite content to live in a great measure on the poor produce of the country and the result of their sport, merely supplemented by the luxuries carried for them by coolies.

When I say that only two out of the six guns or rifles we had were breech-loaders, I think men in England will turn up their noses. But I am writing of nearly six years ago; and six years ago breech-loaders were not so plentiful in India as they were at that time in England. In fact, I should say that even at the present day there are more head of game knocked over with muzzle than with breech loaders in India by Englishmen. At all events, at that time, although no longer

objects of curiosity, breech-loading smooth-bores and rifles were not so very common in India as to make our mixed armament appear antiquated, as it would certainly now in England. And if old-fashioned, our rifles were trusty and well-trying. One of them had been the means of breaking fourteen bottles running at 120 yards. I had a double-barrelled muzzle-loading rifle (Enfield bore); a single-barrelled muzzle-loading two-grooved rifle, carrying a conical ball weighing rather over two ounces; and a breech-loading fowling-piece (14-bore). My companion, two double-barrelled rifles of rather light bore, one of which was a breech and the other a muzzle loader; and a very old "Egg" gun, to which he attributed almost supernatural powers, and

which he would certainly not have exchanged for the best breech-loader going.

Our shelter consisted of a small hill tent, measuring about seven feet by nine, to which was added a pâl tent, the roof of which was the same size as that of the hill tent, and which it was our custom to pitch close to, in fact touching the hill tent, and so making one largish tent of the two in fine weather, which

of course was almost constant, and which we threw over the hill tent if it rained, as it did on several occasions, or if the wind was very high. The poles unscrewed each into three pieces, something like a fishing-rod. Three men could carry the tents, whilst another carried the unscrewed poles, the pegs, spare rope, and a small basket of charcoal.

We started with twenty-six coolies, but before long got into the habit of taking one or two others from village to village. Besides the coolies we had seven servants, thus divided: a cook and his assistant, two "bearers" or valets, a water-carrier, a man originally a "chuprassie" or messenger, but whom I turned into a gun-cleaner, and a low caste native ready to do anything.



VIEW IN THE HIMALAYAS.

We had not collected the coolies ourselves, but entrusted the task to an old coolie, who made himself for the occasion a species of contractor. All the coolies' pay passed through his hands. He was not expected to carry anything, but undertook to superintend the others; and his pay, which was exactly the same as they received, was bail for their good behaviour. If any coolie ran away, or broke down, or fell sick, the contractor was bound by the agreement he entered into to find another from any village we passed through. He turned out to be an invaluable fellow. The pay of each coolie was four rupees, or eight shillings, a month. We gave each of them a coarse black wool blanket before starting, and promised half a

month's wages as bucksheesh at the end of the trip to every man we were satisfied with. Before starting, we allowed each man one rupee in advance for his family, but arranged that for the future they should all be kept one fortnight in arrear of pay. This was done to ensure their good behaviour, and to prevent any leaving without proper reason and permission. They all proved themselves capital men, bearing great fatigues without a murmur, always ready to do anything beyond their ordinary carrying work, and often showing great interest in our sports. Each man was bound to carry sixty pounds weight, besides his own provisions; but we allotted only fifty pounds per man, thereby ensuring longer marches, and, above all, quicker pace; as there is nothing so annoying as to have to wait a couple of hours, after a long day's work, before the men with the tea-things arrive, or the tent, if it is very cold. Some of them were small, ill-made, weakly-looking fellows, apparently unable to carry anything besides their own bodies; but to our great astonishment—or rather to mine—they walked as well as the rest. Naturally we picked out the best men for the most important loads, such as tea and the cooked provisions.

The Shikharee, Mounyah by name (let me recommend him strongly to any one passing that way), lived at a village three marches away, but accidentally heard that some Sahibs were preparing for a march in the interior, and came, loaded with "chits" or characters, to offer himself. He was a very short but wonderfully strong man, knit together like a gladiator, and as active and sure-footed as a chamois. His eye, too, was extraordinarily quick; not that it looked so ordinarily, but when looking for game it lit up wonderfully, as if his whole soul was bent on the thing he was doing, and influenced the organ. I have sometimes watched him; and when, walking carelessly along, he has suddenly seen either an animal in the thick jungle, or something unusual moving the branches or twigs, I have seen him stop as if struck, and his eye would then shine out like a huge brilliant. Many a time walking close to him in places where it was most unlikely to expect game, have I seen him thus stop, with both hands up to exact silence; then quietly point to some place in the jungle beneath or above us, and gradually become more excited if I failed to see the object or game he was pointing at. Literally he could pick out an animal's eye in the jungle twenty or thirty yards off,

when there has been no other part of the animal visible, or, perhaps, not more than a few inches of its head. The eye of a deer watching you under such circumstances, if you come suddenly into sight, is very large and very bright with fear; but to pick it out of jungle, as Mounyah would do, to the right and left and in front of him, often seemed marvellous to me. I have far from a slow or bad sight, but still I must own that at times I was a long time seeing that one little spot among branches and leaves, and Mounyah's silent anxiety and almost painful suspense were very amusing. Then, if I missed my aim, he would beat his chest with both his open hands, and bewail *his* fate, and for some minutes really presented a piteous sight. That was his one great fault, of which I never succeeded in breaking him—he was unpleasantly demonstrative and overcome if you made a bad shot.

In addition to our own tents were a couple of very small ones, not unlike French *tentes a'abri*, for our servants. The two could be easily carried by one man as a supplement to a light load. We took no bedsteads, but that was a mistake; we used instead a large mackintosh thrown over clean straw, if it was to be procured, and over the mackintosh were four or five blankets. Light wooden bedsteads would be far preferable.

Firewood can be found almost anywhere, and in many villages the inhabitants have a winter store of fuel in the shape of large bricks, made of a mixture of cattle-dung and chopped straw, and which makes a fair substitute for wood in cooking, and improves even a large wood fire. Nevertheless, it is not a bad plan to lay in a stock of charcoal, say fifty or



HINDOO WOMAN.

sixty pounds weight, or the load for one man. A little of it goes a long way, and is very useful where fuel is scarce or the wood damp. It is usual for coolies and servants in such expeditions to find all their provisions where food is procurable in the villages, but considering the scantiness of their pay, we determined to feed entirely our own servants, and to allow half-rations free to the coolies. Contrary to our expectation and to general experience, they proved themselves thankful for the boon, and said so when they left us.

Altogether we laid in at the start a six days' stock of flour for all hands, besides potted and preserved meats, rice, jams, potatoes, beer, brandy, tea, sugar, and dessicated milk for ourselves; also some candles and lanterns, a small table, two

camp-stools, and a few books, together with some wretched specimens of English cutlery and knick-knacks, as presents to hospitable and agreeable heads of villages, and as rewards for good information respecting the haunts of game.

Our armoury was under the special care of a servant I had brought up from the plains for the purpose, as being the best hand, whether European or native, at cleaning a gun I ever saw.

I have been thus particular in naming the stores we took, without going into details of amount, that readers may the better understand how completely we were leaving civilisation behind us after quitting Missouri. Indeed, the very first march from that place separated us from our base of supplies, and for the next two months we were dependent on the stores we took with us, and a few scanty supplies, here and there, of eggs, honey, and flour in the villages. Indeed, once out of Missouri we did not expect to meet, except by chance, a single European, and from the time we left civilisation to the time of our return to it, which was uncertain, we were to be separated from society, shops, and the barest necessities of life.

Before the actual start we procured a *purwannah*, or general order from the commissioner of the district in which we were about to travel, to the head men of all villages in that

district, to afford us aid and assistance, under terrible penalties in case of refusal or disobedience. Without this precaution, and in case of sickness among the coolies, or shortness of provisions, or other unforeseen accident, we might be in a difficult strait; but with this passport—for in many particulars it resembled our Foreign-office documents—we were certain of obtaining any aid that was procurable.

Every preparation being now made, the day for our start was decided on, and our first camping-ground settled. It was then arranged that the coolies should call for their closely-packed "kiltas" at five o'clock in the morning. The first march was to be a very short one, only four miles, so that it would be very easy to send back for such things as it might be looked upon as certain we had forgotten. It would have been more convenient for us to send the coolies and servants on to prepare breakfast for our arrival later in the morning, but on the first day we determined to watch over every arrangement with a "master's eye," and thereby provide for future emergencies. So the day was fixed, and all things being ready, on a cold and dark morning we started, full of expectation of much enjoyment and great sport. That we were not altogether disappointed, the next chapter will show.

A Doctor's Life among the North-American Indians.—I.

BY R. BROWN, PH.D., ETC.

I HAVE read in missionary journals, and in some others by no means missionary, that if a traveller wants to get along swimmingly with any savage people among whom he may be sojourning he should by all means possess a knowledge of medicine, and, by inference, be practising his medical skill on the unfortunate barbarians who are for the time being his neighbours. So often do I hear this that if there be any truth in what everybody—or nearly everybody—says, then this, among other plausible doctrines, must be received into the same category as Holy Writ. I don't want to be disagreeably sceptical about any such wholesome doctrines, only, unfortunately, my experience, so far as it goes, is rather in opposition to this. I don't for a moment doubt that a good knowledge of surgery may help a traveller. Surgery the most obtuse savage can see the effects of, and know that in this department he can do little or nothing. I will even allow that after one has been long resident among any body of people his knowledge of pure medicine may gain him their confidence. But at first he had better keep clear of all amateur doctoring, especially if there happen to be a native medical faculty. And this there almost invariably is, whether under the name of obi-men, medicine-men, or sleight-of-hand necromancers generally. A savage views the new-comer with all the dogged, sullen suspicion of an ignorant people living to and by themselves. His medical knowledge is looked upon with equal scepticism, and even contempt. Accordingly, when a savage is sick he will apply to the recognised medicine-man, or sorcerer, of his tribe or village, to cure him by the incantations and foolery which time-honoured tradition has hallowed in his eyes. If he ever applies to the pale-faced traveller, it will only be when he is just at his last

gasp, and has lost belief in his own medicine-man; the chances then are that he will die in spite of the best physicians in Europe. Now it is that the cunning medicine-man—whose professional jealousy has been roused—will work on the credulous suspicious minds of the natives, and as he has the infinite advantage over you in knowing the language and the modes of thought of his countrymen, the chances are that he will do you mischief. Here's the way he reasons:—"The patient was on a fair way to recover, he had caught the little devil that caused the sickness; once he had slipped through his fingers, but he would have been sure to have caught him the second time, and either burnt or drowned him, when this ignorant fellow, whom nobody knows anything about, and may be, for all we know, anxious to introduce small-pox or other terrible white men's disease into our people, interferes, and you see the result." The argument is not very convincing to the reader, but it is decidedly so to the relatives of the dead man who is lying in that savage village; and it is just about that time that the unfortunate philanthropist wishes that he had never known anything about purgative pills, or the virtue of any drug whatever. If he only gets kicked out of the village, or sent on his way with anything but blessings on his head, he may think himself remarkably well out of the scrape. I very nearly came to a much worse fate.

I was very young when I first set out on my travels, and endowed with very much more philanthropy towards my savage brother than I happen to possess just now. I had not only been instructed in the principles of medicine, but had received a regular medical education, so that I could not be called a mere dabbler in physic. I was, of course, continually told that

comforting doctrine about the value of my knowledge among the savages whom I proposed visiting, and perfectly burned to put my ideas into practice on the "vile body" of any sick savage whom I could come across. I was not long in being gratified. My first experimental journey was made with a well-known Indian trader, and not long after bidding farewell to civilisation we halted at an Indian village, into the tribe belonging to which my friend the trader had married. His wife, who was with us, was a member of that people. The chief was lying ill, and the medicine-men were in full force around him, but hitherto had made no impression on him. In my zeal, I hinted that I thought I could do something for him; and as he informed me that he failed to get any sleep for days past, I considered that I could not do better than give him a dose of opium, which I did. And, amid the scowls of the medicine-men, and the plaudits of the chief's family, the old man was sleeping when we left the village. I was decidedly proud of my first success, but my triumph was short-lived. The trader, after making a journey a few days further on, began to return over the same road again. All went well with us, for my friend was a power in that part of the country, until we were about half a day's journey from the village where I had performed my medical exploit. We were congratulating ourselves on the prospect of the good reception we should receive from the chief whom we hoped was now on his legs again, when we were startled by the sight of an Indian sitting by the side of the path. He was the trader's brother-in-law, and a particular friend of his. We, of course, saluted him in a cheerful manner, not unmixed with the patronising air that philanthropists will assume to their less benevolent fellow-men. But our *clawhowya* was returned with a desponding air, and a peculiar glance towards us, and more particularly in my direction, from under his heavy eyebrows. The "Hemlock Fir"—for such, being translated, was the cognomen of our friend—was the bearer of evil tidings, most depressing news indeed. It was a long time before he came out with it, but at last it did come in all its disagreeable features. The chief, my patient, was dead. In fact, he had got into a sound sleep—so sound, indeed, that he never woke again. The tribe was very excited on the subject, and declared—of course *he* did not believe it—that between us we had conspired to kill the chief. This suspicion was all the worse because, just two days before, a rival trader had been at the village, and, on mentioning their suspicions to him, he assured them that nothing was more likely, because he knew that my companion was one of the greatest rascals living, and he never doubted but that his friend, the doctor, was, if possible, a worse rogue! The result was that when he quietly left the village they were drowning their griefs in the flowing bowl, and were in such a state of excitement with loyal grief and whisky that he feared they might, in the excitement of the moment, kill us. For me, the messenger was good enough to remark, he didn't care much, as he had not known me long, and I had never given him much; of course, for the trader, he had feelings of regard, for, independently of the trifle of being his brother-in-law, he had in times gone by received from him many blue blankets, and, what was much more to the purpose, expected to receive many more in the future. Accordingly, he had dropped ahead to warn him, for, unfortunately, under the influence of the whisky, they had recollected that W——, my companion, had once, some years before, had a quarrel with the chief, and they were certain that

he had only used me as an instrument to carry out the destruction of his enemy, and might, therefore, be inclined to include him in the intended revenge. Therefore the Indian thought that, if we set much value on our lives just now, we had better keep out of the way for a while, and, at all events on this particular journey, avoid the irate village by working round in another direction. That was all the news; he had nothing more to say. Tableau: Indian smoking a pipe, with his blanket around him, perfectly unconcerned; trader leaning against a tree, with a number of his Indian attendants squatted on the ground open-mouthed; while the writer of these words was sitting whittling a stick, in that condition of mind sufficiently expressed by the word "cheap!" It was a study for a painter. For five minutes nobody spoke.

At last the trader, after breaking the silence with an initiatory oath, eased his pent-up feelings by a perfect flood of curses on me, on the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, on the Apothecaries' Company, and the whole medical faculty, Indians, and Indian chiefs, past, present, and to come. I really do not remember any man, even in Western America, swearing so heartily and so long at one stretch. After having exhausted himself, he felt better able to discuss matters. There was too little ground, knowing as he did the Indian character, to doubt that the forebodings of the messenger had good foundation, and that if we expected to retain our heads long on our shoulders, we had better take the back track as soon as possible. It was in vain I told him that the dose was not sufficient to poison a child, that the chief had died of natural decay or of disease—in fact, that it was all nonsense. He never, for his own part, doubted the fact, he assured me; but what did that matter, so long as the apostrophised Indians believed the opposite? Such was the unavoidable state of the case, and meanwhile I was admonished to put as long a distance as I could between the Indians and my scalp—and that we did, though the back trail was a bad one. In fact, we had only begun to enjoy the good travel, when perforce we had to retrace our weary steps.

That night we travelled long after sundown; we were too weary (or afraid was it?) to light a fire for the night, and by dawn were off again. Indeed, it was not until we thought that we were safely out of the Indians' reach, that we made a lengthened halt to recruit ourselves and animals. On the second day at this halt, the trader's wife, whom he had left behind in the village until his return, overtook us. She had got a hint from her brother, and had stolen off in the night, travelling continuously, afraid that her husband might never be able to see that village again, and, in fact, give her the slip. She was in exceedingly bad humour, and commenced abusing us, from a safe distance, in some outlandish language. Then the cursory remarks were taken up by her husband, who I could see was in no way very pleased at the unexpected appearance of his brevet-spouse, until enough of anathemas were vented on my head to suffice for one life-time. I got quite accustomed to them in course of time, and treated a string of oaths five minutes long as quite a playful discharge of animal spirits on the part of my friends in the fur-trading line. The end of it was that my companions' ire was somewhat abated, for so fast had we travelled that when we arrived at the nearest trading-post we discovered that we were rather early in the market, and the "good thing" which he made of his packs of furs somewhat consoled him for his misfortune. It was, however, a long time

before he dared again visit the fatal Indian village—indeed, not until I was out of the country. Then with a clear conscience, he informed me, he wriggled out of the scrape by laying the whole blame of the chief's death on my head, and informing the whole village in council assembled that, so far from being incapable of poisoning the chief, his private opinion was that if it had not been for his good example, and the want of drugs, I would have devoted to death the whole Indian nation!

That I never tried medical practice among the Indians again, it will hardly be necessary to tell the reader. Some years afterwards, I was, however—from no choice of mine, but rather from necessity—forced to put my surgical skill to the test, and this time with rather better success. I was then roaming about among the wild primeval forests on the northern shores of the Pacific. One day I started off from an Indian village on the coast for a few days' journey into the interior. My only companion was a native boy, who carried my blanket, hatchet, tin kettle, and one or two odds and ends of food and impedimenta—articles which diminish in a wonderfully exact ratio to the time one has been "out" in those regions. Ours were accordingly not very burdensome,

and lightly equipped, we dived deeper and deeper into the dense forest, until from a hill we lost sight of the sea. Then I knew well that I was safe of my Indian boy's companionship, for an Indian of the North Pacific seaboard is always in a state of mortal terror, the moment he is out of sight of his native village; unless he happens to be a hunter—which few in these fish-eating tribes are—he quite loses his head in any difficulty, when the roar of the familiar ocean is not sounding in his ears. These dark forest glades are peopled with all sorts of hobgoblins, ever seeking the destruction of the luckless Indian, and hence if he does venture so far in, it is

only under the ægis of the white man, whose wondrous many shooting instruments act as a sure protection. Even then you can never be certain that you will not wake up in the morning to find yourself alone in these wilds, with your baggage, such as it is, all around you—the porters having, in terror of the unknown dangers into which you are leading, taken the opportunity to return under cover of darkness. Once out of sight of the sea, you are tolerably safe; for they are poor trailers, and in the forest,

instead of "guiding" the white man, according to the familiar story-book fashion, they dog his heels, and take shelter in his rear on the first sign of alarm, and consequently are of but little use either as guides or protectors. These North-western forests, unlike the Eastern American woods, are difficult to travel in. The interspaces between the tall fir-trees are nearly everywhere densely packed with a luxuriant undergrowth of shrubbery, which at first appears totally impenetrable, and which renders the traveller's progress slow and difficult. The streams, which everywhere meander through this dense forest, are often perfectly arched over with the branches of the shrubs which grow on their banks; and the first intimation which is sometimes given of their presence is the sudden disappearance



THE CHIEF IN FULL WAR DRESS.

of the pedestrian; for the weary explorer, as he pushes at random into what he only considers a mass of bushes, plunges up to the middle, if not over his head, into an icy-cold stream. The route is interrupted by deep rocky ravines, over which a fallen tree affords a natural bridge, which, though it is sufficiently secure, and strong enough to bear a considerable weight, is nevertheless very often difficult to cross with safety owing to its shape. In wet weather, when it has become soaked with rain, it is apt to be very slippery and dangerous. An accident of this kind, that befell us very soon after starting on our journey, must be reserved for another chapter.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—II.

At six in the morning, after a sound night's rest, M. Garnier and M. F. Joubert set out, armed with their guns, hammers, and axes, and each with a gourd slung across his shoulder. Two Kanaks went with them, to carry their provisions and serve as guides, as they meant to stay out three days, and explore the mountain, besides visiting those places where coal was believed to exist. They walked across the plain which lies at the foot of the house, part of which was already prepared for a sugar-plantation, and began to ascend the mountain by the banks of a small tributary of the Dumbea, where the vegetation was so luxurious and dense that they had the greatest difficulty in forcing a passage. It is impossible to describe the peculiar rich beauty of a water-course in a tropical climate; the trees and plants of every form and colour, and the wonderful creepers that first clothe and interlace the trunks, then, climbing up to the topmost branches, hang down their long festoons of brilliant blossoms and leaves to the ground—this must be seen, and cannot be pictured in words.

Fortunately for the traveller, who has literally to force his way through these mazes of vegetation, few of the plants have thorns or prickles. The two Kanaks, strong fellows of about twenty years of age, went before to clear the way, breaking down the underwood with hands and feet, holding aside the thick creepers, and cutting the small ones with their teeth.

A deep sound, like the bellowing of an ox, brought the whole party to a sudden standstill. M. Garnier, knowing that there were no wild beasts in New Caledonia, imagined that the noise came from an ox that had got entangled in the thicket; but M. Joubert whispered, in a voice of great excitement, as he loaded his gun, "It's a notou!" and, telling him not to stir, disappeared among the trees, followed by one of the Kanaks. Again the same bellowing sound, and then the report of a gun, and the other Kanak was off. Guided by their voices, M. Garnier made his way to them, and felt rather small on seeing nothing but a large reddish-brown bird in the hands of M. Joubert, and on being told that the ox of his imagination was in reality a cooing pigeon. The fact is that the strange note of this bird invariably deceives those who hear it for the first time. It is the largest game found in the

island, and is called *Carpophagus goliathus* by naturalists. Owing to its extreme shyness, and the greenish-brown hue of its plumage, which makes it scarcely distinguishable from the foliage, it is very difficult to catch; and no European should go out notou-shooting without a native to help him. The Kanaks have a very ingenious way of entrapping them, which never fails to succeed. Selecting the most naked and exposed branch of some fruit-bearing tree, they make several loose slip-

knots round it, with the thick fibrous creepers, which admirably supply the place of strong cord, and leave the ends hanging down to the ground. Each knot, from three to four feet in circumference, is held up by a thin brittle tendril to a branch above, and forms an arch. At dusk the hunter goes and crouches at the foot of the tree, and, putting his mouth close to the trunk, imitates in the most marvellous manner the notou's call. It seldom fails to attract several to the spot, who naturally alight on the fatal branch. With the curiosity peculiar to many birds, they run up and down, turning their heads from side to side, and trying to discover whence the familiar sound comes. The Kanak is on the look-out, and when one passes into a knot he pulls the corresponding end with a sharp jerk, the supporting tendril snaps, and the knot closes up and strangles the notou in a moment. In this manner the



CHATTON, NATIVE KANAK SCHOOLMASTER.

Kanaks kill several in a very short time. Towards noon the travellers stopped to rest on the banks of a stream, and the first thing they did was to plunge into its cool, sparkling waters.

Nothing is more delightful than bathing in a hot country; though it is a European prejudice to consider it injurious to health to jump into cold water when one is hot and exhausted from walking. In stagnant water and in colder countries it may be dangerous, but the streams of New Caledonia seem to contain peculiar invigorating properties for restoring exhausted nature. Coming down from the mountains, and getting impregnated with oxygen, they are truly living waters; and the natives of the country, no matter how heated they may be, seek out the coolest places to bathe in. Many have attributed the frequent cases of disease of the lungs among the Kanaks to these constant immersions. It may be true in some instances, but M. Garnier's observations rather went to contradict this supposition.

A halt was made for the night on a small rising ground overlooking the Dumbea and the plains beyond, and in less than half an hour a capital shelter was improvised by the Kanaks. They set to work with their tomahawks, and cut down a number of small trees, with which they made a kind of lean-to against the branches of a niauli-tree, where the ground was level; on this framework they fixed long strips of bark, which they peeled with the greatest dexterity from the large trunks near by, and so made a good roof, which neither rain nor dew could penetrate.

That night M. Garnier saw, for the first time, the grand spectacle of a bush-fire, beginning in the far distance, and travelling up with rapid strides in the direction of their bivouac. He had called the attention of his companions to it even before darkness had set in, and was amazed to find that they took it so coolly as to settle down calmly to smoke and to sleep. He remained with his gaze riveted on the novel and exciting sight, listening, as the fire advanced, to the crackling of the flames as they licked up the dry grass, and watching the niauli-trees, with their tinder-like bark, blaze out from root to crown at the first breath of the fire. To see the glare redden and pale, spread, and then almost die out as the flames now and again were quenched in their fury by patches of green vegetation; to believe that every moment the danger was becoming more imminent, and escape more hazardous; to see and experience all this for the first time was strangely exciting; no wonder he could not follow M. Joubert's example—roll himself in his mat and go quietly to sleep. To the squatters, fires are of common occurrence, and the Kanaks made no attempt at concealing their amusement at their poor guest's evident alarm; they indulged in loud explosions of laughter at his expense, and sat on, smoking, until the fire had come within less than a hundred yards of them, and then sprang up, with the wild yells which accompany most of their actions, and ran, flourishing their tomahawks, to the nearest niauli-trees, from which they cut large leafy branches and tied them into brooms. Then, snatching some blazing sticks from their own fire, they lit the grass and brush-wood all round at a distance of about forty yards from the bivouac. For a few moments the flames and smoke were stifling, and the Kanaks leaped about in the midst of them like fiery demons, beating them out with their brooms. They were soon extinguished, and the whole space closely shorn of vegetation, so that when the dreaded enemy from afar came up, he found nothing left to devour, and after creeping round the charmed circle in a subdued manner, retreated in the direction of the mountains.

M. Garnier remained three years in New Caledonia, and witnessed many repetitions of the scene just described; but the first night of camping-out with cannibal savages for bed-fellows, and the first bush-fire, made a lasting impression on him, as they do on all Europeans—an impression which no word-painting, however vivid and startling, no description, however sensational, can convey to the uninitiated.

Sometimes, of course, fires in the bush are the result of accident and carelessness, but more generally, in New Caledonia at any rate, of intention. If, when the Kanaks are passing through the territory of their own tribe on the business of their employers, they come upon a tract specially suitable for a plantation, they fire it, to clear the ground, with the hope of returning after the next rainy season and cultivating it. These fires are left to burn themselves out, which often takes a long time.

The station of Koè, where M. Garnier had met with such a friendly reception on his arrival in the country, had wonderfully-increased in prosperity when he left in 1866. The great plain at the foot of the house was a thriving sugar-plantation; the crushing-mills were being worked by the waters of the little river, conducted into a channel dug for that purpose, and the sugar-boilers were in full work, whilst ships had already carried to France the results of M. Joubert's intelligence and industry, in the shape of sugar and rum grown and made at Koè.

THE KANAKS AND THE COLONISTS.

Almost all the work on the stations is done by Kanaks; but they are a much-abused race, who have yet to get their deserts. Europeans, and chiefly just those who know least about the matter, are given to maintaining that the New Caledonians are not capable of being made into good workmen, and that it would be anything but a cause for regret if the whole race were to become extinct. This is an immense mistake; the fact is, they can be trained to anything if they are well managed; but those who employ and would find it difficult enough to do without them, underpay and oppress them in all ways, and neglect the means by which they might soon attach them to their service. If they were better paid, and, more especially, better fed—fed, that is to say, more in accordance with their peculiar native tastes, they would soon become reconciled to remain in the employ of the colonists. But “hard work and little pay” is the rule, and when, as constantly happens, a Kanak, who has engaged himself to work on a station, runs away after a few days, unable to submit to the hard terms and the change of food, his employers say, “They are idle, good-for-nothing fellows, we shall never make anything of them.” The question of food is one of the most important. The Kanaks live almost exclusively on vegetables and fruit, except—must it be said?—when they indulge, as they occasionally will do, in a little human flesh, and the weight and bulk of what they consume are enormous, so that the rations of biscuit and rice, to which they find themselves reduced on entering a colonist's service, are at first almost tantamount to starvation. They devour them with avidity, and will then spend the hours allotted for rest in hunting for roots and worms, to still the cravings of hunger, particularly the grubs of large beetles, which are always to be found in abundance in the rotting wood of fallen trees. Though, after some weeks, their stomachs accommodate themselves to the short commons, their native diet always suits them best. The colonists usually make an agreement with a tribe that it shall keep them supplied with the necessary hands; these are then constantly changed, so that they may return from time to time to their natural mode of life, and also to cultivate their own plantations, for every Kanak supports his family on the produce of his own land. Evidently the work on the station suffers from the frequent change of hands, and a much better course—but one which is as yet rarely followed—is for the squatter to keep a few more Kanaks than he wants for his own work. And then some are solely occupied in feeding their companions after their own fashion, growing the *taro*, the banana, and the yam (the root of which is much esteemed by them), and catching fish, tortoises, and crabs, according to the season.

Then, also, they must have higher wages: whilst a white man gets from four to eight pounds a month for working in the plantations, besides board and lodging, a Kanak cannot

earn more than from ten to twenty shillings. This disproportion is enormous, and, added to it, a Kanak has to pay dearer than a white man for everything that he buys in the shops, and is imposed on to any extent by the small traders who go from tribe to tribe with their merchandise, such as pipes, tobacco, Jew's harps, kerchiefs, and cutlery. These fellows are unprincipled extortioners, and would give an egg in exchange for an ox, or drive any bargain equally monstrous, without the slightest compunction.

Though the wants of a Kanak are few, he has some that he would supply at any cost. Tobacco and pipes he must have, and he cannot get tobacco under four shillings a pound: his costume is simple enough—one strip of blue calico wound round his body—that is full dress, and worn only on grand occasions; but even for that he has to pay four shillings. The Kanaks are often great dandies, and are particularly fond of bright colours; they decorate their heads in the most fantastic style with the brilliant feathers of the native cock of the woods, or with the long plumes of the birds of prey, and even intertwine their bushy hair with the delicate fern-creeper which grows in such beauty in the island.

The tomahawk, or small axe, is a terrible weapon for attack and defence in the hands of the Kanak; it is his inseparable companion, and he wraps the steel carefully in rags and takes every precaution to keep it from rust and injury, and never grudges the four shillings he has to pay for it, though it is dear at the price.

Two almost as indispensable items of the personal property of a native are a Jew's harp and a copper ring, for, in his way, he is somewhat of a musician, and though he is ignorant of the laws of harmony and thorough bass, he will make music by the hour, drawing from his beloved instrument the saddest, and now the merriest notes, according to the mood he may be in. The copper ring graces his own finger until it is transferred to that of the dusky lady of his choice, a betrothal-ring being, it appears, considered as necessary an adjunct to the ceremony of contracting a matrimonial engagement in the bush as it is in European circles.

A month's wages is scarcely sufficient to provide the Kanak with these modest requirements, and one can imagine a poor fellow's reflections, on returning to his tribe with an empty stomach and purse, or whatever with him answers to the civilised receptacle for money, would be somewhat in this style: "I have worked very hard all the month and have had much scolding, with little to eat and little pleasure; my money is all gone, and, though it is true the tobacco of the whites is good, if I drop a few seeds in my own ground I shall have as much as I can want; why should I work any more for the whites?"

If the whites had any eye to their own interest, they would treat the natives better, for they have shown themselves, in many instances, intelligent and very industrious, capable of education, and ready to adopt the more civilised customs and mode of life of their employers. One, a young fellow well known in Nouméa, has raised himself by his own exertions to the position of clerk in the house of Mr. Gerber, a merchant, and receives an excellent salary. On Sunday he may be seen riding his own horse in complete European costume, including gloves. Another, Chatton by name—whose portrait, given on page 129, is engraved from a photograph taken from life—occupies a good situation as superintendent in the native

school in Nouméa, is self-educated, and fulfils his duties with the most conscientious zeal.

Captain Paddon, an Englishman, who made an immense fortune by trading with the natives for sandal-wood, tortoise-shell, &c., always got on well amongst them, and was universally known and respected. He has now been dead some years, but his name lives on among the most remote tribes, and is always mentioned with love and veneration; and why? Because he was generous, open-handed, and upright in all his dealings with them; because his principles were as firm as his courage was indomitable, so that he never let a fault committed towards him go unpunished, and never stooped to an unfair bargain, or by an act of meanness set the hand of a Kanak against him. When will all the colonists learn that such would also be their best policy?

The native chief from the island of Uen, who stares out from the adjoining page with his arms folded, seems to endorse all that has here been said, and to wish to prove by his grand air and proud deportment how well fitted he and his fellow-countrymen are to wear the garb of civilisation—the dress-coat, the only dinner-dress recognised in polite European circles. Terrible to think of a man in that sublime costume (rather a long specimen, certainly) literally, not figuratively, making mincemeat of one of his own flesh and blood, and, to express it delicately, making an end of him, as possibly that black chief may have done many a time, both before and since the photograph was taken from which our sketch has been drawn.

The general character of the island is mountainous, almost the only tracts of level country being those which are formed by alluvial deposits at the mouths of the rivers.

Very nearly every kind of geological formation is to be found among the New Caledonian mountains: volcanic, limestone, mica-slate, serpentine, and gneiss.

The largest and most beautifully situated of the plains is that formed by the river Yatè, and called by its name. It extends for twelve miles along the coast, and measures half a mile from the shore inland. The Yatè comes down from a group of volcanic mountains, which have veins of iron and magnesium in their composition, and are sterile and desolate in their aspect. It is only after a course of twenty-five miles that it deserves the name of river; until then it is a narrow and rapid stream, passing through wild and barren regions, which look as if they had been convulsed and upheaved by many internal commotions. The thin surface of clay that covers the rugged ground is not a soil favourable to vegetation, and a few miserable shrubs, with stunted blackened branches and sickly foliage, rather add to, than diminish, the general dreariness of the scene.

But if there are many desolate places such as these to be found in New Caledonia, they are few, when compared to those which are lovely and pleasant to look upon, and adapted in every way for man to make his home in. There are chains of mountains, with rounded summits and soft gentle slopes, and green undulating valleys between, watered by innumerable streams, the banks of which are mazes of luxuriant vegetation.

The Mont d'Or, is one of the most striking-looking mountains in the island, and has valuable bearings of chromium ore. Its peculiar aspect can only be appreciated from the sea. Sailing south from the port of Nouméa, one comes full in face of it, as it rises in its solitary grandeur, detached from any chain—an almost vertical wall of gigantic rocks, piled one on

the top of the other. A narrow band of gently sloping pasture-land encircles its base on the sea side, and is intersected by the numberless little rivulets which fall in silvery cascades from the mountain. Large herds of oxen graze and grow fat every year on those rich green slopes.

In 1859, they were the scene of a terrible massacre perpetrated by Kanaks, the remembrance of which is certainly not calculated to incline the hearts of the colonists towards the natives of the soil, nor lead them to treat them with kindness and indulgence. M. Bérard, a commissary of the French navy, had bought that tempting strip of land from the Government, and retiring from service, settled himself there to grow sugar. His possession was of short duration, and the poor man's end a most violent one.

On the banks of the river Bulari, which has its rise on the Mont d'Or, a tribe of Kanaks was living, not yet reduced to subjection; and they, assembling in large numbers, fell on the station, and massacred M. Bérard and all the whites there with him in the most barbarous manner. Only three escaped that terrible fate—M. Bérard's young daughter, who had gone to Port de France that morning with an attendant, and one man, who had stolen away unperceived into the bush when the attack was made.

Summary vengeance was taken on the perpetrators of this massacre, who followed up this deed by others equally cruel, and before the end of the year the head of Candio, their chief, preserved in spirits of wine, was on its way to Brest, where it was photographed. Quindo and Watton, two less powerful chiefs, who had not long before renounced their allegiance to him and submitted to the French, had betrayed him to the Government; and M. Garnier relates that, meeting one day with Quindo, he showed him one of the photographs of Candio's head, which he happened to have in his pocket. The man recognised it at once, and exclaimed, "Candio!" whilst a look of astonishment and terror came over his cunning face. He recovered himself, however, immediately, giving the photograph back to M. Garnier, and saying, "Candio wicked man, he kill many French," turned on his heel and walked off. M. Garnier watched, and saw him go and sit down at the foot of a cocoa-nut tree a little way off, with his head bent down in an attitude of deep reflection; and there he was still sitting in the very same position, many hours later, when M. Garnier again

passed the spot. What was going on in the breast of that savage? was he suffering the stings of remorse, and thinking bitterly that for the price of a few European baubles he had sold his chief?

Men such as those who did these deeds of violence are the only wild beasts indigenous to New Caledonia, and they are fast dying out. There, as everywhere, European colonisation, and the increase of European population, are bringing death to the natives of the soil.

Traces of former cultivation are met with everywhere; and

vast tracts of land, on which once, evidently, great care and labour have been expended, show how numerous a population formerly subsisted there on the produce of the ground. The *taro*, the chief food of the natives, was grown in trenches, cut like so many steps on the hill-sides, and so made as to collect and retain the streams descending into the valley. These deserted taro-grounds have the appearance of immense natural amphitheatres. The settler who wants to be sure of a productive and well-watered soil, will always do well to select for purchase from Government, either one of these taro-grounds, or a magnagna-field. The *magnagna*, or *bahiñ*, as it is often called, is, next to the taro, the plant most valued by the natives, on account of its root, which is sweet, and very nourishing, and about as large as the beetroot. Wherever the magnagna grows, the soil is certain to be very fruitful. It spreads over the ground like a creeper; the long, delicate tendrils are used by the natives for making fishing-nets, and the leaves and stalks are first-rate food for horses and oxen. But the poor magnagna, perhaps from sympathy with the natives,



NATIVE CHIEF OF UEN.

to whom it is so precious, pines in the hands of strangers, and is fast dying out. Either the settlers do not understand how to grow it, or, like the Kanaks, it cannot flourish under the restrictions of civilisation. The trees that do best in New Caledonia, and will be a never-failing source of wealth to the inhabitants, are the pines of different species, and the cocoa-nut; the former in the wild and more inaccessible mountain regions, and in the small neighbouring islands; the latter in the fertile plains formed by the rivers. Cocoa-nut oil is one of the great articles of trade, and is all made by the Kanaks themselves—that which is for foreign export as well as that which is used in the country.

Of the pines, particularly the *Araucaria intermedia*, Cook

writes, after his second voyage: "In no island of the Pacific, excepting New Zealand, can such fine masts and yards be obtained, as at Kuebuni (off the south coast of New Caledonia), and if only for that, the discovery of that land is most valuable. The wood of these trees is white, hard, light, and very close-grained. The turpentine, which exudes in great abundance from the bark, forms a coating of resin round the trunk and roots. The branches are shorter and more fragile than those of the European pine, and the knots, at their juncture with the main stem, are almost imperceptible."

In the most rugged and inaccessible mountain regions the tall, slender *kaoris*, which are used by the natives for the construction of their pirogues, grow, and are floated down the

beauty. They are known in England as Norfolk Island pines, and grace many an English garden.

The animals indigenous to the soil are small in number and size, and of a harmless kind. The largest animal (next to the notou) peculiar to the island of which any mention occurs in M. Garnier's writings is the kagou, a bird, as he describes it, about the size of a common hen—not more than fifteen inches high. The scientific name for it is *Rhinocætus jubatus*; the natives call it *kagou*, on account of its peculiar cry, "Kahou! kahou!"

The only mammifer besides the rat which is indigenous is a small bat, called the New Caledonian vampire, or flying-fox, which lives generally in the deepest recesses of the moun-



THE KAGOU (*Rhinocætus jubatus*).

streams to the sea-coast. They belong to the *dammara* family, and the resin called damarin, or kaori, which they contain in great quantities, has become an important article of trade. They spring up, straight as arrows shot from the rocky soil, to the extraordinary height of a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet, before the slender stem, which is rarely more than a foot in diameter, spreads out into a graceful crown of branches. Seen from a distance, these forests of araucarias and kaoris, which clothe the mountains of the South, present a peculiar appearance; and Forster, the naturalist, writing about them in his journal, supposes them to be "basalt columns, such as are seen in parts of Upper Egypt, in the Hebrides, Iceland, Ireland, and Auvergne." Norfolk Island, which was discovered by Cook in 1774, and is a dependency of New Caledonia, received from him its original name of Pine Island, on account of the splendid araucarias which there grow in such luxuriant

tain forest. When the niauli-trees fructify, these most repulsive-looking creatures come down to the plains in crowds at sunset to feed on the seeds, and, with their long, sharp teeth, they even succeed in penetrating the hard shell of the cocoa-nut. They have queer, cunning little faces, with bright black eyes and long furry ears, and their heads remind one somewhat of a bear's or a fox's in miniature. Their bodies, which are about ten inches long, are covered with tawny fur. The long hairs are much esteemed by the natives, who twine and weave them into voluminous tassels, which they dye red with the root of the morinda. These are worn by the women as ornaments, fastened to their necklaces and hanging down their backs.

The morinda (*Morus Indicus*, Indian mulberry) grows in great abundance in the plains. Its root furnishes a beautiful yellow dye, which turns red when treated with alkali.

Venice—Historical and Descriptive.

THE BRIDGES—THE CATHEDRAL—THE PIAZZA—THE CAMPANILE—
THE CANALS.

IN a previous article an outline has been given of the very peculiar and interesting physical structure of the district immediately surrounding Venice. Built on about seventy small low islands in a large lagoon, it is on the one hand sheltered from the storms of the Adriatic and the attacks of the enemy by sea, and on the other hand is so naturally strong towards the land as to defy the attacks of such armies as could be levied, during the Middle Ages, in the interior of Italy. At that time, when artillery was weak and armies not very numerous, the position was, in fact, impregnable; but the history of the town dates to a very much earlier period, and seems to have originated in the driving back of the inhabitants of the mainland by the Huns and Lombards, forcing them to resort to the mud-banks and shoals in the great pool that separated Lombardy from the sea. Here they established themselves as a small republic, under the leadership of a *Dux*, whence is derived the word *Doge*, afterwards and for many centuries the title of the chief of the state. The islands first occupied were not those on which the Venice of to-day is built, for the seat of government was shifted more than once before it attained its resting-place, in the year 809, on the *Riva Alto*, or Rialto, a point in which much of the picturesque beauty, as well as the political importance of the state, may be said to converge. The island of the Rialto thus became the cradle of the Venice of so many subsequent centuries:

As a city, as well as a republic, Venice began to be great before the tenth century, its position rendering it the centre of a large and rapidly increasing commerce with the East, at a time when the most profitable trade in Europe came from that direction. It was soon increased by conquests on the opposite shore of the Adriatic, in Istria and Dalmatia. Not long afterwards, at the close of the eleventh century, the Republic took part in the Crusades, and at that time rivalled in wealth and power the chief cities of Lombardy. During several succeeding centuries it continued to grow and conquer, and at last, in the middle of the fifteenth century, it became the great Power of Eastern Europe, possessing the whole of the Adriatic, much of Greece, and a large part of European Turkey, besides an important slice of North-eastern Italy. It was from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century that the great artists and architects of Venice lived, and from that time till the close of the last century it was gradually losing its importance, until at last it became absorbed in Austria. For nearly seventy years it remained in the deepest gloom of despair, a restless slave under foreign yoke, till in 1866 it was united to a free Italy, and is once more in a position to develop its great resources.

As hardly any city has a more brilliant political history than Venice—for no other town, with the exception of Imperial Rome, has retained in its own hands as mistress a vast and important empire for a period extending over nearly five centuries—so hardly any can rival it in the deep and permanent interest arising from its art-history. The Cathedral is in many respects unapproached. The palaces are so numerous that they seem to occupy the whole of the principal streets. Its

churches, if not so remarkable as some for external beauty, are crowded with works of art. It possesses other public buildings and various public works altogether unrivalled. Of the former the Campanile, the Scuole, and the Dogana, and of the latter the canals and bridges, are examples well deserving of careful study. The celebrated bridge bearing the name of the Rialto was till lately the only bridge across the Grand Canal, and it connects the two principal islands of the group on which the town is built. It is too well known, and has been too often painted, not to be familiar. How many other bridges there are it would be difficult to say, as they have been added to from time to time when wanted; but of all these none is so interesting historically, and few are more picturesque, than the Bridge of Sighs. This bridge is, as shown in the illustration, a covered way from the Ducal Palace, on the left, to the public prison, on the right. The engraving well illustrates the gloomy character pervading most of the canals of Venice. The buildings are constructed on piles driven into the muddy banks called islands, and there is generally no interval of footway on either side. The gondolas—the boats of Venice—silently convey their freight to a doorway opening on the canal, and ornamented sticks (*pali*) are placed on each side of the entrance, for the purpose of mooring the gondolas while waiting. They are painted in stripes, and are very characteristic.

Although most of the houses are accessible by water on one side, there are few to which there is not also a land approach. There is not always, indeed, a continuous street, but often small terraces in front of the houses, connecting or not, as the case may be, with the adjacent terraces. The gondola always has been, and always must be, the chief means of conveyance in Venice.

The precious model of Byzantine architecture known throughout the civilised world as the Basilica, or Cathedral of St. Mark, is a specimen of a style of art specially developed at Constantinople in the early centuries of the Christian era, under the emperors, in which the cupola forms the base of the architectural combinations. It has been said to be a copy of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, now and for a long time used as a mosque. This is by no means the case. The plan of the church at Venice is a true Greek cross (a cross of which the four arms are of equal length), with the addition of a small porch, resembling what is called the *narthex* of a Greek church. In place of a grand cupola of vast size, such as ornaments the church of St. Sophia, there are five cupolas, the central one and largest being forty-two feet in diameter, and the four others built over the four members of the cross—all of them imitations of the St. Sophia, and elevated on four columns and four large arches, with a row of lights, which appear to detach the cupola from its supports.

The façade of the principal entrance is in a very singular style. It consists of a spacious portico, or vestibule, entered by five lofty doorways, the doors being of bronze, and over the doorways are vaultings lined with mosaic. Above are five round arches, enclosed within pointed arches of somewhat fantastic Gothic character. From the vestibule there are three entrances to the church. All of them are covered with decora-

tion, much of it of Greek origin and workmanship, and with some Greek inscriptions. Some of them are Venetian, of the commencement of the thirteenth century. Those of the right portal were brought from St. Sophia, in 1203, and it is said that the capitals of the outside columns of the central one had been conveyed from the Temple at Jerusalem to Constantinople, and thence to Venice. Over the central portal of the vestibule stand the celebrated bronze horses taken by the Venetians from the Hippodrome at Constantinople, on the taking of that city in the fourth crusade. These four horses are of doubtful origin, having been variously attributed to the Greeks and Romans. They are generally supposed to have been cast at Corinth, though it has been contended that the group is from the island of Chio. The style is rather Roman than Greek, and they are more remarkable for their antiquity than for artistic merit. They still show the remains of gilding.

The interior of the Basilica is marvellously rich, but so little lighted as to appear gloomy. There are few windows in proportion to the size of the building, and their position is not such as to give much light to the lower part. The number of pillars in the church is enormous, and all are of marble or some precious mineral. It is said that they are more than five hundred in number. Besides the columns, the walls are lined with marble, the vaulting is covered with mosaics on gold ground, and the pavement is of tessellated marble. Some of the holy-water basins are ancient pagan altars. The high altar has a canopy, or roof, supported on four columns of Greek marble, and is constructed of verde antico, and at the sides are eight bronze statues. The whole church is rich in arabesque and Oriental ornamentation.

The Cathedral forms the eastern extremity of the Piazza of St. Mark, and in front of it are three exceedingly well-designed bronze pedestals, in which are inserted masts, which once bore the proud gonfalons or standards of silk and gold, which marked the three-fold dominions of the Republic in its days of glory. These were Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea. The Campanile, or Clock Tower, is close by, and is worthy of its position. It is a magnificent tower and spire, more than three hundred feet in height, and is mounted by an inclined plane within the building. At the foot is the Loggia, a charming little construction, square in form, and covered with marble bronzes and statues. The Campanile was commenced in the tenth century, and not completed till 240 years afterwards. The adjoining piazza has a promenade under an arcade, and has always been the place of meeting of the inhabitants for all public and commercial transactions. To the right, on coming out of the Cathedral, is the Tower of the Clock, seen in the engraving. Below the clock is the entrance to the principal shopping street.

Of the churches of Venice, that dedicated to St. John and St. Paul jointly (*SS. Giovanni e Paolo*) has a noble entrance, and is of very fine proportions, but the interior is bald. In this church was the admirable picture of Peter Martyr, by Titian, one of the very finest works of that master, and unrivalled in the grand treatment of the subject. This picture was about to be removed to the national collection after the annexation of Venice to the Italian kingdom, when—owing, it is believed, to the jealousy of the clerical party, who preferred to lose it altogether rather than see it elsewhere—it was unhappily destroyed in a fire that took place in the sacristy to which it had been removed. Another fine church is the *S. Maria Gloriosa ai Frari*, usually called the Frari, which was built in 1250, and is

both large and of good proportions. It is crowded with celebrated monuments, among them being the tomb of Titian, and the tombs of several doges, generals, and admirals celebrated in Venetian history. The church of *S. Maria della Salute*, immediately opposite the Piazza of St. Mark, is well known in Venetian paintings. Most of the churches contained originally noble works by the great painters of the Venetian school, but the best of them are now transferred to the Gallery, which is exceedingly rich and well supplied with examples of this school.

The "Scuole" of Venice were associations chiefly for charitable purposes, established in the best days of the Republic. They occupied buildings which are among the most interesting specimens of Venetian architecture, and they are the more interesting as having been strictly independent foundations, closely resembling the societies for useful and charitable objects so common in our own country, and although not disconnected from the Church, by no means closely united, either directly or indirectly, with the hierarchy. The *Scuola di San Marco*, close to the church of *SS. Giovanni e Paolo*, remains as an example of the mode in which benevolence availed itself of the resources of art, and might give a useful hint to many societies in modern times. It is built in a singularly tasteful and elegant combination of Byzantine and classical styles. What now remains is used as an hospital, and the carvings of the ceilings and details of construction of the interior are not less interesting than the general construction. The *Scuola di San Rocco*, another building of somewhat later date, is also a curious and original design. It contains a magnificent hall, and both in this hall and in the upper *sala* are some of the finest pictures in Venice. Tintoretto, who painted in the building during eighteen years, is especially well represented, and his great picture of the Crucifixion, probably his finest work, is one of those that may be studied here with advantage.

The canals of Venice deserve some attention. Originally mere channels between mud-banks and shoals in the lagoon, they have been so far improved as to serve as convenient high roads; but they are for the most part extremely narrow and tortuous, and the water is by no means clear or clean. The Canale Grande, or Grand Canal, is the only one of sufficient magnitude to become lively either by the circulation of boats or the general views of the buildings on each side. It divides the city into two unequal parts, its course being very winding, and resembling the form of the letter S. The smaller canals are said to number 146. The Grand Canal has been rendered deep enough to admit the passage of ships of considerable burden, but the smaller are only fit for the gondola. They are no wider than the narrowest streets of old towns, and they resemble these closely in being the receptacles of all the filth of the town. In spite of this, however, Venice suffers rarely from fevers of the type that is so common in Northern towns badly built and no better cleaned.

Something must be said of the gondola, which is a true institution of Venice, the loss of which would deprive the city of half its interest, and its inhabitants of their most striking peculiarities. It has been described as the most charming of human inventions, adapted to satisfy at the same time the double necessity of repose and movement. It is a long narrow boat, shaped like a fish. In the middle is a kind of box, or small cabin, with a slightly vaulted roof covered with thick black cloth. It can be removed if desired. There is only one entrance, which is towards the prow of the boat. It

is open on three sides, but can be closed either by a sliding glass or blinds like those of a carriage, of the kind called Venetian blinds. It accommodates two persons inside, who can sit or lie down on the cushions placed at the end, and two others, who can sit at the sides. Two men, one before and one behind, both standing up, work each a single oar, which acts as a screw, and pushes the boat forward rapidly, noiselessly, and almost without motion. With a single rower the boat can be propelled, but there is considerable oscillation, and the motion is less pleasant. Except on approaching a branch of the canal or passing under the bridges, not a sound

the first novelty of feeling arising from their use is worn off the visitor must frequently resort to them. But in reference to this part of the subject, there is another point of interest in "the glorious city in the sea" which deserves notice, and which renders the well-known description by the poet Rogers less accurate now than when it was written. He says:—

"No track of men, no footsteps to and fro
Lead to her gates."

Such is not now the case. The railway has not only approached the shore of the mainland opposite the city, but has brought



THE BASILICA OF ST. MARK, VENICE, SEEN FROM THE PIAZZA.

is heard, unless indeed the gondolier, like his fellows in the Middle Ages, is able and willing to chant in a monotonous voice the stanzas of Tasso, or some extemporised poetry adapted to the time and place. It should be explained that the prow of the gondola is armed with an iron blade, shaped like the neck of a crane, and adorned with six large teeth. The whole boat is painted black, and is varnished; the cabin is lined with black velvet inside, and the cushions are also black, no difference being allowed in this matter in the time of the Republic, and none being since thought of. Ambassadors alone had the privilege of using colours if they so desired.

Venice can only be properly seen from the gondola, and the most marked peculiarities of its people and history are connected with these charming boats. The palaces and churches all communicate from the water, and thus even after

itself fairly within the islands of the old marine Republic, and has established itself in the heart of the town in the island of St. Lucia by means of a bridge, which is one of the sights of Venice. The bridge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and is built on 222 arches in groups of 37 arches each, separated by five solid embankments. The magnitude of this work can only be properly understood when it is mentioned that the bottom of the lagoon, in the part where the bridge is built, is entirely mud, and that the foundations of all the piers consist of larch piles, on which the piers are built of stone from the coast of Istria.

Of all the manufactures and various branches of trade for which Venice was once celebrated, and which included cloth, jewellery, soap, cream of tartar, mirrors, and many other matters, the only one of any importance now left is that of glass. The principal works are still carried on in the island of



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS VENICE

Murano, where there is a museum of productions of the factory, and where there are also architectural remains of no slight interest. During the Middle Ages the productions of Murano were the most perfect in Europe, and their reputation has rather increased than diminished, notwithstanding the competition of modern manufacturers. The celebrated Venice crystal, indicating the presence of poison by breaking into fragments when any envenomed substance was poured into it, is no longer made, but many of the other works are prepared, and the trade

is active. The trip by gondola to the island is interesting, as it enables the traveller to observe some of the most remarkable features of the lagoon. He may also visit the Armenian convent, where he will find many objects of great interest.

We have already given in another article some account of the house and palace architecture of Venice, which forms one of the most interesting peculiarities of the place; to describe in detail all the manifold beauties of Venetian architecture does not fall within our limits.

A Visit to the Danubian Principalities.

BY NELSON BOYD, F.G.S., ETC.

DEVA—VAIDA-HUNYAD—ITS CASTLE—DRIVE TO HARTZEG.

THE journey to Wallachia, of which the following is a brief account, was undertaken with the twofold object of visiting that country, so interesting in many ways, and of examining certain districts among the Carpathians, with a view to the economic development of the natural wealth of the country, now lying dormant, principally owing to the want of railway communication.

The Danubian Provinces, although they have occupied, and still retain, a prominent position among the political problems of the day in Europe, are but little known as regards their resources, wealth, inhabitants, or capabilities of development. This is in great measure owing to the difficulty of travelling in a country where railways are practically unknown, there being only one from the capital, Bucharest, to Rutschuk, on the Danube, and where the roads are mere tracks across country, becoming in rainy times quagmires of mud, through which horses and conveyances have with difficulty to flounder, if they sink not altogether, and in dry weather nothing better than long dust-heaps, out of which thick, dense clouds rise at the least wind or traffic, obscuring all around, and nearly choking the hardy traveller.

The Danubian Provinces comprise the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, now united under one government, and forming the present duchy of Roumania, with Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as sovereign. Wallachia proper extends along the northern bank of the Danube, from Orsova to Galatz, and is bounded on the north by Transylvania, on the east by Moldavia, and on the south by Turkey. It occupies a most important geographical position, as it lies on the direct road by land from Vienna and Central Europe, to the Black Sea, and, moreover, commands an extensive stretch of the Danube, which is at present the highway for all traffic between the Black Sea and Central or Northern Europe, and it is the only part of the route which is not traversed by railways. The usual and easiest way of getting to Wallachia is by the Danube, either from Constantinople up to Braila, or from Vienna down to Rutschuk, and thence by rail to Bucharest. There is another route, more interesting, though more fatiguing, through Transylvania, and over one of the passes of the Carpathians, which form the frontier between Wallachia and Transylvania. This route I chose for the

purpose of seeing the interesting country which lies between the river Maros and the Carpathians, inhabited by Wallachs, speaking the language and having all the manners and customs of the people of the Danubian Provinces. There are several passes over the Carpathians, the best known being the Rothen Thurm and the Vulkan. I selected the latter, which crosses the Carpathians about fifty miles north of the Danube, and is the first pass of any importance on that side after leaving the banks of the river. To reach it the road lies over Vaida-Hunyad to the Szill valley, where a bridge crosses the river Szill close to the pass, and not far from the Zurduk gorge, through which the river rushes, torrent-like, into the wide plain of Roumania, to empty itself eventually into the Danube. The nearest station on the Transylvanian railway to reach Vaida-Hunyad is Deva, a town of some importance, situated on the banks of the Maros river, and formerly garrisoned by Austrian troops. The old fortress, the remains of which are still seen on the top of a steep hill rising abruptly from the plain, was destroyed in 1848 by the Russian troops, who had invaded Transylvania to assist Austria in crushing what was then designated as the *revolution* of Kossuth. The principle of independent government, so valorously contended for by the Hungarian patriot, has since been recognised by the Austrian Government, and that for which so much blood was shed, so many sacrifices made, such a number of distinguished citizens sacrificed, has within the last few years been attained by one of those bloodless *revolutions* which here and there form the landmarks of advancing civilisation in the history of nations. On the banks of the Maros the Russian and Hungarian troops fought many hard-contested battles, and the turbid waters of the sluggish river were stained with the blood of the gallant Honveds who fell in the unequal combat. The most important and closing scenes of the reactionary movement were enacted here. It was at Vilagos, near Arad, that Gorgei surrendered, and it was at Hunyad that the Honveds made their last stand against the Russian troops. After that the national army, or, rather, its remains, dispersed among the fastnesses of the Carpathians, and sought refuge in Wallachia. The fortress of Deva was dismantled, and has not been repaired since then, and the Austrian regiments have been encamped on the plain below or quartered in the town. At the time of my visit the last of

them were preparing to depart, and relieve the inhabitants from the incubus of having among them a foreign soldiery.

At the small hotel of the town, where I entered to have a midday's repast, commonly considered as dinner by the natives, I found the officers of detachment assembled at a table d'hôte. The preparations were all made, and the guests looked as if they were ready to ply a vigorous knife and fork. But the chair at the head of the table was empty, and until its occupant, the colonel, had arrived, dinner could not be served. The day was sultry, not a breath of air stirring, and the rays of the midday sun were falling with powerful effect on the windows of the room, which felt more like an oven than anything else. Moreover, it seemed literally alive with flies, buzzing about, crawling over the tables and what was on them, blackening the ceiling and darkening the window-panes. They were, to use a mild term, a decided nuisance. Not content with having a share of everything eatable on the table, they would insist on trying the wine, drowning themselves by dozens in the glasses, and popping into the bottles, where, after ineffectual attempts to get out by the neck again, they sank into the luscious liquid. In fact, one had to fight with these inquisitive insects for every morsel of food. When the colonel came in every one rose and bowed; he did so in return, and sat down. He was a fat, puffy sort of man, with red cheeks, yellow whiskers, and a bald head. No sooner had he settled himself than a score or two of flies made a charge at his bald head, and settled on his crown. No use wiping them away, no use flourishing a *serviette* of large dimensions, no use nodding or shaking his troubled head; no sooner gone than back they came. Irritated to the last degree, he called the waiter, and imperiously demanded why all the windows were closed to keep such myriads of Hungarian pests in the room. The windows were at once opened, but the flies did not retire by them; only a draught was created, which equally interfered with the bold colonel's equanimity. The "sacrament esel" of a waiter was now blamed for opening the wrong windows, and they were again closed. Then the flies recommenced their diversions on the smooth surface of the warrior's cranium. His face was flushed with anger, and during the whole dinner he said nothing but what was abusive of the place, the waiters, the people of Hungary generally, and of Deva particularly. His remarks were received in silence by the other members of the mess, and apparently acquiesced in. The language used was certainly not complimentary to the Hungarians, and no person but one with the consciousness of full and uncontested authority would have dared to have held it. The Hungarians have been for years accustomed to the arbitrary control of petty military despots. No wonder they groaned under their rule, and showed the utmost exultation, when, by the change of constitution, the country has been cleared of German troops, and occupied by national ones.

As there is nothing to see at Deva, and not much of interest associated with the place, we made but a short stay, and in the course of a few hours after our arrival we were ready for the road again. This time the road—that is, if a sort of wide track across country may be so termed—literally crawls irregularly up-hill and across meadows, dividing itself into branches, or widening out independently, to suit the necessities of the case in times of bad weather, or the will and pleasure of the bullock-carts and herds of cattle

that form the traffic. Hitherto we had passed through a vine-growing country. The wine grown on the banks of the Maros from Arad to Deva is among the best in Hungary; but at Deva the character of the culture seemed to change, the vineyards disappeared, and we had nothing but great fields of maize corn or immense pastures crowded with cattle of every description—bullocks, milch cows, horses, even buffaloes, and herds of swine and sheep. The appearance, the dress, the language of the people were changed. The top-boots and natty jacket of the Magyar were replaced by the sandals and white blouse of the Wallach, and the sound of Hungarian was replaced by the softer tones of the bastard Latin called Roumanian. We were then already within the district formerly colonised by the Romans, and now occupied by their descendants. The name of Deva, indeed, is of Roman origin, and is identical with that which our city of Chester bore in the time of the Roman occupation of Great Britain. It seemed strange to find oneself in the midst of such original surroundings within the short time required for a railway journey from Vienna, and I could not help making the reflection, that if modern travelling has lost much of the romance of the coaching days, and if at present one is whirled from country to country at full locomotive speed, one has on the other hand the peculiar charm of enjoying the greatest contrasts, by the very rapidity with which climates and countries are changed. What greater difference could one imagine than that between Vienna, with its elegant and fashionable population, and Deva, where dwells the Wallachian boor, clothed in sheepskin and shod with almost prehistoric sandals?

From Vienna I had journeyed in a comfortable railway carriage; now the conveyance at my disposal was a light cart, drawn by two horses, and without any covering overhead or springs underneath. These long carts are the usual vehicles of the country. Some are provided with benches fixed by straps or cords at either side, and at times covered with cushions; but generally these are replaced by bundles of hay or straw, which form a soft, but uncertain seat. The driver sits in front of the passengers, in the body of the cart, and the baggage is stowed behind, with the horses' provender. The Wallachian horses are generally very good, somewhat small, but well-proportioned and swift. They seldom require the whip, and trot along with wonderful endurance. We had a ride of about twenty miles before us to reach Vaida-Hunyad, which we desired to do the same day. Fortunately the weather was propitious, the only inconvenience being the great heat of the sun—a small matter to endure when compared with the misery of a wet day, as we afterwards experienced. We had a real Wallachian for driver; he came in his gala suit, consisting of a prettily embroidered jacket without sleeves, which he wore over the invariable white cotton blouse or shirt, a white lambskin cap, something like a very large fez, and sandals fastened to his ankles with leather cords.

When working in the fields the Wallachian peasant never wears his jacket or his sandals, his only covering being the white shirt and trousers, and a large leather belt, more or less ornamented, in which he carries his knife, his tobacco, and all the requirements for the day. Sometimes the lambskin cap is replaced by a very broad-brimmed black felt hat, which contrasts strangely with the white dress. As a rule, the men are extremely handsome, their oval faces, well-shaped features, intelligent brows, and erect, manly bearing seem to indicate

their accepted descent from a nation of warriors. They invariably wear their black hair in long locks, which fall gracefully over their shoulders; and, seen in the midst of their beautiful country, they form one of the most picturesque objects the eye can rest on. The women do not contrast favourably with the men in appearance, they are generally small, and their features are worn and coarse through exposure and early toil. At a very tender age the Wallachian woman is put to outdoor work, and her beauty becomes marred by the effects of hard labour. Occasionally an exception to this rule is met with, particularly in the larger villages, where peasants are found wealthy and cultured enough not to send their daughters into the fields, and then they are found to possess great natural beauty, which is much enhanced by their confiding, modest demeanour. The expression of their eyes is peculiarly soft and fawn-like, and accustomed as they are to be treated as inferior beings, they seem surprised as well as pleased at the least notice being bestowed on them. It is painful to see the drudgery and hard work they undergo as a rule; not only are the cares of the household, such as it is, on their shoulders, but they have to attend to the garden and fields, reaping, sowing, storing and carrying wood and water, besides which they spin and weave the rude cloth and blankets used by the family. Their dress is always simple, and resembles that of the men, in addition to which they wear a sort of coloured petticoat, open at the sides, to give them freedom in walking; their hair is worn in tresses, ornamented with flowers or coins strung on a thread, and curiously interwoven in the hair. Young girls never wear any covering on the head, but married women use a white scarf with coloured ends, gracefully folded, after the manner of a turban. They generally go barefooted, but use the sandal for long walks, and on gala days a pair of boots. I remarked in the remote districts, among the Carpathians, that on festive occasions the belles of the villages wore boots, of which they seemed very proud, though not one of the men could boast of such a luxury. At Deva, however, which is a railway station, and more or less Germanised, the Wallachs adopt a mixed costume, some of them dressing completely after German fashion. But this is very rare, as they seem, in the midst of

what they consider an invasion of foreign customs, to preserve almost completely their own habits and manners. Certainly in their language they are very tenacious, and from Deva onwards I did not meet a single Wallachian on either side of the Carpathians who could speak German fluently, and only a few who happened to have served in the Austrian army who could make themselves intelligible. We had to make signs to our driver when we were ready to proceed, and all along the road our intercommunication was carried on in that way. He was, however, so intelligent that we found no difficulty whatever in getting him to do what we wanted, and he seemed only desirous of meeting our wishes, addressing us at times in his own language, of which at that time I could only understand one word, namely, *domu*, which means "sir." We rattled along at a good pace, when the road was tolerably even, up and down hill, through valleys, and across streams, sometimes by bridges, but more often driving through the water. The country we passed resembled a garden, the maize corn was just ripening, and the rich yellow of the fruit came out in charming relief on the green background of the leaves. Among the maize were water-melons of enormous size, and sugar-melons, and cucumbers, slowly growing on the ground. Here and there an orchard of plum-trees, the rich purple fruit weighting down the branches; then a wood of oaks and chestnuts, under the shade of which herds of swine were roaming, apparently their own masters. On the pastures in the valleys great numbers of cattle were grazing, and along the road we passed herds of swine and sheep bound for Hartzeg, where a fair was being held at the time.

We reached Vaida - Hunyad early in the afternoon, and halted at the principal inn facing the market-place of the town, a square containing about twenty acres, a desert of mud, with a stream through the centre, where numbers of geese and ducks were disporting themselves. The houses all round were solidly built of stone, and the shop-fronts displayed the usual class of goods in request, such as rough ironmongery, saddlery, and rustic hosiery. Our hostelry was a long, narrow, one-storeyed building, showing only windows in front, and a verandah at the back overlooking the garden, from which numerous doors led into the different rooms. I lost no time in making my way to the



WALLACHIAN PEASANT-GIRL.

castle, the old residence of the Hunyadi in olden times. This interesting relic of past days was nearly completely destroyed by fire in 1854, and remained untouched until quite lately, when, having become almost a ruin, it was decided to renovate it, and rebuild it as far as possible in its former character. Very little remained of the ancient structure beyond the walls, but at present the roofs have been nearly all replaced, and the workmen are engaged in repairing the walls, and scratching off the plaster and whitewash which covers the old fresco paintings. The castle is surrounded by a moat, now dry and overgrown with weeds, over which a drawbridge leads through a gate and archway into the castle yard; off this is a magnificent banqueting-hall, with a gallery on one side, and surrounded with the portraits of members of the family painted on the wall. Many of these are defaced and ruined, but some have withstood the action of time and fire, thanks to the thick coatings of mortar which covered them. So little remains of the old interior, that I could only form an idea of its ancient splendour, and the greatness of the family to whom it belonged. The Hunyadi, who formerly inhabited this castle, and gave their name to the little town built round it, were among the most powerful nobles of past centuries, and ruled over Hungary as kings for more than a hundred years. The first of the name who distinguished himself was John Hunyadi, vaivod of Transylvania in 1340, who successfully resisted the invading Turks for many years, and gained numerous victories over them. He was elected Protector of Hungary after the battle of Wara, in which the Turks were successful, and the then King of Hungary, Wladislaus, was slain. His reign was one series of wars with different enemies of Hungary, more especially the Turks, who were eventually defeated by him before the walls of Belgrade, and driven back, in 1456. He died soon after this victory, and his son succeeded him as king. Hunyadi was of Wallachian origin, though his life was devoted to the interests of Hungary, and he figures in the history of that country as one of its most brilliant patriots. The dynasty which he founded reigned over

Hungary until 1490, during some of the most troubled times of that afflicted country. All the Hunyadi were warlike, and the history of their reigns is one of constant feud, against the aggressive Turks on one hand and the ambitious emperors of Germany on the other. The last of the race died at Vienna, after defeating the Emperor Frederick IV. of Germany, and Hungary was soon after overrun by the Turks, who held it for many years. Transylvania, which gave birth to

Hunyadi, and many other patriots, though at times in league with the Turks, against the oppression of the emperors and popes, was never conquered. It presents from the Turkish side a formidable barrier in the Carpathian Mountains, and the people, being hardy and warlike, could always hold their own against any force advancing into their mountainous country. A visit to the ruins of the old castle at Vaida-Hunyad cannot but recall many brilliant passages in the history of the country, and the restoration which is going on at present suggests the possible renewal of the old grandeur when the country, independent and self-governing, had a place among the nations of Europe.

I spent some hours amidst these old walls, with their noble associations, and felt a regret when I turned my back on them to descend to the village, and find my way back into the café of the hotel. The cooking of this establishment was perceptibly Wallachian. The beef was boiled and boiled to rags, the fowl roasted to dryness, and the side-dishes contained



WALLACHIAN PEASANT.

thin slices of hard sausage. The desert, however, made amends for a somewhat frugal fare; the fruit was exquisite, the melon particularly so, and the café and "slievovitz" unexceptional. It may be advisable here to inform the reader what "slievovitz" really is. It is a sort of brandy, made from plums, and when well prepared is a most acceptable liqueur. It is the usual drink of the Wallachian; he grows the plums in his garden, and his wife concocts the liquid, which is then carefully preserved, to be drunk on grand occasions and saints' days. Moreover, it is peculiar to Wallachia and the Wallachians of Transylvania, for although well known in Hungary, it is not

there the national alcoholic beverage. I might mention *en passant* that in many towns of Hungary there are large spirit distilleries, where the spirit is obtained from the root of the sugar mangel-wurzel. This is quite a staple industry, owing to the great advantages the soil offers for growing that crop. The plant is, however, unknown south of the Maros at present.

The neighbourhood of Vaida-Hunyad also boasts of some industry. The manufacture of charcoal iron here is of great antiquity. It would be difficult to assign any period for its origin, which goes back to remote ages, before the occupation of the Romans, who have left traces of their searches for gold. At present the iron-works belong to and are carried on by Government. The iron produced is quite malleable, and is converted on the spot into nail rod and small bars, which the inhabitants for many miles round come to fetch, and carry off in small quantities on the backs of their mountain ponies. I had a smart ride of fifteen miles to Gylar, near where the works are situated, rendered very fatiguing by the uncomfortable saddle I was forced to use. These dreadful saddles, made of wood, with a covering of sheepskin, are real instruments of torture to the traveller unaccustomed to them, and the peculiar jog-trot of the ponies renders the ordeal still more unpleasant. It was a relief to me when I was able to dismount, and when the time came for the return journey, I mounted with a feeling of positive dread at the prospect before me. However, the visit was worth the trouble, as it was highly interesting to see the process of smelting iron carried on in such a remote spot, and the immense deposits of iron ore, which are such as exist in very few parts of Europe.

During the day we had some showers of rain, and on our return the weather looked threatening, as if settled for a steady downpour. The afternoon turned out very wet, and we required some resolution to embark in our open cart for a long drive under a pelting rain. We were, however, so anxious to push on that we determined to face the storm, and risk a thorough wetting. The road from Vaida-Hunyad to Hartzeg is very similar to the one we had travelled over from Deva, and the country, at least as much of it as we saw, equally beautiful. But we had started late, and the shades of evening soon enveloped all around us in obscurity; moreover, it was raining, and the hills were buried in clouds. Thus, sitting on a bundle of hay saturated with water, and with our coverings wet through, unable to see anything, or while away the time with a cigar, we jogged along, not miserable, but cold and uncomfortable. Mile after mile of the road was passed over in silence, sometimes at a mild trot, generally slowly and cautiously, lest some unseen quagmire or unexpected boulder on the road should upset our conveyance. Hours had passed, and we were in almost complete darkness, when suddenly a loud shout was heard, and a moment afterwards we could distinguish the misty form of a man standing at our horses' heads.

Hungary is not completely free from highway robbers even now, and gangs of them are still to be met with on the by-roads and in outlying districts. It is even said that not long ago a band of marauders called on the patriot Francis Déak, at his country residence, and levied contributions, politely, yet forcibly. We could not ourselves avoid a feeling of danger creeping over us, and at once thought of our revolvers. But when anything is wanted for immediate use, it

is generally not to be found. My weapon was safely stowed in my bag, and my companion, who carried his in his belt, was so muffled up that, long before he could have had time to take his aim, we should have been overpowered and robbed, had that been the design of the individual who so suddenly stopped us on our journey.

Far from that, however, the intention of the man, who was a shepherd tending a flock of sheep, was simply and very good-naturedly to warn us of a broken-down bridge just before us. Unquestionably, had he not stopped us, we should have come to grief. The driver could not see twenty yards before him, and as the bridge only fell down some hours previously, he was quite ignorant of the danger, and would have driven straight into the stream, which at this point was rapidly flowing between two steep banks. So our first experience of the disposition of the Wallachian character was a most favourable one, and during our journey we had no reason to alter the impression made by this incident. I was desirous of rewarding the man for his trouble, but the driver shook his head at me and said, "Nicks," probably the only German word he knew. We had to go somewhat out of our way to cross the water by a ford, and continued the journey, leaving the honest shepherd without any acknowledgment of the service he had rendered us, much to my regret. When we reached the inn at Hartzeg, we found it quite full, and were unable to obtain quarters. A cattle-fair was being held at the time in the town, and no less than two couples had chosen the occasion as a fitting one for their marriages, so that the place was overcrowded, and all the attendants in an exceptional state of bustle. Not only could we not get shelter in the hotel, such as it was, but every person was so busy that we were left standing in the yard, ankle deep in mud, with the rain coming steadily down on us, and might have stood there all night, had not some good-natured person, seeing that we were strangers, volunteered to help us to find a lodging for the night. So with him we sallied forth in search of some corner safe from rain and wind where we might rest. On our way we first met the Greek *papa*, or priest, and afterwards the Protestant pastor, to both of whom our friend introduced us, and who were most polite and kind towards us; the latter knew of some place where he thought we could be comfortably received for the night, and thither our friend conducted us.

We entered a well-paved yard, where a dog greeted us with vicious barking. Presently a lantern moved towards us, which, when it got near, we found to be carried by the good woman of the house. Our position was explained to her, and after some conversation, she agreed to receive us, and led us into the house. We warmly thanked the unknown friend who had so kindly helped us, and he bid us adieu, assuring us that we should find all our wants attended to. The owner of the house was a schoolmaster, and the only apartment he could offer us was the schoolroom, now unused, owing to holidays, so we were taken into a large, desolate-looking place, with numerous benches and forms stowed in one corner. It was cold and dreary enough, and not at all calculated to console men wet to the skin and fatigued as we were. Our hostess seemed disposed to do all she could to make us comfortable; she lit a fire in the stove, and brought us in a table and chairs, also several bundles of fresh straw, which were laid out in a corner, and having been covered with blankets,

formed a very fair shakedown. Having changed our clothes, and done justice to a supper of eggs and sausage, we soon felt the effects of our day's journey, and were glad to find even fresh straw to lie down on, and seek the repose we so much needed.

The little town of Hartzeg is charmingly situated in the valley of the same name. This vale is one of the most beautiful and fertile in Transylvania. Here maize-fields and plum-orchards vie with each other in luxuriant growth, and herds of innumerable cattle are fattening on the rich pasture-land. The town itself is Wallachian in its appearance. The houses are mostly built of wood, and surrounded by gardens and small orchards. The streets, or rather avenues, are very wide, and devoid of any kind of pavement, so that in rainy weather they become almost impassable quagmires, as we found them next morning. The situation of the town, however, is extremely

beautiful, in the centre of a gracefully undulating plain, with the picturesque scenery of the Carpathian Mountains to relieve the eye in the distance. The Romans had a settlement here, known as Ulpia Trajana, and have left many traces of their former occupation, such as mosaic pavements, coins, and gold-diggings. We found the market-place crowded with cattle of every description, brought there to be disposed of at the fair, and the roads leading out of the town in all directions were thronged with herds, either coming in from the mountains or leaving for the plains of Hungary. Our time was unfortunately limited, as we had determined on reaching the Szill valley that day, and had therefore to bid an early adieu to Hartzeg. At the same time we bade farewell to civilisation, even of a primitive kind, being prepared to find among the Carpathians much magnificent mountain scenery, but an absence of those comforts which habit renders almost indispensable.

A Doctor's Life among the North-American Indians.—II.

BY R. BROWN, PH.D., ETC.

It was at one of the ravines described in the last chapter that our troubles began. We had travelled one day, camping out at night, and had set out early next morning to search the neighbouring mountain for deer. Some rain had fallen in the night, and the unbarked log over which we were crossing a "gulch" was very slippery. I passed in safety, but when half-way across the youth overbalanced himself, and with a yell he went headlong into the ravine. I was watching his progress over from the opposite side, but was so stunned by the accident, that it was some minutes before I had presence of mind enough to stir. The gulch ended at a little river, up which we had paddled a few miles the first day, until it became too full of rapids, and then we had left the canoe and taken to land. I found that the only way to reach the Indian (who, by his lusty yells, I could see was far from being killed, as at first I had imagined) was to go down to the river, and then crawl up the gulch. This I did, and a toilsome task it was. The boy seemed rather astonished to see me, for when I disappeared he had doubtless imagined that, Indian fashion, I had intended deserting him, and either clearing off entirely or "buying his body" from his relatives. His fall had been broken by some branches, and though badly bruised, it appeared that he had sustained very few serious external injuries, and he complained of none internally. On trying to walk, however, he found he could not stand—his thigh had been fractured. Here was a mess! indeed, at that moment I was unphilanthropic enough to wish that, for the benefit of himself and whoever else it might concern, he had been killed outright. However, for the time being I was the individual, next to himself, chiefly concerned, and had to set myself to devise means to save the lad's life, Indian though he was. On examining the fracture, I was glad to find that the bone was only fractured, the ends not being displaced. This was one blessing.

The next thing to be done was to remove him from the place where he was lying, among dead trees and water. My first attempt was naturally to get him out by the way I had got into

the gully; but this was found impracticable. Twice I attempted to climb the bank with him clinging around my neck, but twice I failed; on one of the trials, indeed, tumbling backwards into the river—luckily very shallow, though it might have been better for my skin if it had been a little deeper. My next move was to carry the youngster to the edge of the ravine, near to the place where he fell; then to go up and fasten the end of the rope which bound my blanket (and which, for the sake of convenience for other purposes, was long) to a tree, then to let myself down into the hollow, and with the "slack" of the rope bind the boy securely in our two blankets, and finally to re-ascend, and hoist him up. This, I soon found, was rather an awkward task, and the boy's head and body bumped against the trees and rocky sides of the gulch rather more frequently than was agreeable to him. Finally, however, I was successful in getting him up all right, minus a few more bruises and his fractured limb. Once again on level ground, my troubles commenced anew. Though the limb was swelling, a renewed examination satisfied me that the bones were not yet displaced, but bandaged they must be somehow. Bandages or splints of any sort I had none. What was to be done? was the question I set myself to think out, as I sat down to rest by the side of my wounded henchman.

His clothing consisted only of a very dirty cotton shirt and a blanket pinned around him. I considered, after due deliberation, that for a young man in his walk of life a shirt was quite a superfluous article of clothing. Accordingly, without consulting him, though indeed not without some mild remonstrances on his part, the shirt was drawn off him and cut up into bandages; the needle and thread, without which no traveller of any experience ever goes far, supplying the necessary materials for sewing them into one long strip of cotton. Now for splints. The nearest approach to pasteboard which I could see was the smooth, tough bark of the cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), which peels off in thin sheets, and out of which the Indians make all sorts of domestic wares. A short

search supplied me with the bark in abundance, and now commenced my improvised surgery. The moss, with which the trees were hoary, supplied padding in room of cotton; over this were wrapped the sheets of cedar bark, and then around all was tightly bound the shirt-made bandage, the whole being well drenched with cold water on the outside, while the surgeon and his patient refreshed themselves with a pull at some stronger

waters for the com-

fort of their inner

man. How now

was he to be got

home? Could he

not be made to

hop all the way?

These boys were

able to hop a long

time in play, and

though it might

be rather more

troublesome to

hop a couple of

days through a

primeval forest, it

might only serve

the little rascal

right. The idea

was so comical

that I burst out

in a loud laugh at

the thought, much

to the wonder of

the boy, who was

groaning close by.

But I was afraid it

wouldn't work, so

it had to be dis-

missed. To float

him down the

river was out of

the question, for

besides the fact

of there being

nothing at hand

to float him on,

there was not

water enough here

to float a cat.

Equally imprac-

ticable was the

notion of remain-

ing here until he

either got well or died, for at the earliest six weeks was

rather too long to remain out here, dependent on what I

might kill. The youth decidedly objected to be left alone

until I returned for help; in fact, he commenced crying

piteously whenever I mentioned the subject. He was afraid

of being eaten by wolves—of a hundred things that I had never

imagined. The truth was, he was afraid that I was going to

leave him to himself. I couldn't stand the boy crying. If there

had been only three of us, we could easily have made a stretcher

with two poles and a blanket, but there were only two; so there

was nothing for it but to adopt the primitive plan of carrying him on my back. This was not very easy, for the only way I could do it was to allow him to hang on to my shoulders or around my neck in the best way he could; for I could not catch hold of his legs with my hands, on account of his broken limb. This settled, the next question was our route. Though we had been out more than a day from the Indian village, I

knew that we

were not distant

a day's travel, for

since leaving the

canoe we had not

gone in anything

like a straight line,

indeed, had pretty

well kept by the

banks of the river,

which I remem-

bered had de-

scribed a great

curve, so that the

place where the

canoe had been

left could be pretty

nearly reached if

we cut straight

across country

until we again

struck the river.

And so we took up

our weary march

—the boy on my

back, on his back

my blanket, and

on the top of all

our tin "billy,"

which kept up a

cheery rattle as

we jogged along.

If travel under

ordinary circum-

stances through

these forests is

not good, certainly

with a sick Indian

on your back it

becomes well-nigh

intolerable. The

day was hot even

under the shadow

of those great

trees, and the boy smelt decidedly of stale fish—what else could

he, who had lived on dried salmon all his life, smell of? From

long experience of his race, there was also more than a sus-

picion that he was even less cleanly than was at first sight

palpable to the eye unassisted by a minute search. I didn't

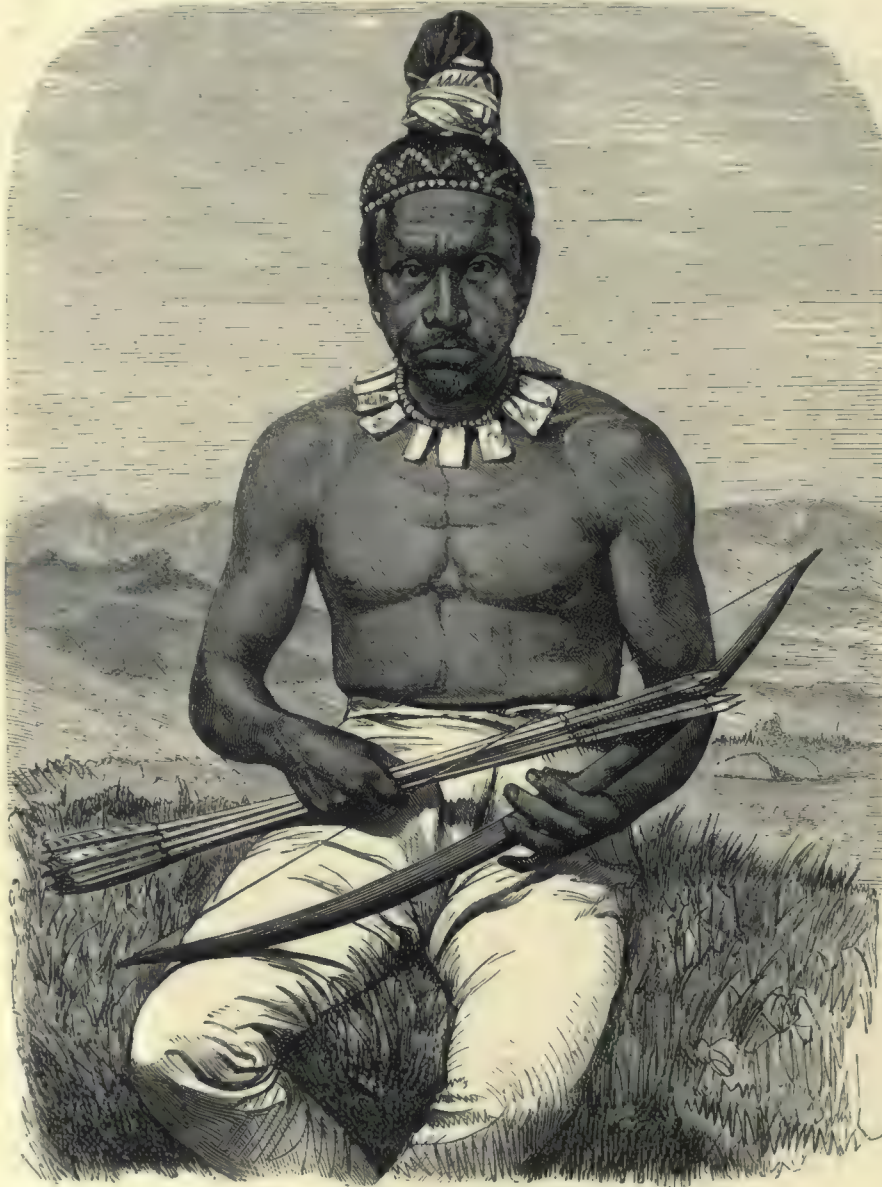
much like the way the noble savage scratched his matted locks

when we stopped, as we did every ten minutes or so, to rest.

Not unfrequently also I tripped up over fallen trees, and once

fording a mountain stream, I slipped overhead in a nasty deep

hole, to the vast astonishment of the youth, who was quietly



INDIAN OF OREGON.

slipping down river when I caught hold of him by the scalp-lock. I was, however, a man doing a duty, and doggedly went about my task, not caring very much indeed *who* was drowned. I was in no temper to bother myself about trifles, and it would have been dangerous to have approached me just then in reference to many sublunary matters. The youth, who was now and then relapsing into a talking mood, was peremptorily silenced under pain of being set down. I shouldn't wonder—though I was too busy to keep a note of it—if I indulged in strong language, when I took a particularly bad header into some very prickly salmon-berry bushes; but, under the circumstances, I don't suppose that this orthographical turpitude will ever be laid to my charge. Surely if any member of the Humane Society, or the Society for the Protection of Aborigines, had seen at that moment a member of a liberal profession sweating along, with a weighty and slightly odorous savage on his back, the smallest he could have done at the next committee meeting would be to propose me a medal and badge. Perhaps it is not too late yet. I fancy, however, as most of these bodies place rather more stress on words than acts, that the confession of having been betrayed into verbal impatience may go against me. At all events, I had my work that afternoon. I went on as far as I could before dark, though thoroughly ex-

hausted and nearly choked, and at last backed my patient up against a fallen tree for the night. My first work was to thoroughly bathe myself in a very cold stream, which ran close by, and doubtless debouched into the river I was making for. I felt rather more refreshed after that, and set about lighting a fire—a very simple matter, as the wood was dry and plentiful. I was, however, too tired to cook any supper, and, though it may be not very good dietetic practice, both physician and patient supped stanchly on whisky, salt pork, and “damper,” which supper exhausted our stock of comestibles; for I had been too occupied by my humane duties

to hunt all day. We then lay down and slept soundly until daybreak.

By dawn, profiting by my experiences of yesterday, I determined to avoid the heat of the sun, and make an early start, sore as my bones were. As we had finished our provisions, our only breakfast promised to be a little whisky and water; but just as we were mixing the last of our grog I heard

a drumming of grouse in the bush. The north-western grouse all “tree,” and accordingly I had no trouble with my revolver in bringing down three, commencing with the one on the lower branches, and then going upwards, so that the fall of the dead ones did not flush the others. This is a common method of pot-hunting. Two of these skinned (to save the trouble of plucking) and roasted by the fire afforded a good breakfast. The remaining one was reserved for supper. I then started on my weary trudge, though in better humour than I did the day before. I was now becoming in a manner accustomed to my burden, and was getting into a doggedly obdurate state, that I determined, come whatever might, to get through my work—if not to-day, to-morrow.

Since leaving the bend of the river where the accident had occurred, I had made as nearly as I could a straight course; and though it is difficult to calculate distances in these forests, I did not yet think that I was at all near to where we had left the



MY PATIENT'S FATHER.

canoe. We had not, however, gone more than a couple of hours before I heard the murmur of running water, and saw an open light space in the dark forest ahead of us. Could that be the river again? The boy insisted it was, and as we approached the banks there was no mistaking the locality. There was no such big river anywhere in this vicinity; but the river was here navigable, so that we must have struck it lower down. Almost simultaneously the boy and I detected footprints in the damp soil—those of a hobnail boot and a bare foot—and with a joyous cheer I made for the place where they emerged from the river. We could scarcely believe our eyes when we

detected that they were our own footsteps of a few days back, and we had by the merest chance come upon the river not a hundred yards from where we had left it! Our canoe was hid in the bushes all safely out of the heat of the sun. In a few minutes it was equipped, launched, and floating down the river, I steering while the youth kept a look-out ahead.

At midday we halted to eat the grouse, and feeling now rather hungry I set off in search of a deer, and was successful in killing a fine buck, with the choice pieces of which we refreshed ourselves. The river navigation was rather troublesome, and every now and again I had to get out and ease the canoe off the spits where I had run it on to; but on the whole we met with no accident, and in the course of a couple of hours arrived at the sea. Here we found some cousins of my patient encamped, and they ("for a consideration," you may be sure, for it was "nothing for nothing" among these people) helped me up the coast for a few miles to the village where the boy's father lived. Then I got him off my hands, and after hints about "buying his leg" from the avaricious parents, I left, thoroughly sick of the whole job and the ingratitude of all concerned. However, happening to visit the village some weeks after, I found my patient running about all well—having, aided by a good constitution and wondrous good luck, perfectly

recovered, without any other treatment than what he had got from me. In fact, the bark bandages were never removed until he could walk. I found that my fame had in the meantime grown great in the land, and that bandages of bark had the reputation of being the newest "white man's medicine," and were being adopted for all ills which flesh is heir to, from an inflammation of the lungs to a gunshot wound. Thereafter, if anybody finds them in vogue among the Indians, I beg that he will not run away with the notion that it is an aboriginal method of cure. I am "the sole and only inventor." I have said that I found myself a small hero on account of my cure. So I did. Still, the applause which greeted me was not of a sufficiently enthusiastic description to tempt me to renew my aboriginal medical or surgical practice. On the whole, I begin to agree with my profane friend the trader, who, in the midst of his tirade of oaths, consequent on my first unfortunate escapade, let drop this aphorism—"Humanity! Tell ye what, cap'n: if anybody's a goin' to die, better them nor you; a sight better—a blessed sight better!" This view may not be unmixedly humane, but, nevertheless, I scarcely think that any reader of the foregoing pages will consider that my experience of medical practice among the North-American Indians, has been of so agreeable a nature as to incline me to adopt views over-philanthropic.

The Stone Towns of Central Syria, otherwise called the Giant Cities of Bashan.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

"Thus much I have to say for the resolving of this riddle, which is wont to create no small dispute among pilgrims."—*Maundrell's "Travels."*

YEAR by year the field of modern travel extends itself, and regions hitherto little visited become familiar to our wandering countrymen. But a short time ago the pilgrimage to Rome was considered more formidable than that to Jerusalem is now; and few would have dreamt that where the spirit of religion or adventure attracted some tens, Mr. Cook would soon be leading his hundreds. Tourists, however—those who follow in others' tracks, as distinguished from travellers, those who make fresh tracks for themselves—invariably remain in some leader's footsteps. As in Italy the flock hurries on from Florence, through Rome, to Naples, so in Palestine, every village on the "regular round" between Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Damascus, is encompassed by the tents of English and American caravans, while the adjoining and scarcely less interesting countries east of the Jordan remain as neglected as ever.

The ancient kingdom of Bashan with its confines—the portion of the Transjordanic district to which we here propose to direct attention—lies immediately south of Damascus, and east of the Sea of Galilee and Upper Jordan. From the base of Hermon a great plain, bounded on the west by the hills of Gilead, and on the east by the volcanic range known as the Jebel ed Druze, or the Jebel Hauran, stretches away towards the south, into the wilds of Arabia. The traveller anxious to explore this region will probably make Damascus his starting-point. Riding out of that city by the Haj road, so called from the yearly passage along it of one of the great caravans of

pilgrims to Mecca, he crosses, at Kesweh, the Nahr-el-Awaj, and soon after fairly enters on the plains of the Hauran. The landscape before the eyes is very different from any that may have already been seen in Lebanon or Western Palestine. The wide, undulating expanse of foreground will rather recall to mind the Roman Campagna; the distant hamlet, a black spot on some isolated mound, answers to the solitary farm; and in height and outline the Jebel Hauran closely resembles the Alban hills. The crown of snow glittering on the far-off head of Hermon, or the white-walled *we'y*, which shines like a sail at sea, on the summit of some humbler hill, are welcomed as elements of life in a landscape the pervading tone of which is one of intense melancholy.

But before long the aspect of the country undergoes a change which will be a surprise to those who have read only of the "utter desolation" of Bashan. As they see, for miles before them, the plain waving with the shadows that pass over the growing wheat, most travellers will rejoice to recognise the fact that, however severely the Hauran has suffered from the results of Turkish misrule, the exactions of sordid pashas, or the irruptions of Arab hordes, it has never altogether lost a claim to its ancient title of "The Granary of Damascus." The large tracts of corn-land which, at the present day, alternate with expanses of natural turf, are kept in cultivation by the ploughs of the Druses of the mountains, or the Christian and Mohammedan villagers living along the Haj road.

No more beautiful contrast of colour can be imagined than that seen in early spring, between the rich red and brown hues of the freshly-ploughed loam and the vivid green which covers the uncultivated portion of the plain. The peculiar fascination exercised on the mind by the scenery of the Hauran is, indeed, due rather to this brilliancy of colouring, heightened by an atmosphere of surpassing purity, than to any picturesqueness of form in the undulations of the earth's surface.

The tract bordering on the Haj road is, however, the least remarkable in the country, and few will resist the temptation to diverge into the more broken districts lying further to the east. A long day's ride from Damascus brings the traveller to the border of a great lava outflow, known successively as Argob, Trachonitis, and the Lejah. The best idea of this region is perhaps formed by imagining a huge uneven glacier suddenly transformed from ice into volcanic rock. The paths connecting the black fortress-like villages wind with a circuitous course between and over mounds and banks of crag. Here and there grow a few stunted trees, and in some parts even patches of corn-land are found. The aspect of the tract as a whole is, however, singularly savage and forbidding. Its inhabitants are at the present day a rascally tribe of Solut Arabs, fear of whom has until lately rendered the interior of the Lejah almost unknown ground to travellers.

South of this stony wilderness rises the Jebel Hauran, from the volcanic cones of which a great portion of the lava flood which first formed the Lejah undoubtedly flowed. The sides of the northern summits surrounding Shuhba are bare and arid, but the centre of the range and the slopes of its most prominent peak, El Kleib, are clothed in woods, which, if they do not vie with the forests of Gilead, at least afford a refreshing sight to eyes wearied with the treelessness of most Syrian scenery.

This hill-country is inhabited by a warlike Druse race, whose chiefs, strong in the valour of their followers, but above all in the rock and mountain fastnesses in which they dwell, yield only an uncertain and grudging obedience to the Turkish Governor of Damascus. Fortunately for Englishmen, these modern patriarchs still feel and display the greatest respect and liking for our nation, members of which are sure to meet with a warm welcome in their villages. The contrast, indeed, in the mode of reception of strangers on the two sides of the Jordan is most strikingly marked. On the high roads of Palestine, every peasant strives to cheat the passer-by, or at least to make him pay as dearly as possible for his provisions. In the Hauran, before there has been time to pitch the tents, the sheikh comes down to invite the traveller to his house, where coffee is at once set on the fire, and a lamb slain in his honour. In these days, when rival hotels bid for custom at Jerusalem, and a "Café de l'Europe" has been opened at Nazareth, many will be glad to turn aside into a neighbouring district, where patriarchal life and manners and genuine Eastern hospitality may still be studied and enjoyed.

From the physical features and population of the Hauran it is now time to turn to the subject already indicated by our title—the stone architecture, for which, even more than for its scenery or inhabitants, the country has of late years become famous.

Along the border and in the interior of the Lejah, and on the slopes of Jebel Hauran, are scattered the remains of numerous towns and villages. Buzrah, the Roman Bostra, once

the capital of the province of Arabia, possesses, amongst other relics of its former greatness, a Christian cathedral, built at the beginning of the sixth century, and a theatre enclosed in a fortress, which has long served as a puzzle for antiquaries. In the most important of the other towns, such as Kunawat, Shuhba, and Mismiyeh, Roman streets, aqueducts, walls, temples, theatres, triumphal arches, and baths, in short, all the ordinary evidences of Roman civilisation, are found in a state of almost perfect preservation.

It would require more space than we can afford, to attempt in the present article any detailed description of these most interesting edifices. The best comment on them will be found in Count Melchior de Vogüé's splendid volume on the "Civil and Religious Architecture of Central Syria," from the plates of which the student at home may now acquire knowledge, and deduce lessons previously open only to an Eastern traveller. This work is not only valuable as an illustration of architecture formerly obscure, but also as supplying a key to the process by which the heathen temple or basilica was converted into a Christian church, and by which the style afterwards known as the Byzantine was first brought into existence.

The minutely accurate drawings of De Vogüé serve also to place before the eyes a minor feature of the Hauran buildings, which is one of the first to attract the attention of the traveller, accustomed to the weatherworn and mouldering aspect of most English or even Italian ruins. The Syrian climate and the peculiar hardness of the rock which has been universally employed as a building material, have preserved through fifteen centuries the delicate sculptures of the temple or the theatre; so that the chiselled edges of a vine-leaf frieze, or an acanthus capital, remain as sharp as on the day when they first left the mason's hand.

Great, however, as is the interest attaching to these monuments of Roman empire and early Christianity, the celebrity of the Hauran ruins is due not so much to the public edifices, as to the hundreds of dwelling-houses by which these are everywhere surrounded.

Information may be gathered from numerous sources as to the construction and details of the public buildings of antiquity. With its domestic architecture we are far less familiar; and in the preservation to our days of the abodes of the former inhabitants of the country, the imperishable basalt of Bashan has rendered to archæology a most important service.

So strange at first sight is the aspect of the ancient houses that every visitor to the Hauran expresses in turn his astonishment at their peculiarities, and his curiosity as to the people who built them. We shall endeavour to arouse, so far as may be possible, similar feelings in the untravelled reader, by describing with some detail both the external and internal appearance of these buildings.

Seen from a distance, the stone cities or even villages of Central Syria are sufficiently striking to arrest the attention of the most careless observer. Owing to the houses being crowded closely together, and often surmounted by towers, every hamlet has the air of a fortress. The illusion is heightened by the lofty black walls, which, thrown out in strong relief against the bright green of the surrounding plain, glitter in the pure upland air like those of some enchanted castle of Eastern legend. On nearer approach, so few signs of decay become visible that it is hard to believe but that every house has its

inhabitants, and that they will soon be both seen and heard passing to and fro along the streets. In the immediate vicinity of the buildings large reservoirs, originally formed with much skill and labour, are frequently found. Outside the town lies also the cemetery. The tombs—square towers, built of regularly laid blocks, and averaging thirty to forty feet in height—stand at short distances apart. They vary extremely in external decoration, some being ornamented with pilasters, while others are perfectly plain. Internally they are more uniform, one side, generally that opposite the door, being fitted with shelves for the reception of sarcophagi. These family tombs frequently contain Greek inscriptions.*

lintels and doorposts are ornamented with carvings or Greek inscriptions, dating from the era of the city of Bostra (A.D. 106).^{*} The larger doors are generally double, opening inwards, and capable of being secured by a cross-bar fixed on the inside; they consist almost universally of slabs of stone, swinging on two stone pivots, which work in hollows in the sill and lintel. Their surface is not uncommonly ornamented with bosses and imitation of panel-work. On pushing open one of these singular gates we find ourselves in a courtyard, surrounded by a number of doors of smaller dimensions, but all formed of a single slab of stone, each of which gives access to one of the apartments on the ground floor. Entering a room, the first



VIEW NEAR KUNAWAT.

Walls of circumvallation are only found in a few of the larger cities, such as Shuhba, Kunawat, and Buzrah. Where every house, even in these days of artillery, might serve as a fortress, we need not be surprised that further means of defence were generally thought unnecessary.

On entering among the buildings we shall, in most cases, find ourselves in a lane too narrow to admit the passage of wheeled carriages. To this rule, however, there are some notable exceptions; several of the walled cities contain broad streets still better paved—although their paving-stones must have been laid for at least twelve hundred years—than those of many modern European capitals. Numerous gateways opening into the streets give access to the private houses; many of the

features to strike the attention in the internal architecture are the round arches and the roof they support. The arches are often of great span, and show much technical skill in their construction. Their strength is sufficiently proved by the length of time for which they have fulfilled the heavy task of bearing up the ponderous stone rafters which form the ceiling. These rafters do not lie immediately on the side walls and arches, but on an intervening cornice, often, in the large and

* I have here, as elsewhere, refreshed my memory as to details by a perusal of Herr Wetzstein's admirable "Reisebericht."

* Two inscriptions at Brakh, originally copied by Burkhart, have been cited in the "Hand-book to Syria" as dating from the era of the Seleucidae, and, therefore, of the third century before Christ. The supposition as to the era used is grounded on the employment of the Macedonian names of the months, a test proved valueless by one of these very inscriptions, which contains the words *τῆς πόλεως* ("of the city"), after the date, a phrase which in this country invariably refers to Bostra. These important words Mr. Porter has, in translating the inscription in question, most strangely omitted.



CARAVAN REPOSING, IN THE HAURAN.

best built mansions, enriched with carving. The ground floor rooms have no windows opening on the street; their place is supplied, when needed, by perforated blocks of stone, which admit light through small circular openings. Much taste was often expended on these air-holes, the orifices being formed in a circle, and surrounded by a garland, or some such-like ornament. The windows opening into the courtyard are, on the contrary, of a fair size, and generally closed by stone shutters. We must also notice recesses in the walls, which have been used as cupboards, and stone shelves, which probably served the former inhabitants for benches. To the houses of the better class a stable, duly provided with stone mangers, is a common adjunct. We may now mount the external staircase, which leads from the courtyard to an open gallery, forming the means of communication between the rooms on the first floor. These staircases are a remarkable feature of the Hauran architecture. Each step consists of a single block of stone, one end of which is so deeply embedded in the wall as to render the mass independent of any additional support. The up-stairs rooms are similar to those below, in their construction and arrangements; their roof is in all cases flat, and built on the same principle as the ceiling of the lower floor. In some cases a second flight of stairs leads to a higher storey.

There are, besides, many houses smaller in size and ruder in construction than the specimen we have here described. These have little but their massiveness and stone doors to distinguish them from the dwellings of modern Syrian peasants, and do not, therefore, call for any particular notice.

Thus far, in directing attention to the Hauran and its ruins, we have kept on undisputed ground. No one has questioned the existence of such towns as we have attempted to portray, and by general admission the public buildings they contain have all been erected since the commencement of the Christian era. But when we go further, and unhesitatingly refer the private houses to the same peoples and times as the temples, churches, and mosques, amongst which they stand, we take a side in a controversy which has been waged lately with unusual vigour. Since 1855, Mr. Porter, a traveller, who, having spent five years as a missionary at Damascus, has a certain claim to be heard on such a subject, has maintained with regard to the origin and age of the Hauran houses a theory which, if it can be established, will entitle its author to the credit of having brought to light the most important archæological discovery of modern times.

Mr. Porter's astounding hypothesis is best put forward in his own words. "Many of the stone houses are," he declares, "some of the most ancient structures of which the world can boast, memorials of a race of giants that has been extinct for more than three thousand years, and of which Og, King of Bashan, was one of the last representatives—the only specimens the world can afford of the private dwellings of remote antiquity."

Positive statements of so startling a character lead us at once to inquire on what authority we are asked to believe them. As far as we know, Mr. Porter's theory has as yet found no friend among architects. One traveller, at least, however, has given in his adhesion to it—Mr. Cyril Graham—and Mr. Porter, in search of further support, can cite the Rev. S. Robson and two American gentlemen, who have also visited the Hauran, and, "he believes, agree in the main with his conclusions."

At home, however, and among the general public, the views

of the author of "Giant Cities" have, as might have been expected, been received with far more favour. In all subjects connected with distant lands we find as a rule that the more romantic and startling the announcement a traveller has to communicate, the more readily it is welcomed by a large section of the reading world. Mr. Porter's alleged discovery had the advantage of illustrating names familiar to most of us from childhood; it was besides recommended as a wonderful confirmation of Scripture. Moreover, the general reader, however well informed he may be as to so much of Eastern history as is contained in the Bible, knows comparatively little of the state of Syria during the centuries which followed the fall of Jerusalem. The absorbing interest excited in the Christian world by the previous and succeeding ages, those of the Jewish war and the Crusades, is a sufficient cause for the neglect which has befallen the fortunes of the country as a Roman province. To this indifference an influential class of talkers and writers has also indirectly contributed. Not a few preachers and divines, intent only on furnishing proof of the fulfilment of predictions of the desolation of Palestine, have ignored, if they have not been ignorant of, the extraordinary wealth and prosperity of portions of Syria under the Roman Empire. Thus the only inhabitants of Bashan of whom many people had ever heard were Og and his gigantic subjects; and any arguments for the primeval origin of the Hauran ruins presented themselves to their minds based on the specious but delusive assumption, that no race except the Rephaim capable of erecting such structures ever existed in the country.

The theory of "Giant Cities," with such circumstances in its favour, easily obtained the unquestioning belief of a large body of adherents, while some waverers were perhaps hindered from expressing their doubts, by the preposterous suggestion that it is profane to dispute any statement which, if true, can be used as an illustration of Old Testament history or prophecy.

It is, fortunately, impossible for any question, so generally acknowledged to be of the greatest interest, to be summarily decided on the testimony of any one or two witnesses. When a reference to works of authority on Biblical or architectural subjects shows us that none of the men best qualified to act as judges have endorsed the conclusions of Mr. Porter; when we find that, on the contrary, those who have given special attention to the subject have pronounced most positively against them, it becomes, at least, evident that the case is one which calls for thorough investigation. We offer, therefore, no apology for devoting the remainder of our space to a discussion of the date of the noble specimens of ancient domestic architecture still existing in the Hauran.

In order to aid our readers to arrive at a just conclusion, we will first endeavour to collect and fairly set forth the arguments, as they may be found scattered about Mr. Porter's various works, used in support of the primeval antiquity of the remains in question. Our author is naturally at pains at once to dispose of the obvious suggestion that the builders of the public and private edifices in the country he describes were one and the same people. "There is nothing," he writes, "like the old private houses of Bashan in any other country. They are as different as possible in style and workmanship from the Roman temples, Christian churches, and Saracenic mosques which have been built beside them."

The discovery in the walls of many of the ruder and, at first sight, most primeval-looking houses of fragments of in-

scriptions or of classical ornament, is accounted for by the supposition that these buildings have been "repaired and some rebuilt on the old plan in more recent times." It is elsewhere stated, subject, we suppose, to the exception that they are not Roman, that the majority of the houses offer so little internal evidence of the date of their construction that they "may have been built at any time from Noah" (or, by a more recent limitation, "from Ham") "to Mohammed." Having, by this important statement, denied the existence of any direct evidence in the case, Mr. Porter plunges at once into a region of conjecture. "The material and mode of construction of these buildings," he writes, "is so solid as to render it easy to believe that they have existed for three thousand years; and the depth below the surface, sometimes fifteen feet, at which many of the more massive ruins are found, is consistent with this supposition. . . . The simplicity of the plan of these buildings, their low roofs, the ponderous blocks of roughly-hewn stones of which they are built, and the great thickness of the walls, seem to point to a period far earlier than the Roman age, and possibly even antecedent to the conquest of this land by the Israelites. . . . The huge doors and gates of stone, and the ponderous bars, the places for which can still be seen, are characteristic of a period when architecture was in its infancy, and when strength and security were the great requisites. . . . We know from the Bible that in the land of Argob there were threescore great cities with gates and bars, which had apparently been constructed by the aboriginal Rephaim; the ancient houses of Kureiyeh and other towns appear to be such as a race of giants would build."

Further consideration has served only to convince Mr. Porter of the correctness of the inferences suggested in the above-quoted passages, and he now, in the face of works such as those of De Vogüé and Wetzstein, ventures confidently to assert that every intelligent traveller who "carefully explores the remains of the larger cities, or visits the smaller ones, which have not been so much altered by Roman and Moslem, will not fail to recognise in them relics of primeval architecture, and of a period when Bashan 'was called the land of the giants.'"

In order fairly to estimate what grounds Mr. Porter has for such a papal belief in his own infallibility, we must turn to the works of those travellers and architects who have of late years visited or studied the same country. If, as we believe, the summary which has been given of the arguments on which a primeval antiquity is attributed to some of the Hauran ruins is a fair one, it is evident that the whole theory rests on the absence of any certain architectural data in the structures in question, and the admissibility of the right claimed to decide their age by a series of conjectures. Bearing in mind this fact, our interest will be at once excited when we discover that high architectural authorities assert it to be an easy matter to determine the age to which every building now found in the towns of the Hauran belongs.

In the private houses, Count de Vogüé recognises "the well-known style of the Roman colonies—that is, the Greek style modified by certain local influences." Unless style in architecture is no longer to be considered a test of age, says Mr. Fergusson, and unless all the knowledge which has up to the present time been gathered together on this subject is to be declared worthless, it is impossible to doubt for a moment that these houses were erected during the first centuries of the Christian era. Confirmatory evidence is supplied in abundance by the

prevalent use of the arch, and the character of the ornamentation introduced in many of the houses, as well as by the numerous inscriptions of the Roman period lately collected by Herr Wetzstein and Mr. Waddington from all parts of the Hauran. It is impossible to believe that all these ornaments and inscriptions were added at a period long subsequent to that at which the buildings in which they are found were first erected. Such a supposition is not only groundless, it is in many instances directly contradicted by the tenour of the inscriptions themselves.

It may not unreasonably be asked how we account for the existence in Roman times of so large a city-building population, in a country the inhabitants of which, after their conquest by Moses, play so insignificant a part in history. Such a question, difficult at first sight, is promptly answered for us by writers acquainted with the annals of Arabia. Readers of Gibbon may perhaps remember that the Persian war of Justinian owed its immediate origin to a quarrel for a right of pasturage between Aretas, the ruler of the Hauran, and Almondar, King of Hira. The Roman vassal appealed to the "strata," or paved highway, which may still be seen from the ramparts of Buzrah stretching eastwards across the boundless plain, as a proof that the territory in dispute had been indelibly impressed with the stamp of Roman labour and sovereignty. "An immemorial tribute for the licence of pasturage appeared to attest the rights of Almondar." The nations over whom these rival princes ruled came, we are told, originally of the same stock.

About the close of the first century of the Christian era, a vast emigration took place among the tribes who had until then inhabited the stone towns still existing in Southern Arabia. The wanderers soon divided themselves into two bodies, of which one, settling in the district south of the Euphrates, became tributary to the Persian Empire, while the other fixed itself on the confines of Syria, where they were reinforced at a later period by a fresh inroad of the same race. It was the latter branch who built for themselves the towns which we find standing at the present day in the Hauran. Their kings almost immediately accepted the position of Roman vassals, in which they continued to enjoy the semblance, if not the reality, of power, until the Mohammedan conquest, when they were the first to be overwhelmed by the tide of Arab invasion.

From this brief digression we now return to the architectural argument. We have already shown that with regard to the domestic architecture of the Hauran there is an extraordinary conflict between professional and amateur opinions. Mr. Porter says that the private houses may be anything except Roman; the Count de Vogüé and Mr. Fergusson, the highest possible architectural authorities on such a question, declare that they bear the unmistakable stamp of Roman workmanship.

We shall now proceed to the explanation which may be offered of the structural peculiarities which seem to Mr. Porter characteristic of a gigantic and primeval race of builders, when he sees them in the Hauran. We advisedly add this limitation, because it is a curious fact that although similar stone houses exist in other parts of Syria, it is only within the limits of the ancient kingdom of Bashan that they strike Mr. Porter so forcibly as to lead him at once to assign them to a remote antiquity. To prove this assertion we need only quote from the "Hand-book to Syria" the following details as to some stone villages near Aleppo, which Mr. Porter candidly tells his

readers reminded him—though, of course, with a difference—of the “giant cities.” “At a ruined town called Kerek Bûzeh there are hewn stones eight to ten feet long by three feet high; mortar is not used; the doors and windows are square. At Ma’arret-en-N’amân is a house the door of which is a massive slab of stone eight inches thick.” Again, in a detailed account of a house at El-barah, we are told, “Round arches, originally sprung from the sides of the room, about six feet apart, and on these rested the broad stone slabs that formed the ceiling. This strange city reminds one of Pompeii; all is in such preservation and so fitted to throw light on the domestic architecture of the old inhabitants of Syria. And yet El-barah has no history. These houses belonged to an unknown people. That these were Christians we gather from the crosses; that they lived and flourished from the fifth to the tenth century we learn from the style of architecture.”

The conclusion expressed in the last sentence is the same arrived at by Count de Vogüé, whose “*Syrie Centrale*” contains numerous plans and drawings of these villages, some of which have been reproduced for the hand-book. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Porter, having himself made use of the appeal to style as a test of age in one case, can consistently reject it in another; or how, having reconciled his mind to the existence of extraordinarily massive walls, stone, arch-supported roofs, stone doors, and stone window-shutters, in edifices of the fifth to the tenth centuries in one part of Syria, he can in a neighbouring district find in the same architectural features infallible witnesses to the handiwork of a primeval race. For such inconsistency it is, fortunately, not our business to account. We may proceed at once with the reasons assigned by De Vogüé for the peculiarities of structure common alike to the so-called giant cities and to the stone towns of other parts of Syria. The general use of stone is explained by two local circumstances—the scarcity of large timber, and the fact that throughout the Hauran rock so constantly crops out that a quarry was never far from the builder’s hand. Herr Wetzstein adds another reason—the natural genius of the Arabian race, accustomed by necessity in their former homes to the employment of so rude a material. Under such influences, the stone of the country has been looked upon at every age as the most available building material for all purposes. Hence we find stone doors, window-shutters, and rafters alike in temple, church, mosque, and private dwelling.

The absence of all the difficulties of transport, and the extreme hardness of the stone, led to the preference shown for large blocks, and a general massiveness of construction. These features are, it should be remarked, wholly irrespective of the size of the buildings, and nowhere more conspicuous than in small Roman temples, such as those at Atil. It is surely absurd to bring forward, as proofs of the primeval origin of the private houses, peculiarities of structure which they share with edifices admitted to be of Roman or even still later origin.

In the next place, no stress whatever can fairly be laid on the circumstance of some floors being as much as fifteen feet below the present level of the soil. Modern buildings in the East are, for the sake of coolness and protection from the sun’s rays, often as much excavated as built; moreover, no traveller who has witnessed the rapidity with which refuse collects round a Syrian village, will think fifteen feet an excessive allowance for the accumulations of eight or nine centuries.

For the statement that “the ancient houses of Kureiyeh

and other towns of the Hauran appear to be such as a race of giants would build,” it is difficult for an impartial observer to discover any reasonable grounds. Even if it were granted that unusual dimensions in the buildings of a country implied the gigantic or unusual stature of the race who erected them—an admission which, with Ba’albec close at hand, Mr. Porter will find it rather dangerous to demand—the inference drawn would still only be co-extensive with the facts on which it is founded. Now, by far the greater number of the Hauran houses are of ordinary dimensions, while there is every reason to believe that the mansions forming the exception to the general rule, owe their origin to individuals who exceeded their fellow-countrymen rather in riches than in stature. If any one should still insist that the size of these larger houses affords ground for a reasonable presumption that they at least were built for giants, his supposition is open to an objection which is likely to strike most minds as fatal—the inner doorways and secondary rooms in the most palatial dwellings are invariably moderate in size. The ancient builders, therefore, if their proportions are to be estimated from those of their principal rooms, must, in order to live at home with any comfort, have been possessed of a telescopic power of contraction and re-expansion, similar to that of the heroine of the most popular of modern fairy tales.

There remain to be dealt with certain gateways, of which the construction seems to Mr. Porter “primeval” and the size “colossal.” A gateway at Kufr, a large village at the southern base of El Kleib, described by Burkhardt as ten feet high, but proved by recent measurement to be somewhat less, has been justifiably put forward as a good specimen of these so-called gigantic portals. In form and construction—in fact, in everything except material—these gates exactly resemble those found throughout the East in similar positions. In Persia, stone doors, like those of the Hauran, are erected even at the present day. The bars, the holes for which attracted Mr. Porter’s notice, seem to have been precisely similar to those still employed by the Syrian sheikh to close his doors, or by the English householder to secure his window-shutters. The gateway in question, which in every respect fairly represents its class, stands in a position where camels would necessarily have to pass through it. It would be as reasonable to infer the height of Londoners from that of Temple Bar, as it is to guess at the stature of the builders of Bashar from this portal. Moreover, the attempt to draw any such inference can be at once met, by calling attention to the singularly small dimensions of many of the internal communications in the ancient houses. Two doors, respectively four feet six inches and three feet six inches high, are described in “*Giant Cities*”; these even Mr. Porter will scarcely ask us to believe were constructed by or for a gigantic race. It is perhaps worth while to remark that such internal doors are as ponderous blocks of stone as those found in the courtyards—a fact which goes far to prove that the selection of the material employed was owing rather to custom or convenience, than to any desire for strength or security.

We have now discussed all the peculiarities of structure in the Hauran houses to which Mr. Porter directs particular attention, and have endeavoured to show how little support they afford for the theory which has been based upon them.

Account has still to be taken of a class of buildings found throughout the country, which, though similar in many points, are ruder in construction and generally inferior in size to the



NATIVES AND COSTUMES IN SYRIA.

edifices which bear evident traces of Roman workmanship. We know that in this part of Syria, as elsewhere, Islam signalised its triumph by converting the straight street into a crooked lane, and by erecting formless hovels, not only upon but with the ruins of Roman splendour. On the fall of the Eastern Empire, the towns of the Arabian province must necessarily have undergone, only in a somewhat less degree, the same transformation which befell more famous cities, such as Damascus and Constantinople. We read of no general massacre or emigration following upon the Saracenic conquest, and the numerous mosques prove of themselves that the land did not suffer any sudden depopulation. In default of any more direct evidence, the natural inference to be drawn from these facts would be, that while some of the ruder buildings may have been the homes of the poor in Roman times, a large portion of them were erected under the Mohammedan empire. All doubt as to the correctness of such a conclusion is, however, removed by the fact, that a close inspection of any number of these stone cottages leads to the frequent discovery of fragments of classical inscriptions and ornament built up into their internal walls. Mr. Porter admits that every house which contains such fragments must have been "rebuilt or repaired" by Mohammedans; he is persuaded, however, that they executed their repairs after "an old plan." This plan he supposes to have been supplied by the Rephaim, to whom he accordingly attributes any building which does not contain internal evidence to the contrary of the most palpable kind. Thus, by his candour in admitting that there are no essential differences between the work of Amoritish and Saracenic architects, he finds himself forced to maintain that the latter people—ignoring, with a facility only equalled by his own, all intervening times—copied with Chinese accuracy the architecture of a race which had perished two thousand years previously.

We have now seen, on Mr. Porter's own showing, that houses containing every peculiarity which he considers characteristic of primeval times and a gigantic race, have been built by Romans and Saracens. We are, therefore, in a position rightly to estimate the importance to be attached to such peculiarities, as proofs of an architectural theory which no architect has as yet been found publicly to credit or support.

There is still one place of refuge in which the firm believers in the existence of pre-Israelitish architecture in the Hauran have lately shown a disposition to seek shelter. We allude to the possible line of retreat, of which a hint has already been thrown out, in the suggestion that, whatever else is Roman, there are still "subterranean chambers easily overlooked by a superficial observer" which are certainly "primeval." If Mr. Porter

adopts this new position, we shall be happy to be able at last heartily to agree with him. We have no disposition to deny the possible existence of some cotemporary record of the king Moses overthrew in Bashan—probably some of the materials, possibly some of the foundations, made use of by later builders, were originally collected or put together by men of an Amoritish race. Whether this is the case or not is, however, wholly beside the point at issue. Up to the present time Mr. Porter has always claimed to have discovered not the cellars but the cities of the Rephaim. If he now feels disposed to limit his claim for primeval antiquity to certain underground caves or substructures, he must perforce give up all arguments founded on gigantic gateways and colossal doors, and look out for evidence of an entirely new character. By admitting that traces of pre-Israelitish handiwork may yet be brought to light in the Hauran, we in no way weaken the force of our assertion that Mr. Porter has as yet altogether failed to indicate them. Etruscan remains undoubtedly exist in Italy, but we should not on that account believe an author (if one could be found) who assured us that the houses of Pompeii were Etruscan. In conclusion, the more we have examined, both at home and on the spot, the details of this question, the clearer has become our conviction that it is only a mistaken enthusiasm for the illustration of the Bible which has for a time been allowed to obscure the truth. Those who continue to assert the stone houses of the Hauran to have been built by the Rephaim have, we are convinced, no better grounds for their statement than the Arab who points out a ruined aqueduct in the same country as "Pharaoh's Bridge."

The vague belief with which Mr. Porter starts, that these buildings may be of any age "from Ham to Mohammed," proves, when put to the test, to be founded on an utter disregard of all architectural evidence; the positive conclusion at which he so soon arrives, that they are as old as Moses, can only be accounted for as the result of the strong impulse (evident elsewhere in his writings) which induced him to force every incident or discovery of travel into an illustration of some Scripture text.

Writers on Syria would do well always to bear in mind the wise caution of Dean Stanley: "Those who visit or describe the scenes of sacred history expressly for the sake of finding confirmation of Scripture, are often tempted to mislead themselves and others by involuntary exaggeration or invention." Attempts, however well-intentioned, to provide buttresses for the Bible by means of mythical discoveries, such as that which has been now discussed, cannot fail to injure the cause they are intended to serve, and to discredit the progress of real research.

Black Bear Shooting in the Himalayas.—II.

BY G. BESTE.

THE determination to make the first march a short one was prudent in some respects: it allowed us to procure many a little luxury, and even necessary, which in the hurry of departure had been overlooked. But it was also attended with some drawbacks. For instance, our friends, in their complimentary zeal to see as much as possible of us, declared their intention

of coming out in force to take luncheon with us. And this, in fact, they did, with such hearty appetites, and with so many toasts to the success and pleasure of the expedition, that all our stores, especially the liquids, suffered such a serious diminution that we sent in half-a-dozen coolies and the head *Khitmutghar* to lay in a fresh stock. It was, in reality, a capital

pic-nic. Rather a one-sided affair, as our friends omitted to provide themselves with anything but good wishes, but it was a merry afternoon; and when the whole party, ladies and gentlemen, turned their backs on us, with much waving of handkerchiefs and shouting, we felt very much as soldiers do who are embarking for foreign service, or as emigrants leaving harbour, with the last glance of friends on the pier-head. The expedition we had marked out for ourselves included a march over a range of hills considerably higher than their neighbours, and which ran parallel to and separated the rivers Jumna and Ganges, to a sporting-ground on the banks of the former river, celebrated for the number of bears in the neighbourhood. We then intended recrossing the same chain of hills, for the purpose of striking the Bahgeeruttee or Ganges, and following up the course of that river to its source at Gungoutri—a very holy spot to which thousands of pilgrims go yearly, both to wash away a lifehood of sin, and also to carry away tiny bottles full of the holy river taken at its source, and which they would sell again to sinners in the plains, either too old, or too lazy, or too much occupied with the things of this life to have leisure for such a pilgrimage. I have often thought that were such pilgrimages the fashion in more civilised regions, the traffickers in holy water there would not give themselves the trouble of a month's hard toil to obtain water at a particular spot, but would very soon fall into the habit of procuring it at the first convenient place, and then label and stamp it, and cover it with a multitude of "genuine" seals and signatures, and sell it at a very remunerative rate, without troubling their conscience in the least with thoughts of fraud or deceit. It speaks well for these wretched and ignorant men that, although they will cheat their neighbour and friend in almost any dealings, and overbargains the most trifling or the most important, when dealing with this holy water from Gungoutri, they will not even think of deceit, but pluckily carry their heavy load day after day, through cold and weariness and hunger, when it would be perfectly easy for them to fill their tiny bottles anywhere, with no chance of detection. On our way we passed several strings of these men, and were not sorry to have it in our power to assist some with a timely dose of quinine or brandy.

We calculated that our trip to Gungoutri would occupy six weeks at least, and formed no plans for the return journey, but agreed to be influenced by the success we might have on the way there. During the first four or five marches we did not anticipate much sport; not anything, indeed, beyond a stray shot at a kakur, or barking deer, or a few pheasants and jungle fowl. And, in point of fact, we were right, for the first week we met scarcely anything. The country had been too effectually shot over by residents of Mussouri, and also by natives, whose proximity to a station gave them facilities for obtaining any old rusty gun thrown aside as useless by a European.

Our practice was to get up early, and after a bath and rapid toilet, to eat breakfast, which had been prepared by our very early-rising servants. The morning was generally passed in rifle-shooting at a mark, or sketching, or a ramble to explore some cavern or torrent. Sometimes we tried ground which looked likely to contain a few jungle fowl or pheasants; and my friend, who was an enthusiastic botanist, was wont to improve his collection of Hill plants and flowers. In the afternoon, after early lunch, we started for the next march, generally arriving at the camping-ground just before dusk, or rather dark, for there was no twilight. Our servants and coolies had preceded us, and our

first sight of the camp usually was a huge fire just in front of our tent door. The bracing air and good walk always prepared us for a hearty meal, after which we sat and smoked round the fire, forming plans for the next day. About a hundred yards off there were always about a dozen smaller fires, and round each small fire a knot of two, or three, or four men, also looking after their supper. There was no such thing as a general mess for the servants; differences of caste precluded any such arrangement. Altogether, our camps in the evening—with the large fires, and just sufficient cold to make us enjoy the blaze; with the cheery grog and soothing pipe; with the dogs stretched out in front of us; and the beautiful star-lit nights; and the Great Bear reminding us of home—were as pleasant and cheery as it is possible for anything to be. I am writing now of our first days, when the sport was almost nil and the work light; for later on we were as a rule pretty well fagged out at the end of the day's work, and generally made the sitting a short one. But before I pass to those days, and to an account of our real sport, I think it proper to state something about the country in which we were travelling, and, above all, to give a brief description of the inhabitants. Like intelligent travellers, who make it a point to study beforehand the peculiarities, the history, and the topography of the scenes they are about to visit, we shall quickly glance at the manners and customs of the Hill tribes of Bawur, of Jounsar, and Ghurwal.

If the reader will look at a map of the North-west Provinces of India, showing a part of the Himalayan range, he will perceive that, roughly speaking, the Dhoon forms the base of an irregular triangle, of which the other two sides are the river Jumna to the north-west, and the river Ganges, here called Bahgeeruttee, to the south-east. Before going any further, I will briefly remark, as an example of the sacredness with which that celebrated river is looked upon by the natives, that when the Great Ganges Canal was being built in the north-west of India, the natives used to laugh at the engineers superintending its construction, and say that it was labour lost, for when the proper time came to divert the waters of the Ganges into the canal at Hurdwar, they would find that the sacred river refused to be turned to serve the ends of impious and unbelieving Feringhees, and would calmly continue to flow in its old bed, contemptuously disregarding sluices and gates. The contrary fact, however, came about of course; and there is little doubt but that the success of the undertaking—especially as the point of junction of the river and canal was Hurdwar, the most sacred spot in all India in Hindoo eyes—was one of the first important steps which helped to break down the native veneration for caste. The railway, with its consequent close herding together in one compartment of different castes, which hitherto refused to amalgamate in any way, is another step in that direction, but the successful opening of the Ganges Canal was the first important one. To return to the Hills: the country included within the triangle I have just described was the scene of our adventures in bear shooting, and it is with it we have more particularly to do now. In many respects, it is the most interesting part of the entire Himalayan range. This applies more particularly to the population, which possesses curious characteristics not seen in any other part of it, and in few other portions of the globe.

As to the architecture—if that term applies to buildings scarcely better than Irish hovels—it differs little from that seen in any other part of the Himalayas. The vegetation varies, of

course, more with the altitude reached than it does with the latitude or longitude, and the crops met with in the hilly parts of Cashmere, to the north, vary little from those growing in the region towering over Assam, in the south. But the inhabitants certainly are peculiar, or, at least, are endowed with peculiar notions. In appearance they are *chétif*, of short stature and poor physique. At thirty a Hill man is wrinkled and looks worn, and at forty years of age he is an old, grey-haired, and used-up man; whilst the women, though often pretty when young—that is, up to sixteen or seventeen—and with a complexion, in youth, not darker than many a Spaniard or Italian, rapidly become hideous hags. With increasing years their light shade turns to deeper and darker tints, and they end by becoming, if it be possible, even more repulsive and dirty than their sisters of the plains. The usual dress of the men consists of a sort of tunic of dark and coarse woollen stuff, reaching nearly to their knees, and a very short pair of trousers of the same material. Over the shoulders and back is generally thrown a thick shawl or coarse blanket, the whole costume being kept in its place by long skewers of wood, instead of buttons. The richer folk use brass or even silver skewers (they cannot be termed pins), and that constitutes almost the only difference between the dress of the extremely poor and the comparatively wealthy. They spin the yarn of which these garments are made during the long summer days, whilst watching their flocks; and in the winter, with rude loom and shuttle, weave it into blankets. As covering for the head they have a small skull-cap, made of bright chintz, but

which very shortly assumes a dark and greasy hue. The women are regular bundles, especially in the morning, until the sun has dissipated the mists rising from the valley. Until noon it would be difficult to analyse the component parts of a Hill woman's dress: it appears to consist of a series of blankets, very inartistically adjusted over the whole body, until they present a ball-like and sacky appearance—comfortable, perhaps, but not becoming. Later in the day, when the outer covering has been cast off, it is possible to see that, like the remainder of the female population of the globe, they indulge in petticoats—very scanty ones, though, and quite innocent of

crinoline or panier. The younger ones have a calico cloth over the head and shoulders; the grandmothers and old ladies allow their scanty grey locks to float untrammelled in the breeze. Like the females of the plains, they wear bracelets and leglets welded on their limbs; also ear and nose rings. All ornaments are, as a rule, made of polished brass, and the quantity worn is considerably less than is the fashion in lower altitudes, as becomes the comparative poverty of Hill people.

The time has now come for me to tell a little story, founded on fact, I believe, and the tradition of which is well preserved in those districts of which I am writing. Once upon a time, many generations ago, when the Hill tribes were both richer and more important than they are in these days, and when real kings and princes held real courts in places long since gone to ruin, or destroyed by the Ghoorka invader—once upon a time there dwelt in the Jounsar district a popular king, who gave a great archery entertainment, to which he drew competitors from far and near by promise of an unusually magnificent prize to the archer who should prove himself the best shot of all the competitors. To this meeting went five brothers, all princes, who on starting agreed to share equally the great prize, if either of them should be so lucky as to win it. They were all good bowmen and true, and felt tolerably confident of carrying away the great prize—the nature of which, by the way, it is well to mention, the king had not stated. The eldest of the princes (their family name was Pandava) was successful, and to him the king presented, as the greatest prize he could offer, his daughter Draupadi, who was no doubt astonished to learn that, according to the



OLD PEASANT OF KUMAON.

terms agreed on, she was the property of all the brothers, and, consequently, a wife with five husbands. The five brothers and their one wife lived for many years at their castle of Bairath, only a few marches distant from Mussouri; and the site of which is pointed out to the present day, though not one stone remains to mark the spot, so completely was it destroyed by the Ghoorkas, in one of their periodic invasions.

This story, according to tradition, is the first mention made in that part of the world of the custom of polyandry, which now prevails there; for it seems that the courtiers of those days, very much like their compeers of present times,

considered imitation the truest form of flattery, and immediately followed the example set them by the five brothers. And the custom has grown and flourished, and exists in the districts we are writing of even now. Such, at all events, is the story told one on the spot.

Polyandry, or marriages in which one wife is permitted to have several husbands—being the exact antipodes of polygamy—exists among several tribes living on the banks of the Upper Jumna and Upper Ganges. But it appears to be a strictly local institution, for in the adjoining provinces of Ghurwal and Kumaon not only does it not exist, but its reverse, polygamy, is the order of the day.

What is no less remarkable is, that Nature seems to adapt herself to this unnatural state of things after it has existed in any district for a few generations; for in the polyandrical districts of Bawur and Jounsar, without recourse to infanticide, as far as we could learn, the number of male children was

greatly in excess of that of female children—the proportion, in fact, suiting itself to the peculiar needs of society in those parts; whilst it is well known that in Kumaon, and other places in which polygamy prevails, female children greatly predominate over male. And although it is well known that infanticide is, or was, a common crime in the plains of India, I have reason to believe it is not practised in any part of the Hills, or, if at all, only in very isolated cases. Through our servants we made minute inquiry on the spot, having had our attention drawn to the

curious state of things before we started; and the result of our researches was to convince us that the proportion between males and females, curiously adapted to the prevailing custom, was due to natural causes only.

In the districts where polyandry is the rule, when the eldest brother marries, the woman becomes the wife of all the other brothers also; but the children are by courtesy and *de jure* called the children of the eldest, or of that brother who contracted the marriage, if it happen not to be the eldest. And in families of brothers where there exists a considerable difference between the ages of the eldest and youngest, the woman becomes the wife of as many of the brothers as are of a marriageable age. For instance, in a family of six brothers the three eldest may be of age to marry before the three junior brothers have reached the age of puberty. In this case the woman is the wife of the three eldest; but when one of the younger brothers marries, his wife becomes the wife of the eldest brothers also—in fact, the two women are equally the wives of the six brothers, the children being nominally the children of the two contractors. This is a

subject which might furnish material for a large volume of philosophical inquiry, and as such I recommend it to the notice of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who might write a companion history to that remarkable book, "Spiritual Wives."

As might be expected, though the men have all the title of husbands, they are in reality servants; the custom, curiously enough, occasioning the only example in the East of woman's supremacy, or even equality. Strange to say, there is no quarrelling or disagreement in such families. My bearer, a Moham-

medan, was most

severe in his strictures on this custom, as he naturally tended to quite another order of ideas; but though I made him learn all he could concerning it, he did not even hint at disagreement or jealousy among the spouses.



GIRL OF NORTHERN INDIA.



BRIDGE IN GHURWAL.

The greater number of Hill villages belong to the Rajpoot caste. There are some pure Brahmins, and many others who call themselves so, but who, through intermarriages with other castes, have really lost their distinctive character of religious aristocracy. Even the pure Brahmins of the Hills, and the next to this exclusive class, the Rajpoots, are much less puritanical than their brethren of the plains. In fact, both these castes do not hesitate to keep and handle poultry, which is an abomination in the eyes of even low caste Hindoos in India. Those men who can neither lay claim to the Rajpoot nor to the Brahmin caste are called Halees, or Dôms, and are, in reality, the serfs of the two upper castes. Our Government does not recognise the footing on which the Dôms are really held—slavery. In law-suits, or in any cases brought for decision in our Indian courts, their claim to equality is invariably allowed; but, notwithstanding, their real position is bondage and serfdom. It is supposed they are the descendants of prisoners taken in wars and raids many generations before we occupied the country, and they are probably descended from tribes inhabiting other parts of the range.

Besides the Brahmins, the Rajpoots, and their servants, the Dôms, there is a distinctive class, from which springs all the artificers and artisans of the Hills, such as the blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., and also a caste called Bazghee, entirely devoted to the menial services in the temples, and to the profession of itinerant musicians, singers, and dancers. Both males and females of this class are nominally impressed to the service of the temples, and as accessories in other religious ceremonies; but, in fact, the men gain a livelihood by singing and playing, and the women are nothing less than the concubines of the fat, lazy, insolent fakhirs, who wander from pilgrimage to pilgrimage, naked and dirty, and generally covered with yellow mud.

In the days of John Company, a false notion of religious tolerance caused the directors to make annual grants to the temples. These grants—of land, not of money—were always sublet by the priesthood to other Hill proprietors, as their servants, the Bazghees, knew nothing of agriculture, and the money thus obtained was always applied to meet the expenses of the female portion of the Bazghee caste, which, as I have before said, were the mistresses of the lazy, licentious fakhirs; so that the East India Company indirectly supported a worse form of the social evil than any existing in Europe. This evil has been stopped of late years, and the priests have to find elsewhere the funds with which to keep up their temples and to clothe their dancing women.

In the Hills more than in any other place, and especially with reference to the villages, does the saying that "distance lends enchantment to the view" hold good. At any distance from a mile to a quarter of a mile a Hill village looks picturesque enough. Generally built on the slope of a hill, or on its summit, the situation tends to improve the general appearance; but as one comes near, all the senses, and the eyes and nose in particular, revolt against the favourable opinion formed when farther away. The upper parts of the villages are always inhabited by the wealthier members of the community, and their houses are generally built of rough stone, and roofed with large rough slabs of slate, kept in position by stones. Outside they present a tolerably decent appearance, being whitewashed, but the yard and the approach to the door is always filthy to an extreme.

In these houses the dwellers usually give up the ground floor to the domestic animals—to the cattle, and swine, and poultry, if any is kept—and they themselves inhabit the upper storey, which is reached either by a succession of rude stones let into the wall, or by a very crazy and worm-eaten staircase. In entering the cabin, or cottage, or hut, one is generally struck by perceiving at each corner of the lower division a large hive; for, instead of building separate dwellings for their bees, as is usual everywhere else, the inhabitants of the Hills prefer to give up a part of their own shelter. The houses built lower down, and peopled by the poorer classes, are filthy beyond description. The single street running down the village, and the yards or the approaches to the houses, are never swept. It is needless to say sewers are unknown, and precautions usually observed by the most primitive people in every other quarter of the globe, are quite ignored here. Nothing but the exceptionally pure air and healthy climate of the Hills prevents a constant epidemic reigning in these filthy localities. In no village in the Hills have I seen a house in which a European would care to pass the night.

With the exception of occasional visitations of the small-pox, at very rare intervals, the natives of the hills immediately north of Mussouri appear to be almost free of the ills flesh is generally heir to. Ague, and a form of intermittent fever, and rheumatism are the only complaints they suffer from. Mild cholera, also, sometimes visits them, but never, so far as I could learn, with the severity seen lower down. But all sportsmen who intend shooting in those districts should be well provided with quinine and brandy, in which split peppercorns have been steeped. Every European who shows himself is sure to be besieged at every village by applicants for the celebrated "white powder;" and men suffering from diarrhoea or cramp of the stomach will be brought out to undergo the healing art of the Belatee Sahib. For these cramps, to which Hill natives seem very liable, I found nothing so good as a very small dose—say forty or fifty drops—of this pepper-brandy, in an equal quantity of water. It had always a magical effect.

None of the villagers we spoke to could remember that the *maha-murree*, or great plague, had visited any part of the hills in which we travelled, though all had heard of the frightful devastation it caused in Kumaon in 1852. Medical men now assert that the *maha-murree* is exactly similar in all symptoms, and in its diagnosis, to the black plague of Egypt. Like the plague which raged in former generations on the banks of the Nile, the *maha-murree's* appearance was always announced, wherever it showed itself, by the sudden and unaccountable death of domestic animals—cats, and dogs, and rats especially, falling in great numbers a few days or a week before the inhabitants were struck with it. The European medical men appointed by Government to take measures to check its spread in 1852, when it broke out so virulently in some parts of the Hills, vainly used their drugs in attempting to cure people who were already smitten with the disease. The most they could do was to prevent its spread among the adjoining populations, by the rigid enforcement of a few sanatory measures. This, however, was prevention only. No cure for the plague was found until some officers travelling in the Hills tried their hand at stopping the ravages it was committing among their own coolies, by means of wet sheets and cold water packing. Their hydropathic system answered admirably. Since that

time the cold water cure has invariably been applied to natives attacked by *maha-murree*, and it has almost invariably proved successful, being, I think, the only authenticated case in which hydropathy actually effected a cure of anything more than a fancied or imaginary illness.

A few words more about the general appearance and topography of the country, and I shall pass on to our own doings in it. Though the main chain of the Himalayas is nearly 30,000 feet high, or over five miles above the level of the sea, there is indubitable proof that in the past ages it must have been below its surface. The general formation is granite, it is true, but stratified rocks, in which layers of marine fossils are found, are common enough. At the height of 15,000 feet above the present sea-level, plenty of specimens of sea-shells and marine fossils have been found, clearly proving the statement just made. How infinite, then, must have been the subterraneous power by means of which such a mass was raised to such a height!

Down in the valleys corn and other grain is readily grown; peas, beans, and other vegetables, and pumpkins, are raised in abundance. The inhabitants turn their attention to the production of honey, the innumerable mountain flowers which embellish favoured valleys furnishing abundant food for bees. In some of the more sheltered spots, sugar-cane of an inferior quality is grown, more as a winter stock of food for cattle than for the purpose of extracting sugar. Often enough did we see in the villages, when passing through them, all the old crones sitting together in a sunny corner, each one with a bundle of sugar-cane by her side, cutting up each stick into pieces three inches long, to be garnered and stored for the cattle's use in winter months, when pasture was no longer obtainable. It appeared to us the principal occupation of these old ladies consisted in cutting up sugar-canes, and making bricks out of a certain unsavoury mess I have already mentioned. When the traveller leaves the valleys and ascends to greater elevations, first the sugar-canes, then the corn, then the vegetables disappear, until he gradually reaches an altitude where cultivation is not attempted, but where excellent pasture is found in the summer months.

At this height, *i.e.*, from 8,000 to 9,000 feet, according to the aspect of the hill-sides, snow remains on the ground for at least six months of the year, and the flocks are sent down to the valleys, only two or three cows being retained in each village for the sake of their milk.

I have so often spoken of villages that the reader may fancy the Hills are thickly populated, and that wherever the traveller stands he will have three or four hamlets in sight.

But the fact is that to meet more than one village in a day's march, or even in two or three days' march (unless one makes it a point to follow a road expressly leading from village to village), is the exception rather than the rule. It would be difficult to state, even approximatively, the number of inhabitants in these districts to each square mile; the best notion I can give the reader of the numbers of the population is to say that, as a rule, villages lie at the distance of one day's march from each other, except in the lower valleys near Mussouri, where one may go through three or four small hamlets in the course of a single day; and that a village of a thousand inhabitants is there considered a very large one. The population of each village varies from 300 to 600 inhabitants generally. As one nears the perpetual snows, of course, habitations become rarer.

There are no roads; in many places no distinct footpath, the track generally consisting of trodden grass, or merely marked by the larger stones being pushed aside. It is almost impossible to walk in any given direction for a whole day without coming to a precipice, or some place along which it is necessary to pass, and which would surely make the flesh creep or unsteady the nerves of a dweller in the plains. The landscape is most varied; though hill succeeds hill, and valley follows valley, there is no approach to monotony—the changes are so abrupt, and often so totally unlike anything one expected. The traveller tops a hill, and expects to find a descent similar to the ascent he has just accomplished—perhaps smooth grass, dotted with pines—on the contrary, he finds his course suddenly arrested by a wild precipice, or yawning chasm, or foaming torrent. Instead of the onward course he expected, he must, perhaps, make a three hours' circuit to clear the obstacle, and instead of being six miles further on to the top of a certain pine-clad hill he has marked, he may not be 100 yards in advance, in a direct line, from the place whence he began the indirect course.

Smooth, round, flowery hills are succeeded by rocky ascents, covered with huge boulders, and split in two, perhaps, by a roaring, rushing torrent, or gaping abyss. Jungle succeeds grass, and pine-trees follow rhododendrons; broad valleys, watered by calm and barely moving streams, and backed by a precipice on one side and a gentle grassy slope on the other, are entered through a deep and dark overhanging chasm, through which rushes a leaping torrent—the very picture of destruction and force. The traveller never knows what scenery an hour's walk may lead him to, and in truth may say he knows not what a dozen steps may bring forth.

The Climbing Palm-tree.

TRAVELLERS, in describing the forests of tropical countries, always speak of the peculiar appearance imparted to them by the profuse growth of woody climbers, which hang from the branches, spring from bough to bough, or bind tree to tree with their strings of living cordage. In English colonies and possessions, these vegetable growths are known by the name of bush-ropes; the French term them *lianes*; the Spaniards, *lianas*;

and the Portuguese of Brazil, *sipbs*. It is probable that in no part of the world are these productions so numerous and varied as in the humid forests of Eastern Tropical America. Three features may be said to distinguish these regions of woodland from those of Europe—the sprinkling of palms amid the masses of forest trees, the great diversity of species of trees, and the climbing and parasitic plants. The strangeness of the

forest scenery is due far more to these three peculiarities than to the foliage and flowers, or to the general appearance of the timber, which consists of large exogenous trees having a similar general outline to those of Northern forests. Parasitic, or rather *epiphytal* plants, are those which take root in the small deposits of soil in the cracks and crevices of boughs and trunks of the larger trees; such are the epiphytal orchids, a numerous family, species of which are often seen growing in dense masses on large sloping trunks of vast girth; the *Tillandsiæ* and *Bromeliæ*, or plants of the pine-apple tribe; arums, ferns, and so forth. Climbing trees differ from these in having their roots in the earth, and growing upwards with twining flexible stems, clinging to whatever they may find in their way, and rearing their scanty crowns of foliage amid or above the leafy summit of the forest. This is their general character, but the diversity of their forms and manner of growth is infinite.

Part of this diversity is owing to their belonging to widely different natural families of the vegetable kingdom, and part to the age of the individual tree, and to the species. Thus some assume the appearance of thin cylindrical woody stems, springing from the ground to a lofty bough, or clinging immediately to some adjoining tree, and twining around and up it in innumerable folds; others resemble ropes and cables, the thick woody fibres twisted like the strands of hempen cordage, and the snake-like stems, varying from the thickness of a finger to that of a man's body, flourishing about in fantastic convolutions in mid-air, and finally losing themselves amid the topmost branches of neighbouring trees; others again are broad and flattened, like colossal ribbons; or indented and zig-zag, like wooden ladders. Often two or more of these monstrous growths, springing from independent roots, meet in mid-air, and intertwine in the most varied and fantastic style on their way to the common goal—the free sunlight and air above the crowns of the erect forest trees, where alone they can unfold their leaves and develop their flowers and seeds. It is this varied interlacing, between the ground and tree-trunks, between tree and tree, and branch and branch, which excites so much the wonder of the traveller, and causes that impenetrability which is always described as characteristic of these tropical forests.

The term parasitic is not wholly inapplicable to climbing trees, in the sense that, being unable from the weakness and flexibility of their trunks to rear themselves independently to the

light and air necessary for the development of their organs of fructification, they are obliged to fasten on their fellow-trees of upright stature, and make use of them for their own advantage—sometimes going the length of strangling their victims in the tightening folds of their own growth. They very often belong to the same natural family as the erect trees; for instance, the flattened ribbon-formed climbers are members of the great *leguminosæ* or bean family, to which some of the finest of the erect monarchs of the forest also belong. Many others are of the *ficaceæ* or fig-tree group, and so forth. What may have determined a given species in its origin to become a climber, whilst an allied species developed into an erect attitude, is a

difficult question; but it appears certain that the growth of trees of the two kinds proceeds *pari passu*, and that a full-grown climber and a forest tree, say 150 feet in height, are of about equal age. In the forest, young sapling climbers are seen in small open spaces quite commonly, rearing their slender stems from the ground, and commencing their career by twining their tendrils round neighbouring saplings. They grow in height and thickness together, the climber stretching its vigorous shoots to neighbouring trees; and the frequent rupture of its earlier connections, and the various accidents of centuries, give rise to the condition in which they are so frequently seen—a twining mass of thick, flexible, woody ropes and ribbons, rising from the ground to the upper boughs of lofty trees.

Our illustration represents a young climbing palm-tree of the genus *Desmoncus*, which has been planted, and is growing up the wall of a country-house near Rio Janeiro. For even



YOUNG CLIMBING-PALM.

the palm-tree family, which offers the perfection of erect growth in the vast majority of its members, has degenerated, if the word may be used, in some of its forms, into climbers. These debased specimens of a noble type exist in great abundance in all the denser parts of the Brazilian forest. The stem of the climbing-palm is thin, covered with spines, and threads its way through the bushes sometimes to the length of many hundred yards. The leaves or fronds, of course, are not collected into a head or crown, as is the usual characteristic of palm-trees, but grow at intervals out of the stem, and their mid-rib, at the tip extending beyond the leaflets, is furnished with a special provision to aid the tree in climbing, in the shape of a series of long hooks, by which it clings to the upper branches of standing trees, and is by their aid helped to reach the free air and sunlight above the tree-tops.

Incidents of Bush Life in Queensland.

THE following incidents in my Queensland bush experience occurred while I was forming a station on that vast extent of pastoral country lying to the westward of the Warrego, one of the largest tributaries of the Darling River.

One night, about twelve o'clock, as I lay tossing about in my bed, unable to sleep from the excessive heat, and ruminating over many plans for the preservation of the stock—for over twelve months we had had no rain, grass was very scarce, and

down the river. On arriving at the sheep station, we found the two flocks camped round the hut and yards, and the inmates, who consisted of a married man, an old soldier, his wife, and her sister, with two or three children, close prisoners, hardly daring to venture out of their hut to the creek for water, anxiously awaiting our arrival, not knowing the moment that they might not be attacked by the savages.

We camped at the station for that night, hobbling out our



WARREGO CREEK.

water scarcer—I was aroused by a loud rapping at my window-shutter, and on inquiring who was there, was answered by one of our shepherds, who informed me that the blacks had attacked him while out on the run with the sheep, scattering the flock through the bush, killing some, and driving a large number away with them; he had himself with great difficulty escaped with his life, having been two or three times struck, and his hat knocked off his head with nullah-nullahs.

After seeing that the man had something to eat, and a "shake-down" made up for him, I turned in to try and get two or three hours' sleep before day broke. Next morning we mustered all the horses we could, and arming three of the men I started with them, the shepherd, and a black boy belonging to a small tribe, who generally remained about the head station, for the scene of the depredation, about eighteen miles lower

horses, a process which I believe is almost peculiar to Australia, and not confined to horses, it being a common circumstance to hobble working bullocks, after performing their day's journey. Horses are hobbled below, and bullocks above, the fetlock joint. The hobbles are composed of two leather straps passed round the fore-legs of the animal, and joined by a light chain, about a foot long, made for that purpose. Our saddles were of the usual strong, rough description, in general use in the bush, and, although heavy, vastly superior for comfort both to man and horse, and for durability, to the small, badly-seated English saddle, which pitches you on your horse's neck, and almost compels you to adopt that most unsafe and ugly seat, known as a military one; and whoever adopts that seat, sits unsteady when rough-riding, and consequently is more liable to give horses sore backs. To the back of our

saddles we had iron rings, to which were attached our hobbles and quart and pint tin pots, in which we boiled our tea; in the front of the saddles was strapped a single blanket, with shirt and pair of trousers. Our dress consisted of a flannel shirt, known as a Crimean, open at the throat, and our sleeves rolled up over our elbows, a pair of moleskin trousers, tucked into a pair of strong knee-boots, armed with the short, thick-necked spurs in general use in the bush, and our waists were encircled with a strong leathern belt, to which was attached a revolver, a long sheath knife, and two or three pouches carrying cartridges, caps, tobacco, pipe, matches, pocket-knife, and other things. I carried a watch and compass, and on this occasion a sword, a valuable addition to one's fighting tools if the contest takes place in open country, but very much in the way when fighting in scrub or heavily-timbered country; and as it is very rarely that one is able to catch the dark skins out of the shelter of their favourite scrubs, I have never carried a sword—except on this occasion, when I found it very much in my way—after blacks. Our hats were made of cabbage-tree, covered with cloth, forming a sort of turban, with a curtain falling down behind to protect the back of the neck from the fierce rays of the sun. By our sides our carbines were slung in dragoon fashion. I carried a Terry's breech-loading carbine rifle, which I have always found far superior to the ordinary smooth-bore muzzle-loader—rapidity of firing being the great desideratum when fighting with savages, as the brush generally lasts for only a few minutes.

Next morning we got an early start, and the black boy had no difficulty in running their well-marked trail. We found the remains of a number of sheep in a large, freshly-deserted camp, their fires not yet out, about a quarter of a mile back from the station, on a small creek. For several days we continued on the track of the blacks, who were travelling with great rapidity, well aware that we should soon be after them, and, no doubt, hourly expecting us to come upon them. The heat was fearful. I do not believe that the thermometer would have marked less than 120° in the shade—a degree of heat at which I have frequently seen a thermometer stand, in the tropical parts of Queensland.

The blacks travelled in an almost due west course, over a frightfully arid, sandy country, in some places very thickly covered with mulga scrub. The mulga-tree generally stands about fifteen feet in height; its great peculiarity consists in its long, straight branches, running out at right angles from its trunk; the trees grow so close together that the branches interlace each other, often forming an impenetrable *chevaux-de-frise*. The country was almost entirely destitute of water, which the blacks carried in "coulimans," wooden vessels, formed by hollowing out a log of wood, shaped something like a cocked hat, and holding about a gallon of water.

During our march we came upon two or three lots of "gins," the name given by the whites to the black women. They generally numbered four or five, with about as many children, and were followed by a pack of mangy, hungry curs. Upon their dogs they set an extraordinary value, and lavish more affection on them than on their own children. The gins, on a march, may be often seen picking up the whining puppies, and apparently paying no attention to their own poor, unfortunate offspring, worn out and crying by their side. All the gins were heavily laden, and their wallets well stocked with large jumps of mutton, roasted with the wool on. On one occasion

we imagined that we had come upon the main body; we could hear what we well knew to be a death cry of the gins—a cry, in all probability, over the remains of some departed hero who had died on the march. Approaching the unseen group as quietly as possible, we put spurs to our horses as soon as we perceived that we were seen, and quickly surrounded the group, which turned out to be a party of gins, and the dear departed hero, a wretched, dead, mangy dog, which had no doubt been carried for many miles most fondly in the arms of one of the gins. We laughed most heartily at this incident, the gins doing so also when they found that we intended them no harm.

Another day's march, after leaving these poor women, brought us to a large, rocky water-hole, in a deep, sandy, rocky creek, where the tracks of men were very visible. The remains of a large quantity of mussels and fish were strewn all over the ground. The men had evidently decamped within the last two or three hours. Our jaded horses, thirsty and hungry, rushed into the water, of which we also drank freely, sorely tempted to follow our horses, and have a good swim, in which we were unable to indulge, as it was about mid-day. We camped for about two hours, throwing ourselves at the foot of trees that hardly gave us any shade; the leaves of the trees in Australia, almost without exception, growing with their edges, instead of their flat sides, turned towards the sun. After dinner we again mounted our horses, the heat of the day being excessive; and as the evening drew on, ominous clouds gathered round us, and the sound of distant thunder warned us of a coming storm; the wind blew high, driving the sand and hot burnt grass and débris of a bush fire over us; for the whole of this day's march had been made over country set fire to by the aborigines. A few hours' travelling brought us within sight of a large number of blacks. On galloping up to them we were again disappointed to find that they consisted only of old gins, very young children, and gins suckling infants; among them were no young lads or young gins. There being nearly a hundred in this party showed us that we were on the track of an immense mob of blacks. We took them down to a bend of the creek, and made them understand that they had to camp there during the night, two of our people remaining with them. I started with the rest of the party on the track, but it now became very evident that our black boy was very unwilling to assist us in the search. He told us he was certain that the major body of the men had not come in the direction we were following, but had struck south from a point that he indicated on our previous day's march.

We were all very much puzzled; we could distinguish the tracks of men among the gins and children, but their number we could not tell. The men had evidently travelled first, followed by gins and piccaninies, the latter erasing the tracks of the former. After an unsuccessful search for the men, we returned to the women's camp, where we had left two of our party, who had hobbled out their horses. One had lit a fire, and had placed the pots on to boil for making tea, and was industriously cooking "johnny cakes," or "leather jackets," a species of cake or bread made of dough, kneaded out thin, and spread on the coals. We all dismounted and most heartily attacked the supper prepared for us. The appearance of our group would certainly have amused a stranger, as begrimed with dust and dirt, with our carbines by our sides, and our bridle-reins thrown over our arms, we partook of our frugal repast and chatted over the events of the day. After supper,

or rather dinner, for we had not eaten anything since daylight, we held a council of war, to take into consideration what was next to be done. We arrived at the conclusion that it was not safe to camp where we were; that it was impossible to say how close the black fellows were to us; that they were certain to return to the women and children, of whom we had over two hundred mustered together. During the time that we were at supper the gins kept on corroboreeing and making wild gesticulations, brandishing their yam-sticks—a peculiar sort of long pole, about five feet in length, and sharpened at both ends, and used by them for digging up yams and other roots—over their heads, and evidently doing everything that lay in their power to draw all our attention to themselves; but we remarked that every now and then a peculiar cry issued from the surrounding scrubs, which we felt certain did not proceed from native dogs or other animals, but that the blacks in the scrubs were signalling to one another, by imitating the cries of animals, and that the gins, while pretending to corroboree, were actually holding a conversation with them; no doubt informing them of our numbers, arms, &c. When we told Jimmy, our black boy, that the blacks must be close upon us, he laughed, and kept on declaring that it was only the animals in the scrubs that we heard. The gins kept coming up to us, trying to induce us to remain. Pointing to the now setting sun, they made us understand that we must expect a heavy night's rain. They made up our camp-fire, and threw some brushwood together to protect us against the coming storm. But—"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"—we dreaded the savages most when seeming to extend to us their hospitality; we felt that we were to be lulled to sleep only to be murdered, like the vampire who sucks the blood of his victim while he fans him to sleep with his wing. We mounted our horses, intending to ride down the creek two or three miles to camp. We had hardly gained our saddles before we were assailed by the most unearthly yells, as if Pandemonium were let loose, and wished to show the world how fearful was the saturnalia of fiends. Our camp with the gins and piccaninies was on an open piece of ground, dotted over with small patches of scrub, backed up by dense mulga-trees.

The blacks, while we were at supper, and our attention drawn off by the gins' corroboreeing, had gradually crawled out of the dense scrub, and had been concealing themselves in the different patches of thinner bush, gradually gaining on our camp. They no doubt intended to have waited quietly until we were all comfortably encamped, when they would have pounced upon and murdered us all. Our mounting our horses and moving towards them disconcerted their plans, as they imagined that we were going to camp there that night. For a moment we were all taken aback, the blacks seemed to spring up from right under our feet; the whole scrub seemed to be alive with them, as they came charging down with their war cry of "Yerry! yerry! yerry! Whoop! whoop! whoop!" at the same time clashing their boomerangs and spears together. They struck their feet on the ground, and stamped in time to their hideous war music. Their bodies and weapons were painted with red and white streaks, making them appear men of immense size, with large red or white rings round their eyes, increasing the ferocity of their appearance. Their notes of defiance we hurled back with our cheering, and dashing our rowels into our horses'

flanks, we charged through them, selecting the point where the enemy was weakest.

At the first sight and yell of the savages our horses became perfectly unmanageable, plunging and snorting with fear and rage. Our pack-horses tore down the creek at full gallop, scattering the provisions and pack-bags in all directions, while our black boy deserted us and rode over to where the gins were camped. We intended, after riding through them, to have turned and fought them; but we had hardly disentangled ourselves from them before the sun went down in a black storm-cloud, the thunder rolled, and the rain came down with a tropical violence. Within five minutes from the time we had first mounted our horses it became so pitch dark that we were unable to distinguish the sights on our carbines. We were afraid to adventure on random firing, well aware that the blacks would make a charge when our carbines were unloaded, and consequently had to keep out of the way of the blacks as best we could. The hollow ground down the creek was one of the most dangerous that I ever galloped over in all my life. The horses kept breaking through the thin crust, and sinking sometimes to their knees, and occasionally to their shoulders, in the treacherous ground. Few but bush-riders could have stuck to their saddles under the same circumstances. We galloped down the creek, and giving a short turn eluded our pursuers, who followed us up for some time, shouting and jeering at us, and after hunting about for us with torches for a time, at last gave up the pursuit, and returned to their camp. We sat up all night, cold and wet through, holding our horses, anxiously waiting for day to break, to enable us again to follow in pursuit of the darkies. One of our party was seized with fever and ague, and lay shaking through the night, his teeth clattering like a pair of castanets.

Day had hardly broken before we were again in the saddle, but the night's rain had made the ground so heavy that we were only able to proceed slowly. The continued rain had washed out the tracks, and after trying in vain for some hours to pick up the direction the blacks had taken, we gave it up, and turned our attention to finding the pack-horses, bags, provisions, &c. The horses we found, and picked up part of the packs. We also found the black boy's horse, but not his saddle. The only thing now left for us to do was to return home and replenish our provision bags, and after refreshing our horses to sally again after our sable friends. No party could possibly have had a narrower escape from being murdered than we had. At the time that we mounted our horses their advance guard was concealed in a patch of scrub within a few yards of us, ready at any moment to spring upon us.

I shall never forget that night's scene, so wild and weird-like, its whole savageness intensified by the ruggedness of the scenery, over which a fierce bush fire was still raging, with the black storm-clouds rapidly come up from the westward, accompanied with heavy peals of thunder and large drops of rain, portending the coming storm, at the back of which the sun seemed to set like a huge fiery, hissing ball, shooting upwards immense streaks of dark red light, like the last fierce glance of a dying gladiator. A scene worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa, or the pen of Dante, who might have taken a hint for his "Inferno."

After finding the horses, we travelled on for two or three miles, and camped and had our first meal of the day, which was nearly mid-day. We then travelled on till sundown, and

arrived at the sheep-station the following day, and rode on from there to the head station through the night. A description of an Australian sheep-station might not be uninteresting to some of my readers. The hut is generally about fifteen or twenty feet in length, by twelve in width, with a chimney about six feet by four, roofed with bark, the sides of wooden slabs—that is, logs of wood split into a species of paling, about two inches in thickness, and of the required length. Close to the hut there are generally two sheep-yards, built of logs of timber, about four feet in height and eighty yards square. The sheep are driven into these yards at sundown, where they remain penned until sunrise next morning, when the shepherds

suppression of aboriginal outrages in Australia. The force is composed of the aborigines of the country, commanded by English officers, and are found vastly superior to white men, are easier managed, and less expensive; their pay is small, and when out on patrol are never at a loss from want of rations; they live on the native game, which they cook on the coals; they have splendid sight, and track with an almost unerring certainty. Their patience in making out the track of any animal they are following is wonderful. It is an amusing sight to watch a party of native police on the traces of blacks, whom they will pursue with the avidity of bloodhounds; with eagerness they will strive to pick up a missing link in the



OLD AUSTRALIAN AND HIS "GIN."

drive them out on to the run, and depasture them on the native grasses and herbage. In dry seasons the sheep wander long distances, often over several miles of country, picking up the scant feed. It certainly is astonishing how well Australian sheep, cattle, and horses keep their condition, on a country where to a stranger it would appear almost impossible for any description of stock to exist. Generally there are two shepherds to a hut, with sometimes a hut-keeper—that is, a man who cooks for the two shepherds, and reports all losses of sheep, &c., at the head station.

Upon our arrival at the head station we were agreeably surprised to find a party of native police, with one of their most efficient officers, to whom we related our adventures, and concerted a plan for a combined attack upon the darkies. The present native police force, with all its defects, is undoubtedly the most effective corps that has ever been organised for the

trail. Every now and then you may hear a low "cooec" or whistle, when the lost trail has again been taken up, or when one has seen something that has attracted his attention—a fallen spear, or broken boomerang, something possibly indicating a change of route, or some peculiarity of a well-known footstep, pointing out possibly its chief, and indicating the tribe that they are pursuing.

The day after our return, Jimmy, the black boy, very coolly walked into the head station, carrying on his head the saddle upon which he had ridden during our last trip after the blacks. We were much amused with the boy's effrontery; he appeared as if he thought he had done nothing to be ashamed of, although he had betrayed and nearly got us all murdered. With Jimmy came a big black fellow. Their intention, no doubt, was to spy out our camp, and report accordingly to the tribe. They must have been very much taken aback at seeing the

police, who were not long before they secured the black fellow, round whose ankles they placed a pair of handcuffs. I kept close to Jimmy's side, and threw my arms round his waist, as he turned to bolt, when he saw his companion thrown. We left the black fellow in the police camp, and put Jimmy into the store-room, with a chain round his waist, padlocked to a staple driven into one of the wooden posts of the hut. During the scuffle, a black fellow that had lately joined the police jumped into the waterhole to make his escape. Revolvers were quickly drawn, and two or three shots were fired before it was discovered at whom we were firing. We called to him to return, which he did when he found that he would not be hurt. Going down to the police camp on the following morning, we found that the black fellow had made his escape; he must have crawled out of the camp on his hands and knees, and have been met by a party of blacks at a short distance from camp, who carried him away. For months afterwards the blacks used to tell us of a black fellow, in another tribe, who still had the rings round his ankles, but that the chain had been cut through. The poor fellow must have had great difficulty in getting rid of his bracelets, as with their imperfect tools they could not cut or break through the hard steel rings.

We saddled our horses in the morning and again started after the blacks. Our party consisted of the officer in charge and six troopers of the native police, the black boy Jimmy, one of the owners of the station, two station hands, and myself. In the afternoon we passed the sheep-station where the blacks had committed their depredations. The men and women were delighted to see us, as they were afraid of being hourly attacked. Black columns of smoke were rising in the sky, showing that

the darkies had been firing the country for miles. The day was intensely hot. Every now and then an eddy, almost amounting to a whirlwind, would sweep a column of smoke over us, almost smothering us. That night we camped close to the bush fire. Next morning we were again in our saddles at daybreak, the troopers moving rapidly on the tracks, and getting very excited, as they were aware that they were

closing on the enemy. Through the greater part of the day we rode almost through the fire, with the grass smouldering under our horses' feet, the logs still alight, and the fire burning fiercely on the trees, which fell with a crash on all sides, sending the sparks in showers over us. Our greatest fear was that our ammunition, which we carried in leather pouches round our waists, might ignite. Towards evening we rode with our carbines unslung, ready for action. On the cattle camps we found the remains of the slaughtered bullocks, and native dogs rushed away from the bleaching bones on our approach, howling with the peculiar cry of the wild dog. They went but a short distance, and returned shortly after our departure.

We could hear

them fighting over the bones, a fit accompaniment to the roaring of the bush fire. Our day's circuitous march had brought us to the river, or rather a side branch, and evidences of the blacks having been there recently were very plain. On sighting the stream, the trooper that was leading on the trail threw up his carbine. We all drew quietly towards him, when he informed us that he thought the blacks were in the bed of the river, fishing and getting water for their night's camp. We prepared for the onset, and came down with a most glorious charge on to the waterhole. On pulling up, we burst into a general roar of laughter, not a black fellow



METROSIDEROS TREES, AUSTRALIA.

was to be seen. After hunting up and down the river we camped in the bed of the river, close to a waterhole. As we lay on our blankets, after supper, our horses rushed up to the camp in hobbles, evidently in a great state of alarm. It was perfectly dark, and we expected every moment to be attacked by the blacks, who would have had us at a great advantage. They could with ease have surrounded our camp, and have concentrated a shower of spears on us from the high banks that surrounded us. The light from the fire fell full upon the whole of our party, while they would have been in the dark. We immediately scattered the fire and hurriedly caught our horses, throwing on our saddles and packs. Quickly leaving our camp, we rode out on to the plain, where we sat for the remainder of the night, holding our horses, anxiously waiting for day-break. We had not left our camp long before the blacks commenced to corroboree. We heard their songs as they rose loud and clear in the night air. They were not more than half a mile from us, and we knew from the volume of sound that there must be an enormous number of blacks close to us. Two of the troopers reconnoitred their position, and reported an enormous camp, with the men all painted for battle. The corroboree had a much finer effect than a stranger to such music could have believed. The aborigines keep capital time, and often the rise and fall of the many voices struck us with surprise and pleasure. In their corroborees the blacks dance and sing together, acting some scene, such as a fight with some hostile tribe; at another time, a hunt, one party forming the chase, while another goes through all the actions of a hunted kangaroo. With the excitement of the chase, the rapidity of motion increases, the music grows louder, and culminates with the seizure of the kangaroo party, amidst shouts of laughter. "This evening they seemed to be in particularly good humour, and went through their war dances and shouts of triumph with much spirit. They had made a most successful raid on the sheep, and defeated the whites that had come upon them, and now they were slaughtering the cattle without let or hindrance, so that now was their moment of triumph, little dreaming of the heavy retribution so close at hand. None of the pieces that they acted and sang that night were of a melancholy character. Their funeral dirges are often peculiarly sad, accompanied with a long wailing cry. During the performance they often cut themselves until the blood flows freely.

I remember on one occasion, several years ago, when I was driving fat cattle to the boiling-down pots, passing a blacks' camp just at sunrise one morning. The cattle all suddenly stopped, and, throwing up their heads into the air, bolted past the camp, overturning everything. As soon as the cattle started I put spurs to my horse, and headed and steadied them. In passing through the camp I perceived that the whole tribe was in mourning. They sat with their heads plastered with clay, and with clay stripes all over them. Presently a hideous old gin appeared with a number following her, the whole party having evidently come a journey that morning. The leading gin went straight up to a pretty young girl; with one hand she parted her beautiful hair, and with the other cruelly dug into her head with a sharp flint until the blood poured in streams; the rest of the tribe commenced cutting themselves, and joined in a funeral dirge. No doubt the appearance of the gin told all present of the death of him whose end they knew was nigh. I shall never forget the

young gin's look of grief and horror as she knelt before the hideous hag, and, with her arms uplifted, supplicated for mercy, nor yet the ruthlessly grim aspect of the old woman, whose face seemed to say, "My cup of grief is filled to overflowing, and others shall share it with me."

Day had hardly broken before we were again in our saddles, and moved cautiously down to the enemy's camp. We then waited for the light to brighten, before commencing the attack. So soon as we made our appearance the blacks set up a shout of defiance, jeering at us, and defying us to the attack, telling us that they would cut out our hearts, and drink our blood, and other words to the same effect, which one of the troopers, who understood their language, interpreted to us. Their camp was on the edge of a thick giddee scrub, and although they boasted a good deal that they were preparing to come out to fight us, they still kept well under cover, and seemed very chary of throwing their spears and boomerangs, but waited for a good opportunity to make an attack after luring us into their stronghold. We remarked that while talking to us they were shifting their position. Making a rapid movement we got round to their back, forcing our way through a narrow bit of scrub, when the fight commenced in real earnest. The gins and children drew to one side, and left the men to fight it out, and kept on jabbering, and pointing with their yam-sticks, first to one party and then to another. Both sides kept as well under cover as possible; we fired into them as fast as we could load our carbines and rifles. They took the firing very coolly, and dodged the bullets in a most amusing manner, but their return fire of spears, &c., gradually slackened, and by degrees they made off, leaving only a few to face out the fight, on perceiving which we put spurs to our horses, and galloped to the head of the retreating column, rounding up the tribe in the same manner as we would a mob of wild cattle, galloping here and there, loading and firing as rapidly as possible. The blacks scattered in all directions, some secreting themselves in the thick brushwood with which the ground was covered, others mingling with the gins, while the major portion bolted right away.

The manner in which they hide themselves would appear quite incredible to any but those who have witnessed it. Sometimes they will stand erect against a tree, appearing to form a part of it—so many of the trees are charred by bush fires, that it increases the delusion; at other times they will secrete themselves under a piece of brushwood, which one would hardly consider large enough to hide a child two years of age. They keep their children under wonderful subjection, and train them not to cry under the most perilous circumstances; an invaluable habit to a people whose whole life is a succession of peril and hardship, either attacking, or being attacked, by some hostile tribe; whose means of subsistence is obtained by patience and stealth; who have to hunt their prey for every meal, and constantly to shift their ground, as the game becomes wary and scarce. To give an instance of the manner in which their children can restrain themselves under the most trying circumstances:—On this occasion, during the fight, I was galloping along towards a point where I saw that the blacks were breaking, backed up by a trooper, when, on hearing him fire his carbine, I turned round to ask him what he was firing at. He pointed to a black fellow so completely covered in a small clump of wire brush, that for a moment I could see nothing. He fired again, when the darkie gave a convulsive motion. I jumped off my horse, revolver in hand, and placing

my other hand on his shoulder, threw him over on his back. As I did so, a child rolled out from under him, all covered with his (in all probability) father's blood, and commenced to cry—neither man nor child had uttered a sound while bullet after bullet had struck the former. I examined the child, and was glad to see that he was unhurt. It was fortunate that I pulled the man off him, as the blood and weight would have smothered him. We rode off, and left the child to the gins, who would soon come for him.

After the skirmish, we rode through the camp, where the gins still remained, and saw hanging upon the trees immense joints of beef, roasted with the hide on. On our previous expedition we saw nothing else but large joints of mutton that had been roasted with the wool on. Many of the gins were heavily laden with mutton. On this occasion the trees round their camps were laden with huge pieces of beef, and the women and some of the men carried large quantities. The savages had not taken the trouble to skin either the sheep or the cattle. While passing through the camp the women came up to us, and entered into conversation. Spears, shields, boomerangs, nullah-nullahs (a short club, which the blacks throw with great force), coulímans, nets for fishing and trapping kangaroo and other wild game, opossum cloaks, &c., lay about in all directions, with stone tomahawks and flint knives, and their war-paint, composed of different coloured clays; turning over their things we found an enormous number of iron tomahawks, and knives, scissors, looking-glasses, nails, &c., the plunder of different white men's camps. Many of the things, no doubt, had passed from tribe to tribe in their hostile encounters. All their weapons, and in fact everything they use, require time and patience to manufacture. Their tools are of the rudest description; their line, which they work up into nets and rope, and use for all sorts of purposes, is formed out of the currajong tree, which has a fibre somewhat resembling the cocoa-nut. Their general name for all sorts of thread, line, rope, &c., is "currajong." Their kangaroo nets have a very large mesh. The nets are generally about six feet in width, placed upright in a funnel shape, about two feet from the ground, and extending for two or three hundred yards. The blacks, assembling in large numbers, move on to the kangaroos' feeding-ground, and after collecting a large number together, drive the whole of the game, including emus, &c., towards the nets, and closing in on them, knock them down with their nullah-nullahs, &c. After leaving the blacks' camp, we proceeded to our own camp of the night before, hungry and tired. We unsaddled our horses and made up the fire, and had some breakfast. It was now mid-day. We had been in the saddle, with little intermission, for over thirty hours, and had had nothing to eat for eighteen. Our rest was short. Within an hour we again saddled our horses, and rode down to the cattle station, to inform the stockmen of what had taken place. We felt anxious about their safety, and as we rode along, canvassed the probabilities of finding them alive or dead. We reached the station before dark, and were much pleased, and rather surprised, to find all the inmates safe. They received us with great hospitality, and were delighted to see us, as the hostile attitude of the blacks, together with their large numbers, had caused a good deal of alarm. Next day we retraced our steps as far back as the blacks' camp, which we found entirely deserted except by a few of their dogs, which had been left

behind. We always shot whatever dogs we found in their deserted camps, because they become wild, and are very destructive to flocks of sheep, and among cattle kill the calves, after driving away the mothers. The heaps of wood indicated the spots where the women had buried the slain. Their fires were still alight in front of their jumjahs, while we had more time to examine the scene of the late fight—the bullet-marks on the trees, and on several of their implements. The camp was one of the largest that I had ever seen, and altogether the scene was one of the most desolate imaginable. Passing through the camp, we advanced on the trail of the retreating blacks, and camped that night without overhauling any but gins. For several days we kept in pursuit, over broken ranges and barren ridges, over the whole of which the bush fire had swept. The heat was intense, and we suffered a good deal from want of water, often having to travel a whole day without any. Our provisions were consumed, and we had for two or three days to subsist upon what we could shoot or catch. The blacks travelled very quickly, and we had to continue most perseveringly on their tracks to overtake them. We had daily skirmishes with them, and scattered them in all directions. We might have shot down many more than we did, but did not wish to act with too great severity. Our false alarms were amusing and numerous. Sometimes we would stealthily creep up to a camp, and firing into it, make a charge, to find not a single inmate. On one occasion, after drawing into camp, on a pitch dark night, with the wind blowing in gusts, we remarked that several lights were moving round us. We took up our carbines and rifles, and moved in the direction in which the lights flickered most. The lights were so numerous, and rose and fell in so odd a manner that they puzzled us a good deal. After moving along stealthily for some time, and listening for any sounds from the blacks, we moved up to the fires, and had a good hearty laugh when we discovered our mistake. The fires were nothing but the burning logs left after the bush fire had swept over the ground, and which the wind every now and then fanned into a blaze, which again went down as the breeze slackened. Such lights were visible as far as the eye could scan. In this particular place they happened to present the appearance of a large native camp.

After pursuing the darkies for a few days, and concluding that we had punished them enough, we returned homewards, arriving at our cattle station without any particular adventure. The chain and padlock with which we had fastened up the black boy, Jimmy, was carried by him round his waist for the first few days after leaving the station, when we took them off him, and put them into one of the pack-bags. The squatters and superintendents of the adjoining stations called and thanked us for the promptitude with which we had punished the blacks. The severe lesson that we had given them had the desired effect. For nearly twelve months they committed no more depredations. At the end of this lengthened period of inaction they murdered two or three men on a station down the river, and drove a squatter off his land, taking everything that they considered worth having out of the hut, and then setting fire to it and its contents. On this occasion they must have had some knowing ones amongst them, as they turned the powder out of the canisters upon the ground, in little heaps, and threw some of the fire-arms into the water-hole. They emptied the strychnine bottles of their contents; strychnine is a poison used

very largely in the bush of Australia for destroying wild dogs, known as dingoes. There was some talk at the time of another expedition against the blacks, but they had become so wary after our last encounter with them, that friendly natives said we should have no chance of bringing them up to time, and indeed, as this outrage proved a mere isolated act of violence on their part, all thoughts of seeking to beat up the quarters of the wretches was soon given up. Soon afterwards I left the Warrego district, and went northwards to the Burdekin. Perhaps on some future occasion I may give some further

experiences of the singular wandering life I have passed since I took leave of Old England, so many long years ago, that is, if such incidents have any interest to gentlemen "who live at home at ease." Many of my readers may have seen more of the world than I have, but the majority of travellers wander over old lands, and among decayed nationalities, peoples who left their mark on the world long centuries before the Anglo-Saxon sprung into existence, while I treat of a new country and of colonies that, looking down the stream of time, seem to date no further back than yesterday.



ENTRANCE TO THE PAGODA OF CONJEVERAM.

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—I.

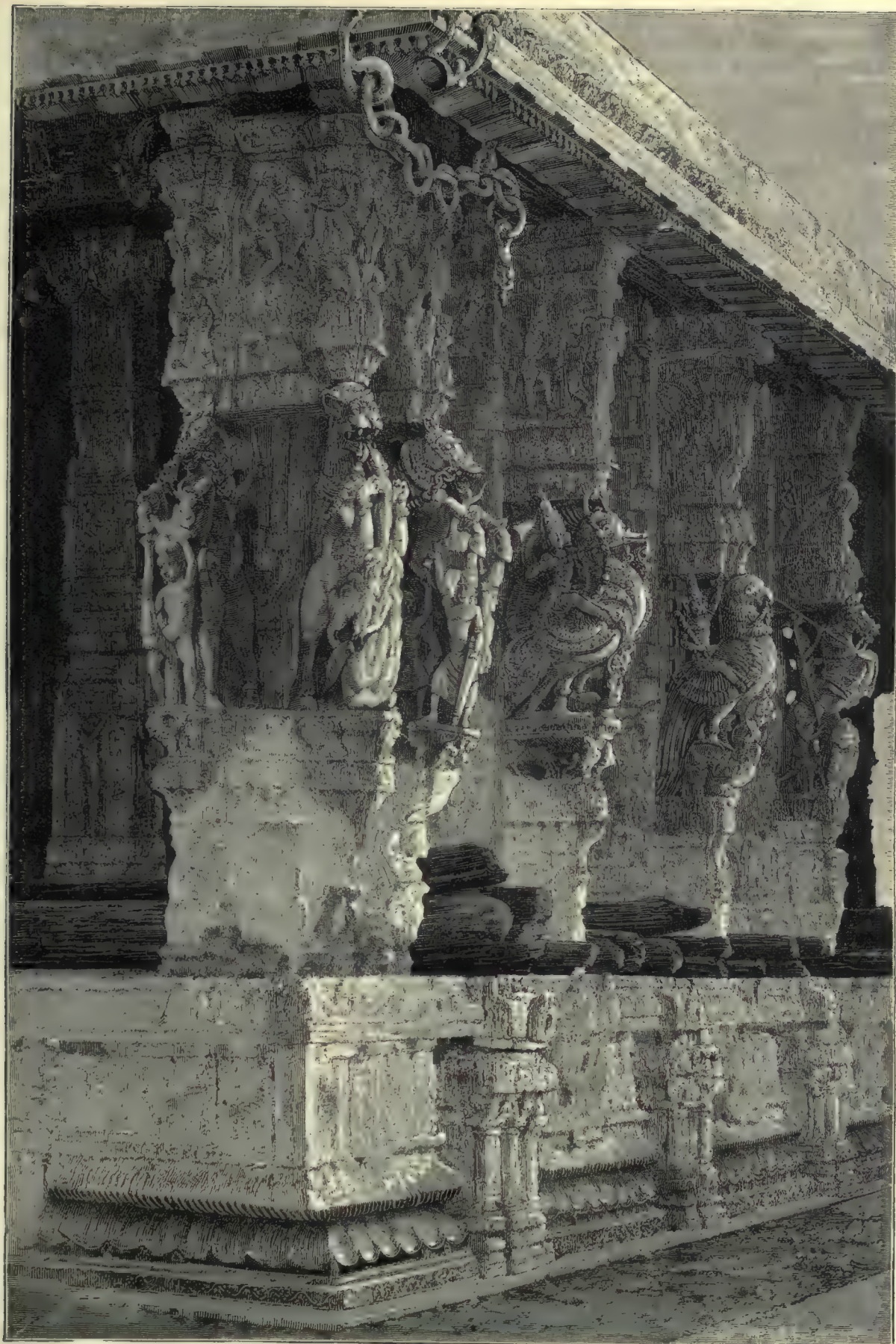
THE PAGODAS OF CONJEVERAM, AND THE COAST FROM MADRAS TO PONDICHERRY.

THE South of India is marvellously rich in remains of Hindu architecture, and the style and execution of many of these works must be regarded as of the greatest interest and importance, in reference to the history of India, and the growth and development of civilisation in that country. A visit to these is by no means a work of difficulty at present, since the communication with India, and the advance of the railway system, has rendered it possible to travel farther and see more, in a few months, than not long ago could have been done in as many years. A short account of some of the more remarkable objects of antiquity in this part of the world, and some illustrations of the striking works alluded to cannot fail to be interesting, and may induce those who have the time and means, to visit and study for themselves these extraordinary efforts of human ingenuity.

Madras is a convenient starting-point for such a trip as we suggest, and may be reached either by sea or land without difficulty. It is a large but uninteresting city, without any public buildings worthy of mention or likely to arrest the

attention of the traveller who is in search either of antiquities or of the picturesque. The landing is particularly disagreeable. As a redeeming point, however, it is celebrated throughout India for its jugglers and serpent charmers; and within a few hours of his arrival the curious visitor will be besieged by troops of these performers. There are various kinds, those who merely perform tricks being the least interesting, although some of the jugglers are very ingenious, especially those who carry on the whole process of vegetation before the eye of the spectator. These people, who are without dress of any kind except a cloth round their loins, will take a seed, which they put into the earth in a small pot before the spectators. At the end of a few minutes the seed has sprouted, and one sees the branches and leaves; a few minutes more and there is a complete plant a foot high.

But these fellows always have a few *cobra-di-capello* serpents in their bags, with which they are ready to amuse and astonish those who are not familiar with their performances. These serpents are among the most dangerous of all, and their bite is



TEMPLE OF THE HUNDRED COLUMNS, AT CONJEVERAM.

almost always mortal. The jugglers do not, as has been sometimes said, remove the poison fangs, they trust rather to the natural slowness and timidity of this serpent, who rarely has resort to his weapons of offence when he is in a state of repletion from food, and digestion is going on. They accustom the animals at such times to their handling and to their grimaces. Whoever has had any practical experience with serpents knows by experience that simple touch, and light passes made along the body, exercise a kind of magnetic influence, and tame them without difficulty. While such influences are going on, they neither seek to bite nor to escape. It is only the first passes that are in any way dangerous, for if they should fail to calm they might stimulate. It is said that some of the Indians actually make use of cobras, who have thus been brought under their own personal influence, to guard their houses and gardens, in place of bull-dogs and savage mastiffs. Perhaps the one is not much more dangerous to its acquaintances, or fatal to strangers, than the other.

The serpent charmers, to render themselves invulnerable, make use of certain roots, with which they describe circles round the head of the reptile, hoping thus to take away its power of poisoning. Others provide themselves with a piece of porous and absorbent stone, or burnt bone, with which they cover the wound when the animal has bitten them.

The museum of Madras is rich in bas-reliefs and remains of Indian art, but poor in other objects of interest; and the traveller who has any special object in view, and has no political or commercial position, will soon leave it for places of far greater interest at a distance. Of these, Conjeveram is one that is not a little attractive. It is about forty-five miles from Madras, and the roads have for many years been sufficiently good to permit of carriage traffic with tolerable comfort. The old palanquin has long been abandoned. The journey is thus easy enough, and possesses some interest. One of the first things observable, however, is the decline instead of advance of agriculture. Wild plants have here and there resumed their places on land once cultivated, and the tanks or reservoirs, without which there is no successful cultivation, are neglected and in ruins.

Conjeveram is on a small tributary of the Palar, a river of some importance, and is at a distance from its mouth; but the country between the capital and this town is flat, and ought to yield enormous crops of rice, the amount, however, depending entirely on the amount of irrigation. The streets of the town are wide, and cross each other at right angles. The houses are of mud, and built in the form of a square, with an enclosed court. The principal inhabitants are Brahmins, and dancing-girls kept in honour of the god Siva, who is here worshipped on a large scale, and whose temples are numerous and exceedingly remarkable. Since the occupation of the country by the English there has, of course, been a great admixture of the foreign element, but the native character is not much changed. It has often been attempted to obtain the assistance of the wealthy natives for various purposes of public good, and especially for founding institutions which should ameliorate in some measure the sufferings of the poorer natives; there is, however, much difficulty in obtaining sufficient subscriptions.

Strange enough, it seems that in India no association of any kind has ever been known to succeed, whatever its object. No public works of any importance can be carried out by private enterprise in India; and this is owing to the want of

men willing to unite in finding means to set going any institution, for the cultivation of intellectual pursuits and works of industry. In this country a capitalist has no difficulty in obtaining twenty-five per cent. for his money by lending. He considers twelve per cent. insufficient, as he would probably realise this sum in consenting to incur only those risks which are all but inseparable from commercial enterprises. Besides this, notwithstanding their being undeniably intelligent, Hindoo enterprisers are averse to the introduction of machinery and tools—things which have become necessities to the working man; thus they voluntarily deprive themselves of the only means of obtaining quick work at a reasonable price, also of preventing the gradually increasing expenses of hand labour.

A Hindoo may be seen bearing half a hundredweight of earth on his head—this he prefers to wheeling three or four hundredweight of it in a cart. He will also draw ten gallons of water with a rough *picottha*, rather than one hundred by the use of a pump. He may be seen moulding bricks by hand by the hundred, rather than producing a million by machinery. This mode of proceeding not only necessitates more labourers, but more overseers are required into the bargain.

The population of Conjeveram amounts to 60,000 souls, and the town is scattered over a wide expanse of country. Its two principal temples are three miles apart. Its streets are very wide, and little pagodas are thickly scattered here and there, each resembling in shape a parallelopiped, a very favourite style in this part of India. The sanctuary is square and flat-roofed, as is also the colonnade which forms its entrance. These monolithic columns have quadrangular bases and capitals, whereas the shaft has six or eight faces. Its pedestals are ornamented with sculptured bas-reliefs, representing bacchanalian orgies.

When a European visits the temple, notice is sent beforehand, and the visitor is met half-way by a procession, marching to the sound of the drum. The fifes greet him with their shrill music, and a number of *bayadères*, or dancing-girls, selected from those who minister in the temple, begin dancing to the sound of instruments, part of which consist of two little pairs of cymbals, resembling Spanish castanets, held by the tips of the fingers. These women are dressed in little velvet jackets and narrow drawers, buttoned round the ankles, which are encircled by several rows of bells; a piece of coloured gauze covers the whole body, and takes its form, falling in folds to the ground, one of its corners being carelessly thrown back over the shoulder. They are generally naked to the waist. A noble elephant belonging to the pagoda heads the cortège, and next to him is a man on horseback, performing on the *tom-tom*. This man precedes the music and the dancers. Crowds of Brahmins follow, and the procession moves on, after the neck of the visitor has been decorated with a wreath of yellow flowers.

There is an outer wall to the pagoda, the entrance being through two magnificent portals. Each of these is eight storeys high, and, with the exception of two statues placed on either side the various central openings, they are unadorned by sculpture. All are admitted within the first enclosure, but there is a second into which only those of a certain caste may penetrate. The sanctuary, which is spacious, is approached by a colonnade, seated beneath which one can admire at leisure the jewels and richly embroidered and costly articles of clothing with which the idol is decorated on feast days. The value of

these exceeds five lakhs of rupees (£50,000 sterling). Diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls are all to be found adorning the mitres, necklaces, bracelets, diadems, and slippers worn by the god and goddess. None of these precious stones, some of which are enormous both in size and value, are cut, and nearly every jewel is defective. They are set without taste, and no pains have been taken to assimilate the colours of the stones, neither are they arranged with any consideration as to shape and value. Some have been presented by the civil officers on their rounds, who have thought it politic in this way to conciliate the Hindoo race, who are worshippers of Siva. One of these sets was presented to the temple by Lord Clive.

Occasionally the Brahmins in charge will uncover the secondary idols, such as Hanouman (the monkey) and Garuda (the hawk), on whose back rides Vishnu. All the horses and other monsters on which the idol is placed on great feasts are gilt, and of heroic or colossal size. Amongst the treasures of the temple is a palanquin, beautifully gilt, and worth £3,000.

None of these curiosities have the smallest value as works of art, and they are mostly remarkable because of their assumed sanctity, which attracts the devotion of the faithful. They are, however, of some interest, owing to their intrinsic value.

In front of the gate of the sanctuary is a small *daïs*, supported by four columns, on the top of which is a pyramidal roof, with chains constructed out of a single block of stone ornamenting the four corners. To the left of the entrance a rectangular platform, covered by a flat roof, is supported by twelve rows of eight pillars each. All those of the outer row are sculptured in high relief. A chain constructed out of a single stone hangs above the corner pillar, which is a single block sculptured into the form of three horses, apparently springing forwards out of the pillar. Once a month the idol is exhibited to its adoring worshippers under this *daïs*. Behind this portico of ninety-six columns, is the sacred pool in which the faithful perform their ablutions. In the midst of this pool another smaller *daïs* is erected, where on certain occasions the divinity belonging to the place is deposited.

To the left another sanctuary attracts the eye. In front of it, also, is a colonnade, adorned with sculptures and symbols.

Every Friday the idol is borne on high in procession to a garden belonging to the pagoda, but the principal feast-day is in May. Crowds of monkeys, supposed to be under the protection of Siva, wander about in the sacred enclosure, and woe be to him who dares attack one of these living fetiches—the Hindoo devotee would be revenged on him.

Notwithstanding its great reputation, and in spite of many conflicting opinions on the subject, this pagoda can scarcely be reckoned as one of the most beautiful in India. It will bear no comparison with the great temples of Tanjore and Madura, while there are many others in the South of India more remarkable, both by their size and the sculpturing of the portals.

On leaving the principal pagoda, and crossing the wide street whose mean and low houses by no means indicate the great wealth of the inhabitants of this town, there is a small temple that should be visited, as being especially sacred to a sect of Brahminical worshippers, called the Jangams or Lingadharis. These Jangams always wear round the neck or tied to the arm an idol, consisting of a little hollow sphere of metal, containing a miniature image of Siva, of whom they are strict devotees, though in a non-Brahminical sense. The members

of this sect are widely disseminated throughout Southern India, but especially in the Presidency of Madras. They claim to have been founded by Basawa, who is regarded by his followers as one of the *avatars* or incarnations of Siva. It is recorded that when this Basawa was a child he refused to wear the Brahminical cord, because the rites of initiation included the worship of the sun. He was, in fact, one of those who endeavoured to reform the idolatry of his day by reducing the number of beings regarded as deities, and he is said to have preached the doctrine of a single god, Siva, whose *eidolon* (the celebrated Lingam), is the most ancient idol known in India. In the worship of this symbol the Brahmins have introduced a multitude of abominations which the Jangams reject, and they profess to regard the symbol as a mere relic. The word Jangam means "amulet," and applies to their little metallic sphere so constantly worn.

In some respects these reformers are very much like those of Europe. They neither fast, do penance, undertake pilgrimages, celebrate festivals, wear beads, or use holy water. The distinctions of caste are also rejected—women are treated with respect and consideration—and the extreme sensitiveness of the Hindu with regard to animal life, especially the cow, is not felt. Still, there are recognised classes among them, if not actual distinctions of caste.

With regard to marriage, there are some curious differences between the ordinary and reformed Brahmins. Among the former, marriage is obligatory, but it is not so with the latter. On the other hand, polygamy is only permitted among the Jangams with the consent of the first wife, and then only when she is childless. Widows among the Jangams are treated with respect, and are not expected to have the head shorn. They are, indeed, permitted to re-marry, whilst among the other sects they are rigidly excluded from society. In the matter of costume, however, there is considerable strictness. They are not allowed to wear a jacket, to perfume themselves, or wear metal or brass rings. Neither may they decorate their toes with silver rings, or their faces with jewels—these being marks of wifely dignity. On the whole, they are honourably treated, unless they render themselves unworthy of consideration by gross misconduct.

With the exception of the Aradhyas, a sect of Jangams who retain more Brahminical ceremonies than the rest, these people are generally so far free from the prejudices of caste that they will partake of food with any, who will agree to demand the blessing of Basawa on their food. Except when they are under a special vow, they eat meat and drink wine. The meat, however, must not be beef. When the meat is once blessed, the whole must be eaten, whatever happens. Eating and drinking are regarded as religious exercises.

When a Jangam accidentally loses his relic, he loses for the time his caste; but far from imitating the barbarities of the Brahmins, who, like wild beasts, are always ready to pursue and cry down any wounded or weak member of their troop, these reformers have pity on the unfortunate victim of so fatal an accident, and fast and pray with him until the lost image comes back again, which they call "coming from heaven like a bee." This miracle is said to be tolerably frequent.

From Conjeveram, down the river Palar, to Chingleput, is about twenty-two miles, and the country around and to the south of Chingleput is arid and little cultivated, though well adapted to the growth of rice. The tanks and canals remain,

but are out of order and useless. Chingleput is a long street of little interest. Still further down the river and close to the coast is Sadras. On the way is a temple, called by the English the "Eagle's Nest"—a remarkable structure, in what is now a wretched village. Seven miles to the north of Sadras, is Mahabalipur, or the Seven Pagodas, reached by a boat on a salt water canal, and situated on a sandy and desert shore. Besides the pagodas from which the name is taken, there are some small temples and excavations of interest. These consist of caverns, faced with porticoes, consisting of rows of columns. Behind are sanctuaries, in which formerly were idols, but which now only contain the recess and stone support. At the entrance are statues about four feet high, and the frieze is adorned with turrets. All are sculptured out of the solid rock. These sculptures are neither remarkable for elegance nor expression, but they include many of great interest, owing to the peculiar varieties presented both of the human figure and of animals.

The Coromandel coast, near the mouth of the Palar, is being gradually undermined by the waves, but in other places the land is gaining on the sea, owing to the accumulation of sand brought by marine currents. The circumstances of the temples of Mahabalipur indicate a considerable waste in this neighbourhood. The coast for some distance exhibits numerous remains of an ancient population, among which are several monolithic temples, three of which are pyramidal, and one square with a vaulted roof. In these, also, the pyramidal form is relieved by quadrangular turrets. These temples are none of them more than twenty feet a side, and they are less than thirty feet high.

From Mahabalipur it is necessary to return to Chingleput, in order to make one's way southward on the road to Trichinopoly. Branching at a small village, Pondicherry, the principal French settlement in India, may be visited with advantage. It is a pretty town, with wide, clean streets, and the native town is cleaner and in better order than is usual in India. There are many trees giving shade, and the general aspect of the place affords a happy mixture of the native and French style, only to be found where the Latin races occupy foreign countries. The

French in this respect differ from the English, and adapt themselves much more to place and circumstances, at least, so far as dwellings and conformity to the habits of the natives are concerned. In other respects the French are notoriously bad colonisers.

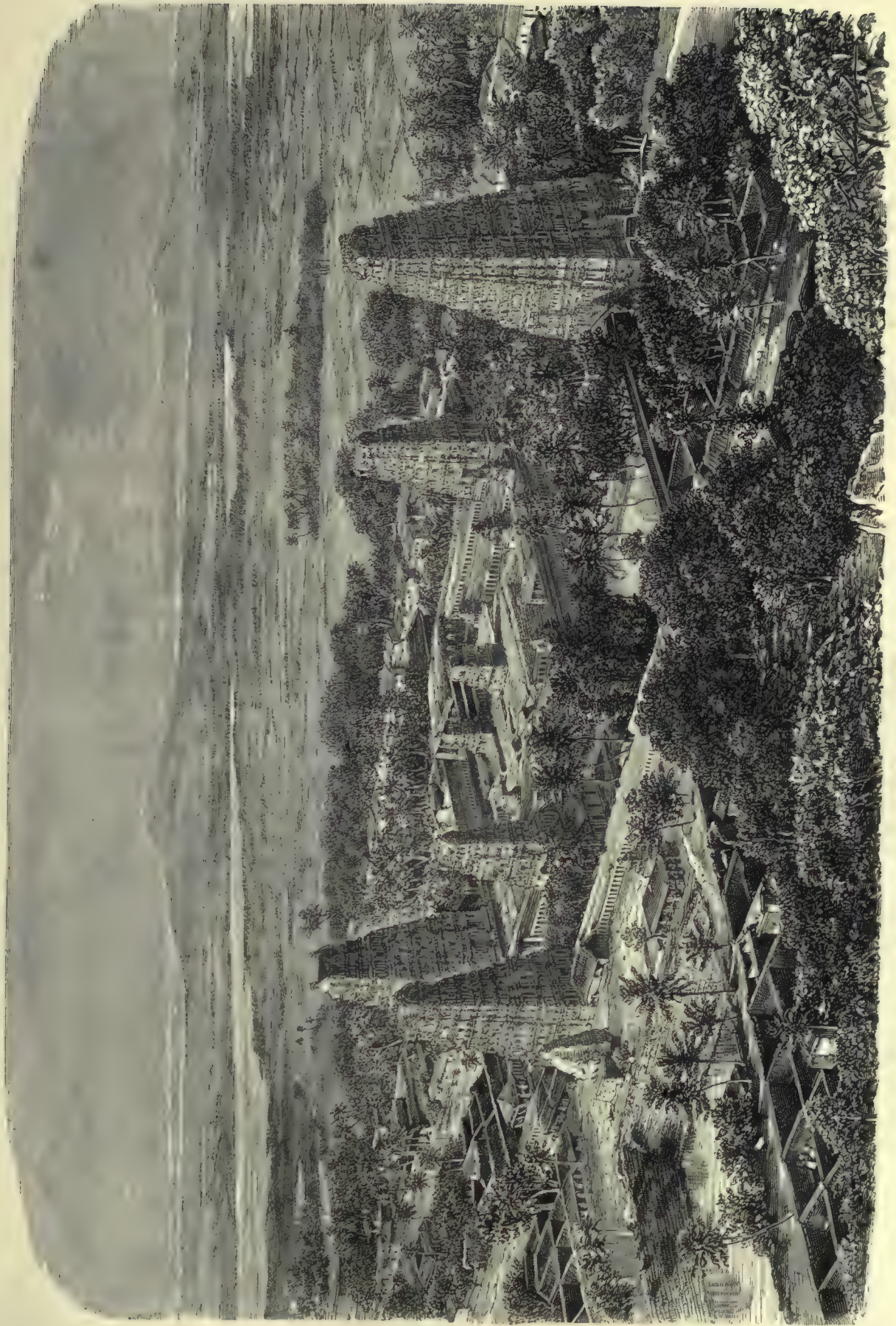
It is impossible even for the most careless stranger to visit Pondicherry without some reflection concerning the struggle that seemed at one time to render it doubtful which of the two leading European nations, then enemies and rivals, should most securely establish an empire in India. That this struggle should have ended so soon and so completely was owing, perhaps, partly to the want of interest felt in the whole matter in Europe. The importance of Asiatic colonies was never felt in France, and was hardly appreciated in England, till success had crowned the efforts of the singular trading company, who so long ruled with an iron hand the destinies of the millions of Asiatics who were brought by unexpected circumstances under its dominion.

It was about a hundred and forty years ago that a remarkable Frenchman, named Dupleix, was appointed director of the French station at Chandernagore, on the Ganges. He soon converted this place from a set of miserable hovels into a flourishing town, where by degrees he established a great ship-building establishment. His efforts being appreciated, he was nominated Governor of Pondicherry about ten years later, and within two years was made governor-general of the French possessions in India. He then set to work to realise a wild dream of conquest which he



BAS-RELIEF FROM AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

had long meditated. The empire of the Great Mogul was falling to pieces; the neighbouring princes were prepared to pounce on the fragments, and the English alone were dangerous rivals. Things had, however, gone so far that the English were prepared to attack the French in their own settlement, had not Dupleix contrived to make friends with the Nawab of the Carnatic, who threatened to attack Madras if Pondicherry was injured. Had he been well supported from home it is not unlikely that the aspect of affairs in India might have been greatly changed. As it was, Madras was taken



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PAGODA OF EAGLE'S NEST, NEAR CHINGLEPUT.

from the English the following year, and they failed to recover it in an attempt shortly afterwards made with a considerable force.

About this time, however, the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed in Europe, and it was agreed that Madras should be given back to the English. Dupleix, though obliged to yield for the moment, was still determined, if possible, to gain his end, and advance the interests of his country in India by intriguing with the native chiefs. By playing one claimant of the throne against another, and cleverly giving a little additional weight to one side when the balance was near, he rapidly improved his position. He appears, indeed, to have been on the very verge of a great success, when he was suddenly and unexpectedly displaced by orders from the Home Government. He was received on his return to Paris with great enthusiasm, but

died not long afterwards, without being able to carry out his plans. The Government, jealous of so great a success as that he contemplated, and not wishing to have the friendly relations interrupted that had just been entered into with England, sacrificed this remarkable public servant, and lost for ever the chance they once possessed of a great and important command in Asia. It was, indeed, long before the position of England was firmly established, but there was no longer interference from recognised European powers. Pondicherry, with its 200,000 inhabitants, occupying a number of minute shreds of territory, enclosed on all sides by British possessions, is almost all that remains of this grand dream which at one time seemed very likely indeed to be realised, and the execution of which must have changed the whole aspect of affairs throughout the world.

A Few Words about Natal and Zululand.

BY A COLONIST OF SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

IN addressing these few words to those of my fellow-countrymen who may be thinking of Natal as a place of residence or business, it is my wish to convey as clear an idea of the colony and of their prospects as in a limited space I may be able, carefully endeavouring neither to overrate nor underrate the difficulties and advantages of the enterprise.

All colonies, doubtless, have their recommendations and their drawbacks, and in all will be found some who see only the latter, and others who (sometimes from interested motives) see only the former. Natal is yet a young colony, and has the decided advantages of a healthy climate and abundance of land capable of being rendered productive. Moreover, the expenses of living, after the settler has taken up his grant, or purchased his land and erected his dwelling, are exceedingly light. He has his constantly-increasing flock of poultry to draw from for food, and if near a town or settlement can procure a constant supply of beef at about fourpence per pound, and mutton at sixpence. He may employ a Kafir house-servant, who will cook, cut and fetch wood, clean the house, and go on errands. Kafir house-servants receive from four to twelve shillings a month, according to their age and efficiency, in addition to their food of maize meal. Some of the very young boys, who work for about four or five shillings a month, will be found very useful and tractable. The Kafirs are a cheerful, good-humoured race; and though indolent by nature, yet, if carefully watched, make excellent field-labourers. They do all kinds of work for the colonists—wagon-driving, felling timber, letter-carrying, cooking, waiting at table, and even washing, clothing, and nursing infants. They will generally be found honest, at least those of the Zulu race settled in Natal. Much reliance cannot be placed on the Amatonga and Basuto Kafirs, who visit Natal in gangs from time to time, obtain work on the various farms and plantations for a few months, and return with their gains to their own tribes.

Servants and field-labourers may be obtained from among the coolies imported from India. Many of these are well-

trained, and speak English, but are not nearly such powerfully-framed men as the Kafirs. Their wages, also, are rather higher, and their food—viz., rice, salt fish, and butter—more expensive and troublesome to procure.

A man of small means, determined at once to start on his farming enterprise economically, may go upon his land and commence colonial life in a Kafir hut, which Kafirs in the neighbourhood will build for him at a charge of £1 or £1 10s. A Kafir hut in this African climate is by no means the miserable abode that it might be supposed; and, with the addition of a door and glass window, a properly-built hut of this kind will be found a weather-tight and comfortable temporary residence. I speak from experience, having passed many months in a hut of my own. Or, at a trifling expense (somewhere about £20), a snug little wattle and daub house may be put up. This is merely a frame of upright posts, interlaced with wattles or withes, and covered with a succession of coats of *daager* (ant-heap and sand, mixed with water, and trampled by the Kafirs into a kind of mortar), the roof built of bush-wood, and thatched with grass. As in a wooded neighbourhood all the materials for a wattle and daub building can generally be obtained on the settler's own land, or in the immediate vicinity, the greater part of the work—post and wattle cutting, *daager* mixing, and grass-cutting—can be performed by his own Kafirs. Many Kafirs are excellent thatchers, and at most mission stations a Kafir may be procured to thatch a house at a fixed price. A well-constructed wattle and daub house, furnished with good doors and windows, whitewashed outside and papered inside, differs very little in appearance from a brick house, and makes a comfortable residence for a dozen years or more. In the upland districts, where posts and wattles are not to be procured, houses are sometimes built of sods, which are cut from the ground, and laid in somewhat the same manner as bricks; the walls, when completed, are plastered smoothly with *daager*. Of course, a brick or stone house is preferable to any other, and can at any time be built

by the employment of regular tradesmen at a moderate cost. A new-comer to the colony (or "Jimmy," as he is called in colonial parlance) cannot do better than see all the various enterprises in planting and farming before making up his mind what he will undertake. He will find a marked difference in the climates of the different districts of Natal.

The semi-tropical coast climate is favourable for the growth of sugar, coffee, tobacco, and cotton, and the tropical fruits flourish; but the midland and upland districts (where the climate is much cooler) are adapted for horse, cattle, and sheep breeding, also for the growth of wheat and other cereals, cotton, and many of the English fruits. A horse fit for a considerable amount of work may be purchased for about £10 upwards, and the new-comer had better use his horse to see the colony before he settles down. Different districts and occupations have their advantages and disadvantages; and every man will do better who has a congenial occupation and climate. And now a few hints as to journey riding. A journey on horseback from Durban to Pieter Maritzburg (54 miles, Government measure) is thought a trifle; the rider, of course, baiting his horse at the different public-houses or hotels on the road, where a good rubbing down, a feed of forage, and an hour—or, better, an hour and a half—of rest freshen him up again to continue the journey. Always take your horse very gently for a mile or more before arriving at the place where you intend off-saddling and feeding, and start again at a very easy pace for a mile or more, invariably doing your quickest work in the middle of your stages. After each stage carefully examine your horse's back, to see if the saddle galls him at all; if so, roll up the sides of your saddle-cloth so as to remove the pressure—any colonist will show you how. Bear in mind that a bad sore back is likely to put your horse *hors de combat* for a couple of months or more. I have found a mixture of one part tincture of arnica and one part cold water an excellent application, when there has been any slight swelling or tenderness on my horse's back under the saddle. Avoid galloping when on a journey. Never knock your horse up if you can avoid it. In the more remote parts of the colony, where no inns are to be found after each stage, your horse must be off-saddled and knee-haltered, and allowed to graze for an hour and a half. If you start at or before day-break, *always* off-saddle your horse for about half an hour, after riding a couple of miles or so. The traveller will find hospitality the order of the day in those parts of Natal where no accommodation exists.

These few cautions will seem very needless to the experienced, but I write them for the inexperienced. Natal saddle-horses are rarely shod, but their feet require paring from time to time. In purchasing a horse, be careful that you do not get a "buck-jumper." "Buck-jumping" is a most dangerous vice, the horse endeavouring to unseat his rider by a succession of violent plunges, with bent back and head down. Few men can ride a real "buck-jumper."

It will be as well, perhaps, to give some slight description of the towns and settlements of Natal. The Point is the first Natalian land the settler treads upon. Here he will find the custom-house, a police-station, the railway-station, the landing-agent's offices, and an hotel or two. A train runs at intervals during the day between the Point and the town of Durban, the distance being about a mile; the same line also conveys passengers and goods to and from the Umgeni Station, on the

banks of the river Umgeni, which river divides the counties of Durban and Victoria, and is distant about four miles from Durban, in a northerly direction, on the coast-road. The town of Durban is built upon a deep sand, and contains a court-house, police-office, and a number of good shops, offices, dwellings, hotels, and boarding-houses. Durban and the Point are both provided with places of worship, Durban containing churches and chapels respectively belonging to the Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic persuasions.

Pieter Maritzburg, the capital, as before mentioned, is about 54 miles from Durban, and contains between 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants. There are situated the Government House, Government offices, the meeting-place of the Legislative Council, and the cathedral.

The Umgeni Falls, at Howick, an easy ride from Pieter Maritzburg, are considered one of the sights of the colony. Should the traveller wish to pursue his course to the confines of the colony—viz., the Drakensberg range of mountains, or, in colonial parlance, "the Berg," he will find the journey by the main road merely one of between 150 and 160 miles, with abundance of roadside inns at short intervals along the route, where he may obtain refreshment for himself and his horse. While in the upland and midland districts, the new arrival may see the towns of Ladysmith and Weenen, and visit some of the stock and sheep farms. Weenen is the hottest of the up-country towns. Oranges thrive well there.

But to return to our starting-point, Durban. South of Durban a great many old-established plantations exist, and several new estates have been started. The scenery in the neighbourhood of the Umkomazi River is generally considered very beautiful. The traveller pursuing his way through Victoria County rides over about four miles of sandy flat, or takes the train from Durban to Umgeni, where a small village has sprung up. Here he crosses the river Umgeni by a Government bridge, and enters the county *par excellence* of the planters. He will find sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton, and arrowroot flourishing. Here, also, as indeed along the whole coast-land south as well as north of Durban, the banana, plantain, orange, lemon, lime, guava, pine-apple, and other tropical fruits grow freely. The intending planter will almost invariably find little difficulty in obtaining reliable information, on all subjects connected with the planting interest, from those of experience in his neighbourhood. A ride of about sixteen miles from the Umgeni, along a good Government road, through a beautiful bush country, brings the horseman to the chief settlement of Victoria County, the town or village of Verulam, containing a resident magistrate's office and *tronk*, or gaol, an Episcopalian church, a Wesleyan chapel, a post-office, numerous shops, and hotel lodging. Victoria County extends in a northerly direction as far as the river Tugela, which divides the colony of Natal from Zululand. Upon the land between the Umgeni and Verulam, and in the neighbourhood of Verulam, however, the plantations will be found thickest. About twenty miles from Verulam, on the Tugela road, is situated the Umhlali town or settlement. The description of one of the smaller colonial towns already given as to Verulam will answer for almost all—a resident magistrate's office and *tronk*, a place of worship, a post-office, a few houses, a few shops, and an hotel. Journeying on to the Zulu border, the traveller will find plantations and houses fewer and farther

between, though they extend to the brink of the river Tugela. The whole coast of Natal may be described as a stretch of beautiful and varied scenery; but one thing to be borne in mind is, the land varies much in quality, several descriptions of soil often existing upon a patch of not more than a hundred acres.

The intending planter should, before purchasing or leasing land, determine upon the plant he intends to cultivate, remembering that the richer the soil and the more beyond the reach of frost, the heavier the return in weight of manufactured sugar, and the less risk of frost-bitten cane. Coffee also likes a deep rich soil, though many fine plantations are to be seen in deep soil of a red sandy nature. Cotton thrives well on a sandy flat, as well as on hill sides. Nothing seems preferable to a sandy flat for New Orleans cotton, which is the variety chiefly cultivated in Natal. Sea island cotton thrives in some localities, but is not generally considered so safe or so lucrative by the planters.

To become a sugar-planter and mill-owner, a man should be possessed of a good capital; but sometimes an intending cane-planter may make an arrangement with a mill-owner to crush his cane and manufacture for him, the mill-owner retaining a portion of the sugar as payment.

The mere cane-growing is very simple, the cane being planted in rows and kept clear of weeds. At the end of two years a return is obtained.

Arrowroot is grown and manufactured on the Natal coast successfully, and some of the planters make it pay well. The requisite machinery is simple and inexpensive. Cayenne pepper also is easily grown and manufactured; the only machinery required being a small kiln for drying the chilies, and a hand-mill, costing about £3, for grinding them into pepper. Cayenne pepper, however, is not a very safe crop, owing to the ease with which the market is glutted by an unusual supply, and unfortunately this remark applies also to arrowroot.

Coffee thrives best in bush land, the richer and deeper the soil the better. Bush land may be cleared, and the wood burnt off, and holes dug for the coffee-plants, under the planter's supervision (which must be constant with a Kafir

gang, although coolies perform task work well); or a contractor may be generally found who will bring his gang of Kafirs and do the whole work—clearing, burning, and holing—at a charge of about £6 per acre. Coffee is in the first instance sown in a nursery—a space cleared within the bush so that the seedling plants may receive the benefit of the shade. Seedling plants of the previous early summer's sowing will be found strong plants for setting out in the plantation. These (should the planter have none of his own) may generally be bought at about £1 per 1,000. Higher prices are often

given, and they are occasionally cheaper, but £1 is the average price. Plants with not less than eight leaves should be selected, and about 1,000 should be reckoned to the acre, making allowance for plants broken in carriage, &c. Young plants, two or even three seasons old, are sometimes used. These, when planted out, have to be cut down near the ground, in order to make them send up a fresh shoot. These plants are called "stumps," and of course come into bearing sooner than seedlings. The young plants, whether seedlings or stumps, are planted out in rows six or seven feet apart (seven feet is the usual distance) each way, during wet and cloudy weather, a stake being driven in to mark each plant. Such as fail must of course be replaced during subsequent wet weather. The plantation being formed must be constantly hoed clear of weeds, which between the months of September



CAFFRARIAN ANTELOPE.

and April grow very rapidly; during the other months the rainfall is very slight, and weeds give but little trouble. A little coffee may be obtained from a plantation in its third season; the fourth it is in bearing.

The cultivation of cotton is easy, and the returns quick. About seven months from the time of sowing, cotton is gathered, and can be either ginned on the farm or sold in the seed. The cotton plant "ratoons," that is to say, grows up again and bears, the second season, though some planters recommend annual sowing. A piece of land is ploughed up, the cotton sown in rows, and the ground kept clear of weeds. The cotton is picked by coolies or Kafirs, and then thoroughly dried in the sun, after which it is either passed through the gin to free it from the seed, or sold at a less rate as unginned

cotton. A cotton-gin is quite an inexpensive piece of machinery. New Orleans cotton requires a saw-gin.

Tobacco grows freely in Natal, and is cultivated by both Europeans and natives. Tobacco should be planted in rich soil, and is a most exhausting crop. The seed, which is very small, is generally mixed with a little sand or meal to separate it, and then sown in well-pulverised seed-beds, which should have movable screens of canvas or matting, in order to protect them from the mid-day sun. The seedlings are planted out, during wet weather, in the plantation in rows, and as they approach maturity the tops are nipped off to prevent the plants running to seed. Two or three successive crops of leaves are then obtained, which are gradually dried for market. Some of the Natal tobacco-planters have for some years past manufactured cake tobacco, which is to be purchased at the shops.

to bay. The voice of the bush buck is like the barking of a dog, and upon hearing the sound for the first time it is difficult to believe that it proceeds from an antelope. The Kafir name for the male is *inkonka*, for the female *mbaballa*. The smaller bush buck is a little antelope of a bright reddish colour, the male adorned with a pair of straight horns about three or five inches in length, and is more abundant than the *inkonka* in most bush districts. The Kafir name of this buck is *ncoombi*. Colonists generally speak of it as the "red buck."

The little blue buck is the smallest of the Natalian antelopes, weighing no more than an English hare. This buck is of a slaty blue colour. Both male and female are adorned with straight horns, between one and two inches in length. This buck, if caught when a fawn, becomes very tame, and makes a most beautiful and harmless pet. The Kafir name is *ipete*. The little blue buck is very common along the Natal



A KAFIR KRAAL.

Forage and potato-growing in the neighbourhood of the towns is sometimes made to pay well. Most English vegetables thrive in Natal, and many settlers in the neighbourhood of towns send coolies and Kafirs in daily with fruit and vegetables for sale. Milk is sent in the same way, the Kafir or coolie carrying a box or basketful of wine-bottles full of milk, which is worth in Durban about sixpence a bottle in the winter, and threepence in summer.

Game is not so plentiful as it was in the earlier days of the colony, but there are still many districts where a good day's shooting may be had. Natal venison, though rather dry, is not a badly-flavoured meat. The large bush buck is the finest of the antelopes found along the coast. The male carries a pair of strong-looking horns, curving slightly outwards from their base, and inclining together towards their tips, and is a handsome-looking animal, often standing as high as a yearling Zulu calf. This buck is never found far from the bush either on the coast or in the upper districts, is shy in its habits, and difficult to stalk. When wounded the male has been known to charge, and is very dangerous to the dogs when brought

coast, even in the immediate vicinity of Durban. Like the preceding, this animal is essentially a bush buck, rarely, if ever, straying far from cover.

The chief antelopes found on *veldt* (plains) or grass-lands are the reed buck, the duyker, the ourebi, and the rhey buck.

The reit or reed buck is a fine animal, often weighing between 90 and 100 pounds. The horns of the reed buck are curved forward. One peculiarity of this antelope is a habit that it has when disturbed of standing after running for a short distance, and turning round to gaze at its disturber. The Kafir name of the reed buck is *umzeki*.

The duyker is a smaller antelope than the preceding, of a grey colour. The male carries a pair of small, straight, slender horns. This buck has been named *duyker* (diver) by the Dutch, on account of its plunging gait when running. The Kafir name is *impoonze*.

The ourebi is a rather smaller antelope than the duyker, of a bright rufous-brown colour, with white belly. The Kafir name is *aooloo*.

The rei-rhey buck is very similar in appearance to the

reed buck, the male having horns of the same form, but is a smaller animal. This is a buck found in the upland districts of the colony.

These are the antelopes which the sportsman is likely to meet with in most districts of the colony, according to the country he is shooting over, whether bush or open land. Wire cartridges are much used for antelope shooting. In the bush districts it is a common practice, when a few neighbours have made arrangements for a buck hunt, to send a number of Kafirs and dogs through the bush and coverts to drive the game, the sportsmen being posted at any spots where the bucks are likely to break cover. The bucks frequenting the open lands are commonly shot from the saddle, a steady shooting horse being used. A thoroughly broken shooting horse, in addition to being devoid of all fear of the gun, will, when the rider has dismounted, remain about the same spot, and suffer himself to be caught and re-mounted without difficulty, and will allow a dead buck to be fastened behind the saddle. A dog well under command is very useful for running down wounded antelopes, as, buck-shot being generally used, many are lost when no dog is taken.

The bush pig is to be met with upon the coast, and appears to be nocturnal in its habits. It is generally shot by lying in wait in the bush, as also may be the three kinds of bush bucks already mentioned. Upon some of the upland plains the *vlacke vark*, a species of wild boar, is to be found. Hartebeeste and quagga I make no mention of, as they are only to be found in limited numbers, and in the remoter parts of the colony.

Leopards are not very often seen. During my residence in South Africa, having travelled the greater part of Natal, from Durban to the Berg, and also Zululand from end to end, I have seen only one leopard in the wild state, and one which was caught in an iron trap by an innkeeper at Verulam. Their *spoor*, or footmarks, are, nevertheless, frequently to be seen.

Partridges of two kinds are found in most parts of the colony. Guinea-fowls abound in some districts, both on the coast and in the uplands. Wild ducks of various kinds, also, are to be found both on the coast and in the uplands. Snipes are to be found in many of the marshy spots; and quails are tolerably abundant in most parts of the colony.

A species of bustard known by the name of *pauw* is much sought for by sportsmen during the winter months. The pauws are found in flocks, searching for food upon the blackened turf of the pasture lands, where the old grass has been burnt off, and are wary and difficult of approach. This bird is about as large as a turkey. The flesh is excellent.

Pointers will be found to do their work well enough in Natal, but are rather difficult to rear. Imported dogs rarely live long in Natal; the whelps, however, from imported stock may be reared, and thus a breed secured. Many colonists possess really good and handsome dogs of various breeds.

The snakes of Natal are rather numerous, and some very venomous; but though I have met with four cases of men bitten, not one terminated fatally. I have not known a white man bitten. The treatment, should no medical aid be within reach, is to administer immediately and repeatedly doses of *eau de luce*, also rubbing the *eau de luce* into the bitten part. Ten drops of *eau de luce* in a wine-glass of water may be given every ten minutes. Every house should contain a supply of *eau de luce*. In the event of no *eau de luce* being at hand, brandy or any other spirit, or wine, must be repeatedly administered; and

some recommend a pinch of gunpowder to be placed upon the bitten part (previously scarified), and then ignited. As the venom is a blood poison only, the wound may be sucked, and the venom thus extracted, provided the operator has no abrasion about the mouth or lips. But observe, in all cases of snake-bite, immediate application of the remedy is necessary.

The python is not venomous, and does not appear to grow to a very enormous size in Natal. I have heard of pythons of thirty feet in length being killed, but have never seen one so large myself.

The black *imamba* is one of the most dangerous (if not *the* most dangerous) snake in Natal. It is of a livid black colour, and grows to the length of ten feet or more. This snake shows little fear of man when attacked, but will boldly return the charge, and has even been known to take the aggressive.

The green *imamba*, also a very venomous snake, is, as its name implies, a snake of a very bright green colour, and is as beautiful as anything so loathsome as a snake can be.

The puff-adder is a short, thick, bloated-looking snake, of a yellowish colour, with dark markings, and the thorough ace-of-spades shaped head, sure mark of a venomous snake. The puff-adder is very inactive and sluggish in its habits.

There are many other varieties of snakes, but those described are considered the most dangerous.

I have abstained from any remarks on the breeding of horses, sheep, and cattle, as different stock-farmers hold different opinions, and more will be learnt by one interview with an up-country farmer than could be gathered from a dozen books. I may say that the number of Kafir labourers required on a cattle-farm are few; and if the cattle escape lung-sickness, the enterprise is a profitable one.

Lung-sickness has never been "stamped out" in Natal; consequently, working oxen are generally inoculated as a safeguard. On some stock-farms the whole breeding troop is inoculated, the rising stock being inoculated as they come on. The operation of inoculation is performed by taking a little of the virus from the lung of a beast which has died from lung-sickness, and inoculating the healthy cattle with it. It is generally considered best to obtain virus from a beast which has been killed before the disease has reached its height. The cattle to be operated upon are inoculated in the tip of the tail, which member they sometimes lose entirely from the effects. Inoculation is best performed during the winter months; and the inoculated cattle will require considerable attention for some little time after the operation, or many will be lost.

Towards the close of the rainy season (February, to about the end of April), the South-African horse-sickness is most prevalent. This disease is almost invariably fatal, unless detected in its earliest stages, and is even then difficult of cure. The disease appears chiefly to attack the lungs. The usual treatment is bleeding in the first stage, blistering the chest, fomenting the chest and loins with hot water, clothing, a warm stable, doses of nitre, and bran mash. The usual symptoms are dulness and cough, and, as the disease progresses, a swelling of the lips and temples, and discharge from the nostrils. I have, however, seen this last symptom sometimes delayed almost until the moment of death. Virulent as the horse-sickness of South Africa is, the owner of a favourite or valuable animal should never relax his efforts to save it, as very bad cases sometimes recover with care and attention, and very

slight ones are lost by neglect and carelessness. I rode for three years or more an excellent mare which I bought for a trifle, the owner having been advised to turn her out upon the *veldt* to die. During the rainy season, which extends from October to April, and particularly towards the close, horses require extra watching and care, and a little cooling medicine from time to time, mixed with a bran mash. A mixture of nitre and sulphur in equal parts, with a very small quantity of antimony, is a good cooling and alterative medicine; or "condition powders" may be purchased at most of the colonial chemists'.

A common rough and tough horse, good enough for a riding hack, will thrive very well turned out to graze during the day, and receiving a feed of "mealies" (as maize is called in the colony) night and morning, crushed, or soaked until soft, and a little salt added. Two to three pints is the usual feed. Give him a sack of cut grass for the night, and a good bed in the stable. In the upland districts horses are allowed to run at grass night and day, but on the coast they require stabling.

I was told by a colonist of a specific which he believed to be infallible for the South-African horse-sickness. I give it here, though I have never seen it tried:—1 oz. salts of tartar, 1 oz. sal volatile, mixed with a quart bottle of vinegar, to be administered in one drench.

Now a few words as to outfit and clothing. Provide yourself with an adequate supply of flannel shirts (the safest and most comfortable wear for the climate), riding trousers or breeches of good Bedford cord, thoroughly good and well-made boots, and a good saddle, well fitted with loops for blanket-straps and saddle-bags. Don't buy any extraordinary pattern because it is called "colonial;" a good plain English saddle is the one for Natal, with the addition of the loops for convenience of carrying a blanket, &c. Ordinary summer clothing, such as is worn in England, will be found quite fitted for the climate, though, of course, white clothes will be found comfortable during the hot months.

A double-barrelled gun, 12 or 10 bore, will, I think, be found most useful, as a heavy charge is required to knock over the larger kind of antelopes; and should the settler happen at any time to be shooting in the Zulu country, he will find such a gun, loaded with a hardened bullet and a large charge of powder, a first-class weapon for buffaloes and large game in general.

As to the voyage out, the colonist may go by the mail steamer or by sailing ship. The passage to Natal by sailing ship occupies on an average between sixty and seventy days, the distance being about 8,000 miles. A first long sea-voyage is to most men a pleasurable journey. I shall long remember my first experience of "blue water," with my merry and jovial fellow-passengers—our theatricals, concerts, dances, rival newspapers, shark-catching and sea-bird shooting, and other amusements. Ten weeks passed easily away, and the remark made on going ashore was, "Well, after all, she wasn't a bad old ship."

A good supply of books should be taken on board. Any sort of light literature will be found acceptable at sea. Some fishing-lines, with good-sized hooks, and a hank or so of light cord, and a few eel-hooks, for catching Cape pigeons (a very pretty sea-bird, found in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope) may afford amusement at times, and help to break the monotony of the passage.

As I have incidentally mentioned sea-fishing, I will add a few words respecting the fish of Natal, having to plead guilty to the weakness of liking the gentle sport. Most of the rivers in Natal contain fish, some of which will rise to a fly. A fish called "barbel" by the colonists grows to a large size in some rivers and lagoons. Eels also attain great weight; I have seen one brought from the Tugela river which weighed 25 pounds. Also sea-fish are generally to be obtained in Durban, some of them very palatable; and fishing is to be had both outside the bar and within the bay of Natal, as also about the rocks at the mouths of most of the rivers of the colony, where a grand day's sport may occasionally be obtained. Oysters, crawfish, and mussels are to be found on the rocks at low water, and shrimps are constantly hawked about Durban for sale.

Next, a few remarks as to the Zulu country beyond the bounds of our English colony, and trading there.

The general aspect of the Zulu land is very similar to that of Natal—a good deal of bush country along the coast, and open grass-land in the upper districts. The country, like Natal, is well watered by several fine rivers and by numerous small streams. The three principal rivers are the Maticulu, the Umhlatusé, and the Umfelose. Umpana, the present chief or king of the Zulus, is a man of advanced years, and, like most elderly Kafir chiefs, has grown very corpulent. The Zulu king holds a thoroughly despotic sway over his subjects—their lives are truly in his hand. He has several sons who have arrived at the age of manhood, each occupying his particular district. Cetywayo is the one likely to succeed to the government of the Zulu nation. As to the habits and manners of the Zulus, polygamy is the custom of the country, and the father receives a certain number of cattle for each of his daughters when taken as a wife. There is at the wedding a great feast of beef and *chualla* (Kafir beer), and a number of ceremonies and dances. The *chualla* is brewed from maize and millet, and, though very turbid and uninviting in appearance, has a slightly acid and rather pleasant taste, and is certainly refreshing upon a hot dusty day; but it has intoxicating properties, as I have frequently witnessed when present at their great beer-drinkings. I remember, upon one of these beer-imbibing occasions, seeing a young man actually bite the top of another's thumb off in a drunken quarrel. All the work of cultivating the maize and millet is performed by the women, the men considering such work derogatory. The men build and repair the huts and milk the cows. They also fill up some of their leisure by making wooden spoons, ornamental snuff-boxes, knob-sticks, and milking-buckets, all of which they manufacture with surprising skill, considering the tools at their command, viz., the commonest kind of European knives, supplied by the traders, and a small tool, made by themselves, like an *assegai* (or spear) head. The mats used for sleeping upon, the baskets, and the clay pots for cooking and holding liquids are made by the women. The dress of a Zulu, whether male or female, is very scant. The men wear two bundles of strips of fur girdled round the waist; this, their sole article of clothing, is called the *mutcha*. During cold weather they generally lounge about their kraals with a blanket over the shoulders; but this can hardly be considered part of their usual dress. The girls wear merely a girdle of beads, worked in a pattern, round the hips, from which depends a fringe about three inches in length, made by themselves from some kind of grass, I believe; this is called the *ibendhla*.

The married men, and those about to marry, shave all the hair (or rather wool) from their heads, with the exception of a circle round the crown, which they surmount with a ring formed from the gum of a shrub found in the bush. This badge is called the *isikoko*, and is always kept bright and clean. It has much the appearance of black vulcanised india-rubber. To seize or tear the *isikoko* is considered a great insult among the Zulus. The married women, and some of the girls previous to marriage, shave the whole head, with the exception of a small knot at the summit, which they daub with a bright red clay. The married women wear a kind of short petticoat of dressed hide, somewhat resembling chamois leather. Children of both sexes are completely nude. The weapons which the Zulu men constantly carry consist of the *assegai*, a kind of javelin, made of a very tough wood, with an iron head, which they throw with great force and tolerable precision, and the *knobkerry*, which is also often used as a

hookah formed from a cow-horn. This pipe is passed from mouth to mouth, a few whiffs only being taken, as the smoke is a strong narcotic.

The smokers have a very disgusting amusement. Each man, after having inhaled sufficient of the *nsango* fumes, takes a hollow stalk of dried grass, and propelling his saliva—the secretion of which is apparently much increased by the *nsango*—through the reed, draws a rude sketch upon the smooth hut floor. The almost invariable subject is a kraal fence, represented by a circle, the cattle kraal in the centre represented by an inner circle, a number of dots between the two circles to represent the huts, and another number of dots within the inner circle to represent the cattle.

The huts in Zululand are precisely similar to those of the Kafirs of Natal—the Kafir population of Natal being composed almost entirely of Zulu refugees and their descendants—and are in shape like beehives, made of a strong framework of wattles,



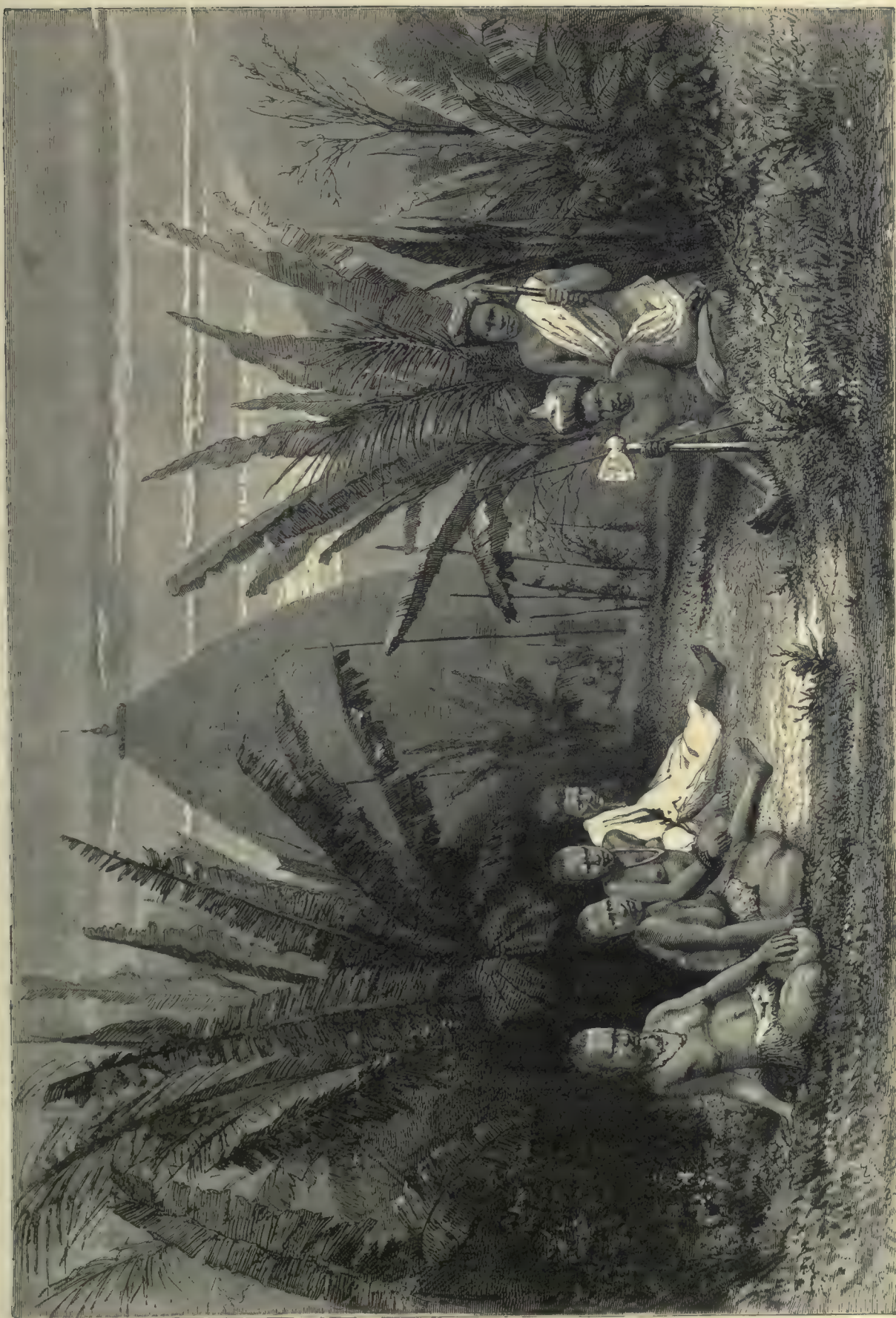
VIEW NEAR DURBAN.

missile; this is merely a short stick of hard wood, with a large knob at the top. They also carry shields of an oval form, made of cattle hide dressed with the hair on. The war shields are sufficiently large to protect the whole body.

All Zulu children have their ears pierced, or rather slit, at an early age, as it is customary to carry the snuff-box in the orifice thus formed in the lobe of the ear. The snuff-box used is either a little cylinder of reed, curiously ornamented, or a little carved horn bottle; both these are made during the Zulu's leisure; or they use a box supplied by the traders, merely the small cylindrical vesta match-box, about two inches long and half an inch in diameter. All the Zulus are great snuff-takers. Each kraal cultivates its patch of tobacco with great care. The snuff is made from dried tobacco and the burnt ashes of an aloe found in the country, and is rather pungent. Should any traveller who has visited Zululand chance to read these lines, he will doubtless remember the constant request for snuff, particularly in the upper districts. "*Chiella melunga!*" "*Chiella guai!*" "*Chiella macallain!*" Tobacco is not smoked, but *nsango*, a kind of wild hemp, is used in its place, the fumes being inhaled from a sort of

bound firmly together, and thatched thickly with grass, or in some instances with grass mats; an aperture between two and three feet in height is left for ingress and egress, which is closed at night by a basket-work door. The floor is made of ant-heap, wetted, and then beaten with round stones until quite hard and smooth. This floor is formed into a round shallow basin in the centre, which acts as a fire-place. No attempt at a chimney is made, and in the upland districts the huts are very disagreeable sleeping-places, as, no wood being obtainable, a mixture of cow-dung and clay, dried in the sun, is burnt, the smoke from which is very irritating to the eyes and throat.

The Zulus are certainly a fine athletic race of savages, generally honest, but indolent and cunning. The girls while young often possess fine figures and pleasing faces. The language is decidedly musical, and I have often listened with pleasure to the conversation of a bevy of girls, their voices as a rule being peculiarly silvery (this remark certainly does not apply to the older women), though at times I hardly heard a word distinctly, and at other times the subject under discussion has been my own personal advantages and disadvantages, as seen from a Zulu point of view.



HOUSE OF A NATIVE CHIEF, NEAR KANALA.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—III

THE dwellings of the warrior chiefs are dome-shaped, and thus distinguishable from those of their subjects. Such a hut is built for every chief at his birth, and there is an ancient superstition in the country that it is unlucky for him ever to repair or alter the habitation with which, as it were, he enters the world; he may abandon it for another, but, no matter how old, how infirm he and it may become, he must never move a finger to preserve it. They are well and strongly built of *niaoulis* wood and grass and *lianes** interwoven, and by their shape are particularly fitted to withstand the most violent hurricanes; it is seldom that a chief outlives his habitation; but if his house does begin to show signs of falling about his ears, it is believed to be sure proof that some great misfortune is coming upon him and his race. These gigantic bee-hives—for the “house of a chief near Kanala,” represented in the preceding page, does look rather like a bee-hive—have, like all the native huts, one narrow, low door for sole opening. Unsuitable and uncomfortable as this style of architecture may seem to be in a warm country, the Kanaks, who seldom go into their houses except to sleep, find it the only practical one for their purpose; they never attempt to pass a night in the open air. Hear M. Garnier's first experiences of sleeping out: “Night came on, and we lay down, with the beautiful sky above for a canopy, and felt our breasts expand as we inhaled the soft fragrance of the evening breeze; but as everything has its dark side, so we soon paid dearly for our enjoyment. Just as a delicious drowsiness was creeping over us and carrying us off to the land of dreams, a buzzing sound, distant first and confused, then penetrating and close at hand, assailed our ears, and in a moment we were the prey of innumerable mosquitoes. No covering could protect us; we felt as if thousands of pins were being stuck into us. We fled into a neighbouring hut belonging to Jacques Quindo, chief of the tribe; but alas! it was built in European style (used only for state receptions), with doors and windows, and we found no rest there from our bloodthirsty foes. There were five of us, and we had two mosquito-nets; no pulling and stretching could induce them to cover us, and the enemy dashed in, now at one breach, now at another. But why dwell on these miseries? Our nights out were always attended with the same results; our bodies were covered with blisters, and all the curses that man could invent were lavished on the mosquito race. When that first morning dawned, one of our companions, an officer of marines, a strong young fellow, turned back to Noumea with his servant and a Kanak guide; the diptera and the want of sleep had vanquished him, and he gave up the whole expedition in disgust.”

Without taking into account all the appliances which European invention and civilisation have introduced into tropical countries, there is but one effectual mode of getting rid of these terrible little creatures, that is, by smoke; and the reason why the huts of the Kanaks, be they conical or rectangular, have no aperture but the one small door, is that they can be the more easily filled with smoke, and thus cleared of all sleep-disturbing intruders.

Around the entrance of the chiefs dwellings hang the skulls

* Name given in the French colonies to all creeping plants, generally from the words *lien* and *liant*—“link,” “binding.”

of their enemies, bleaching in the sun; these are their proudest trophies, and the door-posts and the summits of the domes are decorated with rude carvings in wood of the *taboo*. The *taboo* is a sacred interdiction used by the priests throughout Polynesia. It invests the person or object over which it is pronounced with a kind of sanctity and inviolability. In some places, he who dares to touch, even to raise his eyes to a chief who is *taboo*, is put to death or subjected to some very severe penalty. Often a piece of ground is *taboo*, that is, consecrated either to a god or as the burial-place of a great chief; and almost everywhere in Oceania, the power and influence of the *taboo* are firmly believed in, and it is held in great awe by the people. The word has almost passed into the English language, and will perhaps in time find its way into the writings of Johnson and Richardson's successors. We say a person or a subject is “tabooed,” meaning not exactly that they should be regarded as sacred or inviolable, excepting in so far as that “sacred” means not to be touched or handled.

It has already been observed that New Caledonia enjoys a temperate and healthy climate; the thermometer is seldom lower than 70° Fahrenheit or above 85°. Some doctors believe that the air must be very bad for Europeans with weak chests, because pulmonary consumption is the most fatal disease among the Kanaks, numbers dying of it every year; but medical men in Australia often send consumptive patients to New Caledonia, and many have by that means become completely restored to health. The prevalence of consumption among the natives has not as yet been satisfactorily accounted for. M. Garnier, who often asked the Kanaks themselves what was the origin of the disease, always got the same answer—the whites had brought it to them. One, a small chief named Zaccharis, in the isle of Ouën, told him how, when the first English sailors landed among his tribe some thirty years back, the village of Koturé, where his father lived, was soon entirely depopulated by the disease, and that the few who survived left the place and went and joined themselves to the village of Uara, which is now the only inhabited spot on the island. The disease generally shows itself first during the rainy season—that is to say, in February, March, or April—in the form of a violent attack of bronchitis; the patient girds himself with a *liana*, which he winds tightly round and round his loins, and retires into his close, smoky hut, and there waits; he loses his appetite, becomes frightfully emaciated, and his bronze skin gets pale and wan-looking. From time to time he is visited by his doctor, either an old man or a hideous old woman with hanging breasts. He is profusely bled from the head, feet, or shoulder-blades; then he is stretched on his back, and the chest, being the suffering part, is rubbed, but so violently that the agony the poor creature endures makes his eyes start from their sockets and the perspiration stream from his face. The doctor is not discouraged, and goes on persistently kneading and cracking and pounding the ribs of his unfortunate patient until his own strength is completely exhausted. The third remedy is inward, and as weakening as the first two; it consists in drinking large quantities of water, in which certain leaves have been bruised. It can scarcely be a matter of surprise that the body that has been treated in this manner soon

ceases to fulfil its functions, and in the course of two or three days the man is dead.

The great scourge of New Caledonia, which subjects its fertile lands to periodical devastations, is the hurricanes, which are of almost annual recurrence. In the plains especially they do a great deal of harm, tearing up trees by the roots, and destroying everything. Fortunately, the valleys of the interior, where the delicate coffee-plant is grown, are so deep and sheltered that the wind sweeps over them rather than into them. The coffee plantations are, moreover, generally surrounded by hedges of coco-nut trees, which, with their thick, luxuriant foliage, form an admirable protection.

The approach of a hurricane is indicated, with absolute certainty, by a sudden fall in the barometer, little squalls of wind, and a cloudy sky. At Nouméa, the governor immediately sends notice to the town and port, and everywhere movement and agitation are the result. The port, generally quiet enough, is a changed scene. All the small craft hurriedly hoist their white sails, and scud away in the rising breeze to anchor in the narrowest and deepest creeks, where they hope the wind will not find them out. The large vessels, if they are in good position, throw out all the anchors they have, and make fast their moorings, so as to make the best stand they can in the coming struggle; but in spite of all they seldom escape damage, and get terribly tossed and driven about.

In the town verandahs and roofs are carried off, and the sheets of zinc, of which they are composed, are frequently found long after, buried in the grass a great distance off. The people are learning to secure their houses on the approach of a storm, by means of strong cords passed over the roof, and fastened firmly down on either side to trees or stakes stuck deep into the ground. These cords shrink in the rain, and exercise an enormous pressure, so that many a house has by this means weathered the most violent storms. Another important precaution is to nail up all windows and doors from the inside, that the wind may not burst in; for when it is in, it is in such a hurry to get out again, that it generally has resort to a more expeditious mode of exit, and lifts off the whole roof.

Houses there should be built of concrete (the materials for which can easily be obtained in the island), and more like pyramids than umbrellas, in terraces narrowing towards the top. The verandahs might be constructed so as to let down like the leaves or flaps of a table. The wooden supports representing the legs of the table would, at the approach of a hurricane, have only to be removed or pushed aside, for the whole thing to collapse into safety against the wall of the house, and the wind would sweep round and round without finding anything to lay hold of.

The cyclones—for so these hurricanes ought properly to be called—rage sometimes for three days, and are accompanied by torrents of rain—such rain as in Europe is unknown. The barometer falls in an hour from 760° to 718°. In 1864 all the plants of sugar-cane, the bananas, batatas, and yams were uprooted, all the maize, vines, and vegetables grown by European settlers utterly destroyed, and the rich promise of fruit on the fig, guava, citron, orange, and custard-apple trees blasted. Everything was withered, seared, and blackened, almost as if a fire had passed over the land. This drying-up of the vegetation is generally attributed to the sea-water, which is carried by the wind in sheets of spray to every part of the

island, and deposits a crust of salt inside the houses as well as out. M. Garnier, however, found by investigation that the withering of the plants extended quite to the extremity of their roots, and believes it to be due in a much greater measure to the evaporation and exhaustion of the sap caused by the strong action of the wind.

Fish is the Kanak's chief food. Throughout the day he eats nothing but a little fruit or sugar-cane, and his one regular meal he takes in the evening in common with his whole tribe. The fishermen then come home with the produce of their day's toil, and it is cooked with *taros* and yams all together in huge earthen pots, the women also bringing their contribution to the general stock in the shape of mollusks of all kinds, which they collect on the rocks, and which help to flavour and give pungency to the mess.

After eating they sit round the fire till twelve and one o'clock, talking; and if the chief happens to be a young man and fond of pleasure, the day often concludes with music and dancing, both of a most primitive and original description.

The *trévang* fisheries are one of the greatest sources of wealth to the island, and are carried on by Kanaks generally in the pay of Europeans. *Trévang* is an edible kind of *Holothuria*, commonly called by sailors sea-cucumbers—soft, fleshy-looking worms from four to five inches long, and rather more than an inch thick—that is to say, the largest of them. They are highly esteemed by Chinese epicures, and exported in great quantities; each *trévang* is worth about three-halfpence, and at Nouméa the finest quality are sold at about £84 a ton, whilst in China they fetch double that price.

In the months of October and November, at the time of monsoons, the Malays fit out thousands of little junks, and go to collect these animals on the rocky and dangerous coasts of the Torres Straits, between Australia and New Guinea; but they have to dredge deep for them, whilst at Bualabio there are days when the tide is out, when the reefs are thickly strewn with *trévangs*, and the Kanaks need but to stoop and fill their baskets. They have to be subjected to an elaborate process before they are ready for the market. First, they are thrown alive into boiling sea-water, and remain there some time, being constantly stirred with a wooden pole. Then each *trévang* is opened lengthways, its inside taken out, after which they are carefully and slowly dried on gridirons over a moderate fire, each having two little pieces of wood inserted crossways to keep it from closing up. When thoroughly dried they are divided into five qualities, according to size and colour, the lowest price per ton being from fifty to sixty pounds. M. Garnier says that he often saw Kanaks collect four pounds' worth in a single day, and that without any great exertion. The *trévang* fisheries of Bualabio, hitherto farmed by a few isolated individuals, would furnish many with an easy livelihood; the island moreover contains a far richer source of revenue still, in its luxurious groves of coco-nut trees. It is much to be wondered at that no speculator has as yet been tempted to rent the island solely with a view to establishing oil-mills there on a large scale. The profits that could with absolute certainty be realised thereby in a short time, would soon repay the first necessary outlay. At present all the coco-nut oil made in New Caledonia for home use and foreign export is made by the natives, and in a very primitive manner. They grate the kernels into a trough, which is placed

at a slight incline, so that when the scrapings ferment the oil runs down to the bottom. They use as graters pieces of the iron hoops of casks, roughly indented at one end like a saw. A great deal of oil is wasted, as after three or four days it ceases to run from the scrapings, and then they are thrown away; whereas, if the nuts were crushed and pressed, they would yield twice as much. In one day a Kanak can grate five hundred nuts, which will yield thirty-three pounds of oil, worth at Nouméa about fourteen shillings, and as much again at Sydney. The annual net profit in oil obtained from a coco-nut tree is half-a-crown, and as the island of Bualabio contains certainly not less than 12,000 trees, they represent a yearly revenue of £1,500 sterling, and twice that if the manufacture were carried on on an improved system.

Hienghène, the approach to which is shown in the illustration in the next page, is situated on the coast, with a small but very good harbour, guarded on one side by immense rocks which rise out of the sea, and have been named "the towers of Notre-Dame," because they vaguely resemble the towers of a cathedral. Calcareous matter is especially abundant in their strata, which seem to belong to the Silurian system. On the shore there are rocks of similar formation, with curious grottoes and caverns hollowed out in them by the action of the sea.

Hienghène was formerly the head-quarters of one of the richest and most influential of the Neo-Caledonian tribes. Its chief, Bouarate, is a celebrity, and, like all great people, has his partisans and his opponents. Report says that before the time of the French occupation, he lived on the flesh of his subjects, and that with the gun and ammunition given to him by the

English, he killed young women and children for his table. He always treated the English adventurers who came that way with marked favour, but would have nothing to say to the missionaries, who tried hard to obtain a footing among his people; and fought most valiantly at great odds with the French, whom he detested. At last, however, he was taken prisoner and sent for five years to Tahiti. During his captivity he comported himself with proud dignity, and maintained the character of a great and powerful chief. When allowed to return to his country, he resumed the direction of affairs in the district, and showed his natural superiority by the firmness and intelligence with which

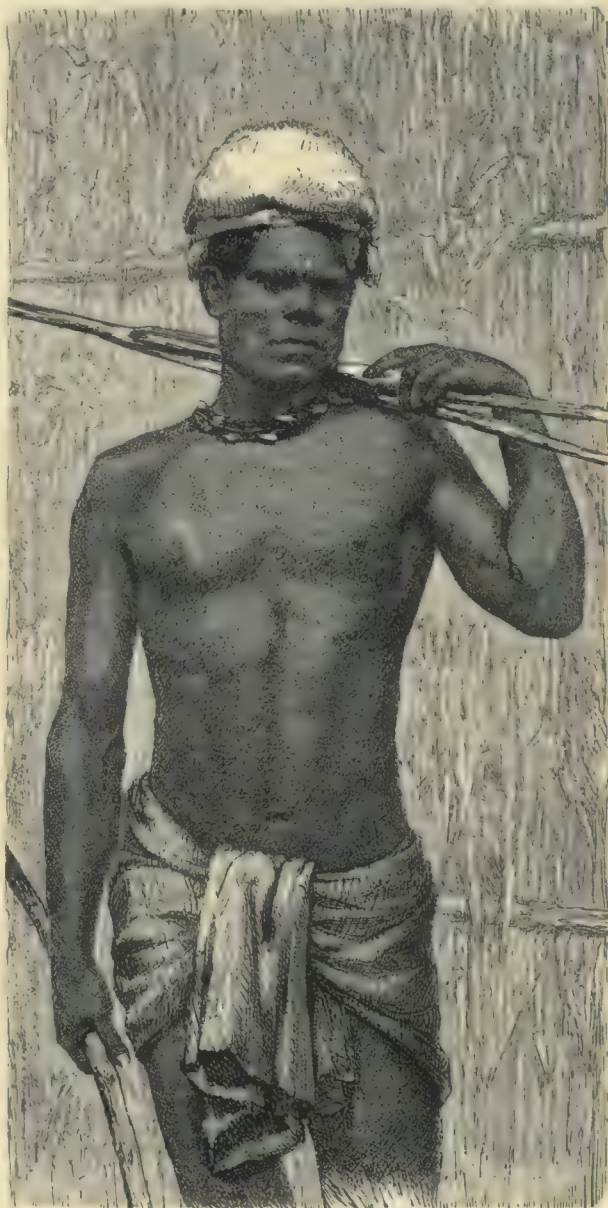
he ruled over his tribe; and he is one of the few chiefs who still succeed in preserving their authority, and inspiring their subjects with respect.

He is a big fellow, with regular features; but he wears a troubled, careworn expression on his face, generally seen on the faces of Europeans only, and which is probably the seal set there by his captivity. He speaks both French and English with tolerable fluency, but prefers the latter. He came down to the shore to meet M. Garnier, when he visited Hienghène on his cruise round the island, and conducted him to his house, and introduced him to his son and the chief warriors of his tribe, who were seated outside on the grass—naked bronze figures, motionless as the Roman senators on their ivory seats in the Forum, when the Gauls came to Rome. The life and fire that sparkled in the black eyes of the Kanaks, however, prevented M. Garnier from pulling their beards to see if they were alive.

At a sign from Bouarate, several of the young men jumped up and shook down a quantity of coco-nuts from the trees, opened them, and presented the soft pulpy kernels to their visitors as the most cooling and acceptable refreshment they had to offer. When M. Garnier returned to the ship, numbers of the natives visited him there, and brought him shells and fruits of all kinds, and scrutinised everything on board with the most lively curiosity. He was much struck with the extraordinary agility and ease of all their movements, and with the peculiar positions they constantly adopted—positions which among civilised people are the exclusive property of practised acrobats, and which are tiring and excruciating even to look at.

A fortunate chance brought M. Garnier to the French station at Houagap in the month of June, 1864, and gave him an opportunity he might long have sought in vain of being present as an invited guest at one of the most characteristic national ceremonies existing among the New Caledonians, called a *pilou-pilou*.

Houagap is situated on the north-east coast. Almost opposite is the "Isle of the Single Tree," so called from one solitary pine of enormous size growing on it, which is well known as a landmark to mariners, and must be more than a century old, for Cook mentions it in the account of his



FISHERMAN OF KANALA.

voyages. Lying at the opening of a beautiful valley, on the rich and fertile delta formed by the river Tiwaka, Houagap is a spot peculiarly well-fitted for agricultural settlements, and some colonists, recognising the advantages of the situation, are already established there. Disturbances caused by the Kanaks inhabiting the valley, and which threatened to become very serious, took place there in 1862, but were fortunately quelled by the troops sent from Kanala for the purpose.

The natives had laid siege to the mission-house, and the missionaries, who have always been objects of special hatred to them, had given up all hope of escape, when the soldiers

confiscated, but he was pardoned not long after, and allowed to return to his village, where M. Garnier, under the guidance of his friend, Dr. Vieillard, paid him a visit. The description he gives in his journal of the old chief is as follows:—"We gazed with interest at the face of this man, formerly the powerful chief of a great and wealthy tribe, now deprived of everything—territory, followers, and authority. He wore an expression of profound and bitter sorrow, but no trace of either dejection or servility was visible in his face and bearing. The reception he gave us was cold and dignified, I might almost say haughty, in its character. He had nothing to offer



THE HIENGHEN ROCKS.

from Kanala came to their assistance, and dispersed the besiegers.

A price was put on the heads of the four chiefs who were supposed to have instigated the attack, and three of them came and delivered themselves up to the authorities, hoping by that means to secure their pardon. It was considered advisable, however, to make an example of them, as a warning to others who might attempt to molest the settlers, and so they were sentenced to death. They burst their chains, and very nearly succeeded in effecting their escape, but the tent in which they had been confined was surrounded by a guard, who caught them, and put them to death on the spot. Onine, the ringleader, was a powerful chief of the Amoi district. He had not put his trust in the possible mercy he might find at the hands of his judges, but fled into his mountain fastnesses, where he was safe from pursuit. His territory was

us but a few yams, and of these he gave us sufficient to feed several men. Pigs and chickens, the usual live stock kept by a New Caledonian, he would have nothing to do with on principle, for they were importations made by the *papaies* (strangers), whom he so detested. He would accept nothing at our hands but a little tobacco; nevertheless, when I tied a red bandana round the head of one of his children, and he saw the child blush with pleasure, he held out his hand to me with a look of gratitude, and from that moment we were friends. The next day he accompanied us on a mountain excursion, and under his guidance we climbed the peak of the Amoi, where we found some valuable geological specimens, which amply compensated for the fatigues of the ascent. When I shook hands with my old friend at parting, I did not think I should before long meet him again, and that under the most unfortunate circumstances. Two years afterwards he was

implicated in the murder of a colonist, named Taillard, at Houagap, to which I shall again have occasion to refer, and was put into prison. Three times he broke his chains and escaped, and three times he was re-captured. At last he was sent on board the advice-boat, *Fulton*, on which I happened to be at the time, to be conveyed to Nouméa. Poor fellow! he was worn to a mere skeleton, and in the efforts he had made during his confinement to break the iron manacles which fastened his hands and feet, he had cut and torn his flesh to the bone, and in these open wounds mortification had already set in.

"He recognised me at once, and I went up to speak to him, and asked him what I could do for him. 'Give me some tobacco for myself and my companion,' was his reply. I hastened to comply with his request, and also took care that he should be provided with better food than as a prisoner he would naturally have had given him. But the surgeon on board said to me, 'Your old chief will not last long.'

And he was right, for he died a few days after we reached Kanala.

"His guilt had not been proved, and he had been arrested merely on suspicion. The man inspired me with such interest that subsequently I made particular inquiries into the affair, the result of which proved that he was innocent of the charge which had been brought against him, and owed his arrest to the hatred of one of his own countrymen, named Ailé, the petty chief of a tribe formerly at war with him. This man, who cherished a spirit of revenge against him on account of past defeats, had pointed him out to the French at Houagap as one of the accomplices in the murder of Taillard. I spoke to Ailé myself about my poor old friend Onine, and he said, 'Onine bad man; long time he kill father, after that eat him.' Whether this was true or not I had no means of knowing. The part Ailé had played was not such as to make me put any confidence in his word, and my sympathy for his victim remained unchanged."

Black Bear Shooting in the Himalayas.—III.

BY G. BESTE.

WE met with absolutely no sport for a week; our attention was turned rather to making good headway at first than to shooting or specimen-gathering. The season was already far advanced, and we had no time for dawdling if the intention of reaching Gungoutri was to be persevered in; consequently for the first week we simply got over as much ground as possible. In the afternoon, after the day's march, we were far too tired to care for additional exertion; and the chance of bagging a jungle-fowl or partridge was far too remote in the country we were traversing to tempt from their comfortable fireside seats the two weary and footsore pilgrims.

Our first two or three marches had been too severe—we had wilfully neglected the golden rule, especially so applicable to travellers in hilly country, of walking only three hours the first day, four the next, and daily increasing the length of the march by one hour, until reaching the maximum. Consequently, our complete want of training made itself painfully apparent on the third morning from the start, that is, after the first genuine day's march (the first day being a mere picnic promenade), and for the following days we had to struggle on, stiff and sore, until broken-in to the unusual exercise.

Of larger game, the district we were passing through was completely denuded. In the early mornings, before the march, the prospect of a six or seven hours' steady up-and-down-hill tramp before we could reach the next bivouac, was sufficient to cool any enthusiasm; besides, there is nothing so depressing to a sportsman as starting with the almost perfect certainty of not obtaining a single shot. So long as there is the remotest hope that he may obtain a fair bag, a sportsman is buoyed up against much disappointment, and even against his own bad shooting; but as hour after hour and mile after mile are left behind, and he sees neither fur nor feather, something akin to disgust changes his hope into despair. So we troubled

neither the beast of the fields nor the winged denizens of the woods, and our rifles lay idle in their waterproof covers.

It was on the sixth morning's march from Mussouri, I think, as we were laughing out loud at the mishap of one of the coolies, that a kakur, or barking deer, suddenly crossed the path, not thirty yards in front of us, and disappeared in the jungle. It was the first deer or four-footed wild animal we had seen since the start. The coolie, whose mishap had spoilt the slight chance we might otherwise have had of knocking the deer over with a chance shot, had been trying to reach a bees' nest, resting in the crevice of a rock, overhanging a steep grass slope; but the heavy *kilta* the man was carrying made him awkward, and the result was a slip, a slide, and bumping roll down the declivity, until stopped by some low trees and jungle. He was pulled up again with the assistance of some other coolies—a very lucky escape, as the place at which he fell was almost the only one in the whole day's march where the precipice on the edge of which ran our path was not a sheer and perpendicular descent, varying from fifty to two hundred yards. When we engaged Mounyah, at Mussouri, he had promised we should kill a bear within eight days. As day after day passed by, and we neither saw an animal of the sort nor met with recent traces of their passage, our faith in him grew less. When a week had gone by, and a single pheasant, with a few small birds shot for stuffing, were the only entries in our game book and diary—the stock of fresh meat, too, was becoming low; for reasons innumerable, a bear's ham would have been a welcome addition to the *chuppattie* and egg-laden breakfast table—we had given up expecting to see the realisation of Mounyah's promise, and but for a certain air of confidence ever present on his face, and the merry twinkle of his eye when questioned on the subject, we should have been disposed either to "make

tracks" in an opposite direction, or supersede him by a local *shikaree*. On the eighth evening, counting from the start, and after a very long march, whilst we were sitting outside the tent before a roaring log fire, each of us on the opposite side of a camp table bearing our rough tea-set and a box of cigars, both of us being rather inclined to grumble and wish ourselves in the comfortable quarters we had so lately left, Mounyah, contrary to his usual custom, walked up, and, with a great air of mystery, asked permission to take away the rifles, so that he might see they were in a proper condition. At the same time, he said it would be well to remain in the same quarters for a day or two, and that on the morrow he hoped to show us the promised bears. This roused us up at once. I, much more than Smith, had begun to doubt the man; yet, if his account for the morrow turned out true, he would only be one day behindhand. Later on the same evening we learnt that he had paid a visit to the village near which we were encamped, and had obtained valuable *cubber*, or information, respecting the haunts of some bears who infested the district and created much alarm, besides doing some mischief in the neighbourhood. Mounyah was well aware we were in the vicinity of good bear country; in fact, he had come to this particular place on information received on the second day's march, but he had never shot over it, and therefore engaged a couple of villagers to lead the way. Our encampment was within a mile of the Jumna, near a small village about ten miles distant from Motlee, itself a larger village on the left bank of the Jumna. For the past three days we had been steadily ascending, following in some measure the course of the Jumna, in a valley which ran parallel to the river, but separated from it by a moderately high chain of mountains. On this, the eighth day, we had reached the head of the valley, and, after some pretty severe climbing, had reached a small table-land, or, to speak more correctly, a plain, half table-land, half valley. On one side, that looking towards the river, was a very steep, almost perpendicular precipice; on another the valley sloped gradually away in a series of terraces leading to the long valley whose course we had followed for the past day or two; whilst on the two sides opposite there were some gently sloping hills, very thickly wooded, in parts with pine only, in others with pine and brushwood, and rhododendrons in full bloom—as will be imagined, a very pretty picture. So that in one direction the flat ground on which we were encamped, and which altogether measured about one hundred acres in extent, was bounded by uprising hills, and in the opposite direction the plain itself towered above the surrounding country. It was among the brushwood and in some rocky ravines intersecting the hills that Bruin made his quarters.

The following plan for the morrow had been prepared by Mounyah without consulting us, but as it was evident he was most anxious we should have as good sport as the country afforded, no exception was made to his arrangements, although my friend—who, by the way, I may as well call Smith—a veteran at the sport, considered them faulty. Himalayan bears never charge *up*-hill, but, if wounded or otherwise exasperated, they are not altogether disinclined to charge any one posted on a lower level than themselves. The coolies knew this well, and, as we afterwards learnt, the coolies we had engaged from the village especially declined to run the risk of an encounter with Bruin, and stoutly stood out for the plan of campaign which

should give them the vantage-ground. Personally, neither Smith nor I objected. We were quite confident in our resources for summarily stopping the most resolute bear's charge. But the objection to the plan was that if the ground about to be beaten contained seven or eight bears, we might consider ourselves lucky to get each three shots at some of them as they came rambling and rolling downhill in their awkward but far from dilatory fashion. Whereas, if they were driven uphill towards us, we should have ample time to fire, and load and fire again at the same bear, if necessary, besides sparing a shot or two for Mrs. Bruin and the cubs, or grandpapa Bruin and the uncles, if the family extended so far. A bear labouring uphill is a very different animal to one charging down. In the former case he is as awkward and slow and stupid an animal as you may wish to fire at—the goutiest and most aldermanic of old gentlemen would have time to get out of his way if necessary, or to keep up a regular file-firing as he approached; but *down*-hill it is quite another animal you have to deal with; then Bruin is still awkward, certainly, but uncommonly nimble and quick, notwithstanding his awkwardness. Another habit of bears is to go out late in the evening to seek for what they may devour. They return to their haunts very early in the morning, generally at the first streak of dawn, and remain there during the rest of the day, sleeping steadily through the hot part of the twenty-four hours.

Our bivouac fire was not allowed to go out; at two a.m. we were roused, and found hot coffee and *chupatties* ready for us. I remember the morning well—a very raw and bleak one—nor have I forgotten the half-dozen scrambling searches, in the half light cast by the fitful flames, for the forgotten powder-flask and missing cartridge-belt. Then, at the last moment, my select store of rifle-shells were, of course, nowhere to be found. So while Smith sat coolly smoking, his preparations having all been made over-night, both I and Mounyah, and also half the servants, were busy upsetting every article and searching every corner for the necessary ammunition. Fifteen minutes of valuable time were thus lost, but lost on that occasion only, for the experience gained then stood me in good stead during the remainder of the trip. A start was at last effected; the two villagers leading, Smith in their wake, I in his footsteps, and Mounyah, with three men carrying the guns, bringing up the rear. It was intensely cold; the night was at its darkest. The path was abominable—covered with sharp flints more irregular than a German verb, and strewn with jagged boulders. How I cursed those holes and inequalities! I am rather blinder than the blindest at night, and stumbled first over a stone, then into a hole; one moment I was down on both knees, and next, in getting up with a struggle, I would run full tilt against a huge rock in the middle of the so-called road. In very truth, no man ever before trod such a path. I wished myself miles from it. Involuntarily, I weighed the advantages of another three hours under the blankets against the trials of this breakneck path. Matters became still worse when we left the open plain, and we had to force our way through thick brushwood and briary jungle, regardless of thorns and stinging cuts from twigs, in addition to shins broken against angular stones, and ankles sprained in two-foot holes. Now I cannot help laughing as I remember the feeling of utter woe and martyrdom with which I followed the placid Smith on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Whether from habit, luck, or skill, he never made a false step, but, with seeming ease, held on

the even tenor of his way. Nothing but pride kept me up at first; afterwards I was driven forward by the knowledge that it would be as difficult to retrace my steps as to go on, and the cold precluded all thoughts of stopping for daylight. Added to the evils I have named was yet another. Notwithstanding all the precautions I had taken before starting, I felt some leeches crawling under my stockings, and I knew that if I felt one or two there were probably as many dozen. It was some consolation to learn that Smith, the imperturbable, was attacked in the same way. I do not think I have mentioned that in the Himalayas every person walking in the early morning and evening, and even during the day in sheltered places not reached by the sun, is liable to be attacked by leeches, who, notwithstanding every possible precaution taken against them manage by some means or other to find their way to the pedestrian's legs and ankles, the latter particularly, as the tenderest parts are sought out with peculiar exactness. The time of the year in which leeches appear in greatest numbers is on the first appearance and during the fall of the rain, though they are to be met with in lesser numbers in almost every month of the year, with the exception of the three winter months. It is quite impossible to guard one's legs altogether from this novel plague. No matter how careful one may be, some few leeches are sure to wander up his trousers, down his socks and stockings, and gorge themselves to repletion long before their presence is even suspected. Their bite is scarcely perceptible, but the irritation caused by it afterwards, when

the small wound begins to heal, is very troublesome. They also have a strange fancy for fixing themselves into the nostrils of both horses and dogs, causing a tickling which forces the wretched animal to rub his nose constantly against the manger in the former case, with his paw in the latter. When a leech has effected a lodgment in the nostril of either animal, it is impossible for either dog or horse to get rid of the intruder; neither is it an easy matter for a master to rid his animals of their presence. In a very few days loss of blood strangely reduces the horse or dog in whose nostril one or more leeches have entered. The master wonders what occasions such a falling off, and may not find out the cause for weeks. The method followed for getting rid of them is rather cruel to either dog or horse, but is the only successful one. After the afflicted animal has been kept away from water for at least twenty-four hours, the master, armed with a pair of tweezers or pincers,

stands close by at the moment that a pail of water is offered to the animal. The leech is certain to make its appearance at the sight of the water; then is the moment to pull it off, notwithstanding the dog's howl of pain, caused by the leech sticking to the tenderest part of his nose.

There was an end to our abominable walk at last. After an hour's progress we reached a ravine, down the irregular sides of which we scrambled with as little noise as possible. Smith, one of the villagers, and Mounyah crossed over a very narrow and shallow streamlet, a mere thread of water; whilst I, with the remaining guide and my gun-bearers, posted myself at what appeared to be the foot of a gigantic rock. In his anxiety to reach the ground in good time, Mounyah had caused us to start more than half-an-hour too soon. So, shivering, miserable, bruised, and lame, I stood uttering curses not loud but deep, and wishing myself anywhere else. In India there is no twilight or dawn, the first streak of light is the signal and advanced guard of a full blaze. With the first light, therefore, our position stood revealed before me. We were looking straight down a narrow ravine, both sides of which for 300 yards were very precipitous in every spot but one. It was at that place we had scrambled down. What in the darkness I had taken for a gigantic rock was merely the straight side of the ravine, arranged in sharp ledges, on which grew a few stunted bushes. Just behind me there was a large opening in the bank, apparently going in to some distance—in fact, a cavern. A small stream ran down the centre of the ravine, not un-



HAUNT OF THE BLACK BEAR.

like the gutter which occupies the centre instead of the side of a street in badly-built towns. At 160 or 180 yards before and behind us the ravine took a sharp turn right and left, so that it was impossible whilst standing there to form an opinion of its features higher up or down.

Standing at the foot of the opposite side of the ravine, close to a large gaping cleft in the rock (the opposite side was almost all rock), was Smith and his followers. We were not more than sixty yards apart. It seems the bears were expected from one direction only—from the direction we were facing, of course. To shield me from observation there was a convenient mound projecting beyond the side of the precipice, and on it grew a stunted bush, just affording sufficient shelter for three or four men. Smith, on the other hand, stood half in and half out of the cleft in the rock above mentioned, and was further protected by some brushwood hastily gathered together. I am

rather particular in this description of the ground, in order that what follows may be properly appreciated and understood. I must further add that the ground we stood on and all the bottom of the ravine, as far as we could see it, was tolerably level. The general appearance of the ravine was not unlike a very deep railway cutting, with this exception, that the two sides of the ravine were much deeper than any railway cutting, and that whilst it is possible with some exertion to climb a steep railway embankment, the nimblest climber would have failed to scale the sides of the ravine in any place but the one difficult spot by which we descended; on Smith's side, in fact, the precipice slightly overhung. It was impossible for me to judge of Smith's feelings: he appeared as calm and unconcerned as ever. Daylight brought me some comfort—I had also brought a little with me in my pocket—so that, although very cold, and with many doubts whether I should be able to pull the trigger, I felt easier and more reconciled to the position than I was half an hour before daylight appeared. At that time it would have needed little inducement to have made me forswear shooting for ever. With daylight something of the old enthusiasm and the excitement of anticipation returned. The scene is as vivid before me at this moment as it was half an hour after its enactment. I was looking up the ravine, that is behind me, when I felt a hand quickly put on my shoulder, and, turning round, I saw the village guide, with his eyes half out of their sockets, and drawing back his body behind the shelter, but craning forward so as to see something in front. Of course I looked too, at the same time noiselessly

cocking my rifle. A large bear had just turned the corner, and was coming up the ravine, with his head and nose close to the ground. At short intervals he rubbed his nose with his paw, as he very slowly and leisurely rolled forward. He had scarcely turned the corner on my side of the small rivulet, when first another came in sight, also on the same side, and then a small cub on the other side. The bear which first came in sight was a very large one. I at once determined to reserve my first shot for him, and also not to fire until he was within twenty paces, if he would come so near; but that I feared he would not do. All three were coming steadily towards us—the two full-grown ones and the cub—but they had scarcely advanced

sixty yards from the spot on which we first saw them, when round the opposite corner came first another cub, and then another full-grown bear—the mother; so there we were, confronting three full-grown bears, in a place impossible to escape from should the necessity arise. Fortunately they gave us no time for thought, otherwise the excitement of waiting might have spoilt my aim. Nothing could do that for Smith. When the two foremost bears had arrived at that part of the precipice down which we had made our way, they both

grunted, threw their heads about, and showed unmistakable signs of uneasiness. It was evident they either smelt us at that distance, perhaps forty yards, or they picked up the scent at the spot we had passed. It was an exciting moment. The guide, who had first seen them, made urgent signs to me to fire at once. This I was reluctant to do; until the animals actually turned tail, I knew there was a chance they might come nearer. Besides, they were both directly "end on" to me; whereas I wanted a shot at, or rather behind, the shoulder. I had no time to see what Smith was doing, he had quite passed from my memory and attention; but I afterwards learnt that he was the whole time holding up his hand as a signal not to fire. He feared that, in my inexperience at large game, I might dislike to let so good an opportunity pass, and fire at once without waiting for a better one. Meanwhile the bears were behaving in a most extraordinary manner. At any other time it would have been highly amusing. Almost directly after the first grunt or signal of alarm, the mamma Bruin's only care seemed to be to get the cubs as near herself as possible. They, on



PEASANT WOMAN OF NORTHERN INDIA.

the contrary, saw no occasion for this; one, however, she managed to get behind her, and her attention was partly given to keep it back and to draw the more advanced cub's attention to the "rocks ahead." The two bears on my side (I think I have said that the mother and cubs were on Smith's side of the ravine, and consequently his proper shots) neither advanced nor retired for some moments; they stood close to each other, one swaying from side to side, and occasionally poking with his nose the other bear in the shoulder and ribs, as if to awaken him to a sense of their position; whilst the other looked up and down, sniffed on all sides, grunted and showed the most marked signs of uneasiness. However, the

situation could not last for ever. I was thinking of firing at the first good opportunity, that is, as soon as the largest bear exposed his flank fairly and openly, when, grunting more than ever, and with signs of still greater uneasiness, both the bears on my side slowly advanced. I don't know whether the reader has understood that the cavern behind me and the fissure in the rock near Smith's position were simply the abodes of the bears, and that they were returning home after a night passed in foraging and prowling. In this fashion they advanced perhaps ten or twelve yards nearer, and then their disquietude became so extreme that it was apparent another moment would see them beating a retreat. I decided to fire. At that moment the big one turned his flank towards me as he looked up the side of the ravine. I aimed just behind his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Immediately after firing, without pausing an instant to ascertain the effect of my shot, and as soon as I could cover the other bear, I fired again, so that there was only an interval of two or three seconds between the two reports—Smith's rifle ringing clear almost immediately after the first shot.

Then ensued the most ludicrous scene I ever witnessed. At all times I think a bear is an uncouth, strange, ridiculous animal, whose every movement is mirth-stirring; but on this occasion this was especially the case. Both my shots had told, the big bear being very badly hit; but yet both were able to stagger up and make a movement to the rear, and in doing so they attacked each other with the utmost fury that their desperate condition would allow. I had heard of such scenes before (I have witnessed them since), and I knew at once each bear thought his sufferings and wounds were due to his comrade. How they accounted for the noise I don't know; and it seems they had sufficient instinct to move in a direction opposite to the place whence came the noise, attacking each other as they moved in a furious manner, and intermingling their grunts with shriller sounds. As soon as I saw the state of affairs, instead of taking the ready-loaded single rifle from the bearer's hands, I immediately loaded the double-barrelled rifle I had just used, putting in two shells similar to the two I had just fired. Then, without moving from the spot, and resting my rifle on the projecting mound, I fired again at the hinder bear, the smaller one, and then issued from my hiding-place and loaded as I went. In another second I had an opportunity of putting a shell into the big bear—right through, or rather right into the head, where the spinal column joins the lower part of the head at the back. He fell dead on the spot. The small bear was sprawling on the ground; I did not waste another shell on him, but, calling for the single rifle, I put a two-ounce bullet into his head, *à bout portant*. This seemed to revive him for a moment, and I was glad enough to snatch the double-barrel, in which there was still one charge. However, Bruin only staggered for a couple of steps, and Smith, coming up at the moment, dealt him his *coup de grace* with a hunting-knife.

Smith, on his side, had killed the she-bear and one cub; the other got off scot free. Not a bad ten minutes' work—three full-grown bears, one of them a very large one (Mounyah declared it was the largest he had ever seen). But the last animal killed, if it be anything approaching full size, is always called the largest animal seen or shot during the season. However, I was highly pleased. No more thoughts of bruises or falls occupied my attention; I would there and then willingly have

gone through the same disagreeable preface for another such successful end.

Mounyah was simply extravagant in his manifestations of delight. He had promised us one bear on the eighth day; here were no less than three on the ninth—we did not count the cub. It was well worth waiting twenty-four hours for such a reward as this. On examination of the bodies I was astonished to find how very small were the apertures made by the shells; I expected something much more destructive in appearance than the small hole no larger than an ordinary bullet-wound which both bears showed in flank and head. When they were skinned, however, we saw how effective a shell can be. The lead had opened out and spread, presenting a very jagged, flat surface, larger than the palm of a large hand; small pieces of lead had also broken loose from the principal piece and taken directions of their own, away from the main wound. Altogether, the effect was very terrific, and quite accounted for the animal's sudden death; for a bear is most tenacious of life, and will take six or seven, or even ten bullets, and then get away on ground favourable for escape.

But there was no time to waste; the latter part of our programme had to be carried out. This was a *hankwa*, or beat; and as the coolies, ignorant of our good fortune, would not delay, it behoved us to be at our stations in readiness for their advance. So, hastily dragging the four carcasses to one side, placing a few branches and twigs over them, we at once ascended the steep ravine side, and walked in good spirits towards our stations. I was anxious to explore both the cavern and the cleft in the rock, to learn something of Bruin's domestic arrangements; but there was no time for it; I therefore made a mental note to return in the afternoon or next day. I am sorry to say I never did so.

The remainder of our day's sport needs no lengthened description. The morning's work was exceptionally good; we could not expect such good fortune throughout the day. Perhaps, elated with our unexpected success, we were not so careful as the occasion demanded. On leaving the camp, Mounyah's intention of waiting for the bears' homeward return was considered a mere accessory to the day's sport; but now that our expectations had been so far exceeded, the *hankwa* was considered the accessory.

The scene of the early morning's encounter was the extreme right of the low-lying wood-covered hills which, I have said, bounded the plain on two sides. Whilst we were marching to it, our own coolies, aided by a dozen or more villagers, were walking in an opposite direction, so as to gain the summit of the hills to the extreme left, at a place where the two largest hills enclosed a small valley, which ended in a few small ravines, or the beds of disused mountain torrents. It would be difficult in a small space to give an exact idea of the *terrain*. The advantages that it possessed for us were that it needed very few men to beat it effectually, and that, driven as it was about to be driven, any animals lying in it at the time would be forced in our direction towards a place where the valley gradually narrowed, so that the coolies, commencing the *hank* at the top of the hills, where they were posted, as it were, on the outer edge of a gigantic fan, would drive the game towards us as we anxiously waited for it at the narrow part or handle of the fan—with what success my readers will learn in the next chapter.

A Bird-nesting Expedition in a North African Swamp.—I.

BY THE REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S.

A DAY's journey to the west of Algiers there remained until within the last ten years a resort of many waterfowl, and of those rare birds whose extinction or extreme rarity at the present day is to be attributed to the advance of colonial civilisation, more favourable to human life than to the existence of the objects of zoological interest. To invade this retreat of the heron, the ibis, the grebe, &c., I undertook a four days' expedition from Algiers one morning in May, 18—.

A few hours' drive in the diligence from Algiers brought me to the little Arab town of Koleah, situated on the southern edge of the Sahel line of hills. Having made an early start in the morning, I had abundance of time to procure supplies for the proposed excursion to the interior, and to secure from a Moorish horse-dealer the best animal he had on hand, which proved, however, by far less spirited than docile. A pair of panniers of grass matting, filled with provisions and wine for three or four days, composed my outfit, and I prepared to start in search of the Lake Halloula by winding horse-paths, a pocket-compass being my only guide through the region which is now traversed by the high road opened out of late years by convict labour between Koleah and Cherrhell.

The lake was at a distance of about thirty miles, and after tossing restlessly through the early hours of a stifling sirocco night, I rose at three a.m., saddled my reluctant horse, charged the panniers, and, wrapped in my burnous for protection from the suffocating wind, I passed the gate of Koleah before four a.m. The air of the still, sultry night, laden with the impalpable sand of the desert, felt like the blast from a baker's oven, and promised ill for comfort in the dense underwood of the forest. The sun had not yet risen as I passed the tall, solitary palm on the brow of the Sahel which marks the old frontiers of Abd-el-Kader's line after his first treaty with the French, by which all the territory to the west of a line drawn from Blidah to the palm-tree of Koleah was conceded to the desert chieftain. Strangely has Algeria changed, when in a few years from that epoch a solitary naturalist can in security prepare for a three days' lonely bivouac in the frontier forest.

A well-marked track led me into the forest, not before I had had sufficient daylight to enjoy the vast panorama of the plain of the Metijah stretched beneath, with the dark-green orange groves of Blidah framing the white city in the distance, and the jagged line of the Atlas beyond, with a patch of thick mist overhanging a fissure in the mountain line—the famous gorge of the Chiffa. A hyena struck across my path as I entered the thickets, and soon after a pretty little ichneumon kept running on almost fearlessly before me. Sitting across my pack-saddle, I had just missed a snap-shot at a rabbit, when a strange scream from a matted lentisk bush arrested me—"Tschâgra, tschâgra, chugra, chrug," most inharmoniously repeated. I dismounted, approached, but could not see the hidden vocalist, though I struck the bush several times. At length a stone dislodged him, and I brought him down before he could reach the next clump. It was a fine male specimen of *Telephonus cucullatus*, or tschagra, aptly so named, and was the first I had ever seen. He is a beautiful bird in flight, his rich chestnut wings prettily contrasting with his long, expanded,

fan-like tail of jet black, with a broad white bar at its extremity. In his habits he differs much from other shrikes, never showing himself, as they do, on the extremity of a branch, or in an exposed tree, but always concealed in the thickest recesses. "Heard, not seen," is his motto. I looked in vain for the nest, which was, probably in the neighbourhood, as I saw another bird gliding through an adjoining thicket.

A few days afterwards, on my return, I obtained a nest, the only one I ever took, placed in the centre of an arbutus bush, large, and coarsely constructed of twigs, with a thick lining of wool and hair, and containing four eggs. These were slightly larger than those of the great grey shrike, of a white ground, very thickly covered over the whole surface with brown spots and a few russet-red blotches, somewhat intermediate in character between those of the shrike and the lark. But for the closeness of the spots and their reddish hue, they might easily pass for the eggs of *Certhilanda desertorum* in my collection. The hooded shrike is not a desert bird, but is only a summer visitant to the *tell*, retiring, however, very late, as I have met with birds of the year at the end of October. It seems strictly confined to the forest districts.

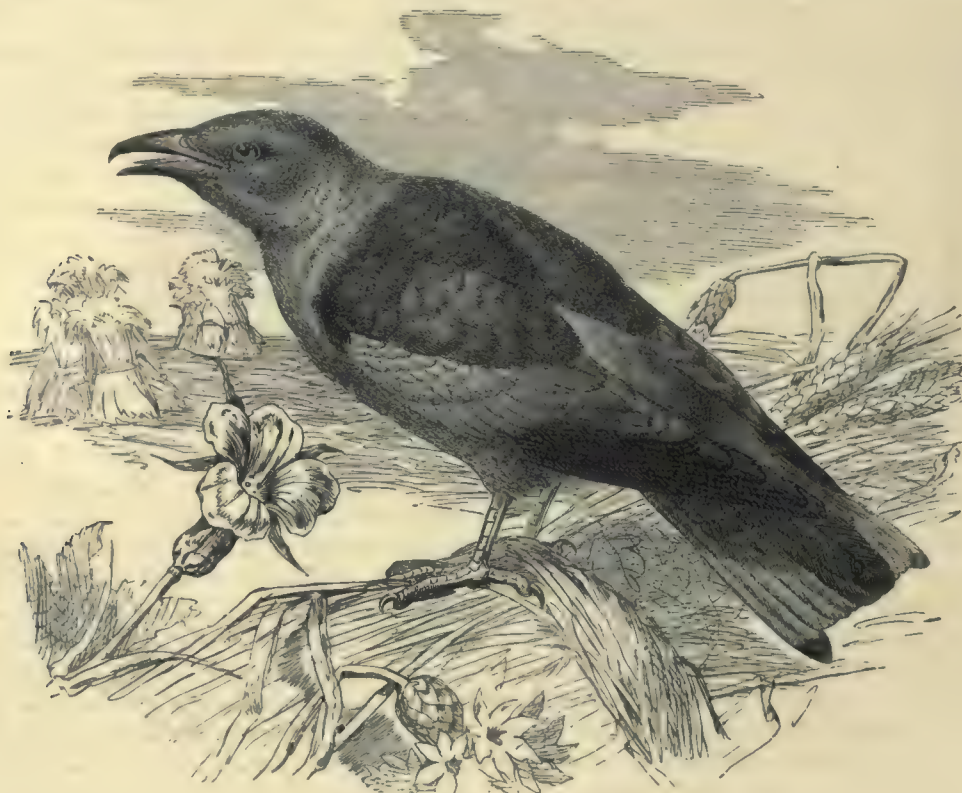
The path now diverged somewhat southwards towards the plain, and I was astonished, on reaching the brow of the hill, to find myself approaching a clearing, more like a Canadian back settlement than an Algerian *propriété*. A man in a blue blouse emerged from a side path in front of me, carrying two pails of water. I rode up to him, and inquired in French if I were in the right road for Halloula. The man turned round, and, with a vacant stare from a rosy Saxon face, ejaculated, "Eh?" Startled as by an apparition—a very solid one—I exclaimed, "Why, you are an Englishman!" "Ees, I bees from Staffordshire," was the reply; and, entering into conversation with him, I was astonished to find that I had reached an English farm, probably the only one in North Africa, the proprietor of which had, a few months previously, brought out two families of agricultural labourers, besides a young man who lodged with my companion. They had none of them been farther than the market of Koleah since their arrival, nor had they made any French acquaintances, having no neighbours except some Arab workmen, who slept in outhouses or tents. Willingly accepting the invitation to have a talk with the "missus," I followed him to the cottage, and found two families of bright English children, for whose sake the mothers sadly lamented the want of the schools of home. An infant lately born gave me the opportunity of telling them that I was a clergyman, of which fact, from my Arab guise, they seemed at first incredulous, but gladly accepted my offer to baptise it. After holding a short service with the two families, who now, like many others, valued the religious privileges they had slighted at home, and having heard the children read the Testaments with which they had been provided before leaving England, I was preparing to depart, glad that I was able to leave as a souvenir of my visit a prayer-book and a few tracts, when the women hospitably begged me to take breakfast as my fee.

The men went off to the fields, and the matrons seemed in

much alarm for their safety, as a few days before, on the women going in the early morning for water, they had met two leopards in the path, since which neither they nor the children had ventured to leave the premises. I had some difficulty in making them believe that for a leopard to attack, unprovoked, a human being was, in those countries at least, unheard of; and they themselves confessed that the leopards ran away as fast as they did. But as the morning was passing, and I had no wish to encounter the leopards, with which the forest is well stocked, alone by night, I started again, with a promise to re-visit my countryfolk, and hold another service with them.

Turning back into the forest, I had only to pursue my course by any path that lay due west, and I should reach the open hills before nightfall. Again and again the ichneumon

While lying there I obtained two or three ringdoves (*Columba palumbus*), which Buvry has distinguished, under the name of *Columba excelsior*, from the European bird, though I confess myself wholly unable to detect the differences. Many turtle-doves of our common species were to be seen in every open, and I found a nightingale's nest at the stump of a decayed tree, and two nests of the Algerian greenfinch (*Chlorospiza aurantiventris*, Cab.). Having packed my treasures, I remounted, and, riding on at a quick pace, reached the termination of the forest some two hours before sunset, and had the satisfaction of seeing the tall marsh of reeds which environed Lake Halloula about three miles before me, and about a mile to my right, on the slope, the white tents of a party of convict soldiers, who, under charge of a Zouave guard, were engaged



THE ROLLER (*Coracias garrula*).

(*Genetta Afra*) crossed in front of me; and wherever the trees were sparse the woodchat and the southern shrike (*Lanius Algeriensis*) might be seen, of both of which I obtained several nests. A pair of kites, by their restless movements, betrayed their alarm; but finding the thicket round a great cork-tree impenetrable, I was compelled to note the spot for a future search, when I should be provided with a hatchet. Occasionally the roller (*Tschugrug*) would rise screaming from a chestnut-tree, and, after making grotesque gyrations in the air, drop headlong into the forest, out of sight and shot. I had, however, the satisfaction of obtaining my first *geai d'Afrique*, as the colonists term the roller (*Coracias garrula*). The Algerian chaffinch and titmouse were frequent (*Fringilla spodiogena* and *Parus caeruleus*), and I heard, but could not see, the woodpecker and the jay (*Garrulus cervicalis*); but, as in most forests, winged life was not abundant, except at the outskirts.

In a lovely glade I dismounted for dinner, under a thick ivy-clad oak (*Quercus ballota*), and hobbled and fed my nag.

in cutting a trench from the lake to drain it into the sea, by taking it to a stream at the base of Mount Chenoua.

I met with a civil reception from the sergeant commanding the party, to whom I explained my errand, judiciously using the name of General Yusuf, with whom I was acquainted, and received the agreeable intimation that I might share his tent for the night. Being further conciliated by a handful of cigars and a half-bottle of brandy, he offered to send a couple of convicts with me to look for birds in the thickets near the lake. On inquiry, I found among the Zouaves a young man who had formerly worked for MM. Verreaux, at Paris. We fraternised at once, and sat down together on the ground to skin the specimens I had procured during the day. He raised my expectations to the highest pitch by telling me, what I had not anticipated, that, besides the waterfowl in quest of which I had come, there was not a richer field in the world for warblers than the low brushwood and tamarisk thickets at the head of the lake.

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—II.

PONDICHERRY TO TANJORE—THE PAGODA OF COMBACONUM.

FROM Pondicherry there is a coast road through the French territory to Munjaccupum, or New Town, not far from which is the city of Cuddalore; thence the road continues nearly due south, through numerous villages of no great interest, to Chellumbrum. The distance from Pondicherry to Chellumbrum is about forty miles. Cuddalore is on the river Panar, but though having a considerable length of course, this stream

tropical storms, the contrast is great when the traveller finds himself compelled to endure the rough jolting of a wretched vehicle drawn by two zebus, and obliged to take the greatest precaution, and use much foresight, to avoid being interrupted for days, or swept entirely away by some unlooked for but too common accident.

Midway between Cuddalore and Chellumbrum is one of the long narrow pools common in this part of India. It is,



MANDAPAM OF THE PAGODA OF CHELLUMBRUM.

is small at its mouth, and closed up by a bar. There is, however, a harbour and pier. The site of the town is low, being only five feet above the sea, but it is not on that account unhealthy. The houses are good, and the streets regular. There is an old fort, once of interest, but now nearly demolished.

After passing Munjaccupum the road is sandy and difficult, and in the rainy season becomes almost impassable. Fortunately, there is less rain on this coast than in Bengal; for if it were not so the bullock-carts, which are the only means of getting from one place to another, would be almost useless. After enjoying every luxury, in passing through a part of the country where no anxiety need be felt or inquiry made as to the state of the roads, the steepness of the mountain slopes, or the magnitude of the streams when they are swollen by heavy

however, some little distance from the road, which runs, for the most part, close to the sea, but diverges from it near the lake.

Chellumbrum is a great village, with wide streets shaded by coco-nut trees. The chief pagoda, dedicated to Siva, stands in the very midst of the habitations. Four *gopurams*, or pyramidal doorways, built of brick, give admission to the inner court, the external wall of which is propped up with dirty hovels and mean-looking shops. These *gopurams*, some storeys in height, are much more ancient than those which decorate the other pagodas of the Deccan. A thick cryptogamic vegetation, the numerous ramifications of which, spread over the surface, resemble black spots, gives them a remarkable appearance of age. The eastern *gopuram* is entirely without the array of statues and the thousands of sculptures with which the others

are covered. A recent restoration has not improved it in the eyes of the archæologist or the traveller, who would prefer the sight of an old ruin, blackened by weather and partially worn, to that of new bricks, the red uniformity of which much detracts from the interest with which the building is otherwise invested.

The three other entrances are completely covered with statues composed of fine-grained limestone. These statues are arranged in line, close to one another, like a regiment under arms. The south-eastern gate is the most curious; the heads of the cobra-capella (hooded-viper), sculptured in great numbers over the whole of the surface, communicate an appearance of elegance completely wanting in the others.

The height of the *gopurams* is out of all proportion to the size of the constructions forming their massive base. The same defect exists, though in a lesser degree, in all the great Deccan pagodas of a later period. Their general proportions are not indeed faulty, but when one gazes on these lofty pyramids, so distant from each other, yet united by a blackened, unadorned wall, it would not be difficult to imagine one's self surrounded by ancient monuments, levelled to the earth by some great cataclysm. They might be taken for towers, isolated in a desert, and it is not easy to conceive that any relation can exist between these immense piles of bricks and the connecting links which are apparently so unimportant. They seem to be gigantic entrances to an invisible sanctuary. This is not, however, the case when one has penetrated to the interior, for the hideousness of the exterior is there modified by the colonnade near the wall, and also by the numerous sanctuaries, *mandapams*, and pools scattered here and there, the admixture of which is very pleasing to the eye.

The four pilasters of the western *gopuram* are gems of sculpture, and some of the stones are covered with ancient inscriptions, and possess great interest for the antiquarian.

This monument should be visited on the occasion of one of the great festivals. The courtyard is then crowded with men and women, wreathed with the yellow flowers of the *champa*, a very odoriferous plant, dedicated to Kistna, the black god. Besides these, there are fakirs, whose faces are bleached with a thick coating of lime, and who are seen busily occupied in prostrating themselves at the entrance to the sanctuary. These devotees have a singular habit of repeatedly turning the head from right to left, and then rising with hands folded over the back of the head. Time would fail to describe the absurd grimaces with which blind superstition has inspired these poor fanatics.

The sacred trumpet, dedicated to the feast-days of the greatest amongst their gods, is always sounded at intervals on these occasions, and its tones are singularly shrill and discordant. In India the peculiar subtlety of the intellect of the people is shown even in such trifling matters as the form of these sacred instruments. Thus the brazen trumpet is found of many shapes, sizes, and designs, and the form is different, not only in reference to caste, but to the use to which the instrument is likely to be put—such as celebration of the feast-days of gods great and small, marriages, interments, &c.

"Within a mile of Chellumbrum," writes a traveller, "my attention was drawn to a little hut, constructed of leaves, around which a multitude of people were stationed. It appeared that a miracle had recently happened there. A

severely austere Brahmin, whose life was considered quite irreproachable, had breathed his last within its humble walls about eight days since, and the earth had opened of its own accord and received his body. True it was that his remains were no longer there, but I could not learn who had been a witness to this unusual burial. I vainly put the question to all around, but no one could answer me. Brahmins are equal to any species of fraud, however flagrant; they would stop at nothing to fan the flame of devotion amongst their co-religionists, whose credulity may be safely reckoned on."

From Chellumbrum to Combaconum the distance is forty-seven miles, and the road lies in the valley of the Coleroon, the northern branch of the Cauvery. The road is good, and agreeably shaded by palm-trees. The rate of travel, however, is very slow, as the zebus cannot be persuaded to exceed the rate of a mile and a half or two miles an hour. These animals cannot go long on the trot, five or six miles being the extreme distance. Their pace is even less than two miles an hour when one is obliged to have recourse to zebus furnished by Government, and taken from cultivators with or without their consent.

Combaconum is a small town, crowded with pagodas. A magnificent view of the delta of the Cauvery can be had from the great *gopuram* of the principal temple. The eye ranges over green and fertile hills of rice, interspersed with palm-trees. A picturesque plain is not often seen, but there are few more beautiful and even picturesque views than that obtained from the summit of the pyramid over this boundless horizon, where the forests of coco-nut palms contrast with the green fields, and both are studded with numerous temples, with their belts of massive towers and colonnades, composing altogether a *tout-ensemble* of the most harmonious kind.

The principal pagoda in Combaconum is dedicated to Sarangabani, one of the many names of the god Rama. A little stone dais, supported by four pillars, forms the approach to the temple, similar to those already described at Conjeveram. On certain feast-days this dais is used for kindling the sacred fire, a form of worship inculcated by the Védas. A duplicate fire is kindled at the same moment on the upper storey of the *gopuram*, in order that distant worshippers may perceive it from afar.

Close to the *mandapam*, under a huge, conical, thatched roof, is an antique wooden chariot, with cumbrous wheels. Its curious carvings are concealed from view by a thick coating of dust and smoke. This sacred vehicle serves to convey the god Sarangabani when he is exhibited to his faithful company of worshippers.

The temple of Rama at Combaconum has but one *gopuram*, but it consists of eleven storeys, and is decorated with eleven balls. The various façades of this pyramidal tower present one mass of statues; on the first floor these statues are life-size, and they diminish in proportion as they ascend. They form a series of caryatides, supporting the successive steps of the ascent.

The *gopuram* attracts the attention of the traveller, not only by its innumerable statues, but by the vastness of its dimensions. Within, however, there is nothing remarkable. It is smaller than many of the similar constructions elsewhere, and near it is a small *mandapam*, where there are nearly a hundred columns coarsely sculptured. The sanctuary is simplicity itself, as is the custom in most of the Deccan pagodas.

It may appear strange to the uninitiated that whilst the *choultries*, the *mandapams*, the pools, and the *gopurams* in the temples are covered with the richest and most varied ornaments, the sanctuary, the part of the building where the principal idol is placed, and which is the object of adoration to so many worshippers, should be comparatively simple and undecorated. The fact is, however, that everything is arranged so as to strike the eye and produce an effect from the exterior. Mr. Fergusson has very justly remarked that these sanctuaries, which to-day we see surrounded by several concentric enclosures, and whose many remarkable constructions are so huddled together, owe this entirely to their having a special reputation for sanctity. The faithful worshipper neither desired nor dared to penetrate into the sanctuary of a temple whose sacredness was so widely recognised; he contented himself by raising around the object of his superstition buildings more or less vast, and more or less ornamental, according to his taste and fortune.

To the left of the pagoda of Sarangabani (which is held to be the most important of all, both on account of its enormous *gopuram* and of its immense number of worshippers) another pyramidal doorway is erected, which gives access to the temple of Siva. Behind the enclosures of these two sanctuaries is a fine pool, where once in twelve years, on a certain day, the Hindoos come to bathe. These baths are said to purify the soul from all sins, even from those committed whilst in a previous state of existence. The name of this pool is Maha-Kolam. On the other side may be perceived a second temple, dedicated to Siva; but its *gopurams* are less lofty and less ornamental than those of the temple of Rama; it is, nevertheless, encircled by a fine wall, surmounted by bulls. It not only covers a large space of ground, but it appears to be well kept. Its sanctuary is built to the extreme east, so much so that only on one day during the year do the sun's rays penetrate to the extremity of the long and gloomy gallery leading to the altar, and fall on the image of the god.

It is not a little striking to find in the south-east of India so many colossal constructions, in a country where the population is indeed numerous, and has been more so in former times, but which has never enjoyed a great political importance. In no part of the world are there so many temples; and many of them rival in actual size, in massive construction, and in the labour that has been bestowed upon them, even the most remarkable and grandest of the great monuments for which Egypt is so justly celebrated.

The study of the authentic annals of the history of the Deccan would be most interesting if related in detail. But as in most of the Gangetic provinces, this part of India also unfortunately presents great difficulties in chronological research. It is necessary, in order to establish the chronology of the different Indian countries, with the exception of Ceylon and Cashmir, to enter into long and careful examination of the rare inscriptions occasionally met with under ancient ruins. It is also requisite to compare with them the inscriptions on the metal plates, under which sovereigns were in the habit of burying the territorial concessions granted to their subjects.

The oldest and most trustworthy traditions inform us that the Tamul nation, now numbering seven to eight millions of inhabitants, and occupying the south-eastern part of the Indian peninsula, was formerly divided into three distinct states, each named after its reigning dynasty. The names were Cholas,

Pandyas, and Shivas. For several centuries previous to the Christian era these states were prosperous and civilised, as seems to be proved by the accounts carefully handed down in the island of Ceylon.

The Pandyan kingdom owes its name to a branch of Pandhavas from the northern parts of India. This is the most southern of all. It extended from the river Cauvery to Cape Comorin, and retained its limits until the English conquest. Its ancient splendours date from the first centuries of the Christian era.

The Cholan kingdom comprised the country situated to the north of the Pandyan, and extending as far as the neighbourhood of Madras. From the tenth to the twelfth century it was at the zenith of its prosperity. Then the Cholans enlarged their territory, and extended their conquests even to Ellora, but they very soon were made to feel the supremacy of the Mussulmans, and afterwards of the Mahrattas. The pagoda of Chellumbrum was erected during the Cholan dynasty, which lasted till about the tenth century of the Christian era.

The Shivas have always been inferior to their neighbours in power and in number. They were conquered in the tenth century by the Cholans, and then fell under the dominion of the rajahs of Mysore. They occupied that part of the country situated to the west of Madura.

With these few remarks indicating the nationalities to whom these singular monuments are due, but not indeed explaining why they should have constructed so many and such gigantic temples in honour of their deities, we must pass on to another of the localities where they abound, or where they present some marked peculiarity, either of magnitude or beauty.

Leaving Combaconum, and crossing the upper part of the great delta of the Cauvery, the city of Tanjore is reached, after a journey of about twenty-three miles. The road traverses a very fertile country. Everywhere fine fields of rice and well-cultivated land meet the eye. Tanjore is a province noted for its fertility and for the variety of its produce.

On this road, as in some other parts of Southern India, the traveller meets occasionally pilgrims, carrying what is called a *kowdi*, a kind of pack formed of two hemispheres kept six or eight inches asunder, and covered with a red material ornamented with flowers and little bells. At the end of a bamboo which carries this precious offering two pots full of milk are suspended, which the pilgrim has vowed to carry to Samimalé, a small town near Combaconum, where they will be poured over the idol in the pagoda. It is not uncommon to see devotees marching several days with these *kowdis*, and during the journey the milk should neither turn sour, nor diminish in quantity, even if some should be spilt.

It is necessary, also, that the pilgrim should make his trip without eating, the mouth, for this reason, being stuffed with rags; but he is not forbidden to drink. If the miracle is not accomplished, it is because his soul has been polluted by some evil thought, and to punish himself he ought to bite off the end of his tongue, and humbly deposit it as a sin offering at the feet of his idol. But, oh, miracle of miracles! after keeping his mouth shut for a week, at the end of that time he will find that his tongue has grown again. This he considers a proof that his repentance was sincere, and his offering agreeable to the divinity. This is but one amongst many of those clever tricks practised by pious Brahmins on the superstition of the inferior classes,

and meant to attract offerings of all kinds to the idol, which they well know how to render useful to themselves. India is the classic land for all kinds of fraud. Everything of the sort answers admirably, and the priests omit no favourable occasion of speculating on the purses of these poor fanatics.

At Tanjore there is a station of the Apostolic (Roman Catholic) Mission, and the resident priests receive strangers with great hospitality. These missionaries are widely distributed through many heathen lands, and labour incessantly to root up the absurd superstitions which ignorance has planted so deeply everywhere. Their efforts, however, are very ill-rewarded, and it is certain that, as far as the inhabitants of India are concerned, the converts still retain at the bottom of their hearts a lingering attachment to and faith in the Brahminic pantheon. In their view the Messiah is a deity of the same rank as Vishnu, Siva, Kali, and the rest of the tribe worshipped by their ancestors. In the same way, the heathens are not unfrequently seen prostrate and eagerly praying before the representation of the Saviour in Roman Catholic churches, when their favourite idol has neglected to hear or attend to the demands they have made of him. Even such conversions as do take place are few in number, although the moral life of the various missionaries of the different persuasions of Christians, and their amiable and pleasant manners, attract general esteem; but their real influence on the country and the people is unfortunately almost nil. Catholicism, thanks to its striking ceremonies, has, no doubt, more chance of success than the simpler style and somewhat cold formularies of the English Church. "Why do you preach to us?" said a Hindoo to a missionary. "Many before you have come and said the same things. Have we in consequence abandoned our idols? No. We know they are of no great use; but what will the world say—what will the world say?" Missionaries are often

appealed to with complaints against the Government, of which they are considered paid agents, charged with the general superintendence of the country. Those Hindoos who are not troubled with the prejudices of caste adopt Christianity more readily than other natives; but although they lose less by the change than the high-caste tribes, they must not reckon on the support and friendship of their former co-religionists. They

can, of course, no longer participate in the sacred rites, and they may not make their appearance at those feasts and other entertainments which are common among the Brahmins. It is, indeed, difficult to see why they should make any change, the only result of which is to induce them to worship an unknown God, who enforces austere practices, and whose ministers cannot even prevent sickness. He who abjures paganism only does so, it is to be feared, in order to obtain reward and protection.

There is much written about conversions effected by St. Thomas on the Coromandel coast; but there is no historical proof that this Christian apostle ever did come to India, and it has been asserted that the preachings attributed to him were really held by a merchant, Knai Thomas by name, who in the ninth century came over to the Tamuls, and obtained from one of the Pandyan kings certain



HINDOO FAKIR.

privileges for the Christian Church. On the other hand, it is stated that the acts of the Council of Nicea give proofs of the existence of a person called Johannes, Bishop of India, as far back as the year 325; and there is little doubt that St. Francis Xavier, during his stay in India, merely confirmed in the faith several pearl-fishers who had been previously converted.

Almost all the Roman Catholic Hindoos inhabit the southern part of the Coromandel coast, and there the number is comparatively large, greatly exceeding that of the members of the Anglican Church and the Protestant Dissenters. Besides the Catholic missionaries, who live unostentatiously on alms and



THE CHIEF GOPURAM OF COMBACONUM.

on contributions principally sent from the Colonial Missionary establishment in Paris, many English ministers of religion are to be met with, who are protected by their Government, and many Wesleyans, who are paid by the Evangelical societies established in London and New York for the propagation of Christianity. The labours of these missionaries extend all over India, but they are nowhere very successful.

It is an interesting sight to visit the little Catholic chapel of Tanjore, where a few faithful worshippers daily meet. The building is simple in the extreme, and has, indeed, a poverty-stricken aspect. An enclosure separates the people of recognised caste from the Parias, who crowd in without any sort of order, for, in order to maintain their authority, the missionaries are obliged to yield to some of the native prejudices; and of all prejudices those connected with the observances of caste are the most difficult to eradicate.

Several interesting details about this remarkable country have been furnished by the Roman Catholic priest resident at Tanjore. He mentions that during a journey to Pudukotta he was once witness to an extraordinary phenomenon. At noon the sky, till then blue and serene, suddenly became obscured, and thick black clouds almost concealed it from view. The reverend father and those who accompanied him lost all sense of colour, everything appearing as if draped in a uniform tint of beautiful amber. This phenomenon only lasted a few minutes; a violent hailstorm ensued, and the clouds dispersed. The hailstones, acting upon the solar light like a prism, appeared to have decomposed it, so that only the yellow rays were visible. No doubt, if the travellers had been differently placed, the local colouring would have presented another tint.

In the south of the Deccan those rains known as rains of fire and blood, about which our ancestors were so deeply superstitious, still sometimes occur. Those who have had the opportunity of witnessing them state that the illusion is complete. On one occasion it is recorded that the sun was setting in an almost cloudless sky, while in the east there were thick and sombre clouds; in the zenith, however, the sky retained all its purity. Suddenly a storm burst, and it appeared as if a fiery rain was falling, the sparks being on the point of setting the world in flames. No sooner had the sun set behind the horizon than this scintillating and brilliant appearance was transformed into a deep red, bearing a strong resemblance to blood. This singular phenomenon, considered by the ancients as the presage of terrible misfortunes, is merely owing to the reflection of the solar rays of light at a certain angle of incidence.

There is yet another optical phenomenon frequently observable on the sandy roads in India. Travellers wending their way on foot seem as if enveloped in flames, and remind one strongly of engravings of souls in purgatory. The thick cloud of yellow dust which they raise in walking produces this curious illusion when the sun shines. One might fancy one's self the companion of Dante, when, on his dangerous journey, he descended into the depths of the infernal regions to witness the torment of those condemned to eternal torture by fire.

In 1863 a line of rail united Negapatam to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, and added greatly to the commerce and riches of this part of India, by improving the communication between these countries. Negapatam is now an important harbour. Every day numberless Indian vessels, laden with the most

varied productions, arrive and leave. There is much commerce between this port and Coromandel, and also between it and Malabar. The Tamuls are good seamen, in which respect they differ from the other inhabitants on the eastern side of India, and they exhibit a marked contrast to their neighbours, the inhabitants of Ceylon. It may be noticed that during the season of the pearl-fisheries in Ceylon no vessel from this island engages in the enterprise. All the Indian boats and their crews are from the ports of the mainland of India, and chiefly from the coast between Negapatam and Cape Comorin.

At Negapatam a class of fishermen are to be found who subsist almost entirely on crabs and rice. Their mode of obtaining crabs is so peculiar as to merit description. They arm themselves with a long stick, at one extremity of which a chaplet of shells is affixed. When they find themselves opposite the entrance to the holes where these animals lie concealed, they shake the water with the stick. The noise attracts the crabs, and they sally out to ascertain whence it proceeds. Their curiosity is the cause of their capture. The sailor profits by their exit to harpoon them with a pointed hook provided with a pair of pincers.

Tanjore railway station is a mile from the English part of the town, and more than a mile from the native fort. This fort, whose construction dates from the Nayakara dynasty of the ancient kings of Tanjore, and which was afterwards strengthened and enlarged by the Mahratta conquerors, is composed of two walled enclosures—the first, exclusively of stone, is low and crenulated; the other, which possesses interior ramparts or earthworks, has apertures for cannon. The outer enclosure is surrounded with a large moat full of water, in which are several crocodiles. These creatures were formerly kept by the rajahs, who looked upon them as incorruptible guardians of the town.

In one of the bastions of the inner enclosure a colossal cannon is stationed. It measures no less than 25 feet in length and 10 feet in circumference; the diameter of the bore is 25 inches. It is composed of plates of iron, soldered together, and consolidated by brass rings. The Hindoos have given it the name of Rajah Gopala (one of the names of the god Vishnu), and at certain times of the year they adore it as the tutelary divinity of the fort. It is to be feared that the god would prove more formidable to his friends than to his enemies, should his supporters seek to make use of him. The gun was once fired, but experience proved the experiment to be a dangerous one, and all that remains of the projectiles hurled by Rajah Gopala is an enormous cannon-ball lying peacefully by the side of the monster.

Within the walls of the fort reside more than twenty thousand people. It includes the royal palace—an immense assemblage of various constructions, communicating by narrow passages—and the pagoda in which the last Hindoo ruler of Tanjore took pleasure in offering up human sacrifices. By the side of the principal fort, from which it stands quite isolated, there is another of smaller dimensions, constructed in 1777 by a French engineer, and called *Sevingui Cotteh*, after a pool named Sevingui, *cotteh* signifying "citadel." This smaller fort encloses within its walls a large pyramidal pagoda, celebrated throughout the whole of the southern part of India, called the Pagoda of Vrihatisvaran; this we will describe in the next chapter.

A Visit to the Danubian Principalities.—II.

BY NELSON BOYD, F.G.S., ETC.

THE SZILL VALLEY—PETROGENY—PETRILLA AND THE OLD GOLD-
WORKINGS—VULKAN.

THE valley of Hartzeg forms an extended and rich plain, surrounded by mountains, and looks as if it had once been a land-locked lake. The road to the Vulkan leads through its greatest length, passing many picturesque villages, with quaint wooden churches and plum-tree orchards.

These villages almost all bear the traces of the struggle of 1848. Bullet-marks may even now be seen on the churches and other buildings, and in some cases the spires, which had been battered down, have not been repaired. The road becomes more and more interesting as it approaches the Carpathians. It passes through a gracefully undulating country covered with wood, and when the mountain range is reached, the scenery is extremely grand. The road then winds up and down one hill after another, each becoming wilder, and rising higher until the eminence, beyond which lies the valley of the Szill, is reached. The descent into this valley is almost precipitous, and the scenery has the character peculiar to the Carpathians, namely, a mixture of garden-like fertility and rugged boldness. The view of the Szill Valley from the heights is most delightful; the vale unfolds itself like a panorama, with its clusters of houses nestled here and there in the most romantic nooks, its orchards, maize-fields, and pasturages through which the sparkling Szill River is rippling, adding life to the calm beauty of the scenery. The valley is about twenty miles long, and three to four wide. Two little rivers spring up in it, having their sources at either end, and known respectively as the Hungarian and Wallachian Szill. They meet at about the centre of the valley, and then flow through an impassable gorge called the Zurduck into the great plain of Wallachia on the other side of the Carpathian range, which here forms the boundary between the two countries, and eventually fall into the Danube. At the northern extremity of the valley lies the little village of Petrogeny, now becoming a town, and the terminus of a branch line from the main Transylvanian Railway. The inducement to construct this line consists in the immense mineral wealth of the valley, the basin of which is covered with tertiary strata bearing numerous beds of coal.

We put up at the inn of the Vulkan *contumes* that night, where we found scant and inferior accommodation. A *contumez*, be it known, is a Government establishment, erected at the Austrian end of every pass over the Carpathians, for the purpose of examining the cattle brought from the Danubian Provinces, in order to prevent the introduction of the rinderpest. It consists of a series of buildings erected for the accommodation of the inspector and his assistants, a detachment of police, a collector of taxes, and a *dépôt* for Government tobacco. A sort of inn is usually attached to provide for the wants of the drovers and any travellers who may chance to come over the pass.

We found the place dirty and disagreeable, and only fit for the reception of cattle-drovers, who habitually resort to it. However, in the absence of any other shelter, we had to put up with it and be thankful.

Our visit to Petrogeny next day was most interesting. Here we found quite an army of workmen of all nationalities—Wallachs, Italians, Germans, Sechs, Szecklers, Magyars, and Albanians hard at work, at the terminus of the line of railway, and building up houses for the inflowing population of what some day will become an important town.

The coal-beds have been proved here, and found to contain in the aggregate no less than one hundred and fourteen feet of coal. This immense wealth of mineral extends through the whole length and breadth of the valley, though perhaps nowhere is the section of the coal-seams so fine as at Petrogeny. The place now is a sort of sea of mud, out of which buildings are arising as if by enchantment. All round are the encampments—if I may use the term—of the foreign workmen, consisting of rows of log-huts, in which the men live for the time being.

On a pay-day the crowd of workpeople constitute a real Babel, so diverse are their languages. During working hours this diversity is not much noticed, as the men work in gangs of the same nationality, according to their aptitude for different kinds of work. Sometimes disputes arise, which lead occasionally to serious quarrels, ending in broken heads and even knife-wounds. The total absence of a working population in the district renders it necessary to get the requisite labour from abroad. The Wallach, as a rule, is not a good labourer at anything except field-work, more especially in the mountains of the Carpathian range, where the inhabitants are almost nomad in their habits and customs. They devote their whole time to the care of their flocks, and lead the life of shepherds. They calculate their wealth by the number of cattle, sheep, or swine they possess, and dispose of them only when their number exceeds the available pasturage or hay. In summer they make hay or grow maize to feed the cattle in winter, and when spring comes they drive them up the mountains, and let them graze on the rich pastures of the sunny slopes of the Carpathians. The peasant takes his family with him, and all are busy watching the herds. Some have regular log-huts on the heights, where they live during the whole summer; others seek a partial shelter under tents made of tree branches and leaves; very few come down to the valleys during the warm season, and do not see their homes for months. None remain below except the old and infirm; even women and girls join in the general exodus, and the villages are practically deserted. In the middle of summer the herds are grazing on the very tops of the hills, but as the weather gets colder they descend, clearing the slopes zone by zone of grass, and frequently leaving patches of land as bare as a gravel-walk. The swine are particularly destructive in this respect, for they not only eat the herbage but root up the surface of the land and leave it like a ploughed field. I was told that the swine are often left up in the hills by themselves all the winter. A certain proportion are lost, but the majority survive, for they are hardy animals, and these cost their owners nothing for keep during that time. As a rule the cattle are entrusted to the care of the women and girls, the sheep and swine to that of men and

boys, who are assisted by a breed of most ferocious dogs. These animals have more the appearance of wolves than dogs, and woe to the unwary stranger who may happen to come within reach of their fangs; I believe he would be torn to pieces and devoured.

A few miles beyond Petrogeny, and quite at the head of the valley, lies the little village of Petrilla, which I visited on account of the interest attached to its neighbourhood by the numerous indications left of the mining operations supposed to have been carried on by the Romans. Nothing could be prettier than Petrilla, which is the very type of a Wallachian village. Built on the banks of the Szill, here a shallow and softly-flowing stream, each cottage is surrounded by an orchard

fare is so simple that he requires but few cooking utensils, and these, in all probability are taken up the hills. There is a peculiarity in the construction of the Wallachian peasant houses: they all have a verandah, either on one side of or entirely surrounding the building, and the kitchen is always a small detached hut, containing a baking oven and an open hearth, where the maize is warmed on a wood fire.

The verandah becomes the real habitation of the household, or as many as remain at home, during the summer. Here they bring their beds, and sleep almost in the open air; and here the women sit and spin during the day, if not otherwise engaged; the children play about the steps, and the homebred pig takes his siesta in the shady corner. These little villages are not



VILLAGE IN THE SZILL VALLEY.

forming graceful clusters of fruit-trees, well fenced in by a curious but solid wicker paling.

Stacks of hay and maize straw are built upon posts about six feet from the ground, or curiously fixed in the branches of the trees, and look like huge beehives from a distance. In the centre of the village stands a small church, with its quaint wooden spire, and surrounded by the graveyard dotted over with carved wooden crosses, denoting the last resting-places of these children of Nature. The approach to Petrilla is by a truly rustic bridge—a plank carried over the stream on posts, with one or two props slanting like miniature buttresses into the water and a slender hand-rail on one side. When I paid my visit the village was almost deserted, and many of the houses were completely closed and left without any supervision. The Wallachian has little to fear from his neighbours or professional robbers. His simple homestead offers no inducement to the marauder, for beyond the immediate necessities of existence he possesses but little. A bed, a bench, a rustic table, and a box to hold his simple chattels, complete the list of furniture. His

always as quiet and peaceful as Petrilla was the day I paid my visit. On a *fête* day, and there are many in the Greek calendar, the peasants assemble at the house of some farmer, who undertakes to keep a supply of wine and slievovitz for sale, and there give themselves up to reckless amusement. The shepherd-boy comes down from the hill with his rustic pipe, a tube only a few inches long with four or five holes, out of which he produces sounds which can scarcely be called melodious. The young people dance on the grass to the music, such as it is, while the old folk imbibe their wine and slievovitz, not without visible effect. There is a tone of melancholy in these gatherings peculiar to mountaineers and people so much accustomed to solitude. Their joy has none of the exuberance of the French or German peasants; they do not sing or skip about, or get lively over their wine, but quietly and slowly turn and turn about to the monotonous sound of the pipe, or sit seriously looking on and taking long draughts out of a bottle.

The parish priest, or *popa*, as he is called, plays a con-

spicuous part on these occasions. He is not distinguished by any peculiarity either of dress or manner; himself little better than a peasant in point of education, he lives and thinks as one amidst the flock under his charge. He generally has his farm like the others, and his parishioners show their respect for him and the Church by assisting him in his farming operations. He derives no income from the State, and is entirely dependent for subsistence on the gifts of the parishioners, the church-fees, and his own exertions. It is even said that sometimes the popa of a village works as a labourer during the week, and ascends his pulpit on Sundays to instruct his flock. The popas are ordained by their own bishops, who are nominated by the Emperor of Russia. They are greatly under the control of their superiors, and are most useful and important auxiliaries to

mania and the neighbouring provinces are extremely illiterate and uncultured. They are chosen by the parishioners from among themselves, sent as youths to some small seminary, where they are instructed in the forms of the religious rites and obtain a little knowledge of Latin. What little they learn is soon forgotten after they return to their native villages, and in a few years they sink to the level of the people they live among. Of the outer world and its doings they know nothing; they marry, christen, and bury their parishioners; work at their farms, drink *slievovitz*, and let the time pass on, satisfied to fulfil the simple routine duties of their office, without one thought above the occurrences of every-day existence. It is sad to see a people with so much intelligence and aptitude thus neglected and uncared for by those whose sacred office



BRIDGE IN THE SZILL VALLEY.

the Russian Government. This applies not only to the Wallachians of the Carpathians, but to the whole principality of Roumania, where the lower orders belong exclusively to the Greek Church, and a large number of the Boyards also. In Transylvania the higher classes are nearly all Protestants. The Roman religion is represented by a part of the German settlers, and besides, there are numbers of Jews and Armenians. On the occasion of a village *fête* the popa is a sort of leader of the festivities; he encourages the dancers and settles the partners, has a word for each individual, and generally a glass of wine or a dram with every one.

The example he sets in this respect is not a good one; he is often the first to show the unsteady influence of the potent libations, and the peasants do not consider they have done their duty towards him unless he is carried home helpless. They say the popas encourage the holding of feast-days on account of the good cheer which falls to them on these occasions; in fact, the lower orders of the Greek clergy in Rou-

mania gives them the opportunity—if, indeed, it does not imply the duty—of raising the ignorant above a level of barbarism and superstition.

It may be remarked that whenever a church becomes a political institution as well as the exponent of a creed, it generally happens that the inferior clergy are appointed, not to instruct or improve their flocks, but to carry out the orders of the superior powers, and are considered merely as instruments placed in the hands of others who use them to further their own interests.

The simple Wallachians, however, know nothing of this; they venerate their popas as the representatives of the Deity on earth, dispensers of happiness or misery, according to the merits of the humble believers, and they endeavour to propitiate them according to their own crude and insufficient light. Their extreme faith in the great power of the priesthood is intermixed with an immense amount of superstition, which is rather encouraged than otherwise by the popas, who

take advantage of it to play on the fears of their parishioners in order to gain their own ends. Indeed, the popas themselves are not quite free from erroneous opinions, and will gravely ascribe important events to the most trivial circumstances. The population, as a rule, have an objection to the presence of strangers, or the introduction of anything new among them. Of railways they have a special abhorrence, and they deem the locomotive to be a *Draco de focu*, that is, a "devil of fire." They gave the surveyors of the line now being constructed to the Szill Valley a very unpleasant reception, and it required a considerable amount of judicious management to get the line surveyed at all. One engineer informed me that he had been regularly attacked on one occasion by some women who were mowing in a field, and who had imagined that his theodolite was some dreadful invention of the evil one brought there to bewitch their cattle and blight their crops, and expected to find sterility and destruction wherever it was set up. They came round my informant brandishing their scythes and rakes, and clamouring violently. By the aid of his guide and assistant he was made to understand that they meant him no harm personally, but that the devil's machine must be at once removed out of their field. It was no use explaining, they would not understand; no use expostulating, they would not be convinced of the harmless nature of the instrument; and the engineer had to beat a retreat, with all his belongings. With all their horror of new faces and new ways they are harmless: they want to be left alone, and are quite willing to leave others so; and although many cases of petty opposition to the construction of the line of railway are on record, not one is of a serious nature, and no one has been injured or maltreated. As a rule, they are very peaceable among themselves. Occasionally some dispute arises, particularly when they become excited at some festive gathering, and the *slievovitz* is abundant, but it very seldom goes beyond high words; if any weapon is used it is only a stick, and such rows are easily quelled among them. It is not a rare sight to see two men wrangling fiercely at one moment, and at the next embracing each other. The police have an easy time among them, at least, as far as my personal observation enabled me to judge. They have, however, a bad reputation among their German neighbours, who believe them all to be thieves and untrustworthy. They relate an anecdote of one Wallachian, who was sent as a representative to a meeting of delegates from the provinces, at Vienna, and had the unamiable habit of always carefully carrying away the fork and spoon he had used at dinner, and who was discovered walking off from the Imperial Palace with the imperial plate in his pocket. This, if true, might have been an instance of exceptional kleptomania, but is very much more like an allusion to the habit prevalent among the people, of always carrying about with them their knives and forks, if they use any. I may safely say that I did not remark any great, or even small, thieving propensities among them, although I gave them ample opportunities of indulging them.

At Petrilla we put up our horses at a farmhouse, whose inhabitants were all very ill, this being the reason of their presence in the village at that time. The farmer was ill with inflammation in his ears, which caused him great pain, and for which he took as a remedy some fluid mercury, which he preserved in a quill, the one end of which was stopped up with wax. The trust these mountaineers place in the bene-

ficial action of the fluid metal is as great as it is inexplicable, but there is among them an idea that all earthly ills may be conjured away by taking a few drops of this panacea. One would be inclined to ascribe the illness of the unfortunate farmer to the absorption of the remedy in too great quantities, rather than to any specific disease. His wife, also, was ailing, from something like fever, and I found her in the graveyard which adjoined the orchard, lying among the long, rank grass which was growing round a grave-mound, silently suffering, and patiently waiting for the time when she too would have to be laid in the cold ground below. It was not an appropriate resting-place for one so ill, yet she appeared to be unconscious of the mournful hue of her surroundings. Some one told her of the visitors, and she rose and staggered to the house to see that we were attended to by her two daughters. But after a very few words her strength failed, and drawing her covering of lambskin close round her, she asked to be assisted back to her sad couch. Why did this poor woman choose to rest among the graves of her departed friends? Was she thinking of the time, perhaps near, when she would meet them all again in another world, and did she suppose that their souls were hovering over the tombs and joining in prayers to welcome her among them?

While the farmer and his wife were thus unable to leave their homestead, the latter's father, an old man of nearly ninety years of age, was up among the mountains looking after the cattle. He came down to the farm to pay a visit of condolence to the young people while we were there, and a more vigorous, healthy man could not be seen, wiry though small, robust though thin, and as swift as a deer in spite of his great age. I was told that he was by no means an exception, and that many of the mountaineers live to a very advanced age, and preserve an extraordinary youthful vigour. I suspect that if any of them survive the hardships of their life, with its exposure, meagre fare, and occasional doses of mercury, for, say, a period of fifty years, they may last for an unconscionable time. As a rule the people look healthy and vigorous, in spite of the very sallow complexion, which I could not help ascribing to the use of mercury, after I was informed of the wholesale manner in which they absorb it. The farmer was very voluble in explaining his ailments, and anxious to know if any of the strangers could give him relief from the acute pain he was suffering. We, however, were unable to assist him, and could do no more than express our sincere sympathy for him in his misfortune, and our hopes that he and his wife would soon be restored to health and strength. But we left him, with inward misgivings as to the final result of his illness, to ramble among the mounds of old débris that mark the site of the ancient gold-diggings of the Romans.

Transylvania is rich in the precious metal. There are many localities where it has been, and some where, at the present time, it is extracted. Nearly all the mountain streams in this part of the Carpathian range contain traces of it, and some of the quartz beds appreciable quantities. But they do not appear to have been actively worked since the time of the Roman investment. It is strange that in many parts of Europe we stumble on old mineral workings, once on a time the scenes of active, and no doubt productive, employment, but now deserted and abandoned as worthless. Many of such old workings have been tried in recent times, but rarely with success. The little hillocks which abound in the vicinity of

Petrilla have been lying undisturbed for centuries; they remain there like the grave-mounds of a departed industry. It might be pertinently asked how it is that mineral ground could be worked to profit by the ancients, which at present, with all our scientific knowledge and appliances, we are unable to turn to advantage? And the answer would be difficult to find. Most probably the question of labour remuneration has much to do with it. The Romans, as a rule, employed slaves or prisoners of war as labourers in such undertakings, and it is needless to observe that with that class the question of pay was not considered, and that the employers enjoyed a complete immunity of danger from strikes, trades' unions, or workmen's combinations. Very probably the unfortunate aborigines of these valleys were forced to dig up the treasures of their own soil for the benefit of the invader, and the only material traces of the Roman occupation which remain in this secluded district are the numerous heaps of mineral refuse, left to reveal to after generations the power and energy of the nation that once had conquered the whole of Europe. Some day, perhaps, these silent dales may be turned again into active centres of industry, and the miner be once more engaged in turning gold out of the scraggy quartz of the mountains or the soft alluvium of the plains. Certain it is that indications of mineral wealth are abundantly met with on both sides of the range of the southern Carpathians, and nothing can explain the total want of investigation but the apathy or indifference of the governments. One great drawback to the development of the mineral resources of the district has been the want of communication. But this is now overcome by the construction of the line of railway from Deva to Petrogeny, and it is to be hoped that the miner's hammer will soon resound among the rugged cliffs of these mountains.

The old workings appear to have extended over a considerable area, but nothing of interest remains now to be seen beyond the mounds that denote the spots where the gravel or quartz was worked to extract the precious metal. We spent the afternoon roaming among these silent tokens of past eras of industry, and returned, towards evening, to our quarters at

the Vulkan. But this time not to the miserable hostelry of the *contumes*, but to a comfortable farmhouse in the neighbourhood, where we found the comforts of cleanliness and good cheer to make amends for the unfavourable reception of the previous day. The farm in question was a considerable one, and its owner a man of mark in the valley. He was in advance of his neighbours in education, for he spoke German fluently, and had the walls of his house decorated with rude artistic attempts, in the shape of portraits of the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia, and Louis Napoleon. He also possessed a few books, and the luxuries of modern civilisation, such as table-linen, knives, forks, and spoons. His wife was an excellent cook, having served in that capacity in a German family in Karlsburg, and had a great idea of making her guests comfortable. We had here a sample of a well-to-do peasant-house in the district, and had every reason to congratulate the owner on his establishment, and ourselves at being its inmates. The house was constructed in the usual way, with a verandah running along one side, overlooking the yard, and leading into the different rooms, the kitchen being located in a separate outhouse, and the yard thronged with poultry and pigs. The farmer, who was also a cattle-dealer, seemed much interested in the future prospects of the locality, in consequence of the development of its mineral resources, and appeared intelligent and well informed as to the progress of the different works. Having resided for some time in the German provinces of the empire, he was neither so ignorant nor so prejudiced as his neighbours, but still shared their strong attachment for the beautiful home Nature had provided for them, and sighed at the thought of the near invasion of grimy toilers, and the prospect of clouds of black smoke. But the utilitarianism of the age is relentless, and wherever man can derive an advantage from Nature he seizes on it even at the expense of the beautiful. After all, our stacks and pits are but a repetition of what the Romans and other, even older, nations, did before, only we have at our disposal the accumulated knowledge and experience of centuries, and are able to make a little more noise and produce more smoke.

The Gulf of Spezia.—III.

ANTIQUITIES—MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENTS—ISLANDS OF TINO, PALMARIA, AND TINETTO.

AT the western extremity of the Gulf of Spezia there are many interesting remains of antiquity. The name of Porto Venere of itself indicates plainly enough that the city so called claims as a patroness the goddess of love and beauty. The inhabitants of the western coast of the Gulf of Spezia had erected on the borders of the sea a temple to this goddess, who resembled them in her changeful and seductive temperament. This temple was constructed of the black marble of the neighbourhood, the celebrated *marmo portoro*, many quarries of which have been worked in the mountains surrounding the gulf as lately as 1862. The building was encrusted in the interior with the beautiful white marble of Luni. But even in remote ages, the struggles of race and religious

differences rendered precarious all homage rendered to the gods. The Carthaginians, in the fifth century before Christ, ruined both the town and the temple. When a Genoese colony rebuilt the city, A.D. 1113, Venus had lost all her worshippers. On the ruins of her temple was built a church, dedicated to St. Peter, and the worship of Christ replaced that of the goddess of love. The republican genius of Genoa took possession of the site, but both church and temple are now in ruins, and the archæologist occupies himself in unravelling from their remains what part appertains to the early and pagan style, and what part belongs to Gothic, and to distinguish, as far as possible, that which recalls Polytheism from that which is the fruit of Catholicism. To the tourist, however, who does not trouble himself with such speculations, the city is beautifully situated and very interesting. From this

marble rock, which seems to separate the liquid plain into which it projects, the eye dwells on a lovely horizon, embracing the enchanting coasts of Liguria, and the islands of Palmaria, Gorgona, and Capraia, and even including the Tuscan Archipelago.

The town itself, reached from La Spezia by a good road of about seven miles, constructed in the time of Napoleon I., is remarkably picturesque. The high castle which crowns it, encircled by fig-trees of dark green hue, and by olive-trees of a bluish tint; its high and narrow houses, crowded together as if the better to withstand the storm; its ruins, which the devastating work of centuries has apparently identified with the rock itself; the beautiful Cathedral of San Lorenzo, remarkable for its marbles and for the papal benedictions of Gélase, who consecrated it at the beginning of the twelfth century—this original *tout-ensemble* attracts the attention, and suggests to the intelligent observer the changes which have taken place in this quarter of the globe, between the time when the Carthaginians worshipped here their goddess Astarte, and that period when worship was offered to the principle of self-sacrifice, as exemplified in the local saint and anchorite, Simon, who terminated his life on this coast. It is not difficult to understand that a sailor, such as this Simon, who served under the celebrated admiral A. Doria, should, amidst the engrossing work of his perilous career, have retained a bright remembrance of this admirable landscape. Afterwards, when a hermit, he settled on the cliffs of this, his native land, and died there in solitude. Another native of Portovenere, Barbarava, once a common sailor, was as useful to France as Simon had been to Genoa. The eight hundred souls inhabiting this village still yield excellent sailors and clever pilots, but they are less rich than in those days when its harbour was used as a refuge for the galleys of the Ligurian Republic. Its old dismantled fortress no longer protects the fleets which once waged warfare with the Venetian aristocracy.

The influence of islands in developing monastic institutions on a coast may be noticed in Provence, in the island of Lerins, in the Gulf of Spezia, where they occupy a less important position in the annals of monachism; the three islands which terminate the Gulf of La Spezia have also an interesting monastic history.

Tino, which is situated between Palmaria and the mainland, and is only separated from the latter by a channel, a third of a mile across, first demands attention. Tinetto, whose outline somewhat resembles a squirrel, comes next. Tino deserves our first consideration, because it was the retreat of St. Venerius, and the centre of a religious movement. Although the mention of several mythological personages on the field of history seems due solely to the favour shown by the various peoples to the exiled deities, and although the hermit's name and that of the divinity adored in the city are singularly analogous, I shall not seek to dispute the existence of the saint, who, as tradition informs us, died as devoutly as he had lived, in the island of Tino. This pine-crowned island, on the heights of which the Genoese built a tower, which was afterwards turned into a lighthouse, and which is only cultivated on the side facing the gulf, was the fit abode of one of those men who sought, in the solitude of the desert and on the rocks, to fly from the painful spectacle of the decay of the Latin race, and who became the subject of ridicule to a pagan traveller of the fifth century. In those parts where cultivation was en-

couraged, and which had perhaps been dug out by the monks, Lucius, Bishop of Luni, in the year 610 founded a convent in honour of the patron saint. The remains of this building may still be seen, and its cemetery visited. Amongst other distinguished personages who came here to visit the relics of Venerius, may be mentioned the fierce Cæsar of Byzantium, who gave to the Roman Pontiff the title of Œcumenical Bishop. Gregory the Great was another who, without caring much about these high appellations, worked incessantly to establish the territorial monarchy of the popedom. The relics, threatened with attacks by corsairs, who ardently desired to take possession of the shrines, were carried away to the mainland; the monks shortly afterwards disappeared, and their convents having been pillaged by pirates, they took refuge on the coasts of the bay of Le Grazie. Although the island of Palmaria, which, in the season, abounds with partridges and quails, belonged to them, they considered it too unsafe, not only as a habitation, but even as a station where could be worked the quarries of the beautiful black marble, veined with gold, known as the *portor*, and already alluded to. The corsairs, as also the Pisans and the Aragonese, who have left not a trace of the village of San Giovanni, the gem of Palmaria, would doubtless have inflicted on the monks the cruel fate of St. Anastasia and her companions. The legend relates that Diocletian burnt alive in the island of Patmos those Christians who had rebelled against the decrees which the world then accepted. It would have been well if the victory of Christianity had been the signal for the triumph of toleration on these beautiful shores. Unfortunately, persecutions continued; the Arians and the orthodox church were scarcely free from the yoke of the heathen Cæsars when they began a deadly warfare among themselves. In the fifth century, Terentius, Bishop of Luni, was martyred by the disciples of Arius. The feud still continues. The chief of the Arians of modern Greece died in prison; and liberal Protestants, partisans of Arianism, often complain, in the Eastern newspapers, of the vexations to which they are exposed by the over-zeal of their sect, their ancestors having burnt alive Servetus, the Spaniard, and beheaded Genetis, the Italian.

The Arians succeeded no better than the monks at Tinetto. All that remains of their former abode are fragments of cells covered with ivy, the cells themselves having been destroyed by pirates. If, as Père Lacordaire says, oaks and monks are eternal, such catastrophes may occur without much anxiety to the faithful as to the future of the institution. However this may be, monks are less numerous on these coasts than formerly, and at present only a few Franciscans are to be seen in the streets of La Spezia.

The costumes of the clergy differ in different parts of Italy, as do their manners and customs. They live amongst the people, and are as much at home in the shops as in their own houses. They are less highly educated than Protestant ministers, but superior to most of their own persuasion, because primary instruction has taken so little hold of the Italians. As long as so great a difference in intellect exists between pastors and their flocks, the former will have little difficulty in influencing the latter. This influence, no doubt, the revolution has shaken in the towns, but even there it is much more felt than those who live in countries where the people have long shaken off the feeling of veneration for the clergy as a class can be induced to believe possible.



A NOCTURNAL "PILOU-PILOU"—NEW CALEDONIA.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—IV.

THE *pilou-pilou* which was about to be held by the tribe of Huindo, near Houagap, when M. Garnier arrived there, was intended to celebrate the yam harvest. Five or six tribes from the opposite side of the island had been called upon to attend the festival, which was to be kept with great pomp, in accordance with all the old traditional customs. Generally the Kanaks object to the presence of any Europeans, to that of the French soldiers especially, at their national ceremonies, but on this occasion the chief of the tribe had a particular inducement for sending a solemn deputation to the station, and requesting the attendance of his neighbours the white men. He had for a long while been engaged in hostilities with the tribe of Ponèrihuen, who were constantly making incursions into his territory, attempting to establish plantations there, and massacring numbers of his men. All endeavours to reduce his turbulent and quarrelsome enemies to subjection had been in vain, and at last he and his tribe had sent messengers to the settlement at Houagap to entreat their assistance. The French gave them a guard of ten men and a sergeant, who, with their help, established a little block-house on a rising ground commanding the mouth of the river, which was the enemy's chief point of attack. By this means they partially succeeded in repelling the incursions of the enemy, and guarding their territory from depredation; but still no decisive results were obtained, and more active measures for finally subduing them, in which the French troops were to take a prominent part, were just being planned when the time for the great festival came round. The lieutenant and doctor of the military station at Houagap were prevented by the duties of the service from responding to the invitation of their new allies, but M. Garnier did not need any persuasion from them to determine him to avail himself of such a good opportunity of witnessing one of the most interesting spectacles to be seen in the island. They gave him an armed escort of ten men, for without some protection he would hardly have considered it safe to venture into the midst of such a large native gathering; and he set out with a number of Kanaks living at Houagap, who had also received special invitations to attend. Huindo is situated at Cape Bocage, half way between Kanala and Houagap, the road to it winding along the sea-coast, on sands and coral reefs. They found the chief, a strong, fine-looking fellow, who received them in the most friendly manner, in a state of great excitement and alarm, owing to a warning he had just received from his enemies at Ponèrihuen, telling him to be on his guard, for that the day of the *pilou-pilou* would be to him not a day of feasting, but a day of mourning and woe. In anticipation of an attack, he had therefore been issuing his orders to the sentinels at the mouth of the river to keep a close look-out, and be ready to give the alarm at the slightest sign of the enemy's approach. After pointing out to his guests the hut assigned to them for the night, and the supply of food prepared for them, he led them to his dome-shaped dwelling, and showed them, with evident pride and satisfaction, five ghastly heads, stuck on long poles, which graced the entrance. Not without shuddering and disgust did M. Garnier recognise, in the clean-scraped and half-burnt bones lying about on the ground, the sole remains

of the bodies from which those hideous trophies of the latest engagement had been severed, and which had, there could be no doubt, furnished his host with a regal banquet.

At seven the next morning he went with his companions to the spot where the *pilou-pilou* was to be held, and found a large multitude assembled, the chiefs and elders sitting in solemn conclave on a rising ground, which commanded an extensive plain, and where the tribes—men, women, and children—were all gathered together round an immense pile of large yams. When the signal was given for the proceedings of the day to begin, forty young men, chosen beforehand for their beauty and strength, stepped out from the ground, and taking up each a load of these edibles, ran with them up the hill and laid them down before the chiefs, and then returned for more. In this way they ran backwards and forwards with the utmost speed, urged on and encouraged by the surrounding crowd, who brandished their arms about their heads, and filled the air with unearthly yells. It was a wild, strange sight, and M. Garnier could not but look with admiration at the lithe muscular forms of the young men, the chief actors in the scene, as they ran and leaped hither and thither, and assumed attitudes which for grace and natural ease would have been fine studies for the painter and the sculptor. The chiefs meanwhile were occupied in arranging the roots in heaps of various sizes, one for every family in the tribe, and adding to each a certain quantity of coco-nuts and small fishes. Nearly two hours had passed in this manner, when a prolonged piercing yell, resounding from the distance, was heard above all the noise of the crowd. Every one stood still, with a look of terror and anxiety on his face, for he knew that it was the cry of the sentinels on the mountains, announcing the approach of the enemy, and the next moment the voice of the chief of Huindo was heard in the general silence ordering the young men to go and meet the attack. They needed no second bidding, and rushed off, followed by all the men of the tribe, swinging their *assagays** above their heads, each, as it appeared, trying to outstrip the other, and be the first on the scene of action. M. Garnier and his companions, impelled by the desire not to be actors in, but spectators of the fight, followed in the rear. It took them an hour to reach the river which divided the territories of the two contending tribes. The tide was out, and when they came up a desperate hand-to-hand struggle was already going on, half in half out of the water, on a sand-bank, not more than fifty yards wide, in the middle of the river. Their approach, which was instantly perceived by the Ponèrihuens, raised such a shout of rage and fury along the opposite bank, where the whole tribe had collected, that they lost no time in retreating to a respectful distance, so as to show their peaceable intentions. They stationed themselves on a high ground some way off, whence they had a good view of all that went on, and their interpreter could hear the taunting cries and retorts which passed between the two sides, and the scene was one not to be easily forgotten. Seated on the highest rocks on the beach were the old men of the tribes, whose days of fighting were over, but who, for

* Sharp-pointed lances, which they balance lightly in their hands, and throw with unerring precision to a great distance.

all that, did not play the part of idle spectators. Though their arms were powerless, and their hands too feeble to hurl the lance and stone, or wield a tomahawk, they encouraged and excited the young warriors with their harsh penetrating voices, and, without noticing the sharp stones which whizzed around them and the lances that shaved past them, exchanged stinging words with their enemies on the other bank. "You did well to come to us at this time, for we are holding a great festival, and your company was the very thing we desired. Now that you are here our young warriors will seize you, that your flesh may crown our feast to-day." And then followed the reply from the Ponèrihuens, heard distinctly from the opposite bank—"You are but the dogs of those who have brought thunder into our land—cowards that are not able to defend themselves, and have called the whites to help them. Send them away, and then we shall see you fly as dust before the wind." Meanwhile the fight grew hotter and fiercer. The chief of Huindo was seen at the head of his men, a long lance in his right hand, and a sharp-edged tomahawk in the left, distinguishing himself by his marvellous dexterity, and the agility with which he bounded now from side to side, now high up into the air, to avoid the shower of sharp-pointed stones aimed at him from the slings of his enemies, and the lances hurled at his head by their powerful arms. Always in advance of the others, braving the greatest danger, and straining every nerve and muscle to parry the hand to hand thrusts of his antagonists, and drive them back into the water, where he would have them more completely in his power. This he did little by little, until he had so far freed himself from them as to be able for the first time to make use of his own *assagay*; for one moment he held it poised aloft, and then sent it with unerring aim straight into the breast of the Ponèrihuen chief, who was standing up to his waist in the water. He fell dead without uttering a cry, and then from both banks the crowd plunged into the river, and a furious struggle ensued for the possession of the body. The Huindos contrived finally to wrest it from their enemies, and when they had dragged it on shore an old man of the tribe cut off one of the arms, and having waved it above his head in triumph, tore off a strip of the flesh with his teeth, and devoured it in the sight of the crowd. This savage action called forth howls of execration and rage from the Ponèrihuens, who, beaten and discomfited, were already in retreat, and soon vanished out of sight. The Huindos remained masters of the ground, and celebrated their victory by prolonged shouts and cries. The chief, advancing to the place where M. Garnier stood, followed by one of his warriors bearing the leg of one of the slain, ordered him to lay the trophy at the feet of his guest, and said, "Here I bring you a piece of your enemy and mine. He thought that his bones would rest among his own people, but his skull shall bleach in the sun before our doors; our women and our children shall laugh when they see it. My warriors shall feast on his flesh, which will make them grow stronger and braver. Choose the part which pleases you best, and I shall send a part to the governor at Houagap, that he may also share our triumph."

Though it was not the first time that such delicacies had been set before M. Garnier, and though he was too well versed in the barbarous customs of the Kanaks to feel any great surprise at the present and the speech which accompanied it, he could not refrain, in declining to accept it, from expressing his disgust, and even had the courage to add that if the chief and

his men ate the bodies of those they had slain in the engagement, they would draw down on them the anger and displeasure of the governor at Houagap. As those words were interpreted to the chief, surprise, followed by an expression of respect and humility, were visible on his face; the fact that his friend and ally, the governor of Houagap, would disapprove of his eating human flesh evidently made a considerable impression upon him. Meanwhile, every one was hastening back to resume the grand business of the day. The interruption caused by the fight had lasted three hours, and appeared only to have increased the energy and animation of the natives, who did not rest or pause until all the roots had been carried up on to the hill and distributed into various heaps.

Whilst the men were thus occupied, the women, at a little distance, were executing a slow, measured dance, and chanting in low monotonous voices, as they marked the time with their feet and struck their hands together. It is very seldom that Europeans have a chance of seeing the native women; they are very shy, and always try to escape from the gaze of a stranger, by hiding in the bushes or crouching in the long grass at the first sound of his approach. They are ugly and repulsive-looking compared to the men, for though when they first come to maturity there is a grace and beauty about them, a softness and roundness of form which render them attractive even to European eyes, their charms are of short duration. Their rough mode of life and the degraded position they occupy soon make them look ugly and wrinkled. The *tapa*, a kind of waist-belt made of the fibres of the *pandanus*, woven together so as to make a deep fringe, is the only garment they wear; but even among them coquetry exists, and showed itself on the occasion of the *pilou-pilou* in various ways—some of the young girls wearing garlands of leaves in their hair, or a single bright flower stuck daintily on one side, whilst the necks and arms of many were adorned with strings of green jade beads, and a particular shell of the genus *Conus*, much esteemed in the island.

The day was far advanced when the chief of Huindo sent a message to M. Garnier, begging him to go up on the hill and witness the final distribution of roots to the different tribes. He had a place assigned to him a little to the rear of those who took a leading part in the day's ceremonies, and who were all drawn up in a double line—the old men and the chiefs in front, and the most distinguished warriors behind. The proceedings began by each chief in turn stepping forward a few paces, and making a short, emphatic address to the bystanders, to which the multitude in the plain below responded by a prolonged howl. When the chief happened to be a young man, he concluded his address with a species of dramatic performance, which consisted in springing forward to the brow of the hill, flourishing his *assagay* high above his head, and then hurling it with all his force at an imaginary enemy, the action being accompanied by the wild yell without which no Kanak ever deals a blow at an antagonist.

Several addresses had been made, and several imaginary enemies lurking on the outskirts of the plain had been struck dead, when again a sudden interruption occurred which spread dismay and confusion through the assembly. A young chief, belonging to one of the tribes that had come from a distant part of the island to attend the feast, bounded from the ranks, uttered a few words in a harsh, ringing tone, faced those among whom he had just been standing, and sent his *assagay*

whizzing into a group of coco-nut trees close beside them. In a moment the chief of Huindo had loaded his gun and sprung upon him to shoot him, but one of the bystanders knocked the gun into the air, and the bullet went over their heads. M. Garnier thought it more prudent to keep out of the way, and await the issue of events at a little distance. The whole thing was inexplicable to him, and in the midst of the general clamour and excitement it was no use trying to obtain any information as to what had happened. Before long, however, a Kanak came up to him with a message from his host, to the effect that as the ceremonies were concluded he

retraced their steps to the spot they had only a few hours ago been advised to leave.

A strange wild picture presented itself to them as they approached the place. The lurid, fitful light of a few torches, which seemed to serve chiefly to make the darkness more visible, and to cast flickering shadows around,—the confused medley of dark forms jumping and leaping about,—the unearthly yells they uttered, and a peculiar dull, measured sound, produced by the striking together of long curved pieces of bark which they held in their hands, and with which they beat time to their movements, made altogether a most extraordinary



GROUP OF NATIVES OF NEW CALEDONIA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

had better retire for the night, and begging him and his companions to accept one of the heaps of yams, for the next day's journey. M. Garnier tried to find out from him what the cause of the disturbance had been, but got nothing but the most evasive replies to all his questions; so he thought it best to give up the attempt, and follow without delay the advice of the chief.

To tell the truth, he was not sorry to get away from the tumultuous crowd, among whom he and his companions had been feeling anything but comfortable or secure. As night came on the sounds which reached them in the hut assumed a different character, and made them believe that the actual *pilou-pilou*, to which all that had gone before was merely an introduction, must have commenced; and so, emboldened by curiosity, and wishing to take formal leave of their host, and thank him for his hospitality, preparatory to their departure early next morning, they ventured out into the darkness, and

impression on M. Garnier and his companions. Not seeing the chief, they asked several Kanaks successively where he was to be found. Their inquiries seemed to cause great embarrassment; and those to whom they were addressed avoided giving any answer by slinking away into the darkness. Evidently they knew, but did not choose or dare to tell. M. Garnier was not to be balked, and he determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, so he ordered the soldiers who were with him to surround the next man he addressed, and hold him fast until he had given a satisfactory answer to his questions. The young Kanak they secured looked round with dismay for some chance of escape, but seeing the resolute air of the soldiers, said anxiously, "The chiefs are at their feast, and I dare not lead you to them; if I did my chief would kill me." He was assured that all he had to do was to point out to them the place where the chiefs were assembled, and then he would immediately be set at liberty. At this he seemed greatly

relieved, and plunging into the thick grass, signed to them to follow. He crept along with slow and stealthy tread, looking furtively about from side to side, and starting at every sound. The rustle of a leaf, the crackling of a branch, the softest flutter of a bat's wing, arrested his attention and brought him to a standstill. At last, turning round and laying his hand on M. Garnier's arm, he said, "There, behind that grove of coco-nut trees, is our chief's wigwam;" and, glancing round with a look of alarm at the sound of his own voice, he crouched down into the grass, which was so long as to hide him completely from view, and slunk away.

Left to themselves they continued their way, not without some trepidation, in the direction indicated. The Kanak's dread of discovery, his unwillingness to give them any information, the darkness of the night, the unearthly, unthought sounds that reached their ears, and above all the vivid recollection of the horrible sights they had seen since the morning, combined to fill them with emotions of anything but a pleasant nature. But the excitement made them insensible to the danger they were running in venturing to visit the chief's retreat. As they neared the grove a hum of voices, and the light of a fire shining through the trees, proved that their guide had not misled them; and, redoubling their vigilance, and their efforts to make no sound that might betray their approach, they parted the branches and held aside the great banana-leaves which made a close screen round the wigwam and the fire that blazed before it. Probably no description, however graphic, could convey to the mind of the reader even a faint conception of the horrible impression made on those Europeans by the scene they beheld. M. Garnier writes about it in his journal as follows: "A dozen men were seated round the fire; in them I recognised the chiefs who had

taken a leading part in the day's proceedings. In front of them, on wide-spreading banana-leaves, lay a heap of smoking flesh, surrounded by taros and yam-roots. Their eyes gleamed with savage enjoyment as they seized the flesh with both hands, and devoured it with horrible gusto. There, close beside them, was the pit in which that flesh had been cooked; and there lay the tomahawks with which their enemies, the captured Ponérihuens, had been hewn in pieces, limb from limb, to furnish forth the ghastly feast. I wished that I could hold my breath, so as not to inhale the fumes that rose above their heads, and were borne by the wind in the direction where we were standing. Just opposite us sat an old white-haired chief, who specially attracted my attention. He looked worn and emaciated, and his appetite was not so keen as that

of his younger companions. Whilst they ate voraciously of the solid flesh, he, with the air of an epicure, was deliberately enjoying the brains of one of his enemies. He held the severed head in his lean sinewy hands, and thrust it again and again into the fire, knocking it on the stones in front of him, so as to empty it without breaking the skull, which was afterwards to grace the doorposts of his wigwam. I gazed and gazed, and the whole thing was to me like a hideous dream; and an irresistible desire was coming over me just to go up to those monsters, touch them, speak to them, and assure myself that

they were not real living creatures. Suddenly the click of a gun close behind me roused me to a consciousness of my own actual existence; I turned, and was just in time to arrest the arm of Sergeant D., one of my companions, who had loaded his gun and was levelling it at the old man. I dragged him from the spot, and we all stole noiselessly and hurriedly away, and did not stop or utter a sound until we reached our own hut. 'I beg your pardon,' said the sergeant to me, as soon as we felt ourselves safe; 'that was too much for me: it made my blood boil to see those wretches roasting and devouring each other, and in another moment I must have sent a bullet into the head of that old brute.' Whereupon Polone, one of our native escort, merely remarked, 'Kanak like that: he very glad *kaikai* (to eat) his enemies.'

In New Caledonia, as in the other islands of Oceania, the Kanak race is fast dying out. Year by year the rate of mortality increases, and the decrease in the number of births is as considerable. Father Chapuis, the vicar of the Isle of Uen, told M. Garnier that in 1865 the native population of the place had diminished by nearly one-half. The marriages were for the most part barren, and as many deaths occurred among the young as among the old. He added, "If I

live here thirty years longer, I shall probably see the Kanaks die out to a man." The cause of this gradual extinction of the race is not known. It is the firm conviction of some Europeans that it is in the power of the settlers to arrest it, and that if, instead of oppressing and grinding down the natural owners of the soil by every conceivable means, as they usually do, they were to interest themselves in their condition, and seek to improve and raise it, the two races might exist together perfectly well, and work into each other's hands. But the majority of the colonists cannot even bring themselves to regard the Kanaks in the light of fellow-creatures, founding their invincible repugnance to them on the fact of their being cannibals, and hold that as such the sooner they are completely exterminated the better.



NEW CALEDONIAN FLUTE-PLAYER.

Black Bear Shooting in the Himalayas.—IV.

BY G. BESTE.

It will be remembered that the last chapter ended with a description of the positions ourselves and our beaters had taken up previous to commencing the *hankwa*. There were altogether about three dozen beaters at the start, but as the experience I had gained in the plains warned me that number might wonderfully dwindle down before the work was over, I put into practice a plan I had often followed before, and gave each strange coolie a gun-wad of a particular colour before starting,—or, rather, on this occasion, as the start was to be at such an early hour, I gave the head man over-night a number of wads equal to the number of men from his village he proposed bringing into the field. Lazy coolies have a custom of appearing at the start, and again at the end of the day's shooting, when the pay is being distributed. It is even common in the plains for strange men, who have beaten neither bush nor briar, to join in towards the end of the day, when they think the beloved *pica* are about to be distributed. To thwart these gentry, I established a system which I put into practice on this occasion, though it turned out there was no need for the precaution, Hill men apparently being more honest than the villagers of the Oudh plains. I therefore gave the head man a wad for every villager who had promised to accompany him, and, of course, one for himself. At the end of the first *hank*, when all the coolies were around us, I asked every man to produce his wad, and to every one so showing it I gave a gun-cap. Later in the day, at a similar opportunity, I gave every possessor of a wad and cap a wad of a different colour, and at the end of the day's work only those coolies who could show the two wads and the gun-cap were entitled to the regular pay—two annas, or threepence. The first occasion on which I tried this plan in the plains, I merely distributed a gun-wad to every man who appeared at the end of the first beat; I gave none at the start, and I paid every man who at the end of the day could produce his wad. But I then found that many of the wads had been split in two, and also that many of the men who had received their wad after the first beat would disappear during the following ones, turning-up, however, with clock-like regularity as the sun went down and pay-time came. All sorts of dodges are resorted to by Plain coolies to shirk their work. They will muster in force at the start, and again in the evening, but during the heat of the day many and many a time have I failed to muster more than a quarter of the number who would present themselves for payment. The plan of distributing wads or other articles not likely to be among the ordinary possessions of villagers occurred to me; and when I found myself baffled by their ingenuity in splitting the wads, so that one would do duty for two or three men, I adopted the method of distributing at irregular intervals some other articles, such as gun-caps, steel pens, or revolver bullets, and only paid the men who could produce every article so distributed as a voucher for his presence at every roll-call. Many a time it saved me a rupee or two, which would otherwise have been given to idle vagabonds who had passed the day sucking their *hubble-bubbles*, and inwardly ginning at the thought of “doing” the *sahib*. On pig-sticking days, especially when three or four hundred men are employed,

this form of insurance against idlers is invaluable. A friend of mine, of course an Irishman, greatly admired the plan, and on one occasion, when he had come out without wads or caps, as he was using a breech-loader, he distributed instead a *pice* to every man at the start, and later in the day a *cowrie*. Naturally, at the end of the day even the poorest villagers in the district came with their *pice* and *cowries* as vouchers, and my friend was sorely aggravated when he found a crowd five times larger in the evening than had started with him in the morning. He could not repudiate his own arrangement, and paid five or six rupees more than his beaters were entitled to at the wildest computation. This is a long digression, but not altogether uninteresting, as showing in its truest colours the character of the natives of India. I am not sorry to be able to say that on this particular occasion, as on many subsequent ones, the Hill men proved themselves quite honest; no one shirked his work, and I afterwards discontinued my distributions, trusting entirely to their honesty and love of sport.

It had been settled that the *hank* should begin at seven o'clock punctually; the distances were too great to allow of intercommunication between ourselves and the beaters, so ample time was given them wherein to compass the six or seven miles' circuit to their places, and to form line. It was necessary we should be in our own stations a few minutes before that hour; and, as we had a good two miles' walk to reach them, we stepped out briskly, as soon as the bears had been carefully placed in a safe spot, and well sheltered from observation. I hinted above that our luck did not last throughout the day. There is no need to relate in detail the result of each drive. Smith shot a goorul. I did not even have a shot; but the beaters saw two bears, which broke through the line at the commencement of the first *hank*. We made a note of the circumstance, to try for them next day.

Towards noon there seemed to be so little large game afoot that we determined to give up that sport, and have some partridge-shooting in cultivated fields near the village. My notes do not state the exact numbers we killed, but I remember the birds were very plentiful, and though we shot badly, we bagged between us from fifteen to twenty brace of black partridge. There are several kinds of partridges in the Himalayas, the principal being the black partridge, a most beautiful bird. Its breast is quite black, the wings dark-red, marked with light grey and white, with the game-mottle on its back. It is a larger bird than our English partridge, and bears some resemblance to the blackcock. Its flesh is most delicious eating—gamy, yet delicate. It is seldom met with in the plains. The natives imitate its call very exactly, by passing a knotted horsehair through a small puncture in a piece of parchment, tightly stretched over a brass thimble with both ends open, or stretched over a large and thick ring. Besides this partridge, there are the *chickor*, the *peura*, and the snow partridge. The grey partridge is not often met in the Hills at any altitude over 4,000 feet above sea-level. The chickor is very like the French red-legged partridge, and, like it, it is a great runner. Of the other game-birds, such as the jungle-

fowl, and the *moonal*, *koklass*, *kalej*, *cheer*, *hunyal*, and Argus or *loonjee* pheasants, I propose writing in the next chapter.

Smith was fortunate in getting a goorul in so easy a spot, for, like the Swiss chamois, of which it is the Himalayan counterpart, it is seldom found in such places. It loves to skip about the steepest and most inaccessible hills; and to follow them to their dizzy abodes is a fair test of a sportsman's nerves and head. They are very like small grey-goats; they skip about with the utmost facility and unconcern in the most dangerously situated places imaginable, and if pursued in such a manner that their retreat is cut off, they throw themselves without hesitation from enormous heights. Their flesh is gamy and tender, if kept a little while. Neither their skin nor their two short horns are so pretty as that of most mountain deer, and they are not so valued in consequence; but the man who can follow and shoot them may be considered a first-rate walker and expert rifleman.

It is needless to say we gave the head man his promised quinine, but he begged very hard for a few charges of powder in addition. This request we felt forced to refuse, on principle, though the principle might be a selfish one. The extraordinary diminution of the quantity of game in the Himalayas of late years has often been remarked by men who shot in the Hills fifteen or even twelve years ago. This diminution is much more due to the increased facility with which the natives obtain arms and powder, than to the periodical visit of English officers and civil service men; for the former take unfair advantages repudiated by the latter, such as tracking animals in the snow, and also poaching the whole year round, utterly regardless of seasons. It is true Englishmen do follow certain animals by their footprints in snow, and when shooting in the regions of perpetual snow this becomes an absolute necessity; but in the lower valleys Englishmen do not pursue game in the season of falling or fallen snow.

Natives are utterly remorseless in their pursuit of game. Their extraordinary patience, good powers of climbing, and numerous tricks and stratagems, such as the employment of calls, nets, traps, and gins of many kinds, would enable them, if better armed, to exterminate the game in a very few years. The only thing which at all keeps up the equality of the contest is the worthless nature of the guns and ammunition used by natives. To destroy this equality is not to the interest of Englishmen; their vast sporting-ground would soon feel the fruits of their mistaken generosity. Selfish and "dog-in-the-mangerish" as it may seem, therefore, it is best for Himalayan sportsmen not to supply natives with ammunition except in extreme cases, where a little powder is the only thing (valued far more than money) which will tempt native *shikarees* to point out the haunts of game. Above all, no sportsman should be induced, at the end of a successful trip, to present a *shikaree* with whom he is pleased, with any old, worn-out, or despised gun or rifle. English guns, however bad, are so infinitely superior to those in common use with Hill natives, that many such presents would greatly tend to spoil the donor's own sport on a future occasion. The maxim I preach may sound very selfish, but it is a generally acknowledged one in India.

For persons in England who wish to obtain without toil or trouble complete sets of the Himalayan game-birds, the best plan to follow is to order them from Mr. Wilson, the well-known "Mountaineer" of Indian sporting literature. By ordering the birds (stuffed) through Messrs. H. G. Scott, of Mussouri, who

are Mr. Wilson's agents, all trouble is saved, and they will arrive in due course. By ordering the birds in this manner, without taking the vulgar trouble to shoot them, the purchaser enjoys the credit of considerable sporting experience, without being put to the trouble of earning it; like those "parlour" mountaineers whose sole and only glimpse of the Matterhorn or Monte Rosa is that gained by a careful study of their ready-stamped alpenstocks, purchased at Zurich or Berne. Mr. Wilson, who has now lived in the Himalayas over twenty years, at an altitude of 13,000 feet above the sea-level, and seven or eight marches away from any European habitation but his own, first came out to India as a trooper in a regiment of dragoons. He was sent to Landour on sick leave, and there acquired such an inclination for a sportsman's life that when subsequently discharged from his regiment, in Yorkshire, he worked his passage out to Calcutta, and from thence walked to Mussouri. He then marched into the interior of the great range, and finally settled down near the sources of the Ganges and Jumna. The Rajah of Teree subsequently gave Mr. Wilson some land near Gungoutri; he built a house for him, and has always treated him in a friendly manner, and very hospitably.

Since his first arrival in the Himalayas, Mr. Wilson's days have been devoted to shooting and trapping birds and wild animals, in which occupation he has acquired an Indian reputation; and to any one contemplating a tour in that part of the Himalayan range no advice could be so valuable as that given by "Mountaineer." He can be communicated with in the manner indicated above; and any one writing on the subject of Mr. Wilson's hobby, sport, is certain of receiving a full and valuable reply. We did not see his house, though at one of our halts we were only one long or two short marches from it. Our servants—that is, the Hill coolies and *shikarees*—spoke in the highest terms of the *belatee sahib's* ingenuity, of the good he had done to the villagers near him, and the pains he had taken to improve the path leading from Mussouri to Gungoutri. What a strange life is his! but, as he is generally reported to have accumulated a handsome independence by the sale of bird and animal skins, and by barter with the natives of Thibet, it must be supposed that he prefers it to any other. No doubt, what would be oppressing monotony and retirement to others is only agreeable quiet and calm to him. Certainly, the life he leads would only be possible to a man perfectly adapted to it, and there are probably not more than half a dozen Englishmen in twenty-five millions who would willingly follow his example. The monks at the convent on Mount St. Bernard are gay and fashionable men of the world, in comparison with Mr. Wilson. There are twelve or fifteen of them together, so that the interchange of thought is possible, and they can also go down to the plains among their own people; besides, they enjoy the privilege of a bi-weekly post, even in the depths of winter, whilst in summer there is a constant flow and change of visitors at the convent. But Mr. Wilson seldom sees a European from one year's end to the other, except the members of his own family; and instead of being surrounded by snow for three months of the year only, as at St. Bernard, Mr. Wilson has it about nine months out of every twelve. Certainly, it is a strange life!

The method followed by the natives to trap game in winter is as follows:—In November, when the snow begins to fall, pheasants and other game are driven southward from the higher ranges; the natives, therefore, in anticipation of this

yearly migration, have prepared long hedges—to which they add every year, so that some of them are seven, eight, and nine miles long, extending across valleys, and from spur to spur of mountain ranges—just sufficiently high to tempt the game which is on the move to pass through small openings purposely left at intervals in the hedges, instead of taking the trouble of flying or jumping over. Of course, at each of these gaps there are nooses, placed in such a manner that an animal passing through the gap will probably entangle himself firmly in it. The nooses are securely fastened to bent branches or saplings, so that the struggles of the ensnared animal will set free a trigger which previously retained the sapling in a bent position, and the trigger once set free, the sapling to which the noose is fastened will dart back to an erect position, or as nearly erect as the weight of the animal will allow. Of course, the thickness of the noose-string and the strength of the sapling or branch are proportioned to each other, and also to the size of the gap in which they are set. Thus, a small hole, which will admit the passage of nothing larger than a pheasant or small kakur deer, requires only a small and light tackle, but a larger gap, through which a fine stag might pass, is set with a stout cord; and if no sapling or strong branch is sufficiently near, a spring stake can be driven into the ground. There is no need that the animal should strangle itself to death, the purpose being only to arrest its farther flight, so that it may be dealt with at the trapper's convenience. And it is extraordinary how slight a tackle will arrest even a large deer; for, instead of exerting its strength all in one direction, a deer turns and twists in fifty different directions without straining the trap, and the more constant the movement the more tiring is the opposing strain. There is much cruelty exhibited in the use of these hedge-traps by the natives, for, on account of their length and number in different directions, they cannot be visited in their whole length more than once in two or three, or even four days. Bad weather or some particular employment may also detain the setter of the traps at home, and he only visits them when he has spare time for doing so. The consequence is that ensnared animals often die of thirst or hunger, or are killed and carried away by leopards.

Another plan followed by natives for securing game struck

us as being even more poaching and unfair than the last. In the beginning of winter, when the snow falls gradually, at the average rate of four or five inches in a night, the animals of all descriptions inhabiting the highest ranges move gradually towards the warmer and snow-free valleys, where they may hope to find food through the winter. But when a very heavy fall occurs early in the season, and when, as sometimes happens, a single shower leaves a depth of three or four feet of snow on the ground, these animals are caught in a trap,

because it would be starvation to remain where they are, and to pass through this belt of fresh-fallen and soft snow is a labour of extraordinary difficulty and slowness to the small-footed and spindle-shanked deer, who can only advance laboriously by continued short jumps. The goorul and kakur deer in particular fall victims to this barbarous mode of stalking. Their little feet and slight legs are ill adapted for travelling over deep snow, and their strength is sometimes so thoroughly exhausted that it becomes a matter of no difficulty whatever for a native to follow and catch them on foot, and to secure them alive. Larger deer make a better struggle for life and liberty, but even they sink so deep, if the snow lies thick, that their only mode of progression is by a succession of jumps which cover little ground and are very exhausting. If discovered in this plight by the village *shikarees*, they are invariably followed, and when come up with, dispatched with a hatchet, or with a musket at the convenient distance of fifteen or twenty yards.

We were having very good mixed shooting. The mornings we generally gave up to stalking; or, if we could collect a sufficient number of villagers,

and the ground appeared adapted to it, and, above all, if the reports we received spoke favourably of the quantity of game, we sometimes had a *hankwa*, or great beat. Towards two or three o'clock in the afternoon, unless the big game we had been pursuing seemed very plentiful, or unless in following up a wounded deer or bear we had walked a long distance away from our camp, it was our custom to hand our rifles back to the gun-bearers, and with our shot guns and the dogs to proceed to some spot in which during the day's work we had marked many birds. This generally happened to be some cultivated fields near a village, in which a few black partridges were always to be found, or else some



NATIVE OF MUSSOURI.

small detached pieces of jungle, or an isolated patch of fir-trees or pine, not far away from cultivation, which often held some pheasants or a few jungle-fowl. The villagers generally knew the haunts of every kind of game-bird in the neighbourhood, and, with few exceptions, they would point them out to us, either for a trifling sum of money or for one of the cheap presents which we had brought with us for that very purpose, or, again, for half a box of Holloway's pills, half a dozen grains of quinine, or a glass of pepper brandy. We seldom came back to our tent without from six to fifteen brace of birds between us, obtained, with very little walking, in a couple of hours. This division of the day's shooting—*i.e.*, big game in the morning and winged game in the afternoon—reduced to a minimum the temptation we sometimes felt of trying a right and left shot at a brace of pheasants when out stalking. For sometimes, when following up a deer by a track to me quite invisible, or creeping slowly to a bear's possible resting-

we had long been in sore need of, but which it was impossible to procure nearer than Mussouri. The short time in which they sometimes performed these journeys was very surprising. Four or five days after the killing of our first bears, we dispatched three men with the skins, three bear hams, and as much of the grease as we could collect, into Mussouri and Deyrah, from a place which we calculated to be at least seven good marches from the former place by the nearest path, and directed them to meet us at a certain village we intended to pass through on our return voyage from Gungoutri, if we ever reached that place. A few days after the coolies had started our plans were changed; we gave up the expedition to Gungoutri, and determined to remain in a district which we found to be very well stocked with game. We dispatched a coolie to the village previously marked out as the rendezvous, and the messenger, who reached the place just ten days after the other coolies had started for Mussouri, found them waiting for us;



VIEW ON THE UPPER COURSE OF THE JUMNA.

place, it became a trial of self-restraint to withstand the temptation of blazing at a promising shot right before me. In fact, the proverb of "a bird in the hand and two in the bush," &c., was often placed practically before me, and it was difficult to oppose the inference offered by the proverb. So we made it a rule not to shoot at any winged game when on the track of four-footed animals, or when out for the purpose of circumventing them in any way. Usually our evenings, before dinner, were given up to skinning the animals we had shot during the day, sometimes in setting traps for game under Mounyah's direction. We were very fortunate in having among our followers several men who thoroughly understood preparing the skins and heads of animals in the first stages. When we had a dozen skins or thereabouts ready for the currier, it was our practice to send in three men with them to Deyrah, where there was a very good native currier; and the men always returned with a great load of necessities, meeting us at a pre-arranged rendezvous. The return of the coolies was always a moment of great excitement, as they generally brought back a large number of letters, and also articles which possibly

they had arrived that very afternoon—that is, a week earlier than we expected to see them. They were lightly loaded, and, under promise of good pay, had made extraordinary marches.

The principal reasons for altering our plans, and for giving up the expedition to Gungoutri, were, in the first place, the lateness of the season, the reluctance of our coolies to go so far from home, and also our good fortune in finding game in great numbers where we were. The season was not actually so far advanced as to prevent our reaching the sources of the Ganges, but to do so it would have been necessary to leave off shooting, and to march steadily in that direction, and to give up our occasional halts and détours. This of itself would have turned a pleasure into a work of toil and hardship, inconsistent with our views when starting; and, besides this reason, we daily saw growing signs of reluctance among the coolies to undergo the additional cold and toil of a march through the upper regions. Our Plain servants, also, clearly did not relish the idea of three or four days or more spent in the midst of ice and snow. And so, rather than face the daily annoyance of forcing our coolies and servants

in a direction they wished to avoid, we gave up the plan, and immediately made preparations for a long halt on a sheltered spot on the banks of the Ganges. The reader will remember it was our intention at starting to cross a range of hills running parallel to the rivers Ganges and Jumna, to work up by the side of the latter river, to recross the range, and then to follow the course of the bed of the Ganges, but against the current, until we reached its source at Gungoutri. Our first success among the bears occurred on the banks of the Jumna, and our programme had so far been faithfully fulfilled that we had crossed the range of hills, worked up the Jumna, recrossed the range, and now were encamped on the banks of the Ganges. But at this point our plans were modified; for, instead of ascending the Ganges valley towards the head of the river, we proposed remaining where we were for a week, the shooting being particularly good, and then descending gradually towards the Plains by following the river's course to Hurdwar. The spot we were now encamped on was one of the loveliest and the most characteristic of Himalayan scenery that it is possible to imagine.

Since visiting these scenes I have somewhere seen in print remarks on Himalayan scenery of a highly unfavourable nature. Their author dwelt particularly on the monotonous character of the scenery in the great range, said everything was on so large a scale the eye had nothing to rest upon, and that its chief characteristic was mere *hugeness*, one large mountain succeeding another, which again was succeeded by a similar gigantic and rounded monster. Now the fact is, nothing could be more incorrect, more positively untruthful than such a statement. There is immense variety and a wonderful abundance of striking details in every part of the Himalayan range I ever visited. This last encampment of ours immediately rose to my remembrance when reading the above-mentioned remarks. How I longed for a good photograph, or, better still, a truthful water-colour drawing of the scene as I remember it! I would require no better witness, and if further testimony was needed it would only be necessary to obtain other sketches from almost any part. Why, from our tent door a painter would have made six sketches, and not a soul could have told they were taken from the same spot, so different would have been their character and even their colouring.

In a few years a journey to the Himalayan range will become quite an ordinary holiday trip, and then we shall hear very different accounts of its scenery. I can wish no lover of mountain scenery a better treat than a few weeks in the Himalayas, north and north-east of Mussouri. As the facilities of travel increase now-a-days, it is not improbable that before the end of the decade people with a three or four months' holiday may spend a month or six weeks of it in the neighbourhood of Simla, Mussouri, or Nyne Tal. Nothing would more conduce to this end than a continuance of disturbance on the Continent.

I mentioned that we had some dogs with us; they were spaniels. We had four when we started, but an untimely accident happened to one of them two or three days after we arrived in the last encampment I have mentioned. As the accident was a very strange one, and highly characteristic of the wild country in which we were travelling, I shall give an account of it. Our tent was pitched in a small opening in a wood which ran almost down to the river's edge. At the back of our tent, and on the right and left sides, trees and brushwood grew to within seven or eight paces of the canvas, but the tent

itself was of course pitched on smooth ground, and in front of it was a small piece of turf, so smooth and clear of brushwood that we used to call it our "lawn;" it sloped down to the water's edge, and was considerably wider at the bottom than it was near our tent. In front of the tent door was a large log fire. Our servants' bivouacs were nearly at the bottom of the lawn, on the right, and on the left there was the carcass of a bear we had shot during the day, fastened to a stout pole driven deep into the ground. This was set as a bait for a leopard we had heard several times in the neighbourhood during the day. The bear was fastened to the pole so strongly, that the leopard would not be able to carry it away sufficiently rapid to prevent one of us having a shot at him from the tent door, if he made the attempt whilst we were sitting near the fire before going to bed.

I am particular in giving the position of the tent, the fire, and the servants' bivouacs, to show the extraordinary boldness of wild animals under some circumstances. I must also add that, as a rule, leopards shun man's approach with the greatest care; they move with cat-like noiselessness and stealth, so that it is very rare to meet with one even when in a district in which they abound. Leopards are immensely powerful; one has been known to kill a cow with a single blow of his paw, and to carry her off, thrown over his back, with apparent ease. They never, under any circumstances, attack man first, and even when wounded slink away, unless brought to bay in a place from which there is no escape. Three of our dogs were with the servants, chained to pegs on the ground, but one of the four, which was particularly timid, and much attached to me, was allowed to sleep nominally at the foot of my bed, being fastened by a collar and chain to a peg driven in the ground. But on this occasion our beds were of a more substantial nature than usual, on account of the longer stay we intended to make; they were formed of a thick layer of straw, retained in its place by planks and four large logs of wood. Round one of the side-logs Jessie's chain was passed, and, following her usual custom, when I was asleep she had quietly crawled on to the bed, and was lying on the blanket not far from my chest.

We had had a good day's sport, and gone to bed earlier than usual. But our servants, who knew there was to be no marching on the morrow, were at the time we went to bed still talking, cooking, and eating, with the apparent intention of keeping it up late into the night, as is often the custom with Indian servants. Tired with the day's work, which included a long tramp after a wounded bear, I fell asleep immediately, and slept on very soundly until, without knowing exactly why, I started up with a bound, and woke uttering a piercing shriek, which of course woke Smith also. In what appeared to be only the hundredth part of a second, and as if everything had happened at once, I felt a heavy weight on my chest, smelt some oppressive and disgusting odour, heard a dog yell, felt a tug across the bed, and woke myself up with a loud involuntary shriek. I sat up in bed, but I did not know what had happened, I only knew that for some reason or other I had just called out, and that the sensations I have described had a moment before been felt by me. Smith called out to know what had happened, and at the same time we both heard a dog yelling as if in great pain, and the natives shouting, and then in another second we saw through the canvas half-a-dozen lighted sticks being waved about and others being thrown in

the air. At the same time the other dogs set up a frightful discord of howls and moans, and the servants rushed all in one direction, shouting, and flaring their impromptu torches. Some of them rushed into our tent, and then the mystery was cleared up. A leopard had just passed within a dozen paces of some of the servants as they sat at their fires, and by the glare they saw he was carrying off a dog. Next we looked for poor Jessie, and she was missing; a short piece of her chain snapped clean off was all that was left.

An examination of the bed and the marks about the tent explained all. My bed, formed, as I said before, of logs and straw, was close to the side of the tent, so that, had I chosen to do it, it would have been quite possible for me, whilst lying down, to reach with my hand outside the tent, the centre of my bed being not more than two feet from the tent wall. The side of the tent next to my bed seemed to have been less carefully pegged down than usual that evening, and the leopard, with extraordinary boldness, no doubt caused by hunger, must have passed his head and shoulders inside the tent. The dog was probably in its usual position, curled up on the blanket near my chest; the weight I felt in my sleep was the leopard's paw, and the disgusting smell was his breath near my face. Leopards at all times emit a disgusting smell, so much so that a place in which they have been lying will retain a very unpleasant odour for many hours after, and on this occasion our tent was filled for half an hour after with a very miasma of stench, the result of the animal's brief visit. The leopard's approach was no doubt very slow and stealthy, and probably until the moment of snapping his jaws on the sleeping dog his movements were very circumspect and deliberate, but the act of catching up the dog, backing out of the tent, and breaking the chain in doing so, was probably the work of a quarter of a second. The great weight which I felt was no doubt caused by the leopard's pushing back to break the chain, which offered unexpected resistance, and as his paw was on my chest I felt the full power of his exerted strength. The sudden noise

appeared to have disconcerted the hungry animal, otherwise, instead of passing in full view of the servants seated round the fires, he would have retired by the way he probably came—the woods at the back of the tent. All the natives, especially the *shikarees* and the Hill men, were greatly astonished at the leopard's boldness; such an instance of audacity on that animal's part had never come to their knowledge, and they did not know how to account for it. Dog is, doubtless, their favourite tit-bit, but they are not in general very bold in their attempts to obtain it; and although Mounyah declared hunger only could nerve a leopard to such an unprecedentedly bold feat, he could not imagine why the larger and more easily obtained *morceau* fastened to the stake before the tent door had not been removed in preference to a small dog, and at such risks. At all events, its occurrence startled us all thoroughly, and it was a long time before I was quite rid of the unpleasant shock my nerves had been subjected to. For several nights immediately following the event I was troubled with bad dreams and nightmare.

Every one has a story or two which he hesitates to tell, lest they should be discredited by his audience. Comparative strangers will listen to these stories with due attention, but the narrator knows they laugh at him when he is out of sight, and that ever after they will think he is given to exaggerate and to drawing the long bow; whilst his intimate friends will coolly laugh in his face, and beg him next time "tell it to the marines." And for no better reason than this, many a good story and true has been religiously kept close, the hero of it fearing to endanger his reputation for veracity by relating some extraordinary or improbable incident, where he has no eye-witness or other testimony to support him. This has been my case until now with the incident I have just written, and some others. To no mortal soul have I breathed before my adventure, or, rather, my unfortunate dog's adventure, with a leopard, and I know I only do so now to be discredited. But no matter; Smith, if you're alive, tell them it's true.

A Bird-nesting Expedition in a North African Swamp.—II.

BY THE REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S.

It was now dark, and having subscribed a portion of my provisions to the common stock, I supped with the sergeant and corporals, and obtained a holiday for my Zouave friend, that he might accompany me in the morning. Before turning in I spread in the camp among the convicts an announcement that for all nests brought me, with the bird snared and alive, within the next three days, I should pay at the rate of one sou per egg.

As I lay in the corner of my tent, wrapped in my burnous, I was kept awake for some time by a party of Zouaves, whose political discussions were too amusing to suffer me to sleep. The debate turned on the necessity of enlarging the boundaries of France. "Annex Spain," said one; "the Spaniards cannot fight unless the English help them." "Three regiments of Zouaves could overrun Spain," added another. "But what

would our English allies say to it?" interrupted a third. "Bah! let the English send two regiments of Écossais and take Portugal for their share." "We will spare them that," replied the first. "France is omnipotent, the army is France, and we are a match for all the rest of the army," was then the *idée fixe* of every Zouave—alas, how strangely and swiftly dissipated since that day!

Before dawn my new acquaintance was by my side in fatigue dress, and after a hasty cup of coffee and a glass of quinine (a very necessary precaution) we are in the tamarisk grove. A little bird, something like a hen redstart in appearance, glides through the bushes. "What is that?" "*Becfin passerinette*." At length my companion brings him down. It is a prize indeed—the first *Sylvia subalpina* I have seen, and well shot. Soon we come on a little flock of them, restlessly

hopping from twig to twig; but no nests are yet to be found. They have evidently not yet begun to breed. We hear the reeling of Savi's warbler, *Sylvia luscinoides*, again and again, but that part of the marsh is too deep for us to explore without poles. The thrush nightingale, *Sylvia turdoides*, keeps up an incessant din on all sides; and I miss a bittern as it rises, quietly as an owl, almost from our feet. We turn back to the drier part of the thicket, and one, two, three nests of *Hippolais salicaria*, with their full complement of eggs, reward us in quick succession. Very different is the position and texture of its nest from that of our willow wrens. It is extremely compact and neat, not unlike that of the goldfinch in general appearance, and not larger, placed generally on the bare fork or branch of a tamarisk, without the slightest attempt at concealment. The complement of eggs rarely exceeds four. As I pass a tall tuft of grass, I bend its top and disclose the nest of *Sylvia melanocephala*, the commonest but not the least beautiful of the warblers of Northern Algeria, where it is a constant resident. It builds sometimes in hedges or bushes, but more frequently in tall grass or herbage. The nest is loose, but very neat and round, and comfortably lined with hair and wool. The eggs bear some resemblance to those of the robin, but are smaller, and always more distinctly and brightly spotted, and some approach closely those of the grasshopper warbler.

But let us search carefully this coarse grass and tamarisk bed, for here, says my informant, we shall find *Sylvia Cetti*. I had the week before obtained a nest near Algiers, but had had no opportunity of observing the habits of the bird. I am again disappointed; the bird has just begun to sit, but has crept away on the first alarm, and though we watch some time in the neighbourhood, she does not return. I take the nest, with its precious contents of four brilliant red eggs, so strangely different from those of every other warbler. In colour they are unique among European eggs, and show no affinity with any allied species. They form a singular exception to the rule that a connection may be traced between the eggs of all the different species. There is one constant type for all the other aquatic warblers. The *Saxicola*, *Turdina*, *Motacilla*, *Alaudina*, *Tyrannidae*, and others, however widely the extremes may vary, still bear some resemblance to the normal type. Not so with *Sylvia Cetti*; its affinity seems rather to be with *Prinia sonitans*, and may indicate a closer alliance with that genus than has hitherto been admitted. The nest is very loose in its construction, placed in rushes or coarse herbage, its depth more than double its diameter, composed entirely of coarse grass outside and finer stems within, but with no lining of hair or feathers. I afterwards frequently saw the bird, but only for an instant at a time, as it invariably dips among the rushes, and will not take flight when disturbed. I never succeeded in noting its song, though in Palestine I was more fortunate in hearing its brilliant burst of five notes often repeated.

Turning back towards the trees, I am attracted by the song of a bird quite new to me, and on searching observe overhead a little sombre-clad warbler, which I shoot, and discover to be another species I have not met with—*Sylvia pallida*. It is very closely allied to *Hippolais salicaria*, but has no tinge of yellow on its plumage. The nest, larger than its congener, and of rather different construction, I first found on this occasion, and have since frequently taken in Algeria; while the eggs are of a delicate pale mauve colour, spotted and streaked with dark russet. They are always larger than those of *Hippolais salicaria*.

It builds on trees, about six feet from the ground, preferring, as far as I have observed, the smooth branches of the olive or the tamarisk, and is very easily discovered. My curiosity was excited by my companion's information that the pallid warbler was much larger and of a darker colour on the hill-sides than in the marshes; and, anxious to investigate the truth of his story, we left the plain at once for the wood (chiefly wild olives) which skirts the forest of Koleah. Here we found the serin finch already sitting; its nest very like that of the goldfinch, but scarcely so deep, smaller, and more warmly lined. There are few songsters to be compared for clearness of note to the serin, which in Algeria is often tamed, and breeds freely in confinement. It is, I believe, a migrant here. While searching in the open wood, I was startled by a long-tailed blue bird, which I felt certain at once must be the blue magpie (*Pica Cooki*). Not having heard of it as an inhabitant of Algeria, I went eagerly in pursuit, and again and again caught sight, but never within shot. It was wild and wary, but took no long flights. I do not feel the slightest doubt as to its being the blue magpie of Spain, probably only a straggler. The chase had led me some three miles up the hills, when I lost all trace of the bird, and was fain to find my way back to camp, as I had left my companion below. However, on the way I shot *Sylvia olivetorum*, and thus solved the mystery of the large pallid warbler. There were several birds, and I afterwards obtained a nest. The eggs are usually like those of *Sylvia pallida* or *elaica* in colour, but larger, and the nest is much inferior in neatness. A month afterwards I took a nest of this bird placed near the ground in brushwood. It appeared to select a lower site for nidification than its congeners.

On reaching the tent I found several nests of eggs awaiting my arrival, but none of much interest, except a second of Cetti's warbler, with the hen bird caught by the foot in a horse-hair noose. Humanity compelled me, somewhat reluctantly, to release her after robbing her.

The next day I arranged to devote to the wonders of the lake itself, well satisfied with my first foray among the warblers of Halloula, which had added a new bird to the Algerian catalogue, and two new birds and three additional sorts of eggs to my collection.

Soon after daybreak we started on the lake in a decayed punt, the buoyancy of which we insured by filling it with tightly-fastened bundles of reeds, so that, if waterlogged, as it very soon was, it could not sink. A long pole was all we required for propulsion among the mud and reeds, as the open water evidently contained nothing to repay our researches. Numerous flocks, indeed, of the Mediterranean and black-headed gulls (*Larus melanocephalus* and *Larus ridibundus*) were screaming overhead, but these had not yet begun to breed, if, indeed, the scarce *Larus melanocephalus* ever does breed in Algeria, of which I never obtained any actual proof; and hundreds of lovely terns were hovering about, or dipping headlong into the dark still water. These, likewise, were deferring all attention to domestic duties till next month. I shot several, and found most of them to be the whiskered tern (*Sterna hybrida*), but mingled with them were many of the black and lesser terns (*Sterna nigra* and *Sterna minuta*). The whiskered tern is easily distinguished by its note, which is less shrill and more rapidly repeated than that of *Sterna nigra*; but in general appearance it very closely resembles the arctic tern so familiar on our

own Northumbrian coasts, with its lake-red bill and feet, its black head, and generally sooty plumage. I looked in vain for *Sterna leucoptera* and *Sterna Anglica*, the former of which is said to be found here, but of the occurrence of which at Halloula I never obtained authentic evidence.

But the principal features of the open water were the myriads of crested coots (*Fulica cristata*), widgeons, and pochards. The widgeon never remains to breed, but flocks of them still lingered, while a month later not one was to be seen. The crested coot appears in no way to differ in its habits from its well-known congener, though its red naked forehead, with the two conspicuous lobes, suffice to distinguish it at a glance. It

with feathers, but deep and strong, and elegantly interlaced between four or five tall reed-stems. Its principles of construction are exactly like those of the reed-warbler of England; but in finish of workmanship or architectural skill it falls far short of its cousin.

I searched in vain for the nest of Savi's warbler (*Sylvia luscinioïdes*), whose singular cadence could everywhere be heard. I was, however, rewarded by the discovery of a very pretty nest of *Sylvia aquatica*, with four fresh eggs. As I obtained the bird, the identification of this, the first nest of the species I had discovered, was complete. At the time I imagined it a very rare bird in Algeria, and so it is considered by the French



THE GREAT PURPLE GALLINULE (*Porphyrio hyacinthinus*).

is somewhat the larger of the two species, and the eggs run invariably from a quarter to half an inch longer than those of the common coot. Pushing among the reeds, we soon found two or three of their nests, some placed among the stumps of old reed-clumps, others in little openings on artificial mounds. I never found the common coot here; and, though it certainly occurs on the lake in winter, in company with its congener, I believe that each species confines itself to its own nesting-places. Thus, in the lakes I visited in Eastern Algeria the following summer, while *Fulica atra* abounded, *Fulica cristata* never came under our observation.

As in our boat we pushed and struggled through the reeds, occasionally the nest of *Sylvia turdoides* was exposed, from two to six feet overhead, loosely built, and abundantly lined

naturalists, but I have since found it in small numbers in all suitable localities. Its shy habits, short and weak song, and its almost inaccessible resorts, necessarily remove it from notice. The nest is neat, but not suspended like that of our reed-warbler (*Sylvia arundinacea*). It is entwined with four or five reeds generally, but not always, resting on a tuft, and about two or three feet from the surface of the swamp. The eggs are for the most part marked with smaller blotches than those of the reed-warbler, but not run together in the coloration like those of the sedge-warbler. As it glides through the rushes, the black and yellow streaks on its head distinguish it at once from its congeners.

The water-rail and moor-hen breed here abundantly; and we were rewarded by a single nest of the great purple gallinule

(*Porphyrio hyacinthinus*). A magnificent fellow he is, as he rises sluggishly from a dense mass of water-weed, showing his rich purple sheen in the sunlight, and hanging behind him his huge red legs and feet. His nest is very like that of the coot, but the number of the eggs seems fewer—three or four.

Every here and there we came upon a nest of the little grebe (*Podiceps minor*), and occasionally upon that of the great crested grebe (*Podiceps cristatus*); but it was rather late for both these species, which build before the end of April, and already several broods had been hatched. Still, fifty eggs of one and about a dozen of the other was not a bad morning's take. At length, in a little secluded opening, entirely surrounded by tall reeds, through which we had the greatest difficulty in forcing the punt, we came upon a colony of eared grebes (*Podiceps auritus*), the chief object of my search. There appears to be this singular difference between the eared and the crested or lesser grebes—that while the two latter, though abundant throughout the lake, are not strictly gregarious, the former builds in societies more densely crowded than any rookery. It is also later in its nidification, for, of nearly fifty nests which I examined, not one was incubated, though most of them contained their full allowance of four or five eggs. The nests, formed like those of other grebes, were raised on artificial islets, frequently almost touching each other, and sometimes piled on stout foundations rising from more than a yard under water. The eggs are a trifle smaller than those of *Podiceps sclavonicus*, which appear to do duty for them in many collections. We shot several of the birds, which, of course, were in very fine plumage, but we were not a little puzzled by the sudden disappearance of several which had fallen dead within twenty yards of us. At length, on pushing out in our punt into the open water, I detected the water-tortoises carrying off at great speed our wounded and dead birds, and, following the streaks of blood through the water, at length seized one struggling with his captor, who maintained so tenacious a grasp that I hauled him on board along with the bird, and took care to secure him too, for my collection. With this proof of the carnivorous propensities of the water-tortoise, I am inclined to believe that the havoc in the nests of coots and ducks may often be attributed to this plunderer. Nor are the water-tortoise and the purple gallinule the only egg-eaters against whom these poor birds have to combat, in the struggle for perpetuating their species. A water-snake frequently takes up his abode in a coot's nest, and boldly drives off the rightful proprietor. An empty nest seems to be his favourite dwelling-place; and if a coot's or water-hen's nest be not tenanted by its owner, it usually supplies free quarters to a water-snake.

None of the ducks had yet begun to breed, and we searched in vain on the farther or southern edge of the lake for the nests of the various herons which were congregated in vast flocks in the neighbourhood, feeding through the day, like rooks, in the plains, and returning to the reeds to roost. I remained till near sunset, and watched them as they returned; first the graceful little squacco, the white clouds of buff-back and night herons, with here and there a straggling purple ibis, like a black sheep in a flock, mingled with them; but we were evidently too early for their nests. Laden with booty, we returned through the stifling reeds as soon as we had seen the herons safe to roost. But think not such a day's nesting a "rose without a thorn." The suffocating heat of the reed-bed, the intolerable stench emitted by the slightest disturbance of

the slime and oozy matter on which we floated, and, above all, the voracity of the mosquitoes, penetrating ankles, wrists, face, and neck, impelled one to rush off half-blinded. Such is the penalty for intruding on the sacred preserves of Halloula—not much less severe than the sufferings of an adventurer in the tropical forests of America.

Too wearied to attempt either to skin or to blow eggs that evening, I flung myself down, with a towel steeped in *vin ordinaire* over my swollen face, without even investigating the discoveries of the *boulets*. The next morning was devoted to making up the arrears of the last night's work, and looking over the captures of my scouts, which consisted chiefly of *Sylvia hippolais*, two *Sylvia pallida*, and one of *Sylvia Cetti*. They, however, brought me news of a nest of *Aquila chrysaetos* in Mount Chenoua, and of a digging of *Merops apiaster* in a bank hard by. From the upper part of Koleah forest a stream descends and feeds the lakes. Its banks are steep during the latter part of its course, and on working our way through the brushwood to the edge, we saw the lively bee-eaters skimming like swallows up and down the stream, or plunging into the holes they had burrowed. Unlike the kingfisher, the bee-eater does not show the brilliancy of his plumage when on the wing, it is only when perching, as it often does, on a bough overhanging the bank, that its bright and varied livery becomes conspicuous. After examining several holes, and finding but one containing a single egg, while the greater part of the excavations were as yet incomplete, I resolved to inspect the eagle's nest; so, after a long tramp across the Sahel, and much parleying with the natives, for I had got out of the lines of the soldiery, I was taken to the cliff, where, truly enough, the Zouave had, in his previous Sunday ramble, detected a nest of *agab*, which now, as I could plainly see by my glass, contained two downy young.

On my return in the evening I was delighted to find two nests of the exquisite little fantail warbler (*Cisticola schaeincola*), brought in by some soldiers who had been cutting forage in the neighbourhood. That lively and attractive songster, scarcely as large as our gold-crested wren, is by no means uncommon in the moist meadows of Northern Algeria; but it is only by chance that its nest can be discovered, except by the mowers. The "pink-pink," as the natives call it from its note, constructs its dwelling about a foot from the ground, by entwining the living stems of grass with very fine cotton and spiders' webs. These, with the down of seeds, form the foundation, and, as the nest is long in construction, the hen bird begins to lay, and even to sit, while her mate occupies his leisure in weaving higher and higher the walls of their little dwelling. I had the good fortune once to discover a nest just commenced, at the edge of a meadow near Algiers, which I was in the habit of passing almost daily, and thus, for more than a month, I had a good opportunity of watching the fantail's habits at my leisure. When the first egg was laid the foundation of the nest was almost transparent, and its filmy sides not above an inch in height. I occasionally took an egg, leaving the dam to sit on five of the eight which she had laid; and during the whole period of incubation the male continued to enlarge and strengthen the nest, till, by the time the young were hatched, it was almost three inches in height, and of a tolerably compact structure. When completed it is sometimes, but not always, half domed at the top. The eggs, which are very little larger than those of the long-tailed titmouse, are of a delicate pale

green, or greenish white, sprinkled with a few russet spots. The bird, which is extremely wary, hovers over the fields with a jerking flight, waving and expanding his tail, and then suddenly drops like a lark, but always at a distance from the nest, which it leaves in the most cautious manner, dropping from it into the long grass, and running concealed for some time before it takes wing. From the two nests now brought me I secured only three eggs, as the whole contents of one, the most complete, had been lost in the grass when struck by the scythe.

The next morning, having stored my treasures, and left instructions for the safe custody of my discoveries until my return the following month, I started with well though lightly filled panniers, and, after a halt at my secluded fellow-countrymen's cottages in the wilderness, returned in health, without any symptoms of the fever which was so dreaded by visitors to the lake.

On the 10th of June I returned to Halloula by the same route, to investigate the habits of the herons and the ducks. This time, as the soldiers had all been withdrawn from the works for the summer, I secured the attendance of a professional *chasseur*, who was accustomed to resort to the district in winter for wild-fowl shooting. I learned from the Zouaves at Koleah that many eggs had been amassed for me after my departure, but that an agent of M. Verreaux having, unfortunately for me, passed that way, had secured the whole, the *boulets* preferring a franc in the hand to a dollar in prospect. We remained for two days at the lake, sleeping at night on the hillside in an extemporised *gourbi* of brushwood, just sufficiently up the slope to escape the risk of malaria from the marsh. We found two nests of the white-headed duck (*Erismatura mersa*) among the sedge, containing, the one three, the other eight eggs. These are very large for the size of the bird, almost perfectly elliptical in shape, and a line longer and wider than that of the velvet scoter—of an extremely rough texture, unlike that of any other duck. The habits and flight of the bird are more like those of a grebe than a duck. It often saves itself by diving, and remains under water for a considerable time.

I saw several pairs of the pochard (*Fuligula ferina*) and one pair of red-crested whistling ducks (*Fuligula rufina*), but could not discover their nests. The white-eyed duck (*Fuligula nyroca*) seemed tolerably abundant on the lake, and one nest rewarded our research. At length we arrived on the southern side of the lake, and pushed through to the heronries. Here we had to leave our punt, and struggle through the slime on foot. We soon came on a large colony of squacco herons (*Ardea comata*), who were just beginning to sit. About thirty or forty nests were scattered about in different directions in a dense bed of reeds piled up to the height of two or three feet from the mud, supported on tufts of reeds, and composed of great heaps of water-weeds and rushes. Each nest contained three or four eggs, and very few were incubated. The birds left as we approached, rising clumsily from the reeds, and making a deafening noise. The bright green egg of the squacco is, I presume, well-known to collectors, and is of exactly the same tint as the common heron's. Plunging on a little farther, we came upon the quarters of the buff-backs (*Ardea bubulais*), who were in still greater numbers, and their nests very closely packed. Among them as they rose I saw a few purple ibis (*Falcinellus igneus*). The separate identification of the nests was, of course, impossible, but after some search we discovered two nests of ibis,

differing from the herons in their less lavish expenditure of materials, and containing each three eggs. They had not been incubated, and the complement was perhaps not complete. No one could mistake the rich blue eggs, so much rounder and smoother than those of the herons. I have been told that a few years since the ibis was plentiful, but has been almost extirpated by the French *chasseurs*, and I do not believe that there now remained more than these two pairs. The nests of the buff-back contained generally four eggs, sometimes only three, and had for the most part been incubated a few days.

Further back, and to the eastward, we found a few nests of the night heron (*Nycticorax grisea*), not crowded like the others, but still in society. They, too, had been sat on for a little time. They were well concealed, and not always easy of detection among the matted roots of the reeds, though always on the ground. While the egg of the buff-back is of a delicate greenish-white, and varies much in size and shape, that of the night heron is of a pale green, far more delicate than the common heron, though approximating to it. I may remark that I never in Algeria obtained or saw this bird in the first year's spotted plumage; all we noticed were in full adult dress.

The next day I resumed my quest, and obtained a single egg of the red-crested whistling duck in the open swamp. My companion shot the bird as it rose from the nest. *Fuligula rufina* breeds sparingly at the lake, but remains there throughout the winter. The males appear to desert the locality as soon as the females sit, and are never seen again until the end of autumn. I have observed that the female erects her scanty crest in imitation of her mate, and proudly throws back her head, walking with a stately gait. The nest is like that of the coot, but not so large, better concealed, and without the gangway of rushes built by the other.

Searching for the nesting-place of the terns, I was surprised to find the whole colony of whiskered tern (*Sterna hybrida*) breeding in the nests of the eared grebes above described, and that apparently without having at all repaired the nests, which could have been only a few days evacuated by their constructors, as we saw hundreds of young eared grebes paddling about and diving in the open lake with their parents. My series of eggs of whiskered tern shows a decided tendency to pale green as the ground colour, and a type clearly distinguishable from that of any other tern. The markings are rarely so large as in the eggs of the common tern. A favourite food with these terns seems to be a large hairy caterpillar, which covered the neighbouring marshes at this time in thousands. They were also plunging into the lake in quest of the frogs and newts with which it abounds.

I had now thoroughly searched the recesses of Halloula, but on returning had to learn that "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip," for our punt grounded, and discharged all my loosely-packed boxes into the mud. I saved, however, sufficient to provide an ample series of those species which I had taken in any plenty, and returned to Algiers without further incident, laden with spoils.

The following year I found that this paradise of herons, owing to the success of the drainage, was almost deserted. By this time the glories of Lake Halloula are among the things that were. The plough has already effaced the traces of our heronry, and the ibis and the whiskered tern are already numbered with the ruffs of Lincolnshire and the great copper butterflies of Whittlesea.

A Few Words about Natal and Zululand.—II.

BY A COLONIST OF SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

THE Zulus have no form of religion or worship. A few European mission stations exist in the country, but the missionaries do not as yet appear to have made many converts. A belief in witchcraft exists both in Zululand and among the Kafir tribes in Natal; and many a native has met his death at the hands of his own people, being condemned as the possessor of supernatural powers. The victim is executed in a horrible manner. The perpetrators of the last of these murders in Natal were tried, condemned, and executed in Durban—Nokohlela, Matyoban, and Kongota were the names of the culprits, I remember. Men

occasionally, of adventure. The English trader, having purchased a quantity of woollen blankets, cotton blankets and sheets, beads, brass snuff-boxes, and iron and brass wire, is equipped for his commercial speculation in Zululand. He then, supposing he has no wagon or ox-cart, hires a sufficient number of Kafirs in Natal to carry his goods, each Kafir to receive a head of cattle upon the return to Natal for his services. Next, having packed up his own little necessary baggage (commonly called traps), he starts with his carriers and enters Zululand, to buy cattle, goats, and Kafir sheep. The Zulu cattle are a small breed, but make excellent *trek*,



ZULU VILLAGE.

who are designated "doctors" exist among the different tribes; but the natives as a rule have a strong belief in European medicines also. The more violent in its effects and nauseous in taste the remedy presented to a Kaffir, the greater seems to be his faith in the skill of the white man from whom he obtained it. I remember upon one occasion, during my Zulu trading experience, administering a pinch of quinine (a packet of which I generally carried in my belt-pouch, as a safeguard against Zulu fever) to a *salakas* (old woman), who told me that she feared she was "going to die." Happening to pass the same *kraal* on my return journey, I was surprised to find myself liberally supplied with *amarsi* (clotted milk)—a scarce article just then, it being the middle of winter, and grass very poor—and nothing asked in exchange; and was still more astonished when informed that I had restored an old woman to health, and, consequently, was welcome to the best the *kraal* afforded.

Zulu trading is indeed an enterprise—a strange, rough, wild life, but certainly possessing the charm of freedom and,

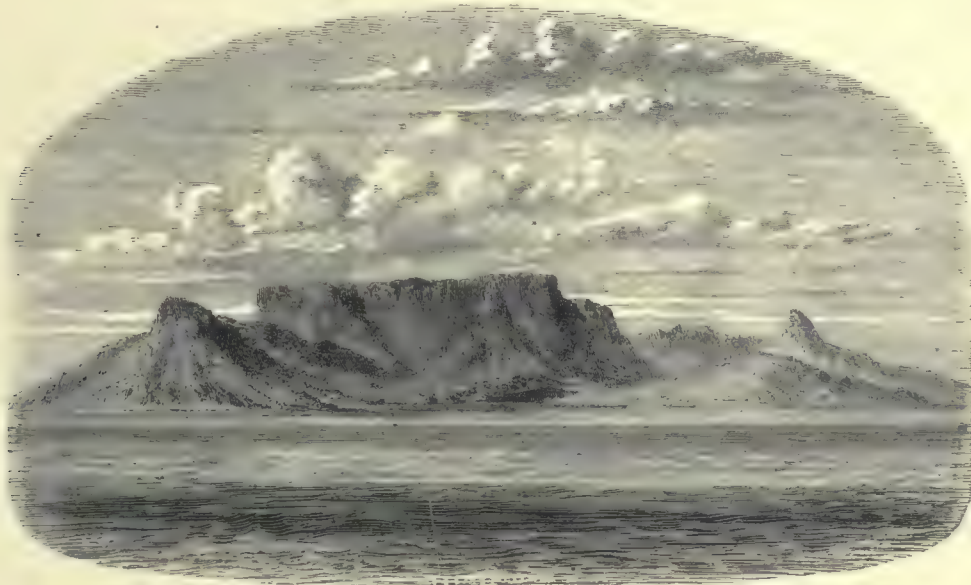
that is, working oxen. The cows give but little milk—a moderately good cow yields from three to four quart-bottles per diem, and rears her calf—however, they are the only kind of cattle which thrive upon the Natal coast, consequently, are in continual demand. Sugar-planters require oxen for carting their cane every season. The Kafir sheep is an animal looking like a cross between a goat and a sheep, the wool being coarse and hairy. In colour it is either black, brown, black and white, or brown and white. The flesh makes very good mutton.

The trader, once in the country, pursues his way from *kraal* to *kraal*, until he finds a beast or beasts for sale; then ensues a long bargaining, the Zulu having probably asked three or four times the value. At last the trader concludes his purchase, a knife worth sixpence, or a couple of snuff-boxes, perhaps, having settled the matter. A description of the animal purchased is entered in the trader's note-book; the price in blankets, &c., is handed over to the seller; the trader's Kafirs again make up their packs and place them on their heads; the

trader shoulders his gun and starts afresh, in quest of more cattle for sale elsewhere, leaving the purchased animal to be picked up on his way home. At nightfall a hut is hired wherever the trader may arrive; the hirer agreeing to pay a few strings of beads, a brass snuff-box, some wire, or a knife upon departing the next morning, the hut is swept out, a fire lighted, and the trader takes possession for the night. The trader then purchases food for himself and his packmen, consisting of (*amarsi*, milk which has been kept corked up in a hollow calabash until it has become thick). The watery part is drawn off through a small aperture in the bottom of the calabash, and is called "*umlazi*," and makes a very cooling drink. *Amarsi* is a very nourishing food, and far from disagreeable. *Ncorbi* is eaten with this food; *ncorbi* is merely a quantity of maize or millet, boiled until quite soft, and then placed upon a hollow stone and rolled into a kind of cake by means of another stone, much as our cooks roll dough. Be-

head, and has its Zulu name from its sparkling appearance in the firelight, or when held in any bright light, the name being derived from the Zulu word signifying fire. All his goods brought from Natal being paid away in barter, the trader once more turns his face towards the colony, gathering as he travels the various cattle he has purchased and left at different points of his route, but not without many altercations and rows with the savages. He then drives his cattle (generally very erratic and troublesome) home to Natal. Towards the commencement of spring some traders take into Zululand a quantity of "Kafir picks," these picks being a rough kind of hoe (some of which are forged in Natal, and others imported from England) used by the Kafirs for breaking up ground for the maize and millet fields. These picks are bartered for cattle in the same manner as blankets, &c. This enterprise requires a wagon or ox-cart.

I have said something about game; I must now, before



COAST VIEW NEAR ST. LUCIA BAY.

sides this food, *chualla*, sweet potatoes, another edible root of which I forget the name, a kind of bean, and even beef, may be occasionally bartered for. It is always advisable to ascertain whether the beef is from a slaughtered beast, as the Zulus themselves have no objection to eating the flesh of cattle which have died from natural causes. But occasionally, after a hard day's work, no food is to be procured, the Zulus at the *kraal* selected for the night having none to spare. This is one of the hardships of the life, and to an Englishman not an agreeable one. However, "*Quicquid corrigere est nefas, melius fit patientiâ.*" Sometimes the supply exceeds the trader's demand, and half-a-dozen young girls appear at his hut's door, each with a pot of *amarsi* and a little covered basket of *ncorbi*, demanding beads, wire, or snuff-boxes in exchange.

There are regular fashions and tastes amongst these wild tribes with which the trader, if he wishes to succeed, must comply. For instance, his beads must be of a certain size and tint. Small black beads are great favourites, and are called by the Zulus "*esteeman*." Each popular variety of bead has its name—one, for example, called "*umgazi*" (blood), is a shade of red; "*omleloan*" is a transparent ruby-coloured

I leave the Zulu country, say a little more. In many parts of Zululand great quantities of game are to be met with, including lions, leopards, hippopotami, rhinoceros (the black and the white variety), buffalo, eland, wildebeeste, koodoo (the koodoo is one of the largest of the South African antelopes, and carries a pair of spiral horns sometimes more than three feet in length), and also the various antelopes found in Natal. St. Lucia Bay, a large lagoon at the extreme end of the Zulu country, contains numbers of hippopotami, and large game abounds in the neighbourhood and through the whole Impokinyoni, which is the district lying between the river Umvelose and the border of the Amatonga tribe, and is under the control of Samcheli, one of the sons of Umpanda. An Englishman wishing to take a hunting trip in the Zulu country must apply to the chief for permission to shoot, and accompany his application with a present. The traders, of course, carry guns, and shoot whatever game comes in their way. Pauw, partridges, cranes, and wild ducks are abundant in many parts of Zululand.

The Amatonga people are a peaceful race, keeping no cattle, being fearful of tempting the cupidity of their warlike

neighbours, the Zulus. The English trader, however, enters their country (a decidedly unhealthy one) for the purpose of buying the skins of a kind of wild cat (*nsembi*), and of a monkey (*semanga*). Having purchased a number of these in exchange for cotton sheets, &c., the trader returns to Zululand and barter them away for cattle. The Zulu young men are particularly fond of these skins, and willing often to part with their best cattle for them. In language and dress the Amatonga are very similar to the Zulus. The Amaswazi are another neighbouring tribe of the Zulus, and the traders often go through the Zulu country into the land of the Amaswazi for cattle, bartering for them in the same way as among the Zulus. The Amaswazi cattle are small, and similar to the Zulu. Zulu trading, or any trading among the savages, is not the occupation which a newly-arrived colonist could take up, as it requires considerable experience of the habits and feelings of the natives to make a successful trader and avoid dangerous quarrels. The trader who takes a wagon or tented cart into the Zulu country, of course, has a much better time of it than one who travels on foot, though he has frequently to leave his wagon for days together, many parts of the country being inaccessible for cart or wagon. A stout pony is, of course, a great convenience, but it is not advisable to take an animal of any value, as the change of climate, exposure, and general "hard lines" are apt to prove fatal to a horse used to good stabling, food, and care.

During the summer months the coast of Zululand is unhealthy, more especially the Impokinyoni district; and an Englishman is apt to be struck down by Zulu fever when far from the aid of white men. Quinine is generally considered the chief remedy; but the fever is a severe affair, and the sooner the white man is conveyed into the colony, and within reach of medical aid, the better. Fever occasionally attacks an Englishman even in the cool upland districts of the Zulu country during the summer months.

Some traders take their goods into the country of the Ama-ponda tribe, which lies to the south of the colony of Natal. The cattle obtained in Ama-ponda Land are larger than the Zulu cattle, and the goods taken for trading purposes are more varied, saddles, bridles, articles of clothing, in addition to blankets, &c., being freely taken in exchange by these savages. As the Ama-ponda are a very thievish tribe, the trader has some difficulty in keeping his goods together.

The Overberg traders (or "smouses," as they are called in the colony) take wagon-loads of goods over the Berg into the Dutch republic, the Orange Free State, where they exchange their goods with the Boers for ostrich feathers, wool, horses, cattle, and sheep. The goods taken up for this traffic are cotton goods, moleskin, and such materials as are used for making clothing for men and women, coffee and sugar, and various trifling articles.

The South African wagon is a long and somewhat narrow conveyance, built strongly but rather loosely of various kinds of colonial wood, which should be well seasoned; different parts of the wagon are made from different descriptions of wood. the wagon is covered with a tent (or tilt, as I suppose it would be called in England) stretched tightly over a frame, which framework in a "cap tent" wagon is made of neatly-sawn timber; but the cheaper "bush tent" is merely a number of wattles bent into a semicircular form, and bound together by reeds, over which the canvas is stretched. In the fore part of

the wagon a large movable chest is placed, which acts both as a receptacle for all manner of odds and ends, and also as a "coach-box." A wagon may be fitted up very comfortably, another large chest (the "after chest") being fixed at the back, and long narrow "side boxes" fastened outside, to say nothing of a "cartel," an oblong frame, upon which is stretched a sort of netting of hide-thongs, on which to place the mattress, and numerous canvas cases, gun-hooks, &c., inside the wagon. A candle or small safe lamp may be burnt in a wagon.

A wagon "span," or team, consists of fourteen or sixteen oxen, which are yoked in pairs to the *trek-touw*, which is either a sort of thick rope made of hide, or an iron chain. The wagon whip is a long bamboo, with a lash of hippopotamus hide, the end of which is tipped with a piece of lighter hide, inkonka skin being preferred. This whip, which reaches over thirty feet, when used by an expert, is capable of producing a "crack" as loud as the report of a small pistol, and also of punishing a lazy or refractory ox very severely. Another instrument of persuasion is generally carried, namely, an *after sjambok*. This is simply a piece of hippopotamus hide, formed into the shape of a rough riding-whip, and between four and five feet in length. The *sjambok* is rarely used by a good driver, and then only in extreme difficulties, as the punishment inflicted by such a whip is of course very severe. The two front oxen of the "span," or team, are led by a native, who is called the "fore-louper," and the driver alternately walks by the side of his oxen and sits upon the "fore chest," cracking his whip and shouting to each ox by name, as he sees any symptoms of laziness. Kafirs who have learnt the art make good drivers, as also do Hottentots.

The wagon is provided with a rude though effective break, consisting merely of a rough log slung behind, which can be screwed tight against the tires of the hind wheels, by means of a screw working through its centre. An iron drag and chain is also carried. Spades and axes are always provided for a journey. Oxen travel at a foot pace, and require "out-spanning" (releasing from the yoke) at the end of about every ten miles. The little Zulu oxen require about an hour and a half to fill themselves, the huge African and Dutch oxen rather longer. The larger portion of the cattle bred by the Dutch are descendants of the old Fatherland breed imported by them. The oxen are large and powerful *trek* oxen, and also valuable, on account of their size, as slaughter cattle. The cows are generally excellent milkers. The climate of the Free State is cool and extremely salubrious; the Dutch settlers friendly with the English traders, who, of course, understand their language and habits; and abundance of good shooting is to be had over the enormous plains, where the wildebeeste (gnu), hartebeeste, quagga, and springbok wander in countless hordes.

The discovery of gold in the Matabele country, far in the interior, beyond the Dutch republic, is likely to have a great and beneficial influence on the Natal colony, Port Natal and the capital, Durban, being the most convenient outlet to the produce of the whole region. As far as mere distance is concerned, the Portuguese seaport of Sofala is very much nearer the locality of the mines, but they are separated by nearly 200 miles of rugged and unhealthy country, whilst the road from Natal, after crossing the Drakenberg, lies along the vast upland plains in a pleasant climate. The gold is found only in the quartz rock, and can be worked therefore only by machinery.

The Towns on the Upper Yang-tsze-Kiang.

IN ascending the river Yang-tsze-Kiang the first place of any importance beyond Hankow is Yoh-chew. This city is situated at the outlet of the Tung-ting lake, at a distance of 130 geographical miles from Hankow. It is advantageously placed with respect to the rich and wealthy province of Hu-nan. Besides tea, Hu-nan is rich in coal, iron, timber, corn, oil, &c. If the opening of Yoh-chew would tend to develop the almost exhaustless resources of this fine province, the event is one which cannot but be heartily desired.

At the distance of about 293 geographical miles from Hankow we come to Sha-si, a large and busy mart. Commercially, Sha-si is a place of considerable importance. Along the banks of the river, for more than two miles, an immense number of boats and junks (principally Hu-nan and Si-chuan) are passed, laden with cotton, cotton-stuffs, salt, sugar, tobacco, hemp, opium, medicinal herbs, rice, coal, &c. Here, generally, the Si-chuan junks stop on their downward voyage. The people speak of the place as being second only to Hankow in point of population and commercial prosperity. A few miles inland from Sha-si is the famous King-chew-fu, a large and populous city, though quite inferior in a commercial point of view. It holds the same relation to Sha-si as the city of Han-yang does to Hankow, only that King-chew is a much larger and in every way more imposing city than Han-yang.

We come next to I-chang. The distance of this important city from Hankow is about 360 geographical miles, and it is 900 miles from the sea. It is the limit of steam navigation on this great river, for immediately beyond commences the I-chang gorge, where the river for many miles is contracted between nearly vertical walls of rock, with a current running from six to twelve knots an hour. During high water our large steamers find no difficulty in reaching I-chang, while to those of moderate size it would be accessible all the year round. The opening of this port would necessarily damage Sha-si materially. In that case most of the transshipments which are now done at Sha-si, would be done at I-chang. Instead of proceeding to Sha-si to meet the boats of Hu-nan, Hupeh, and other provinces, the Si-chuan boats would naturally stop at I-chang, and there load and unload. No doubt the event would greatly benefit Si-chuan by giving its trade a new and healthy impulse. I-chang is likely to become a place of much greater importance commercially than it has ever been. As a place of residence, no intervening spot can be compared with it. From Hankow almost to I-chang, the country is generally flat and uninteresting, but just there Nature begins to assume a new aspect, and to display herself in grander proportions. The scenery becomes magnificent in the extreme.

Chung-king fu.—The distance of Chung-king from Hankow is about 720 miles. From I-chang to this famous city, a distance of about 360 miles, are passed the walled cities of Wu-shan, Kuei-chow-fu, Yung-yang-hien, and Chang-chew, besides a large number of open towns. Most of these cities display but few signs of wealth and commercial prosperity. At Wanhien (distant 522 miles from Hankow) there is a decided change for the better. Wan is a place of considerable size, and the people generally seem well to do. It has its large

sugar, salt, opium, cotton, tobacco, silk, rice, pulse, and other hongs. Besides the opium hongs, there are hundreds of stalls along the streets, at which the article is retailed in small quantities. The cotton had been imported from Sha-si, and sells at a very high price. Coal is abundant in the neighbourhood. In quality it is superior to the best Hu-nan coals.

Chung-king is the city in Si-chuan, compared with which every other must hold a subordinate place in the estimation of the merchant. Ching-tu, though the provincial capital, and in many respects one of the finest cities in the Empire, does not present so many attractions. In a mercantile point of view, it would compare favourably with the largest and most influential commercial centres in the land. There the products of Si-chuan, Kuei-chow, Yunnan, and Kan-suh converge, to be re-distributed in various directions. Silver, gold, copper, tin, lead, coal, insect-wax, bees-wax, raw silk, hemp, medicinal herbs, and opium are the principal articles of export to be seen here. Among the foreign goods imported are English and Dutch cloths—fine, common, and broad—and trinkets of various kinds and descriptions. Chung-king is a large city built on the declivity of a sloping hill, situated at the mouth of an important tributary of the Yang-tsze, surrounded by highly picturesque scenery, and containing a population of from 500,000 to 600,000 inhabitants. A healthier spot it would be impossible to find. The friends of civilisation and commerce cannot afford to lose sight of Chung-king.

Siu-chew-fu.—This important city is situated at the angle formed by the Min, and is distant from Hankow 923 miles. The whole of the western part of Si-chuan has been for several years a great battle-field, and is consequently much disturbed and impoverished. A feeling of peace and security is being restored gradually, but it will take years to bring things round to their former prosperous state. Siu-chew, it must be remembered, too, is to a great extent dependent on Yunnan, and that province is now, and has been for many years, in a state of anarchy.

On account of the extreme narrowness of the Yang-tsze in the gorges, and at the rapids, which in some places is not more than 120 or 130 feet wide, the strength of the current is very great. The velocity increases with the rise of the river, so that the current is very much stronger when the water is high than when it is low. Moreover, the annual floods being occasioned principally by the heavy rains, and not by the gradual melting of the snow, the rise is often fitful and violent. When this happens it occasions much delay, and greatly increases the danger which attends the navigation of those waters. During high water some of the rapids run nine or ten knots an hour, and immediately after heavy rain the velocity is still greater. The first rapid occurs about fifteen miles above I-chang, so, to the present line of steamers, I-chang may be considered the Ultima Thule. Rapids of a more or less formidable character occur constantly up to Siu-chew-fu on the Yang-tsze, and Kia-ting on the Min; all the gorges and the most formidable rapids are, however, between I-chang and Kuei-chow-fu, a distance of about 100 miles. If this awkward piece of the river could be managed, the rest would not require a thought. These difficulties are very formidable, but not too formidable for modern science and Western pluck to grapple with successfully.

Fresh-water Dolphins.

THE family *Delphinida*, or dolphins, belong to the great order *Cetacea*, of which the whales are the chief members, and are familiar to every one who has made a sea-voyage, by their gambols in the wide ocean, swiftly swimming in small shoals around the ship, and coursing rapidly away to a distance, where they are heard snorting by twos and threes together as they come up to the surface to breathe. They are, like all cetacea, aquatic animals of the external form of fishes, but belonging to the mammal class by the possession of lungs for breathing atmospheric air, by suckling their young, and by all the wide differences of structure and function which these two features indicate. Oceanic dolphins are found in almost every sea, and are of great diversity as to genera and species, many of the kinds being extremely local or confined to limited areas.

There are also dolphins which seem to prefer the brackish water in the estuaries of broad rivers, such as, for example, the river Plate. With these facts all readers must be tolerably familiar, but it is much less known that there are many species of these remarkable creatures absolutely confined to fresh water, and so exclusively framed for this field of existence that they are classed by naturalists in distinct genera from the marine species. These have at present been found only

in the four great rivers—the Amazons, the Ganges, the Yang-tsze-Kiang, and the Irrawaddy—a distinct genus of fresh-water dolphins occurring in each of these vast systems of fresh water. The Amazons in this respect, as in others, exhibits the character of the largest river system of the world; for whilst the other streams have one species of dolphin only, this king of rivers has four or five, forming two distinct genera.

Our illustration represents the largest of the dolphins of the river Amazons, a species known to naturalists as the *Inia Geoffroyi*, and to the inhabitants of the country as the *bouto*. It inhabits all the interior waters of the Amazon system, including the main river, from the mouth of the Madeira to within sight of the Andes, and also all the larger tributaries, especially the Madeira and its affluents, the Mamoré, the Beni, and others. In appearance it is a true cetacean; when full-grown, ten or twelve feet in length, with smooth, flesh-coloured skin, plump, fat body, with fatty protuberance at the front part of the head, and long, leathery fins and tail. Its resemblance to the dolphins is shown in the narrow snout, which in the *Inia* is furnished with regular rows of conical teeth. The first sight of this extraordinary animal, so unlike all other denizens of fresh water, calls forth feelings of wonder in the traveller, who is sure to have opportunities of

seeing it, even if making only a passing transit in a river steamer, for it is tolerably abundant. Its favourite sporting-places are the broad reaches at the mouths of the larger tributaries, where the river presents the appearance of an inland sea, with blank horizons of water and sky, and distant views of portions of the wooded banks that look like islands in the vast expanse. The shallower parts of such broad places, over sand-banks, are much frequented by the dolphins, and they may be seen rolling in pairs at the surface of the water, now and then giving a loud snort, as the air from their lungs in breathing is expelled through the blow-holes situated on the slope of their foreheads. In fine, calm nights, when sailing vessels are anchored in the shallows, the blowing of the *boutos*, carried on, now close at hand, now far off, is uninterrupted throughout the

night, and greatly helps to impress the mind of the traveller with the sea-like magnitude of the river. It is in the shallows, at the edge of sand-banks, in retired places, that the *bouto* brings forth its young. The Indian and half-breed fishermen have a superstitious awe of these strange animals, and refuse to harpoon them, although their fat yields an enormous quantity of oil, which to these people is an article of great value. One of their absurd notions is that the



THE BOUTO, OR FRESH-WATER DOLPHIN, OF THE AMAZONS.

light from a lamp fed by *bouto* oil will blind any one who attempts to work by it; and another, that a fisherman who kills one of the animals will for long afterwards be unsuccessful in his craft. They believe the *bouto*, at certain times, assumes the human form, and comes out of the water on dark nights to waylay the villagers. There is one story the traveller is sure to hear, namely, that a *bouto* once transformed itself into a beautiful Indian woman, with piercing black eyes and long flowing hair, and that, on being accosted at the corner of a street, near midnight, by a young man, it seized him by the waist and dragged him to the water, into which it plunged with an unearthly shriek.

A second, darker-coloured species of *bouto* is found in the waters of the delta of the Amazons; and throughout the whole river system a smaller dolphin, with much longer snout, and a different way of ascending to the surface to breathe, is very common. It forms a distinct genus of *Delphinida*, of which there are probably several species inhabiting the different tributaries. In the other large rivers of the world these fresh-water cetaceans are represented by one species only, namely, the *Platanista* in the Ganges, a pale-coloured kind in the Yang-tsze, ascending as far as the rapids of I-chang, and a curious round-headed kind in the Irrawaddy, recently discovered by Dr. Anderson.

A Visit to the Danubian Principalities.—III.

BY NELSON BOYD, F.G.S., ETC.

THE SZILL VALLEY COAL-FIELD—JOURNEY UP THE CARPATHIANS—
BEARS AND CHAMOIS.

WE had determined before leaving the Szill valley to explore it from end to end, for the purpose of examining its interesting geological features, and accordingly ordered horses, and made all other necessary arrangements for a long ride to its extremity the next day. In the course of our ride we were much interested in seeing the numerous coal-seams, which run out to daylight on the slopes bordering the valley, some measuring several yards in thickness. In various places the river had washed away the ground overlying the mineral, and the water was rippling and gurgling over a black bed of coal. We saw it lining the banks, and forming little promontories and islands in the stream. In the nooks, and where the eddies form banks, the ground was black; and the grass and wild flowers which grew on the banks contrasted strangely with the dark ground below. Here and there the coal had crumbled through the effects of the weather, and little mounds of black *débris* were lying across the path.

I could not help reflecting on the immense mass of useful power thus lying dormant in this secluded valley. Almost inexhaustible wealth is entombed here, unheeded and untouched. That to which England owes so much of her commercial prosperity is found here in rich abundance; but the day for its practical development is not yet come. It is, however, probably near at hand; and with the introduction of railways will come speculation and adventure, as pioneers of industrial activity. Some day, probably not far distant, this vale, so silent, so beautiful, will be filled with the clamour of forges and the whirring of wheels; clouds of murky smoke will issue from tall stacks, and spread over the neighbourhood; and grimy toilers will wearily walk along hard dusty roads, where now the nimble mountaineer swiftly treads over the greensward. Industry will supplant the free life of nature, and bring with it the blessings and the woes of the struggle for existence; crowds will find a living, where now so few share the land with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. The beauties of nature, so fair to look on, will fade; but the community will gain in wealth and strength. Yesterday I had visited the scenes of a past industry, and wandered among its grave-mounds; to-day I examined the field of future activity, and saw before me the undoubted source of immense prosperity. There were the beds of coal, tranquilly lying between the layers of red marl, which some day, when raised from the earth, will represent so much force in the world, and transform the placid vale into a noisy centre of commerce and manufacture; and that era of activity will also pass away, and leave behind no other token of its time than a few mounds of broken stones and heaps of grass-covered rubbish. The industry of the past was the search for gold—the conventional token of wealth; that of the present is the mining for coal, which gives us motive power and force; what will that of the future be? Will there come a time when coal, our present purveyor of heat, will be replaced by some agency at present unknown, and future generations wonder how the world moved on with only coal at its command?

But such reflections are rather premature, and perhaps out of place here. We have plenty of coal in the world—enough to last us for many centuries; and what our successors will do when it is exhausted we cannot with our present knowledge even faintly guess.

I was roused from my reverie by the stopping of our party to salute and enter into conversation with an aged priest, or *papa*, who was sitting on the roadside counting his beads, and accompanied by a young boy. He presented a most venerable appearance, with a handsome countenance and long, flowing, white beard. His time for active work was past, and he seemed waiting for the summons to leave the world he had so long lived and prayed in. He took but little interest in the strangers, and merely asked what the foreigners were coming to do in the valley. I fear he had very conservative tendencies, and did not quite relish the visit of foreigners or the introduction of their customs. He was about the only person we met in the course of our day's ride, which, though exceedingly interesting, was rather fatiguing, owing to the change of weather we experienced in the afternoon.

The morning was rather cloudy when we left the farm; it had rained during the night, but the weather did not then look threatening. There are no roads in the valley; a foot-path follows the course of the river, sometimes on one, sometimes along the other bank. The river is crossed at various points by the usual kind of bridge, namely, a plank fixed on posts, with a very slender handrail on one side. People not accustomed to these rustic bridges find a difficulty in crossing them, and have to close their eyes and be led over. Horses, of course, cannot use them at all. The river is rather too deep to ford without getting wet, so that our party, consisting of four persons, dismounted when necessary, and crossed the river on the planks, leaving the guide to ride through the water, driving the riderless horses before him. There was no difficulty in getting the horses to cross—they were accustomed to it; but we sometimes had considerable difficulty in catching them on the other side, if it happened to be meadow-land where they could graze, and it required some exercise of patience and perseverance to secure them.

We reached the end of the valley and of our journey in the afternoon, and made a halt in the hut or barrack of the police-station, the only habitation within miles of the spot. We had previously sent a man forward with provisions to await our arrival, and we found him and the soldiers engaged in the little detached cabin used as kitchen, preparing our dinner. In front of the station, which was a small wood-built house containing three rooms, we found one of the men lying on the grass, apparently very ill. He could only answer our questions with moans. The sergeant told us he had been ill for a fortnight, and thought it was typhus fever. He had had no medicine, no remedies—nothing but water to drink. In the morning his comrades carried him out into the open air, and at night back to his bed; and thus was nature left to work the cure without let or hindrance. I thought the man must die, but the sergeant was of opinion he would get over it. He had seen many a worse case not end fatally; and as to doctors, there was not

one within a hundred miles, and by the time he could be summoned the patient's fate would be decided one way or the other. Open air and cold water for typhus fever! what would the College of Physicians say to that treatment? I subsequently heard that the man did recover, and he is now probably doing his duty on the frontier-line of the Carpathians as well as any man in the corps.

Meantime the weather had changed, and we had to hurry in-doors, as the rain was coming down pretty fast. What we at first took for a summer shower turned out to be a mountain storm. The wind rose and howled through the tall fir-trees, the rain came down in torrents; claps of thunder startled the echoes of the deep gorges, and flashes of vivid lightning danced about the heavens with weird-like frolic. It was terribly grand. Every now and then a crash was heard above the din of the battering rain and whistling wind, when a tree was struck by lightning. The horses were frightened, and sent forth cries of distress. We all hoped the storm would soon abate, but it continued with relentless fury. Night came, and the tempest grew worse. We closed the doors, we closed the window-shutters, we tried to close our ears against the fearful noise.

It was morning before the fury of the elements at all abated, and then we all sought some rest. Two of us were billeted in the sergeant's room; he had but one bed, and that a remarkably small one. Considering that this piece of furniture would have been a tight fit for either of us, it was a somewhat difficult problem to make it answer for both. The expedient we adopted was to raise the bag of straw which constituted the bedding so as to make a pillow of it, and draw the table close to the bedside, and then seek repose with our heads on the bed and our legs on the table. We were greatly disturbed by the cries of our horses. Poor animals! they had been standing the whole night out of doors, exposed to the force of the storm, and we expected to find them dead in the morning. Not so, however; they only looked tired, and after a rub down with a wisp of straw, seemed ready for the homeward journey.

The morning was very fine, and the sun came out brilliant and warm, as if to make up for his absence the day before. But the river was swollen into a torrent; all the planks were washed away; many of the trees lining the banks torn from their roots; the pathway flooded and destroyed in many places; and the road by the banks of the Szill totally impassable. We had to strike up into the mountains, and follow a most tedious and tiresome mountain-path. We found all the streams greatly swollen; and in some cases our horses had to swim across rivulets which in ordinary times are almost dry. The path was at times so steep and slippery, that it became a positive matter of difficulty for man or beast to proceed. One horse stuck fast in the soft mud, and for a time we thought we should never get him out.

Our return journey took fourteen hours. We had nothing to eat, very little in our flasks, and we ran short of tobacco. At last, wet and tired, we reached the farmhouse, glad to get under shelter of any kind, and knowing that we should find some comfort to make amends for our fatigues.

We had now to prepare for our journey across the Carpathians into Wallachia. Instead of taking the road of the Vulkan pass at once from its commencement in the Szill valley, we decided on ascending the mountain chain by a smaller path some miles distant, and, riding along the summit of the range, to gain the pass, and then descend into the

vast plains of Wallachia. Our object in doing so was to enjoy as completely as possible the charming scenery of the Carpathians, and to indulge in the pleasure of a few days' roaming in the bush, trusting to the trees for shelter, and to our stock of provisions for food. We carefully made all necessary preparations, taking with us hampers well stored with the necessities of life, and blankets to serve as covering during the nights to be spent in the open air.

Our party consisted of three travellers, one attendant, and a guide, who inhabited a small house near the point of our ascent. The morning of our departure was a great contrast to the afternoon of our ride through the valley, over part of the same ground. The air was balmy and calm, and the sun sent down its early rays over the green woods of the mountains from a cloudless sky. Innumerable birds were chirping in the woods as we rode under the shelter of the green branches, and the grass under our horses' hoofs was brilliantly green after the rain of the preceding days. The Szill and its tiny tributaries had already receded to their normal boundaries, for rapidly as these mountain torrents are swollen by rain, even so they quickly assume their ordinary course when the rain ceases. The damp which rose from the ground served to temper the heat of the sun, and, in fact, the weather was all we could desire for our mountain trip. We had a ride of some six miles along the banks of the river before reaching the house of Pedro, our future guide. We found him waiting at the door of his humble dwelling for our arrival, of which he had been duly apprised. A fine-looking fellow he was, the very type of the handsome Wallachian; tall and well-built, with regular features, intelligent dark eyes, and flowing black locks, which fell gracefully on his shoulders from beneath the broad brim of his black felt hat. His young wife came out smiling to receive her unaccustomed guests, and she did so with a grace which was charming from its simplicity. The elegance of nature infinitely surpasses that which is acquired; unfortunately it is but rarely met with, and is often undervalued and rejected for the mannerism of society. The Wallachians have much dignity of manner, particularly when in presence of strangers. Pedro's wife was an exception to the generality of Wallachian women, inasmuch as she was very good-looking, and as she stood among the trees of her little orchard, dressed in her very best toilet, she formed a subject worthy the pencil of any artist. Pedro could speak a little broken German, which was one reason for his selection as our guide. He had been in the Austrian army, and during the seven years he served had not once been quartered within the boundaries of the Hungarian kingdom; for, according to the policy of the Government, his regiment, composed of Wallachians and Hungarians, had invariably been sent to the German provinces of the Empire. He had to leave his bride and do the forced duty of a soldier, roaming about at the bidding of his superiors, and for years he never saw her and seldom heard about her. But to him she was fairer than all the flaxen-haired German lasses he saw on his way; and when his time of service expired, his first thought was for the maiden he had left in his native valley, and his only ambition to return to the land of his birth and his early love. Pedro was quite a character. He gave most elaborate and complimentary descriptions of the fare and general existence of the German soldier, which was much more sumptuous than that of the Carpathian shepherd. But although it was harder to roam the hills in search of stray cattle than do

a day's march, although it was more fatiguing to watch the grazing herd for days and nights than be sentry for a few hours, although the maize porridge of the Wallachian peasant is not so nourishing as the soldier's soup—Pedro, even admitting all this, and more, shook his head and laughed, and pointed to the beautiful valley below and the rugged cliffs above, and said, "My country is dearer to me than all those good things." Yet there are people who assert that mountaineers have no eye for the beauties of their country!

The path which led up the Carpathians was of ever-varying beauty and interest, sometimes running straight up some steep bank, then winding gracefully round a miniature peak, at times crossing the rich pasturages where herds of cattle were contentedly grazing, then skirting the edge of a precipice with a torrent bubbling below, or losing itself among thick brushwood, and diving under tall stately pine-trees. As we rose higher the air became more rarefied, and the tingling of the bells among the cattle and the sounds of the shepherds' pipes more clear and distinct. We passed numerous herds of cattle of every description, from cows quietly grazing the short sweet herbage, to swine grunting and running about with increasing liveliness; coy maidens tending their flocks and spinning wool, and boys silently leaning on their long staffs, watching the herds, or waking the echoes with the notes of their pipes. There is an air of intense rural felicity about such mountain scenes, which contrasts favourably with the busy centres of industrial activity, and certainly among the Carpathians all that nature can do to enhance the attraction by beauty has been done. The slopes of the mountains are like parks, so verdant is the grass, so graceful the trees; the gorges are wild and mysterious, with wildly rushing water between steep, rugged banks, covered with brushwood.

Here the bear is at home, hidden in summer from the enmity of man and sheltered from the heat of the sun, subsisting on berries and wild fruit, but ever ready to seize the stray calf or helpless lamb. The bears are numerous among the Carpathians, and mischievous as well. At nights in summer they sometimes leave their lairs, and play havoc among the flocks; and in autumn, when the Indian corn is ripe in the valleys, they descend from their wild dens among the mountains to feed in the very gardens of the villagers. As long as there is plenty of maize to eat they are comparatively harmless, but when that is cut, in autumn, they are extremely dangerous, as at night they prowl about the farmsteads, ready to devour anything which comes in their way. Numerous anecdotes are related about the bears and their doings—losses of horses and cattle, and hair-breadth escapes of human beings. Pedro told us one story of some friend of his who was pursued by a large black bear one morning, and foolishly took refuge up a tree. The bear at once followed, climbing up the branches with as much facility as the object of his pursuit. The tree was a large one, and a chase took place among the branches. The position was rather an unpleasant one for the man, as he was gradually becoming exhausted, and in dread every moment of falling to the ground, where he would have become an easy prey for the bear.

Fortunately, some men passed in time to rescue him. At first they could not realise his position, and when they did so, became so terrified themselves that they fled in alarm, and the man in the tree gave himself up for lost. His piteous cries, however, brought back the frightened peasants, and they com-

menced stoning the bear from a safe distance. This only made him more savage, and increased the danger of the man, who was now exposed, not only to the attack of his enemy, but the missiles of his friends.

At last the branches on which the bear was resting broke, and he came down to the ground. The peasants fled in all directions, and when Pedro's friend descended from his awkward perch some hours afterwards, he found neither friend nor foe to receive him, the bear having given up the game and returned to the woods.

The annual loss of cattle of all kinds through Bruin's depredations is very considerable, and the bear is looked on as a common enemy by all. Every year some of them are killed, and sportsmen come from great distances for the purpose of shooting them—or rather, I should say, shooting at them. It is no easy matter to kill a bear. It requires a steady hand and a quick eye. There is in this sport an element of personal risk not to be found in the usual run of shooting; and most of the strangers who had come to the Szill valley to shoot bears had not been rewarded with the success they had hoped for. The peasants generally manage to destroy a few every year. To them the shooting of a bear is more than sport; they obtain a reward from the Government, and the value of the skin is considerable. The winter before my visit two had been shot, the skins of which had realised £8 and £12 respectively. At the time of my visit, in August, I met a sportsman from Berlin who had come to the valley to make a reconnaissance of the district, with a view to sport in winter. The difficulty is to track the brute. When the maize is ripe he may be met with in the very yards of the farmsteads, or unexpectedly found in the middle of a corn-field; but that lasts only a short time, and when the corn is cut and gathered he retreats to the gorges and wild haunts of the mountains. Here it is not easy to find him, and his retreat requires to be known beforehand to secure his discovery. Even then he is not sure to be found at home; for he is migratory, and wanders about in search of food and shelter.

I may here say, *en passant*, that the bear is not the only game to be found in the Carpathians. The chamois abounds on the peaks, the deer in the woods, and hares are plentiful in the valleys; but of birds I heard and saw little. Bustards are said to be common about Hartzeg, and partridges and heathcocks are occasionally shot. But the sport of the Carpathians is more especially bear and chamois hunting. Associations are formed to shoot over districts—sporting clubs, as it were, who rent and preserve a mountain or town-land, and annually have one or more battues, in which all members join, and to which they invite their friends. On the northern side of the Szill valley lies the Retjezat, about 8,000 feet high, which is noted for chamois, and which is rented by such a club. A grand annual battue takes place on it, which is numerously attended, and resembles more a sporting pic-nic than a serious shooting expedition. The party, numbering upwards of a hundred persons, go up the mountain with tents and provisions sufficient to last a week, and regularly encamp themselves. Many join these clubs more for the enjoyment to be derived from such expeditions than the sport to be obtained. Indeed, nothing more delightful could be devised than a few days spent among the beautiful scenery of the Carpathians in the summer time, with the chance of a shot at a chamois by way of object, and plenty of good company to make the time pass pleasantly.



POPA OF THE SZILL VALLEY.



WALLACHIAN PEASANT-WOMAN.—PEDRO'S WIFE.

Our party could form some estimate of the pleasures of such excursions from the few days we spent in the open air, on our way over the Carpathians.

As we ascended, the scenery changed somewhat in its aspect. The verdant slopes and park-like lawns were changed for rugged cliffs, and patches of short grass breaking the monotony of regular forests of pine. We still heard the jingling of bells, but the cattle were not so numerous, and herds of swine were roaming about beneath the trees. We were now approaching the summit of the mountains, covered only with short herbage in summer, and snow in winter. The gorges and ravines we had passed on our way up now appeared like dark streaks on the broken outline of the country which lay beneath us. We could see the rippling Szill running, like a silver cord, through the valley, and beyond it the peaks of

the mountains, piled one above another until lost in the mists of gathering clouds. The notes of singing birds and the hum of insects had ceased, and the grandeur of the scene was enhanced by the silence around us. Eagles and vultures were soaring in the air above, or hovering over the dark shades of the valleys below. Clouds were swiftly crossing the sky, casting shadows on the landscape, and producing ever-varying effects of light and shade.

We had been toiling all day, and had now reached the point best adapted for a bivouac. Close to a cluster of trees which shaded a bank of soft green grass, we found a spring of clear water bubbling out of a fissure in the rock, and here we determined to rest for the night. Our hardy little horses were relieved of the packs they had carried all day, and tied to trees; a fire was lit, and preparations made for supper.

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—III.

TANJORE, ITS PAGODA AND PALACES.

WE have already, in a former article, described the position of Tanjore and its fort, which contains the pagoda of Vrihatisvaran. The great pagoda is entered by two brick gopurams. It is dedicated to Siva in his attribute of Almighty. Several balls ornament the top of the entrances, and they are five in number, on account of the syllables in a sacred formula signifying, "All hail Siva." The second entrance is decorated with statues which have a grotesque head and four arms. Two of the arms seem to entice the faithful to enter into the sacred enclosure, whilst the other two seem to direct attention to the attitude of devotion required by the sanctity of the spot. The attitude and expression of these guardians of the temple involuntarily remind the European traveller of those acrobats, who may be seen on the platform of travelling caravanserais shouting, "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen; walk up! Here you may see the most wonderful," &c.

These gopurams are not remarkable for height. They are ornamented with fan-shaped semicircles, covered with rosettes, lotus flowers, shells, and figures; but, as a whole, they offer nothing remarkable, either in their design or the quality of the workmanship.

Before the entrance of the grand pagoda stands a small mandapam, of which the columns, constructed of single blocks of stone, are whitened in conformity with the ridiculous Hindoo custom of disfiguring the stone of important buildings by coats of plaster of various colours. On these columns are sculptured in relief figures of monsters, apparently ready to start from their pedestals to protect the god within the enclosure against profane handling. The deity in this case is a colossal bull, lazily reclining, its head turned towards the sanctuary. It is, without exception, the finest specimen of the "Nandou" in existence in India, and is chiselled out of a block of syenite. Notwithstanding the numerous controversies on the subject, this image unquestionably has four extremities, three of which are visible, the fourth being half hidden under the body, the hoof merely peeping out. Supposing, indeed, that this mystic

animal was only provided with three legs, as is believed by some, it would be difficult to imagine how it could sally out nightly to browse in the rich pastures which surround Tanjore. No Hindoo worshipper doubts for a moment the truth of these nocturnal promenades; nor would he seek to verify the truth or falsity of the supposition, as might so easily be done. It is wiser and much easier to take the assertion as a fact than to make the investigation suggested.

Not a single rock of the substance out of which this bull was carved is to be found within a circuit of some hundred miles round Tanjore. Hindoo tradition, therefore, which is one mass of marvellous tales, informs us that whilst yet quite young this beast was brought to the temple; it was then small, but grew large so rapidly that the Brahmins, alarmed at the colossal dimensions to which it bid fair to attain, simplified the matter by driving a nail through its head in order to stop its growth. They were fearful of being obliged to build a new mandapam with larger proportions, and this would have entailed expenses which they were unwilling to incur. Every traveller, however, can see for himself that the animal, notwithstanding its cruel treatment, continues to enjoy excellent health.

This Nandou is beautifully sculptured. Unfortunately, it is always covered with a thick coating of *ghee* (clarified butter), or with cocoa-nut oil. All stone images are treated in this way, as they are assumed to be subject to the infirmities of nature, and as no hygienic custom obtains so much favour amongst the Hindoos as that of anointing the body, after ablutions, with a fatty substance, which may add to the natural secretions of the skin, the gods as well as men are treated to this operation.

To the left of the enclosing wall of the pagoda, towards the extreme end, is a small gallery supported by columns. It contains probably the largest number of examples of one of the common emblems used in Indian temples that can be found anywhere. The images in question form a kind of regiment of one-eyed monsters ranged in order of battle. Every here and there in this gallery there are cells, or small chapels, and at

their extremities are bas-reliefs representing some favourite deity. The image is covered with oil, of which there is a never-failing supply, thanks to the piety of the worshippers.

Between the little mandapam which shelters the Nandou and the most sacred part of the temple there is a small column covered with bells, which are rung by the Brahmin priests to summon the worshippers to public prayer and religious ceremonies.

The approach to the pagoda from the centre of one of the enclosing walls is by a dark passage, whose flat roof is supported by pillars. The immense pyramid itself, consisting of fourteen storeys, is built on a square basement constructed of stone, and of purer and less florid architecture than the rest of the building. In one important respect the Tanjore temple is distinguished from the other pagodas of the Deccan. The solid basement measures nearly 100 feet on each side, and the tower rises about 300 feet. These proportions seem to have been calculated so that the shadow thrown by the tower shall never project beyond the base, much importance being attached to this matter. The keystone of the vaulted roof of the upper storey of the building is a huge block of granite, which was taken from the garden of a house in a neighbouring village, about three miles distant, and placed at its present great altitude by means of an inclined plane constructed of bamboos. On this peculiar scaffold the rock was drawn up. It is even said that one end of this inclined plane extended to the very spot where the stone was found, the other end reaching, of course, to the summit of the tower. It is more probable that the stone was conveyed to the temple on one of those ancient cars with massive wheels which are still to be seen, and which when bearing a sacred image are sometimes drawn along by fanatic worshippers. It is very probable, however, that it was raised to the spot it now occupies by means of an inclined plane, and, indeed, this method of raising stone to a great altitude is still employed at the present day in India, while Herodotus informs us that the ancient Egyptians used similar means in the construction of their monuments. On the granite keystone of the roof of the highest chamber a brick sphere has been constructed, which is surmounted by a copper ball.

All the ornaments with which the faces of the pyramids are covered are in cement of a peculiarly fine quality, made from burnt coral, and every statue is painted, or rather speckled, with bright colour. This will probably be a lasting illustration of the taste of the late ruler of Tanjore, by whose orders the building was thus disfigured. The general style and positions of the ornaments are, however, in bad taste and of exaggerated proportions, and there is nothing graceful about them.

In spite of the vegetation which is encroaching even on the tower, and threatens to hide the details of the sculpture, one may still see here and there the red colour of the brick. The effect of this is not very agreeable to the eye.

Amongst the carvings on the principal doors of entrance are several figures resembling those which decorate the façade of the second gopuram.

At the stone base of the pillar, on a rounded moulding, an ancient Tamul inscription is engraved, the characters of which somewhat resemble the Telugu alphabet. Some learned Brahmins assert that it has reference to the history of Tanjore and of its monarchs.

According to tradition, this edifice belongs to the fourteenth century, and must have been built in the reign of one of the

kings of Conjeveram. In the beginning it was doubtless a temple dedicated to Vishnu, and was altered at a subsequent date to suit the requirements of the worship of Siva.

Behind the great pyramid, on the right, is a very pretty Tamul temple, dedicated to Soubramanya, or the peacock god—this is the war god of the Hindoos. As is customary in the Deccan temples, a long dark corridor, supported by columns, gives access to the sanctuary, over which, as usual, is a pyramidal tower. On entering the vestibule two pillars are seen. On the top of each has been sculptured a human figure, bearded and having a moustache, but with hooved extremities.

The upper part of the temple of Soubramanya, or rather, all that part on a level with the roof of the vestibule, is composed of fine granite, magnificently worked and carefully ornamented. The statues are of stone; the characteristic peacock of the god is everywhere to be met with, and this beautifully proportioned bird very much contributes to the effect of the ornamentation. The whole pyramid, however, as usual, is coated with plaster.

This temple is a marvel of elegance. Its proportions are beautiful, its details harmonious, and its sculpture artistic. Its only drawback is the red colour of the bricks of which it is so largely built.

To the right, close to the wall of the temple of Soubramanya, is an elegant stone basin, on which are sculptured dancing figures, executed with much grace. This basin serves to contain the water supposed to have been sanctified by the god's ablutions, and for this reason the faithful religiously prize every drop.

Besides what has been already described, two chapels dedicated to inferior divinities form part of the same enclosure, but they offer nothing remarkable.

At the entrance to the pagoda two little elephants may constantly be seen busily occupied in devouring a mountain of green food: these are the watch dogs at the gate. They form an important item in religious processions, and are let out by the Brahmins to the wealthy Hindoos who care to hire them, for marriage ceremonies. These animals were at one time a not unimportant source of income to the Brahmins.

Few Hindoos, however, now visit the temple of Tanjore, as Siva has lost somewhat of his popularity with the inhabitants of this part of the Deccan. The Brahmins bitterly regret the inconstancy of man even in matters so sacred, and threaten to withdraw the idol and close the temple.

A palace built in the commencement of this century by a wealthy Hindoo, has now become the property of the concubines of the late king. Its general arrangement, which corresponds with that of all large native houses in India, is far from comfortable. It consists of vast vaulted chambers, with plastered walls, supported by massive columns, the capital of each being a ring, painted in distemper. Everything, even to the flooring, is painted so as to represent marble. There is great cleanliness, but the general effect is heavy and unpleasing. Some of the rooms have windows, the shutters of which are perforated with holes, so that the persons in the room can see what is going on in the street without being seen. Different apartments adapted for different uses is not the custom of the country, the same room serving for bedroom, kitchen, parlour, and drawing-room. Besides the closed windows looking into the street, these apartments also look towards the inner courtyard. If you penetrate into the interior, beyond the principal

courtyard, you come to another, the centre of which is occupied by an altar, devoted to the religious exercises of the family, and surrounded by galleries; here the women resort—they both sleep and sit here. There is in large houses a third courtyard appropriated to servants. Like all Oriental buildings, the palace at Tanjore offers a curious mixture of fine apartments, richly decorated with silken cushions and splendid mirrors, and dirty rooms badly kept. It also includes wretched huts miserably thatched, and barely keeping out the weather. From the terrace there is a fine and extensive view.

In one of the rooms on the ground floor is a bas-relief, representing two spirits or angels hovering over a Hindoo god.

he treated me as if he were in communication with one of the intimate counsellors of Napoleon III. He first addressed me in English, expressing lively regret at being unable to converse in our beautiful French language. He then launched out into pompous praises of his friend, the *great Napoleon*, and after beating about the bush a good deal, he concluded by entrusting me with a confidential mission to His Majesty the Emperor of the French. I assured him of my thorough devotion to him. His important secret has been most sacredly kept ever since, nor do I think it is likely to transpire.

"This astute politician, when thoroughly satiated with diplomatic conference, dismissed me in the Hindoo manner.



BAS-RELIEFS FROM AN INDIAN TEMPLE.



IDOL IN AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

Probably some Christian artist penetrated into the Deccan in the eighteenth century, and was employed in the decoration of this building.

Sakaran Sahib, a Mahratta prince, married the two daughters of the King of Tanjore. When his first wife died he was united to her younger sister, and she is at the present time the lawful heiress of the Mahratta dynasty of Tanjore. This prince, who hopes to succeed to the throne of his father-in-law, professes great attachment to the French nation, hoping to receive help from its Government. He was on one occasion hospitably received by the Governor of Pondicherry, and perhaps regarded this as a special proof of friendship on the part of France. A French traveller thus describes a visit paid by him a few years ago:—

"He received me most affably, and called me his old friend, in order to conform to political exigencies. Although a mere tourist, travelling over India, in a carriage drawn by two zebus,

'My house is at your service,' said he, with the refined politeness so usual in the East, 'and every time you set foot in it you will confer an obligation on me.' Whilst addressing me thus graciously he was pouring attar of roses on my hands, and adorning my neck with a huge garland of flowers, interspersed with metallic straws. I fancy I must have resembled in this state the fat ox led through Paris on Shrove Tuesday, or some equally remarkable object. Trays bearing fruits of different kinds were next offered me. I touched them slightly, and they were immediately conveyed to my carriage. A parcel of betelnuts and some pieces of sugar-candy having then been given to me by the rajah, I took my leave. But as there were still other objects of interest in the place, I determined to take advantage of my visit, and at my request some slaves were ordered to introduce me to the famous palace of Tanjore. I was first shown some rooms, where I saw heaped together in no order a quantity of valuable mahogany furniture, gilded china,



THE GREAT ENTRANCE GATE OF THE PAGODA OF TANJORE.

common glass, and several lay figures, or models, such as artists use, of life size, and dressed in every conceivable European fashion. It seemed as if I were paying a visit to the office of some huge pawnbroking establishment, where the most incongruous objects are collected, and thrown together without order. Among other things was the eternal musical box, and one of my guides, acting under the orders of the rajah, commenced a concert, in which the whole *repertoire* of the instrument was to be exhausted. After the first five minutes I could bear it no longer, and was seized with a strange desire to bite some one or something. Just at this time the prince himself, unable to resist the sounds, came towards me, and I was forced to conceal my real feelings under a fictitious smile. Is it my fault if false notes act on me as on the canine race? A native, fortunate enough to possess such a treasure as this box, would rather be hanged than deny his friends the pleasure of participating. The rajah and I again shook hands in the English manner, the promises formerly made were reiterated, and this in the orthodox manner, with one hand pressed on the heart, and it was agreed that we would never forget one another. Time would fail me did I seek to enumerate the proofs of tenderness lavished on such occasions by the polite Hindoo."

This young man, who is a fine specimen of the Mahratta race, leads an effeminate, idle, and inactive life. His body is heavy and coarse, and his mind ill-stored. He spends his time in dreaming over impossible restorations by absurd means, and hardly ever stirs from his seraglio. His costume consisted of a pair of drawers made of fine silk, and a *jamah*, or fine muslin robe, under which was another of silk. A splendid turban, exquisitely designed, ornamented his head.

It is possible, by the exercise of some interest, to visit the palace, or rather that portion of it inhabited by Sakaran Sahib. It occupies a large space, and has been built at different intervals. Like all large native buildings in India, it offers within its walls the most singular and striking contrasts of royal splendour and sordid misery. This fact is so extraordinary that it needs explanation. In India every rajah is surrounded by thousands of dependants, who share his good and evil fortunes, and whose interests he is bound to attend to. They can no more abandon their master than he can abandon them. Hence the necessity of vast apartments and immense revenues. Bitter complaints are often made by those rajahs who have been expelled from their dominions by the English, and who receive in acknowledgment of their claims an annual subsidy. When one first becomes aware of the enormous sum total of these pensions, complaints seem ill-founded; but to those who are acquainted with the inner life of these Hindoo nobles, and the heavy expenses they are expected to incur, they seem reasonable enough.

In spite of the vast income he enjoyed, it is notorious that the Great Mogul was reduced to hunger and poverty, and in order to meet his liabilities was obliged to speculate on the natural desire of strangers to be introduced to him. The audience could only be granted after payment of a certain sum, disguised in the East under the name of a present. Throughout Asia it is customary never to approach a superior without a gift, and the poor Great Mogul profited by it to make good the deficiencies of his budget.

In the palace of Tanjore it is necessary to traverse several narrow and obscure corridors before reaching the official apart-

ments of the rajah. These consist of small rooms, the walls of which are covered with brilliant paintings. Here and there are frescoes representing dancing groups, elephant-hunts, and gods; but all exhibit, as is usual in India, a complete ignorance of the laws of perspective. These rooms are but scantily furnished. Indeed, they contain nothing but mats and a bed, with a very thin mattress. The flooring is of coloured stucco.

There is no external beauty in this palace. There are two doors, one of which is very lofty, and they are constructed so as to admit elephants. They lead to a seven-storeyed tower, a curious specimen of Mohammedan architecture. These doors alone distinguish the royal abode from the neighbouring huts.

A tower, known under the Persian appellation of *Shirza* (*lion*), because of the masks of lions in stucco which formerly decorated the upper part of the windows, was constructed by a native ruler, who in one of his pilgrimages to Benares saw one somewhat resembling it, belonging to one of the bayaderes of the temple. Thirty-five years were occupied in its construction. From a distance it appears as if still in a good state of preservation, but on a closer examination it is seen to be crumbling away. Five out of the seven storeys have balconies.

Coarse representations of dancing girls, painted red, and as grotesque as the caricatures drawn by children, decorate the sides of the principal entrances, and have a very mean and unworthy aspect.

As in all native edifices, the principal courtyard is surrounded with untidy and dilapidated buildings, where a crowd of individuals, all belonging to the rajah, herd together. A curious sight to the European is that of the fine elephants who guard the door. They stand on a floor of masonry, to which they are chained by the foot. These animals are fit representatives of the incorruptible and majestic guardians of a king's palace. After wandering through an indefinite number of courtyards and passages, each of the most wretched and poverty-stricken appearance, the visitor to this palace may find some dark recesses where, every here and there, are to be seen images of the favourite deities.

The deposed dynasties of Tanjore, like the rulers of other and larger countries, are torn by internal factions, which occasionally break cut into open disturbance. The following fragment of Indian history will not be without interest in illustration of this fact. It refers to the condition of public affairs in the province within a few years:—

Sorerao-Sahib was the brother of the first queen. The late king had fourteen legitimate wives and fifty concubines, all of whom were living till very lately, and who are shut up in the palace, as the Mahrattas are stringent in their laws as regards the seclusion of women. The only living legitimate daughter of the late king is not the offspring of the first queen, and as, according to the laws of the country, with the exception of a certain portion deducted for the use of the other wives, the first wife enjoys till her death the secured income allowed by the British Government, she occupies an important position, and is comparatively wealthy. This queen employs her influence and wealth to advance the pretensions of Sorerao-Sahib to the crown. It is true that these little internal squabbles have no possible result on the future, as the Mahratta power has died out in Tanjore. It is also the case that Sorerao-Sahib is an opium-eater, who seldom escapes from the lethargy into which he is plunged by the abuse of this narcotic

As this prince resides in the palace, a visitor naturally expects to be introduced to him; but his state is rarely such as to render it desirable, or even possible.

Within the first court of the palace stands the statue of Sivadji, the late king. The eastern façade is unfortunately built of brick, covered with stucco, very perishable materials, especially amongst careless people. Notwithstanding this, it is the purest and most beautiful specimen of Hindoo art to be met with in this part of India. Its ornaments are remarkable for elegance and variety of detail. On the side where the marble statue of Sivadji is placed, the effect is somewhat less satisfactory, but on the other side the balconies and windows are very fine.

Formerly the Nyakar kings, surrounded by their court and their warriors, sat enthroned on the granite block, which now forms the pedestal of the statue of the last king of the Mahrattas. It must have been an imposing spectacle. This block is 25 feet long by 20 feet wide, and 3 feet high, and the sides are painted to represent the wars of demons. The courtyard was then used as a court of justice. The statue of Sivadji, which was sculptured by Chantrey, is a fine work of art, the rajah being represented in the attitude of prayer, and turned towards the temple. On the wall, behind the statue, is a bas-relief in stucco, which refers to the enthronement of Rama.

On the side a pyramidal tower may be seen, in shape not unlike some of the pagodas. This is the arsenal, in which are carefully preserved certain weapons of war, regarded as sacred by the Mahrattas. This tower is attractive externally, but its interior is somewhat neglected, and is a place of resort for monkeys, bats, and other animals. According to tradition, it was built under the following conditions:—A Nyakar king, a worshipper of Vishnu, to whom he was much devoted, was constantly in the habit of making pilgrimages to Sziringam, the most celebrated of the temples of the Deccan. The King of Trichinopoly managed to bribe with presents that priest whose office it was to offer as drink to the noble pilgrim the sacred water that had been in contact with the idol. The Brahmin consented to poison the beverage he presented, but when it came to the point his courage failed him, and he owned his crime. Having been assured, however, that this water had really been used for the service of the idol, the prince took it at a draught, and no evil effects ensued. Nevertheless, he did not wish to be again exposed to the same risk, and in order to avert it, he caused the arsenal to be erected, in which, without quitting the precincts of his palace, he could keep his eye on the temple of his god, and perform his devotions without interruption.

Another square courtyard exists in the palace, to which the old kings loved to resort, and to seek shelter under a gallery supported by gilded pillars, and decorated with graceful little domes. The archæologist cannot help noticing in this species of architecture how much the Hindoo seems averse to anything symmetrical; every pillar varies in form, and the most opposite ornaments succeed one another, without any idea of harmony, by mere similarity of parts.

In the palace of Tanjore is a somewhat extensive library, but it is scarcely ever visited. It is rich in Tamul, Telugu, and Sanscrit manuscripts, all printed on the leaf of the palm-tree; it contains, besides, many European works of little or no importance, most of them being odd volumes, utterly worthless.

After visiting the old remains of Nyakar splendour, the palace is quitted by the northern gate. During his life the king never passes through this gate, but after death his remains are carried this way to the sepulchre. The only other object of interest in the interior of the great fort of Tanjore is the pagoda sacred to Vishnu. This pagoda is celebrated as having been a special favourite of the late king, who resorted to it privately at night, in order to sacrifice to Siva and Vishnu, young virgins of ten or twelve years of age, whom he would buy and cause to be taken to the temple, ignorant of the sad fate which awaited them. These horrible sacrifices, too often repeated, were the immediate cause of the seizing of the rajah, who was dragged before a court of justice, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. All that then remained to this prince was the town of Tanjore.

The country-house of the rajah, called Trivady, is situated on the shore of the sacred stream, the Cauvery, six miles from the fort. Here the royal family used to come in order to bathe in the purifying stream, a practice recommended to all Hindoos in their sacred books.

A road—formerly a very fine one, but now neglected—leads to this pretty village; it is said to have cost not less than 70,000 rupees (£7,000). On entering the town of Trivady, two little turrets or hexagonal pyramids are seen. They are very quaint, consisting of several storeys, diminishing in breadth from the base to the summit, and are perforated with recesses, in which little lamps are placed alight on the occasion of public holidays as a sign of rejoicing. They are picturesque, overtopping the coco-nut and other trees which surround them; but the effect is less pleasing close at hand, as they are covered with plaster, a perishable material, of which the Indians are much too fond in their monuments. Even their blocks supporting the pagodas and the monolithic columns cannot escape from a coating of this kind, and it is doubly useless, as it is certain to peel off under the influence of wind and weather.

Between these two Chinese-looking towers a small building is observable, the two wings of which are adorned with formidable and fantastic-looking heads: these heads are said by the natives to indicate the lion. This house is used by the rajah as a resting-place after his ablutions.

Further on, on the border of the stream, but in the same garden, a second pavilion meets the eye; it is also a pleasure-house. The most important of these royal abodes is situated in the centre of the village, and surrounded by native huts, with penthouses formed by palm leaves. These constructions are, however, undesirable in the neighbourhood of a palace which is not in itself very magnificent. Enormous rooms, the roofs of which are supported by round and massive columns, without pedestals or capitals, and united by a colonnade; little rooms, whose windows look on the street, in order that the women may see through the holes in the shutters without being seen themselves; long dark passages, leading to inner courts—some occupied by women—and surrounded by galleries, supported by columns, and shut in by jalousies; other courts containing wells, and surrounded by offices for the servants—all these combine to make up the interior of a princely residence in India, but all, unfortunately, are alike defaced by plaster and stucco.

On the banks of the Cauvery there is a spot allotted to the ablutions of the faithful. It is a quadrangle shut in on three sides by a gallery, under which the bathers take repose, and

open on the side next the river, to which you descend by a huge staircase. At the far end of each gallery which advances towards the water's edge a small polygonal pavilion has been constructed; it stands on stuccoed wheels, and is built in imitation of the old cars of the kings of Tanjore. Two horses of the size of life are among the sculptures, and seem to be ready to spring forward and bear away the capricious fancy of the architect. This style of thing is to be seen all over Tanjore, where several palaces are built in the shape of horse-shoes. When a side view is obtained of them they resemble a colossal chariot drawn by four gigantic coursers. In the centre of the quadrangle a little mandapam is erected; and it is said that on certain feast-days the god resorts to this shrine to seek repose.

Of all the native villages of this part of India, Trivady is most infested by monkeys. They are to be met with everywhere, running about in troops over the roofs of houses and in gardens, with as grave an aspect as their sacred character demands. These malicious and tricky animals stop at nothing; they are fond of removing the tiles on the roofs of houses, in order to study man in his most private capacity—perhaps

to discover family secrets. In order to escape from these disagreeable habits, it has been found necessary to construct arched roofs to the houses composed of bricks cemented together by lime. These animals, certain of being left alone, and aware of the respect that is paid them by the Hindoos, generally have recourse to pillage of every kind in the sacred cities which they deign to honour with their presence. The English police have been forced to give up seizing them for nightly depredations of fruit and vegetables. They were able to put a stop to the thug system, and to the dacoits—the Holy Inquisition of India—but may not lay their hands on these sacred monkeys, who will not trouble themselves to find food in the regular way.

In the environs of Trivady one frequently comes across a fruit of the size of a kind of nut common in the Deccan, which possesses the singular property of purifying and rendering clear the muddiest water. The experiment may be tried with a bowl of muddy water, into which is squeezed the juice of this fruit. All the particles held in suspension are at once thrown down, as if alum had been used. The fruit does not, however, render brackish or putrid water drinkable.

Under the Snow.

IN the year of grace 1850 I dug gold in California, right in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. Men had wondrous adventures in those days, and not a few who sought for El Dorado in that year might be able to tell a worse tale of hardship than mine.

I and my "partner"—a tall, manly Kentuckian, who was afterwards a general in the Confederate army, and is buried before Vicksburg—had struck upon a profitable stream pretty far in the mountains, and turned out, with varying success, a good many golden ounces before winter began to close in. In the North the frost destroys all chance of mining in winter, unless in very deep shafts; the whole ground being frozen to the depth of several feet, leaving out of account the miserable nature of the work—messing in icy streams. But in California, owing to the dryness of the summer, the winter supply of water renders that season the most suitable for the gold-digger's purpose.

My partner, who, like all his race, was fond of amusement, would like to have taken a run to the "Bay," and knocked about San Francisco, the wonders of which, since we had last seen it, the new comers were never tired of describing in glowing language. Our "claim," however, was just then turning out better than ever, and he had half persuaded himself to remain, when a fall which I had on the mountain so sprained a wrist and ankle as to render me incapable of moving about for some weeks at least. This settled my friend; and at odd times, now and then, he would "cozete," or poke about in holes for gold, sometimes bringing in a nugget, and sometimes a rich lot of quartz, regular labour, without any assistance, being difficult. Often enough he would sit whole days talking to me, as I lay weary on my straw palliasse by the fire. He had to do all the cooking and household work beside, and most cheerily did the excellent fellow do it, though, down in "old Kentuck," his

father was proprietor of the souls and bodies of—I am afraid to say how many "niggers." True, our establishment was not large. Clay (that was my partner's Christian name) and I had built it in the space of a week, not working very hard either. It might be about twelve feet square, built of rough logs, and with a door, made with the axe, swinging on hinges forged out of a pair of old mining boots, and with a lock which we used to style "Clay's Patent." Yet it contained, besides our valuable selves and a nice lot of mining tools, a matter of three thousand dollars in gold dust, buried in the floor just under the fire-place. We built it under the lee of a huge overhanging rock, not only for shelter, but to make up for any shortcomings in the roof, which I must confess was rather a shaky concern. The mud chimney was solely Clay's architecture; window it had none, but we had a good supply of train oil, which we had bought cheap at an auction down in the nearest mining town; so in winter we calculated to have light enough, while in summer we sat outside the door until it was dark, and then turned into bunk. It was in a beautiful valley, with *our* stream—creek we called it—running past the door, and snowy mountains and pine forests all around.

Altogether, as we surveyed it, after our work was finished, we unanimously concluded that "Profino Hall," as we dubbed it, was something of a credit to the architects. To resume. As winter closed in, snow began to fall heavily in the mountains, and little work could be done. My sprained limbs still kept me to my bed, and while the snow fell uninterruptedly outside, Clay would sit yawning or writing a long letter to the "old folks in Kentuck," portions of which he would read to me as he finished them, and I must say I have read many less amusing literary productions. On the second day he looked outside, and reported that it had ceased snowing and the sky looked

clear, but that the snow was near about four feet deep, which was almost half the height of our cabin. To add to our discomforts, he intimated that after making a survey of our provisions, we hadn't more than would put us through until to-morrow morning. The result of this was that he occupied the rest of the day in making a rough pair of snow-shoes and a little hand-sledge, with which he announced his intention of going to the store, which was distant some four miles, and the nearest hut station, for a new supply of provisions. Next morning he started after breakfast, promising to be back that evening. The house was now quite dark, so he left the lamp burning beside me, with a supply of oil within reach. With my wonderful

the last had been finished at breakfast. Still I thought he must be here very soon. In the meantime, a rat or two, which somehow or other had found their way to our hospitable mansion, afforded me amusement. One big, greyish-looking patriarch, which had so long eluded our trap that we called him the "old soldier," would cautiously creep out to see if any crumbs had been left at the fireside, or to snap up the bacon rind which was living in the ashes. My revolver was hanging above my head, and taking a steady aim at him, I was fortunate enough to lay him dead on his back. Warned by the fate of the "old soldier," no more appeared, but—trifles go a long way in the Sierras—I chuckled at the astonishment



VIEW IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

faculty for passing time in sleep, the day wore away, and I awoke, as I thought, about night. The lamp had gone out, but I lit it again, and filled it up with oil.

The accumulated snow on our roof, with the last few hours of sunshine, had slid off, but now I could see it was snowing again, for through the chinks in the boards the flakes of snow were falling, and had accumulated in a tiny wreath across the floor. I was amused for some time in watching the flakes falling, but soon that amusement was stopped by the roof getting covered with snow. Then I dropped asleep again, and when I awoke the oil was getting low down in the lamp. From this I knew that I must have slept about six hours, for old experience taught us that a lamp-full just lasted about eight hours. What could have become of Clay? I was now getting hungry—in fact, ravenous, but I knew there was no food in the house;

Clay would indulge in when he saw our old enemy prostrate. But there were no signs of Clay yet. Then I laid about me, wondering what had kept him. Would it be the snow? No, it couldn't be that; he wasn't such a "missey" customer as to be scared by a shower of snow! One thing after another was thought of, and as speedily dismissed; until finally, with the usual changeableness of the human heart, I quite made up my mind that my partner had met with a number of cronies like-minded with himself at Diggerburg, and was spending his time drinking whisky and playing "cut-throat poker." That was just it! Twelve months' intimate acquaintance with my friend might have taught me how ridiculous was this notion of his thoughtlessness and selfishness, but at the time my ill nature and peevishness, induced by pain and hunger, never allowed me time to think of that.

I had now, however, a grievance, and after the manner of ill-used men, felt more comfortable than I had done before. Inspired by this charitable feeling towards my companion, I limped up at the risk of dislocating my foot, and hopped round to where our store of provisions used to be kept, to see if there was anything eatable; I was, however, disappointed—there was nothing. I then broke the ice on the water-bucket, and took a drink. This only sharpened my appetite, and with a delight impossible to describe I recollected that there was yet some bacon rind lying among the wood-ashes of the fire. Instantly fired by this great discovery, it was looked for and snapped up. This only made me worse, when I noticed the body of the "old soldier" lying close by. It required but a very few minutes to skin and disembowel him. I tried roasting his limbs by the lamp, but finding this a slow process, I devoured him raw, and I do not think I ever tasted anything more delicious. I felt now a little quieter in the stomach, and was thinking how I could supply myself with more food. Just then I was startled by a dull leaden sound overhead, several times repeated, and then all was quiet. A moment's reflection enabled me to guess my position. The house was thoroughly snowed up, and this was an avalanche from the mountain behind the house, which the shelving rock had enabled to slide over it, leaving the roof almost uninjured. My feelings now became uncontrollable, for I was convinced that either Clay had been lost in the snow, or that the house was so snowed up that he had been unable to find it again. As it turned out, the latter was the case. Notwithstanding my sprained limbs, I managed to drag the table into the middle of the floor, thinking to remove a portion of the roof, in the hope that perhaps the snow might then fall inward, and enable me at least to let in the light of day; but just as I had succeeded in giving a blow or two with the axe, the table overturned, and I was precipitated to the floor with my dislocated ankle-joint. The pain was excruciating, but I was fully conscious of my situation. Giving up the task, I again dragged myself to my bed and lay down. There was a closeness in the atmosphere, but I could breathe quite freely enough under the snow, as has been experienced by others in the same condition, and the place was not nearly so cold as it usually was without a fire. By-and-by the pain in my ankle got deadened, but the limb swelled much. Without assistance I could, however, do nothing. I was almost in despair, for I now knew that the hut was completely buried in the snow, and that my friend had perhaps been lost, so that no one would, in all likelihood, visit the hut until it was too late. It was different from another hungry experience I had had in the streets of San Francisco years before. Then I knew, if the worst came to the worst, I should not die—it was only a question of how long my pride would allow me to hold out. Pride now had nothing to do with it, and the question of holding out was limited to the few days I could live. I am not ashamed to say that, under these circumstances, I turned my head and wept bitter tears. If my arms and legs had been all well, I might, with the mining tools, soon have dug my way out by the door, but in my present condition it was next to impossible, and even then to drag myself over the deep snow for four miles was out of the question. I might as well remain and die here. I filled the lamp and lay down again, for I was beginning to feel cold. I must again have slept a long time, for when I awoke the lamp was out. By this time the snow had descended the chimney, and

was piled in a great wreath on the hearth, and things looked as dreary as they well could. I now thought that I might be able to subsist on the store of train oil we had, and urged on by my gnawing appetite I swallowed a mouthful. I had, however, miscalculated the strength of my stomach, for I almost immediately vomited it. It was very rancid; still I tried again and again, but repeatedly failed to retain it.

I now made another effort to dig myself out. Opening the door, a wall of firm snow met my gaze. Into this I pushed long mining shovels and crowbars until my strength failed me. We had only a few ounces of gunpowder in the house, and even if we had more, I found myself so weak that I could not use it. Faint and exhausted I lay down on the clay floor, unable to move. Meanwhile I heard the same dull leaden sounds as before. Were they more avalanches, or was the snow melting off our house? Crawling across the floor I drew my blanket over me, determined to wait the end. Just then a scrap of newspaper caught my eye. It had been wrapped round some groceries, and had been tossed about the floor unnoticed until now. A word or two claimed my attention, and though I would fain not have read, I could not resist the temptation. It was a piece of the *California Star*, and related the horrible sufferings of a party of emigrants from the Eastern States whom the snows in these very mountains had overtaken. It was one of the most harrowing incidents in all Californian history, and I perused it with a double interest, for I had been one of the rescue party who had saved the remnant from death, and my name was frequently mentioned on the scrap.

A more shocking scene cannot be imagined than that witnessed by the party of men who went to the relief of these unfortunate people. The bones of those who had died, and been devoured by the miserable ones that still survived, were lying around their tents and cabins. Bodies of men, women, and children, with half the flesh torn from them, lay on every side. A woman sat by the side of the body of her husband, who had just died, cutting out his tongue; the heart she had already taken out, broiled and eaten! The daughter was seen eating the flesh of the father—the mother that of her children—children that of father and mother! The wild, emaciated, and ghastly appearance of the survivors added to the horror of the scene. Language cannot describe the awful change that a few weeks of dire suffering had wrought in the minds of these wretched and pitiable beings. Those who but one month before would have shuddered and sickened at the thought of eating human flesh, or of killing their companions and relatives to preserve their own lives, now looked upon the opportunity those acts afforded them as a providential interference on their behalf. Calculations were coldly made as they sat round their gloomy fire for the next and succeeding meals. Various expedients were devised to prevent the crime of murder, but they finally resolved to kill those who had the least claims to longer existence.

So changed had the emigrants become that when we visited them with food some of them cast it aside, and seemed to prefer the putrid human flesh that still remained. The day before we arrived one of the emigrants took a child about four years of age in bed with him, and devoured the whole before morning, and the next day ate another about the same age before noon. These and even more horrible statements were on the scrap of newspaper. I remember, as I

finished reading them, being thankful, even in my misery, that I could never be tempted to commit cannibalism, for *I was alone*. I was now scarcely conscious of what was passing. Gradually lapsing into a heavy sleep, I was getting weaker and weaker, but perfectly conscious that I was sinking. All desire for food had left me—I simply felt weak. I had now lost all record of time, and was too faint to keep the lamp going, even had I so cared. At length I was awake by a sudden stream of light piercing the roof, and I now saw that the snow had slid off. Soon after the sound of voices became perceptible. Although able to hear the voices, and even distinguish the men, I was perfectly unable to call out. Indeed, the effort to raise myself was too much for me, and I sank behind on my rough pillow unable to speak. I could see the roof-boards drawn aside, and a pair of legs descending. I knew the trousers, too, on these legs: they were those of my lost friend Clay. Then more came down—men from the neighbouring mining village—Joe Horrocks, of Red Cat Gulch, and Jim Slocum, of Gongo-Eye Creek, and several more. I saw poor Clay—honest fellow—standing over me, with the tears running down his cheek, as he glanced round at the signs of my struggle, the overturned table, the tools in the snow block at the door, and the rat's skin, and could hear him say, "I'm blessed if I don't think poor B——'s gone in! No, he aint!

he's breathing! I see his lips moving! Give us the whisky, Jim!" Then these rough, but soft-hearted men raised me up and poured some whisky down my throat, which instantly revived me. The snow was shovelled out, and the door opened again.

Soon the fire was lit and food prepared, but it was long before my stomach would retain the slightest nutriment. Then I heard their story. It was as I expected. The snow had covered the whole valley and hidden all the familiar landmarks. For days past they had been searching for the hut, but the snow was so deep that had it not been for a great snow-slide the day before they might never have been able to reach me. It was one of the greatest storms ever known in the Sierras. I, at least, am likely ever to remember it. Altogether I had been eight days alone in the cabin.

After the lapse of many years, with what loving gratitude do I not remember how they nursed me, like a child, carrying me in their arms across the floor! When I was well enough, they wrapped me up, and made a stretcher of a blanket between two poles, and bore me over the snow, two and two, into Diggerburg, where the comforts of the little hotel of that rough settlement, and the aid of a surgeon, gradually restored me to health and strength. I had, however, just got about enough of gold-digging, and soon took to a pursuit more to my liking, and with pleasanter associations.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—V.

LIFE is not sacred in the eyes of the New Caledonians—they have still to be taught to regard it as such; and they have not that dread of death which exists among civilised races. A Kanak who feels that he is losing his strength and activity, that he is getting old and infirm, or afflicted with some disease from which he cannot recover, will of his own accord consent to be put to death, and the thought that after death he will be roasted and eaten by his own friends does not appear to distress him. Parents have been known to devour their own children when they found their family becoming too numerous; and children that are deformed and weakly from their birth usually meet with a similar fate. The cold-blooded, deliberate manner in which, according to M. Garnier, Kanak fathers and mothers make an end of their offspring is too horrible for words. They know no better is all that can be said for them, and why dwell on the odious details?

The Kanaks have no very defined religion; perhaps if they had it would be possible, on religious grounds, to convince them that it is wrong to kill and eat one's neighbours. They have some kind of vague faith in a future existence, and imagine that when they die they will go to some place beneath the ground where food will be more abundant,—where the fisheries will always be successful,—where those who are old grow young again, and where the women will be eternally young and beautiful. They believe that the days in that delightful place are passed in dancing and feasting, varied by the excitement of an occasional return to earth in the night, to torment and ill-use surviving enemies, and pay off old scores. For that reason the Kanaks dread going out on a dark night,

as the spirits of the departed are supposed to have a decided predilection for darkness. The belief in supernatural agencies is very firmly rooted among the New Caledonians, but all their spirits are evil spirits, who have to be treated with the greatest consideration, and constantly to be propitiated by sacrifices. They exercise, or are believed to exercise, power over life and death, and to preside over the fisheries and the harvests, &c. No feast, no warlike expedition, no undertaking of any kind, will turn out well, if these evil genii have not been induced to regard it with favour. The offerings, whatever they may be, usually the produce of the ground, are carried to the top of some rocky eminence, the more inaccessible it is the better, and left there "to be called for." There are intermediaries between the deities and their votaries, old men filling, as it were, the office of priest, who are supposed to be able to influence the higher powers, and to these also propitiatory offerings must naturally be made, which it is needless to say do not always produce the desired result. The weather turns out adverse, the fisheries or the harvests are bad, the hostile tribe is not subdued; the priest, however, takes it quite coolly, and the people's confidence in him is not shaken. He performed his incantations and made his supplication, and, having got his payment, he tells the people that their enemies' presents to their priests and to the presiding deities must have been larger and more valuable than theirs, with which ingenious explanation every one appears satisfied.

Here and there, in the north of the island, the scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and the falls of the Tihouaka and Ba rivers are beautiful. Near the latter, in the Bay of Lebris, are

the shipyards of William Young, an English shipbuilder, one of the most prosperous men in the island. He chose his ground wisely: he has the river to work his sawmills, and has his materials close at hand, for the shores of the bay are clothed with fine timber, and the coasting trade, which employs a great number of vessels, keeps him in work.

The fall of the Tihouaka is not more than thirty-eight feet.

an artist. M. Garnier spent six months wandering about in the northern territory, exploring the entire extent of coast, and then returned to Nouméa to classify and arrange the many interesting botanical and mineralogical specimens he had collected during that time, before starting on his next projected expedition to the west coast. From Nouméa he made small excursions to Koé, Pont des Français, and St. Louis. Pont



THE BA FALLS, IN LEBRIS BAY.

In respect of height and grandeur, it cannot bear the slightest comparison to such European celebrities as the cataracts of Staubbach and Schaffhausen, but it has merits of its own nevertheless; the picturesque manner in which the river, after being confined for a considerable distance in the narrowest of rocky gorges, rushes forth, and is dashed into spray against a pillar of rock that bars the passage; the lovely green and violet hues of the marble basin into which it falls, and which is brilliantly polished by the action of the water, constitute its beauties, and are such as to enchant the eye of

des Français is the fashionable resort of the Nouméans, and the favourite object for a walk. It is a pretty shady spot, but the river is the real attraction. Distant seven miles at least from the town, it is the nearest running water, and thirsty souls gladly walk that distance to refresh themselves with the sight and the taste of it. In 1859 a bridge was built over the stream, for only the Nouméans could call it a river, and now the water is carried to the town by enterprising individuals to be sold at five francs a cask.

The missionary settlement of St. Louis was founded in

1850 by Father Rougeyron. He came from Poëbo and Balade, bringing with him a hundred native converts, and established a colony on the wide undulating plain south-west of the Nouméan peninsula. In time, a church and two mission-houses were built, and round these cluster the huts and plantations of the natives. La Conception, the residence of the apostolical vicar, is pleasantly situated on a rising ground overlooking the sea, and the plain which is watered by the river St. Louis. M. Garnier was much struck by the prosperous appearance of the whole settlement. Everybody and everything seemed to thrive, and had an air of being well cared for and turned to the best account. The prime condition of the herds grazing in the plain testified to the fatness of the land; the sawmills in active work, and the planks stacked up around waiting to be conveyed to Nouméa for building purposes, and the handsome schooner just ready

aspects. On leaving his German and Irish hosts at Païta, who were engaged in the erection of a church and schools, and were taking steps to secure a resident missionary and school-master, he continued his journey along the west coast, and fell in with a Chinaman from the Chinese station of Tongoin, who insisted on carrying him off at once to his own house as his guest. The friendly Jemmy—that was his host's name—made a most agreeable impression on him; not so the dish of *trepang* which he set before him as the greatest delicacy he had to offer. M. Garnier had never eaten any before, and thought that he would never care to eat any again; in taste and consistency it greatly resembled the outer skin of bacon. Chinese *trepang* has a great reputation among connoisseurs, and the cooking of it is a difficult art, thoroughly mastered by the Chinese alone; at least so M. Garnier was given to understand. Jemmy would have been quite grieved if he could



PONT DES FRANÇAIS, NEW CALEDONIA.

to slip from her cradle on the shores of the bay, were proofs that life at St. Louis was not spent in idleness, and that the missionaries had not undertaken merely a cure of souls.

After revisiting the shores of the Dumbéa for the purpose of investigating a vein of anthracite in that district, M. Garnier went on to Païta, a little village inhabited chiefly by German and Irish agriculturists, who live in great peace and plenty on the fruits of their own industry. The sight of potato and bean fields, of orchards filled with fruit, the familiar faces of ducks and chickens, and the sound of the German and English tongues are very home-like, but the illusion is soon dispelled by hedges of young niaoulis-trees, batata and taro plantations, and by the strange ring of the Kanak words which drop from the lips of the fair rosy children that run out to stare at any chance visitor. There, as at all the stations, travellers from the Old World are received in true West Indian fashion, with all sorts of courtesies and kindnesses. The colonist delights in pleasing, in giving, in showing all he has to show that is lovely, to all who will come to see it. M. Garnier had opportunities of studying colonial life and industry in all their varied

have known how little his favourite dish was appreciated by the stranger. The people of Tongoin are an intelligent, active, hardworking set, and everything about the settlement looked prosperous. They fish for *trepang*, grow maize and haricot-beans, and rear pigs in great numbers, feeding them on the fruit of the guava, groves of which encircle the houses. The guava is a low green tree, like the apple, and has sharp-pointed ribbed leaves and white flowers. The fruit is about the size of a hen's egg, yellowish, with a peculiar smell; the rind, which is brittle and fleshy, encloses an agreeable aromatic pulp full of bony seeds. It is very common everywhere in the West Indies, and is eaten with avidity not only by the natives, but also by Europeans. "Guava" is a corruption of the American word *goyaba*. The scientific name for it is *psidium*, one of the Greek names for the pomegranate.

The introduction of Chinese labour into New Caledonia would be productive of very good results. In all the West Indian colonies where it has hitherto been tried it has answered extremely well, and hands are much needed in all the plantations. Some coolies have been imported from Bourbon, and

some natives from the New Hebrides; but still the supply is far from meeting the demand.

North of Tongoin are the beautiful plains of St. Vincent. There should have been the site of the capital; it would then have had every conceivable natural advantage—an exceptionally fine roadstead, protected from the tumbling swell which comes in from the outer sea by three islets; Ducos and Hugon, where ships can come and go in all winds by two outlets, one W.N.W. and the other S.S.W.; every facility for making roads, on account of the levelness of the ground; the most luxuriant pastures, and a wealth of timber fit for building purposes; and last, but not least, fresh water in abundance, as three rivers and a multitude of little streams intersect the plain and discharge themselves into the bay. The mangrove* swamps are the chief objection there, as everywhere in the Indian Archipelago, to building a town in a plain bordering on the sea. All the level coasts are thickly fringed with these spider-legged trees, rising on their stilted roots to a height of twelve or fourteen feet. They form an impenetrable barrier to landing, the roots interlacing with each other and arching down into

* *Rhizophora*, from two Greek words, signifying “a root” and “to bear,” in allusion to the numerous roots emitted by the seeds.

the water in innumerable curves; and so fertile is the soil or slush which feeds them, and so genial the climate, that constant raids upon them with axe and hatchet will hardly keep them in subjection. It is well-nigh impossible to get over these roots or through the scrub which rises from them, letting down at every yard or two fresh air-roots from off its boughs, which strike into the mud and add fresh tangle to the maze. They are the home of flocks of wild ducks, and the slate-blue heron may often be seen standing in solemn meditation on some dead stump or fallen trunk, or flapping lazily up the creeks. In the swamps on the north coast the roots are covered with oysters as large as those of Ostend, but it is no easy matter to obtain a footing either on the roots or on the mud beneath; it is like struggling over and under endless trap-work. Mangrove wood can be used for fuel; it contains a great deal of tannin, and is used by the Chinese in making a black dye. The fruit, though it has very little aroma, is eatable; the flower is greenish-yellow in colour, and the seeds vegetate among the branches of the tree before the fruit drops to the ground. The Indians are fond of chewing them, together with the leaves of the betel-tree. The foliage is green and gay, but still a mangrove swamp is a sad and dismal place, suggestive of fever and chill.

Notes on the Indian Wolf, “*Canis Pallipes*.”

BY C. HORNE, F.B.A.S., F.Z.S., ETC.

It was rather late on a beautiful afternoon in the month of December, 1848, that I took my gun in my hand to shoot a pea-fowl or two for my servants; and I well remember, as I strolled leisurely along, expecting to find some birds taking their evening meal in the grain-fields before retiring to roost in the large forest trees, seeing my first wolf. He was half hidden in the tall sugar-cane, and was peering out, looking probably for the same game as I was.

In size he was equal to a very large hound, and his appearance denoted that skulking ferocity for which these animals are so notorious. Although the wolf is a well-known animal, a few words of description may be acceptable. His colour was dirty reddish-white, with some of the hairs black-tipped, these giving him a grizzled appearance; face long and ears rather small. He may have stood at the shoulders about twenty-three or twenty-four inches, but I have since killed them much larger.

Having only shot in my gun on this occasion, I did not fire, and he quietly skulked away, showing as he disappeared a slightly bushy tail, black-tipped.

When living at Almorah, I kept, as hereinafter related, for ten and a half months, a young *Lupus laniger* (Hodgson), the Chàmgu of the Thibetans. He was brought to me by the Bhootean traders, and I obtained him at the Hill fair at Bagèsur. He accorded well with the admirable account given of this animal in the *Calcutta Journal of Natural History* (vol. iv., p. 474), to which I would beg to refer the reader.

I have also seen skins of a larger and redder wolf—of which I do not know the name—but have never seen it in the flesh. This may probably be the *Canis chanco* of Dr. Gray, de-

scribed in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* for 1863, p. 94. These skins were also brought to Bagèsur from the Hoondès' country.

But the present remarks will apply chiefly to the common Indian wolf, *Canis pallipes*, called by the natives in the North-west Provinces, “Bhēriā,” and the terror of all poor mothers who live near ravines and wild broken ground.

I have examined hundreds of litters of whelps said to belong to this animal, and at times have found it very difficult to determine whether they really were the young of the wolf, or of the large and powerful pariah dogs who associate with them, of whom more hereafter. In fact, I believe that they often cross, but breeding with the wild stock, get back to it again. An ordinary pariah bitch will readily suckle these puppies, and although when grown up the differences are sufficiently obvious, yet when young the likeness is extraordinary.

If it be asked, How came you to see so many? I reply, that I lived for many years in a wolf country, where the Government gave rewards for the destruction of young wolves as well as old, but not for ordinary puppies; and that I had to sanction the rewards, after seeing the animals destroyed for which the rewards were given.

The wolf resembles the pariah dog in its habits. It burrows out deep holes in the sides of ravines, in which it generally lurks during the day, and from which it emerges in the evening to look for its food. In these holes the litter is produced, of generally two or three whelps; although I have often seen four, and on two occasions five young ones.

It generally hunts in couples, the male and the female, although when the mother remains at home with the very young, the father brings them food, either taking it alone or with a pack. Often, however, they join with others in the chase. Many are the stories I have heard of their hunting regularly in packs; and Dr. Jerdon, in his "Mammals of India," instances such. The most I ever saw together were four, and I never cared to see more. The natives assured me that when five have joined company they will "stop a road"—i.e., they will attack any traveller upon it without any fear, and all agreed that in every such case there was either a dog or bitch of the ordinary pariah with them, generally the latter; and as I have given rewards for many animals very near to the true wolf, but of whose paternity I was somewhat doubtful, I cannot but think, as I have said before, that the dog and the wolf often breed together. As, however, I held that a cross-breed of this kind would be probably more dangerous than a truly-bred wolf, I never hesitated in the matter of reward.

And this brings me to the great difficulty there is in persuading many of the natives to kill a wolf.

We all know of the Were-wolf of European fame, and as the Indian has a vague general belief in transmigration, it is quite possible that he may fear he is re-killing his grandmother whom he put out of her trouble, when very old, by stuffing her mouth with holy mud on the Ganges' bank by "Hurrie-boli."

The following extract from the *Pioneer*, under date November 22, 1867, will give a slight idea of what Indian wolves can do; although the statement does not show how many wolves were in company when the man at Beroli, in the Central Provinces of India, was attacked:—

"A correspondent visited, on the 14th instant, the villages of Beroli, Kohri, Jurmileah, and Noturra, about eight miles west of Kutni station on the Jubulpore Railway. At Beroli he saw a man, about thirty years of age, who had been attacked by a wolf only a few days before. His head and neck were somewhat protected by his *pugri*, or turban, and he escaped with a few scratches. The wolf drew off when he found the man had gained his legs.

"At Jurmileah a man and a woman had been attacked eight or ten days before. At Beroli the wolves had carried away a child from a grain-field near the village, and the villagers had chased the wolf, but had not succeeded in saving the child. About a year ago Sir R. Temple raised the reward for each wolf killed in this district to Rs 30 (£3). But even this large reward produces little or no result. The Bundeelas believe that sickness will pursue the family of any man who kills a wolf; that no crop will grow on the land where a wolf is slain; and that the spirits of those who have fallen a prey to these destroyers protect them from harm ever afterwards. This superstition has some connection with similar beliefs in Europe."

It, however, appears to me in this case to be rather the belief in the efficiency of a substitute as a sacrifice to the spirit of evil, the effects of whose tyranny they cannot avert. But whatever may be the cause, the belief is widely spread in India, and does much to prevent their destruction. In parts of Rohilcund where I have been stationed, there have always been plenty of low-caste Hindoos willing to catch jackals for the officers' hunt, and dig out young wolves for the reward; and in this way a certain number are destroyed. I am aware that General Sleeman, with many others, held that one reason

why even the low-caste natives are more unwilling to catch wolves than jackals is, that they find so many gold and silver ornaments near their dens. These have adorned the bodies of the children who have been carried off and eaten by the wolves.

My previous quotation was from an article relating to the Central Provinces. Oudh is a great wolf country, and General Sleeman has written much about them. The following extracts refer to the general repugnance there is to killing a wolf amongst the natives of this province, and with reference to them he says:—

"Nor do they, with some exceptions, dare to destroy a wolf, though he may have eaten their own children, or actually have one of them in his mouth. In all parts of India Hindoos have a notion that the family of a man who kills a wolf, or even wounds it, goes soon to utter ruin; and so also the village within the boundaries of which a wolf has been killed or wounded. They have no objection to their being killed by other people away from the villages; on the contrary, are very glad to have them destroyed, as long as their blood does not drop on their premises. Some Rajpoot families in Oudh, where so many children are devoured by wolves, are getting over this prejudice. . . . It is exceedingly difficult to catch them, and hardly any of the Hindoo population, save those of the very lowest class, who live a vagrant life and bivouac in the jungles, or in the suburbs of towns and villages, will attempt to catch or kill them. All other Hindoos have a superstitious dread of destroying or even injuring them; and a village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen believes itself doomed to destruction."

In all their attacks on men which I have authenticated, there have been more than two concerned, and the popular belief is that two wolves will not attack even an unarmed man.

I have on several occasions attempted to rear and tame wolves, but entirely without success. I have, however, been told that this has been done, although I never saw a tame wolf. The longest period for which I kept a young one was for rather more than ten months. This was at Almorah, and although I did everything in my power to conciliate the young brute, he remained ever the same sulky, treacherous animal. He did not even become amiable towards the man who had charge of him and regularly fed him. At about fifteen months old he became very savage, and I had to have him killed. He was then a match for the most powerful dog on the station, and left traces of his beautiful teeth on his conqueror. I preserved his skull, but lost it, with all else, during the Indian mutiny. He used to bark very like an ordinary dog, and occasionally at night howled; but this was very seldom. On the whole he was a most unamiable pet.

Often when out shooting on an elephant, I have seen wolves skulking in ravines even in daylight; but they are more commonly to be seen at twilight.

I will now give an extract from my Natural History Note-book:—

"In 1860 there was a wonderful case at Jaunpore. Not far from the city were some ravines known to be frequented by wolves, and in one of these was a freshly excavated den, in which it was believed that a wolf had recently littered. A native had born to him an infant daughter, of which he wished to be rid, to avoid her marriage expenses when she grew up; so he took the said infant, then a few hours old, loosely rolled

in a piece of linen, and put it in the ravine under a rock close to the mouth of the wolf's den. Here the poor little thing remained without any food for nine days, except a little water twice squeezed into its mouth by the inhuman father, who could not resist going between times to see whether it lived or no. A shepherd-lad found the child, and brought her into the town, where she was immediately made over to a wet-nurse, and survived this cruel exposure for nearly three months, the veriest atom of a child ever seen. The man was suitably punished."

The following is one of the stories which are told by General Sleeman, of children adopted by wolves, as of undoubted veracity:—

"There is now at Sultanpore a boy who was found alive in a wolf's den near Chandour, about ten miles from Sultan-

foot, who secured the boy, and let the dam and her three cubs go on their way.

"They took the boy to the village, but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him he became alarmed and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put before him he rejected it in disgust; but when any raw meat was offered he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his paws like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he



SPORTSMAN'S TENT IN INDIA.

pore, about two years and a half ago. A trooper, sent by the native governor of the district to Chandour to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the bank of the river near Chandour about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the old dam and the three whelps, and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They all went down to the river and drank without perceiving the trooper, who sat upon his horse watching them. As soon as they were about to turn back the trooper pushed on to cut off and secure the boy; but he ran as fast as the whelps, and kept up with the old one. The ground was uneven, and the trooper's horse could not overtake them. They all entered the den, and the trooper assembled some people from Chandour with pickaxes, and dug into the den. When they had dug in about six or eight feet, the old wolf bolted with her three whelps and the boy. The trooper mounted and pursued, followed by the fleetest young men of the party; and as the ground over which they had to fly was more even, he headed them, and turned the whelps and boy back upon the men on

was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

"The trooper remained with him four or five days, and then returned to the governor, leaving the boy in charge of the Rajah of Hasunpore. He related all that he had seen, and the boy was soon after sent to the European officer commanding the First Regiment of Oudh Local Infantry, at Sultanpore, Captain Nicholetts, by order of the Rajah of Hasunpore, who was at Chandour, and saw the boy when the trooper first brought him to that village. This account is taken from the Rajah's own report of what had taken place. Captain Nicholetts made him over to the charge of his servants, who take great care of him, but can never get him to speak a word. He is very inoffensive, except when teased, Captain Nicholetts says, and will then growl surlily at the person who teases him. He has come to eat anything that is thrown to him, but always prefers raw flesh, which he devours most greedily. He will drink a whole pitcher of butter-milk when put before him, without seeming to draw breath. He can never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather. A quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him when it became very

cold this season, but he tore it to pieces, and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, with his bread every day. He is very fond of bones, particularly uncooked ones, which he masticates apparently with as much ease as meat. He has eaten half a lamb at a time without any apparent effort, and is very fond of taking up earth and small stones and eating them. His features are coarse, and his countenance repulsive; and he is very filthy in his habits. He continues to be fond of dogs and jackals, and all other four-footed animals that come near him, and always allows them to feed with him if he happens to be eating when they approach.

"Captain Nicholetts, in letters dated the 14th and 19th of

three years afterwards. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them except when hungry, and he then pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed at some distance from him he would run to it on all-fours, like any four-footed animal, but at other times he would walk upright occasionally. He shunned human beings of all kinds, and would never willingly remain near one. To cold, heat, and rain he appeared to be indifferent, and he seemed to care for nothing but eating. He was very quiet, and required no restraint after being brought to Captain Nicholetts. He had lived with Captain Nicholetts' servants about two years, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he



HINDOO TRAVELLING CARS.

September, 1850, told me that the boy died in the latter end of August, and that he was never known to laugh or smile. He understood little of what was said to him, and seemed to take no notice of what was going on around him. He formed no attachment for any one, nor did he seem to care for any one. He never played with any of the children around him, or seemed anxious to do so. When not hungry he used to sit petting and stroking a pariah dog, which he used to permit to feed out of the same dish with him. A short time before his death Captain Nicholetts shot this dog, as he used to eat the greater part of the food given to the boy, who seemed in consequence to be getting thin. The boy did not seem to care in the least for the death of the dog.

"The parents recognised the boy when he was first found, Captain Nicholetts believes, but when they found him to be so stupid and insensible they left him to subsist upon charity. They have now left Hasunpore, and the age of the boy when carried off cannot be ascertained; but he was to all appearance about nine or ten years of age when found, and he lived about

put his hands to his head and said 'it ached,' and asked for water. He drank it and died."

General Sleeman gives four other instances, but this one will suffice. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting one passage relative to one of these wolf-children who had been partially reclaimed. It should be mentioned that Janoo was the man who attended to the boy. At the close of these stories he adds that he could never hear of any boy growing to manhood who had been so fostered, nor is it likely they would ever do so.

"One night, while the boy was lying under a tree close by, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at the boy. They then touched him, and he got up; but instead of being frightened, the boy put his hands upon their heads, and they began to play with him. They capered round him, and he threw straw and leaves at them. Janoo tried to drive them off, but he could not, and became much alarmed; and he called out to the sentry over the guns, Meer-Akber Ali, and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied, 'Come away and leave him, or they will eat you also;'

but when he saw them begin to play together his fears subsided, and he kept quiet. Gaining confidence by degrees, he drove them away; but after going a little distance, they returned and began to play again with the boy. At last he succeeded in driving them off altogether. The night after, three wolves came, and the boy and they played together. A few nights after four wolves came, but at no time did more than four come. They came four or five times, and Janoo had no longer any fear of them; and he thinks that the first two that came must have been the two cubs with which the boy was first found, and that they were prevented from seizing him by recognising the smell. They licked his face with their tongues as he put his hands on their heads." The lad was about ten or eleven years old at this time, and it was not long after that he ran away and was never seen again.

As General Sleeman says, "Should such a boy begin to eat a carcase of an animal killed by a tiger, he would in all probability be eaten by the tiger who found him so doing, or by other wolves, not his foster-parents." It was, indeed, as well for future Rome that Romulus and Remus were taken away in time from their foster-parent, although some tincture of the dam's ferocity still lurks in the warm blood of the sunny South.

It is the custom of the poorer class of women to weed in the fields, and these often take the whole of their children with them. In particular, when the gram (*Cicer arvetinum*) on which horses are mostly fed in India, has reached a certain height, the natives have a practice of nipping off the little leading shoot, in order to make it spread. At this time may be seen numbers of women and children of all ages busy in the work. The shoots are some of them eaten green, but more are taken home to be cooked, and it was from such a field at Beroli, before named, that the infant was carried off, in the presence of numbers of village women. The little infants at the bosom, or unable to walk, are generally put down, either in a basket or a cloth, on the bank which separates the fields. Beneath this is often a ditch, up which the wolf steals quietly, and pouncing on the unfortunate child, carries it off.

In the Beroli case, many villagers being present, they gave chase, but in vain. Generally but two or three persons are in the field, and the child is taken off unnoticed, and its mangled corpse is found a day or two afterwards, either in the deep recesses of a sugar-cane field or in some ravine. No year elapses without numbers of such cases being reported, whilst wolves and snakes often have to bear the blame of many cases of female infanticide, in addition to their own atrocities.

But the animals most keenly sought by wolves are goats and sheep, whilst kids are preferred above all. To get this food they will risk much. In 1863, in the midst of the large Civil station of Secrole, Benaràs, I remember seeing a fine goat cruelly mangled by a wolf. It had been shut up with several others in an old coach-house, with high hurdles across the front in place of doors. The wolf had evidently attempted to drag its victim over the barrier, but had failed to do so, and had to decamp after satisfying its appetite with the choicest morsels. This was close to a large house, but at no great distance from the ravines where they resort, and in which, at the time, the plunderer doubtless had whelps.

In 1861, at about ten miles from Jaunpur, as I was on a tour in the district, my servants were preceding the camp with the cart containing the breakfast appurtenances, before break of day, there being bright moonlight at the time. They

were in the high road, which in that place passed near to a series of ravines. Behind the cart followed two of my finest milch goats, for the breakfast milk, and just behind them was my bearer and table attendant, or *khansamah*, mounted on a small pony, with a sword at his side, accompanied by three or four other servants on foot. They all had thrown over their shoulders their cotton-quilted *razaie* or "toralium," as they now call them in the English shops. Suddenly there rushed out four wolves from the roadside, and flew upon the goats. They, sensible creatures, fell back on the men, who, seeing the wolves, threw over them (the goats) their *razaies*, and beating off the wolves, thus saved them.

The *khansamah* drew his sword and rode after the wolves, till pulled up by a small ditch, to him impassable, and then returned. Although balked of their prey, they would not give up hope; but returning, followed the cart for a long distance. About Banda they are very common, and one who was long there writes to me that he often saw them, but that directly he took his gun they were invisible. He adds that "Mrs. E—, one day when taking a drive round the course (mall), saw a couple of wolves *coursing* an antelope. They ran just in front of the carriage, and she watched them for some time, till they went out of sight. She could not, however, tell whether the antelope escaped or no."

The official record of lives destroyed by wolves in the Banda district for 1848 was seventy-three. In the case last mentioned it is doubtful whether the wolves secured their prey, for the antelope is in general more than a match for wolves, unless the ground be heavy, which in this instance was not the case. They are, however, reported to be very cunning, and some one or two will at times hide themselves in a hole or ravine whilst the rest of the pack drive the deer over them; and this is related upon credible authority. It is especially when they have young ones clamouring for food that they are most savage, and it is then alone I apprehend that two will attack a man. Their bark could scarcely excite any remark, unless, from the locality whence it proceeds, one knows that it must be that of the wolf, whilst I have seldom heard the howling ascribed to the European species. I have often watched my young wolf turning himself round two or three times before he lay down, as a dog generally does. I have never seen jackals in company with wolves, and probably the latter prey upon the former when they have a chance; and I have found the bones of dogs near wolves' dens, although I cannot positively say that the wolves kill them. Whether it be the case or not, they often associate with pariah bitches.

The haunts of wolves near cities and villages are just those where dead dogs and rejected bones of animals would be thrown, so that it is not safe to infer their food from such remains being found near their dens. At the same time I believe them willing to devour any animal they can overpower, unless restrained by ties of affection; whilst the occasional taming of one or two does not go far towards redeeming their character—a character they have borne from the time of the greatest antiquity—for skulking and savage ferocity.

The subject of the wolf attacking man, either singly or when associated in couples or packs, is of the more interest as the European wolf is stated to attack a man singly and fearlessly, whilst the American wolf, which some naturalists hold to be of the same species, is never known to attack man. The Indian wolf in this respect would seem to rank between the two.

Dr. G. Schweinfurth's Recent Expedition to the Nyam-Nyam District, in the Interior of Africa.

BY W. F. KIRBY.

REPORTS of the existence of a cannibal people called Nyam-Nyam, living in the heart of Africa, have reached Europe from time to time, but till within a very recent period no European had ventured into their country, and the most absurd reports respecting them were in circulation. Major Denham was gravely informed that their bodies were formed half men and half dogs, and it was also reported that they were endowed with a conspicuous caudal appendage.

Within the last ten or twelve years, however, the country inhabited by the cannibals in question has been penetrated by several enterprising travellers. It extends over a considerable space of country west of the White Nile, and only a few degrees north of the equator. An Italian named Piaggia* proceeded as far as the village of Kifa, in the western part of the territory, and Consul Petherick ventured in search of ivory as far as Mundo, in the eastern portion. At length Dr. G. Schweinfurth, the enterprising German botanist, has succeeded not merely in visiting the country, but in traversing it, and has sent home a preliminary sketch of his expedition, giving a more complete and trustworthy account of this little-explored district and its inhabitants than has yet been published. It now appears that several distinct races have been confounded under the name of Nyam-Nyam.

The best account of the Nyam-Nyam previously published is that given by Consul Petherick, but as he only visited one village, it is interesting to find it confirmed in many particulars by Dr. Schweinfurth in a different part of the country. Petherick inspired the natives with great respect by his possession of fire-arms, which alone hindered him from being devoured; but the natives finally parted from him with every expression of esteem and regret. The country is well cultivated, and the inhabitants are clean and intelligent; nevertheless they eat their runaway slaves, and likewise all the aged and dying of their own people. Except in the case of runaways, their slaves are treated with great humanity. The Nyam-Nyam appeared to Petherick to be a totally distinct people from all the neighbouring tribes with which he was acquainted, and they are looked upon by these latter with great terror.

Dr. Schweinfurth started from Seriba Abu-Samat Sabbi, his headquarters in the Djoor country, on the 29th of January, 1870, and returned on the 3rd of July, after a journey of about a thousand miles. He accompanied a party of ivory traders, who make an annual excursion into this out-of-the-way district to purchase ivory from the natives. The farthest point reached was the residence of Munsa, the King of the Monbuttu tribe, about 3° 35' N. lat., and 27° 5' E. long., a day's journey south of the river Uelle, and three days' journey S.S.E. from Kifa, the farthest point reached by Piaggia, the only explorer who has ever visited this portion of the country.

The geological and hydrographical features of this district are highly interesting. It forms a portion of the great sandstone plateau, which extends from Meschera-el-Rek, on the Bahr-el-Ghazal, to the lower Niger. Isolated granite hills and

mountains, not exceeding 1,000 feet in height, occasionally break the monotony of the plain. This plateau slopes towards the N.W., and all the rivers by which it is intersected flow mainly in a N.W. direction into the river Djoor, itself tributary to the White Nile.

The vegetation of the steppe is confined to meadows, clumps of bushes, and trees of limited height, but the numerous rivers with which it is intersected flow in deep gorges filled with the rank vegetation and deep leafy darkness of a tropical jungle, and a steaming atmosphere and vegetation like that of the West Coast of Africa; the river-banks being very precipitous, and so high that the great trees of 70 or 80 feet in height often rise but little above them.

The whole country is traversed by a network of rapid streams, which speedily coalesce into large rivers, which have thus a much shorter course than one would suppose from their size. The small streams collect together into small cavities, trickle down to the lowest level, and thus completely drain the whole country, in a manner remarkably similar to a system of artificial drainage-pipes. North of about 4° 30', however, the supply of water rapidly diminishes, and is absorbed by the thirsty soil. None of the rivers of this district appear to rise in mountainous regions or lakes. In the rainy season the quantity of water brought down by these rivers is materially increased.

Although Piaggia was told of a large lake said to exist a few days' journey south of the village of Kifa, Schweinfurth could not ascertain, after the most careful cross-examination of the natives, that any lake whatever existed in the district. It was, however, extremely difficult to obtain information from the Monbuttus, as Schweinfurth was obliged to speak Arabic to a Nyam-Nyam who understood that language, who interpreted in his language to a Nyam-Nyam, or a Monbuttu, who understood both Nyam-Nyam and Monbuttu, and who again interpreted in the latter language.

On leaving Seriba Sabbi, Schweinfurth crossed the river Tondye after nineteen hours' journey in a southerly direction, when the party passed through the district of the chieftain Nganye, and then entered upon an uninhabited district forty miles broad, and came to the territory of the Nyam-Nyam, at a part ruled over by a brother of Nganye. Further south-west, the territory of Uando was passed, which brought the expedition to another uninhabited district, which was crossed in two days.

On the other side they fell in with a people very different from the Nyam-Nyam, and nearly resembling, except in language, the neighbouring Monbuttu. They are called Abāngu, and like the Monbuttu, far surpass the Nyam-Nyams in refinement; but cannibalism is rife among both, apparently surpassing that of any known nation. The most uncivilised nations to the north—the Dinka, Djur, Bongo, Mittu, Madi, &c.—express the greatest abhorrence at their daily use of human flesh.

A negro race called Babookr is enclosed between the Nyam-Nyams on the west, and the Abaka and Luba (Mittu races)

* *Vide* "Illustrated Travels," vol. i., p. 95.

on the east. They also far surpass the Nyam-Nyams in external refinement, and are likewise notorious cannibals. They exhibit negro characteristics in a high degree, and seem to be nearly related to the genuine negro races called Momou, who dwell south-east of the Monbuttu, and provide the latter with the material for their cannibal feasts. The Babookr district is thickly peopled; the inhabitants are diligent agriculturists, and also rear goats. Other negro tribes who rear goats dwell south-west of the Monbuttu, the Mabode. Further south, splendid cattle with large humps are extensively reared.

Two days' journey south of the residence of Munsa, King of the Monbuttu, begins the territory of the dwarf people of Acka, called Tiki-Tiki by the Nyam-Nyams. The average height of the men, which many do not attain, is only about 4½ feet.

The Monbuttu and Abāngu are distinguished from the Nyam-Nyams by the lighter colour of their skin, and individuals are not unfrequent who resemble in this respect the inhabitants of Central Egypt, although they have always blonde, flax-coloured hair, instead of the black hair of the Egyptians. These also show a strong tendency to albinism. The growth of hair on the head and face is very luxuriant, but thickly curled, and long beards are not rare among them. Both sexes wear their hair built up into a high chignon, which rises from the back of the head, and is supported by an internal

framework of reeds. They shave the whole front of the head, and lay five strings of hair, mostly false, thickly across the bald portion, from ear to ear. The men cover the chignon with a cylindrical straw hat without a brim (not used by the women) and wear a large piece of fig-bark, generally dyed purplish brown, which is fastened round the hips, and elegantly draped like a coat, covering half the body. As with most savage races, the women wear much less clothing than the men, and content themselves with a small apron of bark, of a hand-breadth only. Skins, although the chief dress of the Nyam-Nyam, are not used among the Monbuttu. The women colour their bodies, in very pretty patterns, with a black dye obtained from the juice of a fruit (*Gardenia*). Both sexes bore a hole through the middle of the muscle of the ear, and stick a small wooden cylinder through it.

The Monbuttu and Abāngu never sit on the ground, but on light benches of *Raphia* palm-stems, or on round one-legged stools very neatly carved. The men lean on peculiar three-legged wooden crutches, if they sit down; and when they leave their houses, their benches are brought out after them. Their dwellings are mostly roofed buildings, very elegantly constructed. The palaces of Munsa are built of *Raphia*-stems, and resemble average-

sized railway stations, both in size and appearance. The Monbuttu smelt iron. Their utensils resemble those of Northern nations, and far surpass those made at our ordinary smithies, although they have neither files nor tongs. The weapons consist of lances and shields, bows and arrows, swords and knives, &c., and are of remarkable shape, not resembling those used by any other known African nation. Glass beads and fabrics are despised, which was not the case among the people of Mundo, visited by Petherick. Copper, the only metal besides iron known to the Monbuttu, is the chief medium of exchange, and all the ornaments of their weapons, &c., are formed of it.

The Abāngu, Monbuttu, and Urku universally practise circumcision at the time of puberty. This custom is unknown among the Nyam-Nyam and other neighbouring nations, with whom they will not eat. They call the Supreme Being "Noro" (*Bongbottumo*, in Nyam-Nyam), who is throned alone in heaven; but they have no regular worship, and show no indications of either religious or superstitious feelings.

The mania for eating human flesh is not caused by any deficiency of animal food; poultry and dogs are fattened everywhere, and goats can be had from the neighbouring tribes, while game of every kind is abundant throughout the year.

The banana is only cultivated on a limited scale among the Nyam-Nyam; but the Monbuttu country exhibits an uninterrupted garden of *Musa sapientum*. Bananas are the ordinary food; cassava,



TYPES OF NYAM-NYAM.

batatas, various kinds of yams, earth-nuts, and other esculents are also cultivated, both among the Nyam-Nyam and Monbuttu. The Monbuttu villages, unlike those of the Nyam-Nyam, are ornamented with the oil-palm, which, however, as also the sugar-cane, is not grown in sufficient quantities to be of any commercial value, even if Monbuttu were a coast country.]

The country much resembles in its external appearance the description which Speke has given of Uganda; but the people are very different.

Only the eastern portion of the Nyam-Nyam territory was traversed by Dr. Schweinfurth. It extends much further to the west; and he hopes to be able to carry on his explorations in that direction also. The western part of the country is divided into a great number of petty tribes, in consequence of the territory of a chief being frequently divided among his sons at his death.

The Nyam-Nyam country is far inferior to the Djoor region, 250 miles further north, as the former presents an uninterrupted succession of tedious steppes and terrific forests, while the latter, at least in the rainy season, exhibits fine grassy plains and park-like coppices. The climate is also very different, owing to the great elevation of the country in proceeding southwards.

A Zigzag Journey through Mexico.—I.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

I WAS awakened from my slumber by the clanking of a heavy chain. Then came a plunge, succeeded by a hoarse, harsh rasping. After this an interval of silence; and I could feel that the ship lay motionless on the water. The R.M. steamer *Solent* had dropped her anchor.

Hastening upon deck, I beheld a dark grey wall rising up from the surface of the sea. Its obliques façade and loop-holed

Looking further shoreward, the eye roamed over an extensive tract of silver-grey sand, rising in downs, or *dunes*, and enclosing a semicircular plain, on which the city stood, scarce a spot of verdure mottling its dreary monotony, till, in the far distance beyond, the gaze rested upon a purple expanse, separated by an irregular waving line from the azure of the sky;—mountains, one rising thousands of feet above its fellows, cone-shaped, carrying the eternal snow!

A MEXICAN COURTYARD (*Patio*).

parapet proclaimed it a fortress. My eye was carried up a tall tower to a flagstaff on its top, from which floated a tricolour of red, white, and green, disposed in stripes running parallel to the staff. I recognised the flag of the "eagle and nopal"—the banner of the Mexican Republic; and knew that the fortress over which it waved was the famed castle of San Juan de Ulua.

Looking landward, I saw a city standing so close to the water's edge as to appear sea-washed; compact as a picture in its frame; the houses of Moorish aspect, flat-roofed, horizontally-terraced, with here and there the fronds of a palm-tree appearing over their parapets; the horizontal line at frequent intervals interrupted by towers, domes, and cupolas; some of these glistening under a tessellated covering of parti-coloured Spanish tiles.

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With the town displaying its Hispano-Moriscan architecture before my eyes, I might have fancied myself looking upon a seaport in the South of Spain, or on the coast of Morocco, the mountains being the Sierra Morena, or a distant chain of the Atlas; while the vultures perched upon the parapets of the houses, and playing like swallows around the cupolas, would not have dispelled the fancy. But the flag reminded me of where I was. I knew the town itself, and had seen it before. For the second time in my life I was looking upon the "City of the True Cross" (*La villa rica de Vera Cruz*); and the mountains beyond were a chain of the Mexican Andes—the one with the snow-clad cone being the *volcan* of Orizava.

A steamer's boat landed me on the *muello*—a handsome jetty that projects for some distance into the sea, towards

San Juan. It is the favourite promenade of the Vera-cruzanos, and a crowd of both sexes had collected upon it to witness the landings from the steamer; some to make new acquaintances, others to welcome home friends who had been afar.

As I set foot upon the top of the jetty-stairs, a gentleman in snow-white raiment, with a red crape scarf round his waist and a *jipijapa* hat upon his head, stepped forward, grasped me by the hand, and introduced me to a dark-eyed señorita—his daughter. This was Don Hilario C—, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen since the charming creature by his side came out of her cradle.

In five minutes after, we were seated in a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of fast-trotting *frisones*, and driven by a brown-skinned coachman in a blue haircloth jacket, with broad-brimmed black glaze hat shading his sharp Arab-like features from the sun. In ten more, I had entered Don Hilario's house; and, on crossing the threshold was told it was not his, but *mine*, as also everything it contained.

How unlike my landing on this same coast just twenty years before! Then, instead of quietly climbing up the stairs of the Mole, and being welcomed with open arms and friendly grasp, I debarked from a surf-boat under the lee of the Isle Sacrificios; leaped waist-deep into the water, and waded ashore, followed by a hundred men in uniform, with loaded rifle in one hand, and cartouche-box held high in the other, with thousands of like waders on the right and left, all plunging madly forward, till we stood high and dry, but dripping, upon the beach; hostile artillery playing upon us from the fortress of San Juan and the Fort of Santiago, their shot and shells just falling short of us. Then, further wading, not through water, but a sea of sand, equally obstructive and fatiguing, until we had completed the investment, and the City of the True Cross lay within the concavity of a thin semi-circle of sky-blue uniforms, in a month after to close upon and clutch it. A month among these terrible *medanos*, with the soft sand constantly drifting in our faces, and mingling with our food—a month that seemed a year; and then the tricolour on San Juan gave place to the flag of the Stars and Stripes, and we marched into the old town, built by the Marquis of Monterey, nearly three centuries before, and became for the time its masters. How different, too, my purpose in then seeking Mexico, from that which now attracted me to her shores! Then I came as an enemy, sword in hand, lured by a love of glory, and the gratification of that warlike impulse of youth, which in maturer years we may, perchance, see cause to regret. Now, pen in hand, was I setting foot upon the soil of Anahuac, full of friendly feeling towards its people; determined on a tranquil study and faithful delineation of its scenery, costumes, and customs. As a soldier, even in the intervals of strife, with thoughts otherwise directed, I had looked upon these things without giving them the slightest attention. Nevertheless, I had brought away the impression, that every scene in New Spain is a picture worthy of being painted; every costume a study for the artist; every custom of striking interest, at least to the contemplation of a stranger. With such remembrances of Mexico, no wonder I longed to revisit it.

My longing was, at length, to be gratified; and, as I sat on the roof of Don Hilario's house, smoking best Havanas, and sipping sweet Canary wine, my eyes were not bent upon the blue waves of the sea that had borne me thither, but ever turning towards the snow-capped summit of Orizava, and

the black basaltic crater of Peroté, on both of whose tops I intended ere long to stand.

But not until I had explored the country lying between—the *tierra caliente*, with its truly tropical vegetation, as also the *piedmont*, or foothills, of the great Cordillera, where the orchis entwines itself around the oak, and the banana grows side by side with the rose-bush, the peach, and the apple-tree.

Don Hilario had placed his house, with all that it contained, at my disposal. "*A servicio de V., señor*," were the identical words in which the proffer was made. As I had been in Mexico before, I knew the meaning of the phrase, and its worth; but I also knew that in his case the offer was worth the words, and that everything he possessed—of course, excepting his beautiful daughter—was at my disposal. It was the recompense of a service I had done him in the old war-time; in short, the saving of his life.

But with all his pressing hospitality he could not retain me in Vera Cruz beyond the limits of a week. Each morning that I mounted up to the *azotea* of his house, the snowy cone of *Citlapeh* (Mountain of the Star), rose-tinted with the rising sun, like a star seemed to beacon me on; and before a week had elapsed I was in the saddle, having bidden Don Hilario and his daughter "*Adios*."

A GLANCE AT THE "CITY OF THE TRUE CROSS" BEFORE LEAVING IT.

Vera Cruz may be regarded as one of the smallest of cities, its population not exceeding 20,000. It is, nevertheless, a city in the true sense of the term, showing a fair share of civic grandeur in its private dwellings, as well as public buildings. Among these the numerous churches are conspicuous, most of them in the Italian architectural style of the seventeenth century, with low towers and tall cupolas, the latter covered with parti-coloured jappanned tiles. The private houses are of the Hispano-Moriscan style, not only in outward aspect, but also in their interior arrangement. The walls are massive; in height some of them reaching a third storey, though the greater number have only two. The windows are usually without glass, protected by iron bars set vertically—the *reja*—and often with projecting balconies. Nearly all have a quadrangular courtyard in the centre, around which are the different apartments, their doors opening upon a covered piazza, which is carried partially, or wholly, around the sides. This quadrangular court is the *patio*, and is reached from the street by a wide doorway capable of admitting a carriage, along an arched or covered passage called the *saguan*.

The piazza is the favourite lounging-place of the family; and is capable of being screened from intruding eyes, or the rays of the sun, by Venetian lattice-work; sometimes curtains of Chinese cloth, or matting, that run upon rollers.

On one side a stone stairway—*escalera*—is carried up to the second storey, where, in houses of the better class, the piazza is repeated. The stairway continued leads on to the top of the house, called the *azotea*—a flat roof of flagging tiles, or painted brickwork, surrounded by a slight parapet, and sometimes surmounted by a *mirador* (belvedere). The *azotea* is also a favourite loitering-place; but only in the cool of the morning, or late in the afternoon when the sun is down near the horizon, and his rays have lost a portion of their tropical strength. Flowers in pots, even trees, set over the *azotea*, add greatly to its attractions. Palm-trees are thus occasionally placed; and their fronds curving gracefully over the parapet

lend a truly Southern aspect to the dwelling. The courtyard below is also used as a conservatory, where rare plants are kept in pots, or large vases. In passing along the street, and looking in through the shaded *saguan*, you may often see the female servants, or even catch a glimpse of the fair señoritas of the family flitting among these flowers.

In cities where a head of water can be obtained there is usually a fountain in the *patio*, either of marble or ornamental masonry, with a sparkling jet that flings its spray over the foliage and flowers. In Vera Cruz, however, built upon a bed of sea-sand, running water is not to be had. Even that required for domestic purposes has to be caught in large cisterns, of which there is one, usually of stone, attached to nearly every house. The chief supply, however, is obtained from an aqueduct leading from the Jamapa river, which furnishes water of only a very indifferent quality.

In the domestic economy of most Mexican towns the precious fluid plays an important part, and the *aguador* who furnishes it is, in consequence, a very important personage. This arises from the fact that there is no system of supply by means of pipes; therefore, the water-carrier has to make a daily visit to each house, as punctually as the milkman or the baker. Should he fail in one of his periodical calls, the culinary operations get sadly out of gear, or even suspended. Knowing his power he is sometimes tyrannical, but always showing himself master of the situation. He is generally, however, a very civil sort of fellow; and as, in emptying his jars, he must needs spend some time in the company of the servants, and gossip a good deal with them, he is regarded as a great news-bearer, and the depository of some valuable family secrets. The young ladies of the house often condescend to hold converse with him; and, if scandal speak the truth, he not unfrequently becomes the bearer of a *billet-doux*. In short, he is one of the "institutions" of a Mexican city, and therefore a character to be described. His appearance is of itself a picture. He is dressed in a cotton shirt, usually with the sleeves rolled up, wide trousers (*calzoneros*) of leather hanging loose upon his limbs, and cotton drawers (*calzoncillos*) underneath, though the bottoms of both are generally tucked up, leaving the legs bare. His head-dress is a kind of casque, or helmet, of stout leather, with a projecting peak in front. He has, besides, an apron of tanned sheepskin in front, and behind a sort of pad of the same material, to defend his spine against the chafing of the water-jar. Of these he carries two. They are of different sizes, somewhat urn-shaped, and of red pottery, unglazed, porous, and therefore good for keeping the water cool. The larger one rests upon his spine above the hips, suspended by a leathern strap, which passes over his forehead, so that the weight is supported upon his temples. The smaller jar hangs down in front, and is also suspended by a strap, which crosses the back part of the head, or the nape of the neck. The two vessels thus balance one another, causing the weight to press directly over the centre of gravity of the body. Thus equipped, the *aguador* may be seen at all hours passing along the streets, and calling out in shrill monotone, "*Agua fresca, agua fría!*" (fresh cool water).

The water-carrier seen in Vera Cruz is, however, a very different sort of personage. He illustrates the indolent habits of the tropical *tierra caliente*, by employing a donkey or mule to carry his water for him, which the animal does by bearing four small barrels, set in a framework upon its pack-saddle.

Small though it be, the city of Vera Cruz contains much that should interest a traveller. If an Englishman, he will be struck with its foreign appearance, as also with its resemblance to the cities of Southern Europe—especially Spain. He will observe many customs that can be traced directly to the Moors, and such as still linger in Andalusia. In the Mexican city, however, he will see a greater variety of complexions: for in addition to the Iberian, two other distinct races have contributed to form its mixed, motley population. The white or olive-white Creole and Spaniard; the brown *mestizo*, or mixed blood of Spanish and Indian; the darker brown Indian himself; the *bistre* brown mélange, between Indian and negro, known as the *zambo*; the negro *pur sang*; his, or rather her, crosses with the white man—mulattoes and quadroons—are all encountered in the streets of Vera Cruz. It is not the same with most other Mexican cities. Only in the eastern sea-coast towns—Matamoras, Tampico, Campeachy, Tabasco, and Vera Cruz—or in the adjacent low-lying hot lands, does the negro appear as a notable feature of the population.

The costumes, and many of the customs, of Vera Cruz strike the traveller as picturesque and peculiar. Most of them we shall meet further on, in other towns and villages of the *tierra caliente*, or in those of the table-lands, where they may be more fully described. At first landing, however, the stranger cannot help being impressed with the quaint oddness of much that here meets him, and which he may not have seen before, or perhaps only in pictures. The church, represented by *curas* lounging about in Don Basilio hats and long black robes reaching to their ankles; monks with shaven crown, cowl, and scapulary; soldiers in straw hats and uniforms of cheap, coarse linen; negroes, clothed in white cotton, jabbering at every corner, and violently gesticulating; the Indians, more silent, seated beside the wares they have brought into the market; fruits of a score different kinds; wild birds in their cages; fireflies (*cocuyos*) for the adornment of the hair, and perhaps an armadillo, or agouti—all will be new to him. And then there is the Creole citizen of sallow complexion, slight and slender-limbed, dressed in half European costume, with short round jacket and pantaloons, fitting tight over the hips; the countryman in his splendid *ranchero* dress, with bright-coloured cloak, *serapé* or *manga*, wide velveteen trousers, *botas*, and grand spurs; the *poblana* in sleeveless chemise of snow-white linen, petticoat with lace points, nude ankles, and small well-shaped feet, encased in satin slippers; and last, but perhaps most imposing of all, the grand señora or señorita in rich silk, with high shell comb upon her head, and a black mantilla falling over her fair shoulders, going to or returning from church, moving along with that majestic step said to be peculiar to the dames of Andalusia.

At certain seasons of the year the streets of Vera Cruz present an animated spectacle. This is in the winter months, when foreign ships are lading in port, and the *arrieros* with their long mule trains come down to the coast, to bring the produce to be exported, and to take back the import goods. In the hot summer months, however, when the dreaded *vomito* becomes dangerous, and sometimes desolates this devoted city, active life seems for a time suspended, and the streets are left to straying dogs, who, quarrelling with the vultures, contest with them possession of the scraps cast out. Then Vera Cruz becomes what it has often been called—*Una ciudad de los muertos* (a city of the dead)



MEXICAN WATER-CARRIER (*Aguador*).

Speculations concerning Former Southern Geographies.

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THERE is a superabundance of matter upon which to speculate when the distribution of the plants on the areas of Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and of the Polynesian Islands is considered in relation with the floras of South America and South Africa, and with possible ancient and modern geographical changes. There is a difficulty in restraining that very varying faculty which enables some men to develop the scientific use of the imagination, in the face of the startling facts so ably placed before the world by Hooker and Darwin, and which, according to the more or less solid information of the naturalist, may be employed in the true spirit of induction, or may be woven together to form a flimsy hypothesis evanescent in the extreme.

become, from the peculiarities of their studies, believers in the general unchangeableness of nature, just as the advanced geologist, who has had abundant evidence of the enormous changes which have occurred during the lifetime of the existing fauna and flora of Europe, cannot be brought to believe in the idea of stability. To the one there is a charm in the idea of fixedness, and the globe appears to the other as suffering constant change in the physical geography of its surface, and the inhabitants of it seem to be very mutable quantities.

Yet some of the best-observed facts of the distribution of plants should impress those who restrict their studies to practical nature that there is much necessity for speculation concerning



FOREST IN JAVA.

Every one who has studied the geology of the Australian and Novo-Zelandian provinces, the nature of the construction of the Polynesian Islands, and that of the specks of land between the African continent and Western Australia, and who has subsequently examined the literature of the fauna and flora of the last geological period, and of the present state of things, so far as those areas are concerned, must feel disposed to cast off the trammels of severe induction, and to endeavour to build up a series of provisional hypotheses, and to make the observed facts suit one or other of them.

If the geologist were to take the matter in hand, and to argue from the analogy of the changes of the relative level of land and sea which have taken place in corresponding periods elsewhere, he would probably produce a provisional hypothesis concerning the old geography of the sea-desert, Polynesia, the Australian area, and of the vast sea to the south-east of Africa, which would assist the botanist and the student of characteristic distributional forms in their comprehension of the succession of floras and faunas. But all speculations of this kind are, as a rule, unsatisfactory to the pure naturalist. The cautious students of the alliances of floras and the describers of many species

matters geographical, if those well-elaborated data are to be of the least use. For instance, Hooker's remark, that the generic types of plants in very isolated so-called oceanic islands, are often those of very distant countries, and not of the nearest land, requires geological investigation. Thus he writes, in his "Introductory Essay to the Flora of Tasmania," page xv. :—"Thus the St. Helena and Ascension forms are not so characteristic of Tropical Africa as of the Cape of Good Hope. Those of Kerguelen's Land are Antarctic American (Fuegian), not African nor Indian. The Sandwich Islands contain many North-west American and some New Zealand forms. Japan presents us with many genera and species, unknown except to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, in North America. So, too, American, Abyssinian, and even South African genera are found in Madeira and the Canary Islands; and Fuegian ones in Tristan d'Acunha." The analogy in this peculiar distribution of the wandering forms between the floras of such islands as those just mentioned, and those of lofty mountain ranges, struck Dr. Hooker as being decided in its nature, and as being influenced in both cases by somewhat similar causes. Japan contains various peculiar North-eastern American species, which are not found in North-western

America, nor elsewhere on the globe; and the Canaries and Azores possess American genera, not found in Europe nor Africa. In the same manner the lofty mountains of Borneo contain Tasmanian and Himalayan representatives. The Himalayas contain Andean, Rocky Mountain, and Japanese genera and species; and the Alps of Victoria and Tasmania contain certain assemblages of New Zealand, Fuegian, Andean, and European genera and species. These cases of distribution Dr. Hooker considers cannot be accounted for, except by assuming that the species and genera common to the distant localities have found their way across the intervening spaces, under conditions which no longer exist. The necessity for the occurrence of different physical geographical and climatal conditions, in order that floras from different localities should intermingle, is obvious to the theorist, for the interchange of species between countries in the present condition of natural equilibrium is excessively rare, the ground being occupied by those fittest to live.

There is, then, some room for speculation concerning the origin and emigration of the plants which form the flora of such areas as Temperate Australia and New Zealand, especially as the study of the fauna also assists in the formation of a theory.

The flora of every continent, and of such areas as Australia and New Zealand, is composed of the remains of past assemblages of species which flourished during those geological periods when the tracts were land surfaces, of emigrants from more or less distant localities, and of new species, the result of the variation and modification of the old forms.

Every geological period had its peculiar physical geography, and the floras and faunas of the areas of one epoch were in equilibrium until the alterations in the distribution of land and sea occurred, which culminated in a new geological age, and produced emigration and variation. It is a remarkable fact that in spite of the wonderful alterations which have taken place repeatedly on the same area, and more or less over the whole world since the so-called Palæozoic age, the principal families of plants have survived, and it is a correlative truth that certain districts which have been land surfaces for longer periods than others not very remote, but distinctly separate from them, retain vestiges of very old faunas. The Australian plants have popularly been supposed to be very anomalous, and to differ very materially from those of the rest of the world; but this fallacy arose from the fact that many of the species have anomalous organs; such, for instance, as those mentioned by Hooker—the pitchers of *Cephalotus*, the deciduous bark and remarkable leaves of the gum-trees, the fleshy peduncle of *Exocarpus*, and the flowering and ragged leaves of many *Proteaceæ*. But when the whole flora is compared with that of other continents, it is found to be arranged upon the same plan, and to be rather singular than aberrant.

All the Australian natural orders, with only two exceptions, are also found in other countries, and these exceptional groups contain very few species. Dr. Hooker considers that they are extraordinary varieties of existing natural orders, rather than separate families. Then this philosophical botanist (from whose work I am quoting largely) remarks that the orders peculiar to Australia are differently represented in the south-eastern and south-western parts of the continent, and that there is a greater specific difference between these two quarters than between Australia and the rest of the globe. The Indian features of the flora are most developed in North-western Australia, the Poly-

nesian and Malayan in North-eastern, the New Zealand and South American in South-eastern, and the South African in South-western Australia.

Singularly enough, although there are not less than five hundred species of Indian plants in Tropical Australia, there are none of the peculiar Australian species in Central India, or in the Indian Peninsula. Some plants which are found in New Zealand, Java, and in Tropical Australia are also found in Eastern Bengal, Ceylon, and even in China. Yet the peculiar *Eucalyptus*, *Casuarina*, and *acacia* of Australia will live when transplanted to India. This remarkable deficiency of Australian plants in India is paralleled by the absence of the peculiar Australian fauna of pouched animals in the neighbouring continent; but the limitation of the animals is more defined than that of the plants, for there are no Indian species in Australia. Even before Australia received its present outlines, and during the Mid-Tertiary period, when the vast sediments of Central Europe were being formed, to be afterwards upheaved into the Alps, there was a fauna which was as characteristic of Australia as is the present. But the contemporaneous fauna of India was Indo-African, and contained no Australian species. Geologically speaking, the conditions which restricted the Indian and Australian faunas, existed before and during the Miocene and Pliocene ages, and still persist.

When and how, then, did the Indian plants emigrate or pass over into Tropical Australia? The answer must be, Never; for it would be impossible to restrict the Australian flora and to make an exception for the Indian. Probably there was land where there is now sea to the south of Java, which was insular, and not far removed from islands to the north with an Indian flora. This hypothetical land would have been close to Australia. The mixture of the floras might have taken place there, and then the land sank. Or the great islands to the north, such as Java, which contains the relics of the sea-floor and coral reefs of the Miocene period, may have maintained the mixed flora which disappeared entirely from them during the successive alterations in the physical conditions which followed upon the end of the Mid-Tertiary period.

On passing from the North-west of Australia, where the Indian forms predominate, southwards, the character of the vegetation alters as tropical conditions are left behind, and the wonderful African affinities of the flora of the South-west become evident. Separated by the Australian desert from the fertile plains of South Australia and the forest land of Victoria, this south-west corner contains a number of peculiar plants, and some members of the African flora, which do not present themselves elsewhere in Australia. Not only are the species of this African flora restricted to this quarter of the continent, but they are even limited there to certain localities. How is the presence of this assemblage to be accounted for? If the species emigrated by seed, wafted here and there in the air or in the water, why do they not spread over other districts by the same means now? It becomes something more than a mere speculation to assert that this is the oldest member of the Australian flora, and that it descends from one which flourished on that insular tract between Africa and Australia, the southern limits of which are scantily represented by the small islands named St. Paul and Amsterdam. None of the great African mammalia passed along with the plants; and no marsupial crossed into Africa, for they were in both cases limited by the insular character of the now lost land.

The flora of the North-eastern part of Australia contains many plants which are found in the Polynesian Islands, and besides these, it consists of offshoots from the floras of New Zealand, South America, and the Antarctic Islands, besides peculiar Australian forms.

Hooker notices that "to the eastward of Australia are various groups of islands, so arranged as to form a sort of rude outlying girdle to that continent. Beginning from the northward, there are the Solomon's Islands, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Norfolk Island, and the New Zealand group, to which might be added Eastern New Guinea, the Louisiade Archipelago, and New Ireland; but I know very little of their botany." The common botanical feature of all these archipelagoes that lie to the north and east of the New Hebrides, writes the same author, and indeed of all the Polynesian groups westward of Juan Fernandez, and the Galapagos (which are wholly American), is that they are peopled mainly by Indian and Australian genera, and in a very slight degree by American; but these floras (Indian, Australian, and American) are represented in different proportions in different groups. The islands to the eastward of New Caledonia are, however, deficient in Australian plants.

The New Hebrides and New Caledonia have twelve marked Australian types; Norfolk Island has a flora intermediate between that of the New Hebrides and New Zealand; and it has Australian species which are not found in New Zealand. No South American, Indian, or Australian mammalia are found in these islands.

The flora of New Zealand differs vastly from that of the South-east of Australia and Tasmania. Dr. Hooker noticed the paucity of grasses, the absence of leguminous plants, the want of annuals, and the abundance of ferns and of Cryptogamia in the forests. The Coniferæ abound and are peculiar, and there are a number of plants and trees with obscure green flowers. The same author tells us that about one-fourth of the plants belong to Australian species; one-eighth to South America; one-sixteenth to the Antarctic (Fuegian, &c.) flora, and one-twelfth are European; one-tenth part are common to Australia and North America. The presence of seventy-six South American genera of plants in New Zealand is really most wonderful and supremely interesting. One plant, *Edwardsia grandiflora*, is very characteristic of South America, as are the fuchsias and calceolarias which unite the two distant floras. There has been the clearest interchange of Chilean and New Zealand plants. The Antarctic vegetation has passed into the islands, and so has a part of the Australian flora; and there has been an interchange of plants between Australia and New Zealand, and between these islands and some of those of the Pacific.

Moreover, the river fish of New Zealand are allied to those of the west of South America, and the wingless, long-legged birds of the islands represent those of the distant continent to the east, but differ materially in their generic distinctions. Still mammalia are absent in New Zealand. These facts almost necessitate the hypothesis of a more or less continuous connection, at some time or other, of New Zealand and South America; of the presence of large islands where the great sea-desert now prevails, and which were subject to the same kind of oscillation which characterises the islands of the Pacific at the present time. There was not a continuous continental connection, for it would have allowed the migration of the faunas,

which did not occur; but a series of islands on an unstable floor, and yet having at some time or other close physical connection, might have existed, and have served to transmit the common plants and fish. It is necessary to admit that this connection must have prevailed before the glacialisation of the Southern Hemisphere, for it is not at all probable that the Australian, South American, and Antarctic floras all contributed at once to form that of New Zealand.

But is there any geological evidence to suggest a former insular connection between the Australian and New Zealand area and America; and are there any geographical data upon which to theorise?

Reuss of Vienna described (Mr. H. Jenkins and myself also) the remains of the fauna of the Mid-Tertiary Java reefs, which now in part form the land of the island. The area of Java was once a coral reef area, and the species had distinct alliances with the coral reef deposits of the West Indies of the same age.

The vast accumulation of marine deposits, extending in a broken series from Mount Gambier, South Australia, to Cape Otway, in Victoria, are the remains of an old sea-floor, and I have shown that the corals indicate a pure and deepish sea. Some of them, and some of the Echinodermata, were noticed to be identical with species found fossil in the Maltese and Sicilian Tertiary deposits.

New Zealand has marine Tertiary deposits elevated sufficiently to form part of the landscape. Thus there are proofs of elevation since the Mid-Tertiary age on the area, and that during that period the existing area of land was partly occupied by sea. In the Miocene age the state of things far off to the east was very different. The Isthmus of Panama was absent; it is made up in part of the remains of sea-floors of the same age as the Java deposit and of those of the West Indian Islands. The Islands of San Domingo, Jamaica, Antigua, and Trinidad were smaller than they now are, and reefs were forming around them, which were upheaved at the close of the Miocene, when the isthmus was completed. These old raised West Indian reefs contain species which were found in the raised reefs of Java, and the whole of their coral fauna is closely allied to that of the present Pacific coral islands. The rare corals of the west of the Isthmus of Panama resemble in species those of the distant atolls across the sea-desert.

The geography of Miocene Australia differed materially from that of the present day, and even from that of the Pliocene period. The vast central area of desert and sand, the plains of South Australia, and the coast-line and basalt-covered districts of Victoria, were submarine tracts in that olden time, and the character of the coral fauna of the raised sea-floor, on the south of the continent, indicates the former existence of a warm sea, like that which bathes the Philippines. The separation of the south-western or African part of the Australian flora was even then perfect, and the isolation of Western Australia was nearly complete. On the other hand, the eastern hilly land had no connection with that of the west, and a vast inland bay washed its western base. This sea effectually stopped the westward progress of the South American forms, and its extent therefore affords some criterion of the distance which could not have existed between any of the hypothetical islands of the Miocene Pacific.

Probably the west of Australia extended westwards, and the east of the continent to the north-east during the Miocene, and it is a fair supposition that Tasmania was united to the mainland.

It has been noticed that it is impossible to account for the presence of African plants in South-western Australia, except by the former existence of intermediate land, which was not sufficiently continuous to permit of the emigration and mixture of the faunas. The equatorial belt of islands which existed to the east of Australia was doubtless continued to the westwards,

Hemisphere, as it was in the Northern, and the elevation of masses of the Andes and Central Australia appears to have been accompanied by subsidence in the Pacific on the grandest scale. The elevating forces appear to have acted to the south and east, and the subsidence occurred over the vast area now occupied by the tiny islands of the Pacific, whose general trend and direc-



VEGETATION OF TAHITI.

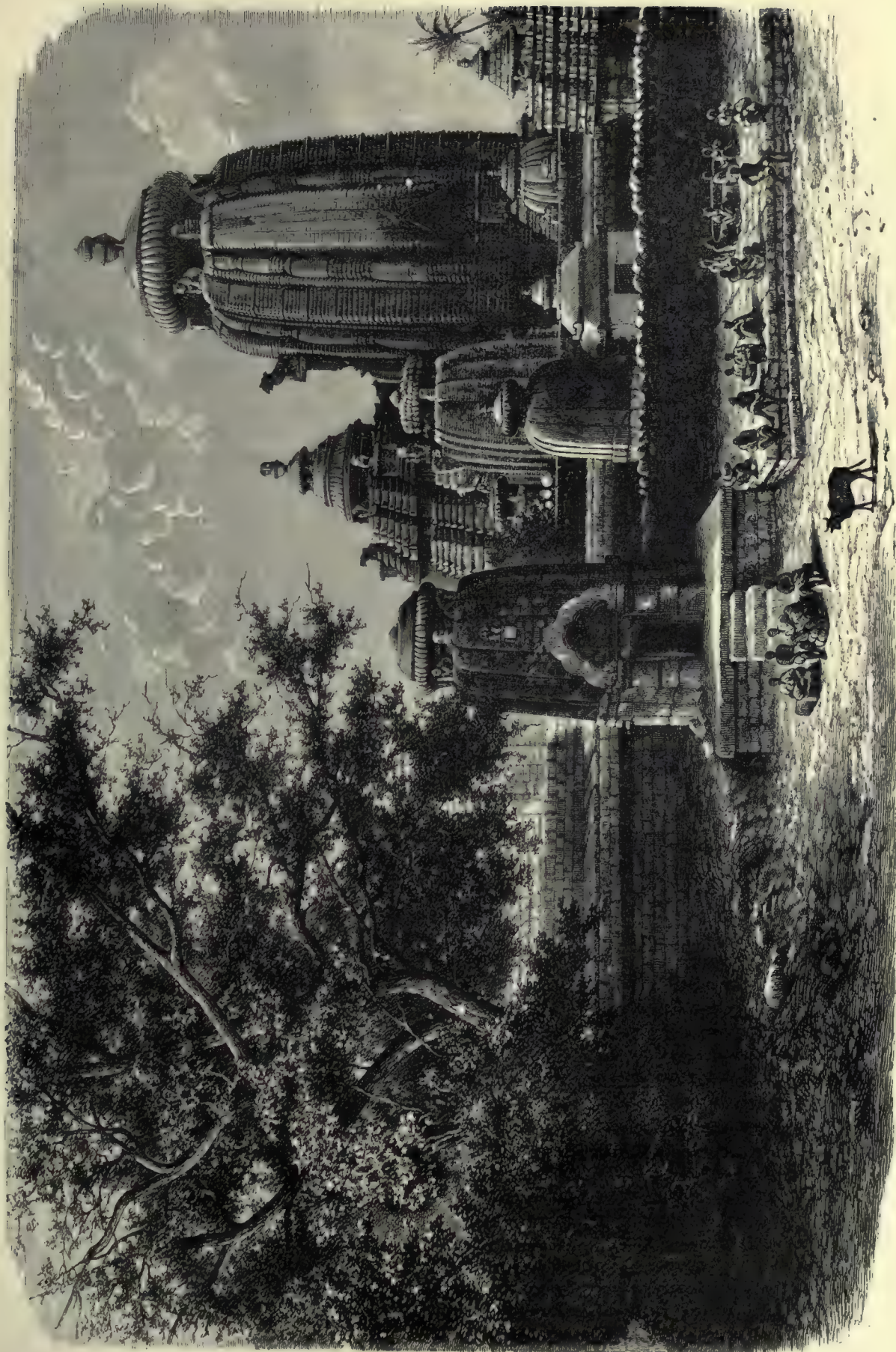
and was associated with that vast land along which the Miocene fauna and flora of Southern India communicated with and interchanged with that of Eastern Africa—the probable area on which man first existed.

This equatorial belt of islands would favour the climatal conditions which evidently prevailed during the Miocene—that age of equable warm temperature, when the sub-tropical faunas and floras passed far to the north and south.

With the change in the relative level of land and sea which terminated the Miocene in Australia, Java, New Zealand, and the American Continent, came a change in climate. The Pliocene period was one of increasing cold in the Southern

tion is north-west and south-east. Probably the upheaval of Central Australia, which certainly occurred late in the Pliocene age, was synchronous with the subsidence of the Africano-Indian land, and of the western belt of islands.

It is impossible not to admit the former existence of a more or less continuous land, stretching along the track of the so-called Antarctic Islands during the Pliocene period, but it must have emerged after the subsidence of the Miocene islands to the north. And it was from this land that the Antarctic flora migrated northwards, and competed with that already established in the Australian and New Zealand area.



THE BLACK PAGODA NEAR THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNATH.

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—IV.

A RECENT VISIT TO JUGGERNATH, GOLCONDA, AND HYDERABAD.

FEW Oriental customs derived from the dark ages of paganism have attracted more attention, or been more frequently described, than the monstrous ceremonies that till lately accompanied the annual procession in honour of the divinities worshipped at Pooree or Juggernath, on the Orissa coast, about 250 miles from Calcutta. The elaborate car on which the idol is carried on these occasions is, perhaps, one of the most curious constructions of its kind in existence, and the temple itself is well worth a visit. The town, about fifty miles south of Cuttack, is on a low ridge of sand-hills, near the shore, but the surf is so violent that it is only by using a peculiar kind of boat that it is possible to land or go out to sea. The climate in the hot season is one of the most pleasant and healthy in India, owing to the refreshing sea-breeze which blows almost without intermission. The country around is flat—being, in fact, a part of the delta of the Mahanuddy, one of the chief rivers entering the Bay of Bengal from the east coast of Hindostan. The main stream of the Mahanuddy runs past Cuttack, but one of the branches passes through the town of Juggernath, and is crossed by a curious and antique stone bridge, which resembles in some measure the Rialto and other high wooden bridges over some of the canals of Venice. Horizontal tiers of stone are laid on the piers, each one projecting slightly beyond the other like inverted stairs until they approach near enough at the top to sustain and be tied together by a keystone or cross-beam.

The whole of the road from Cuttack to Juggernath is an avenue of fine trees. The country is flat, but its dulness is relieved by the antics of the monkeys in the foliage, and indeed often rendered amusing to the stranger by the passage of whole families of pilgrims, sometimes exhausted with fatigue, and showing by their wan and wasted appearance the terrible privations they have endured to accomplish this great event of their lives. Amongst them are many who wear the triple thread borne on the left shoulder, marking the higher castes. The Brahmins exhibit a braid of four threads, the less sacred only three.

All along the road may be observed large earthen jars and pots, many of them sound, or very little injured. People of high caste believe that even the glance of a pariah is sufficient to desecrate these objects, and whatever be their poverty they will never cook their food in a vessel which, after having been used, has been seen by one of the unhappy people of no caste. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule in the case of valuable vessels, since these may be purified by a certain number of washings, but those who are reduced to make use of less expensive contrivances must pay for their poverty in this manner. Besides the broken crockery, however, more ghastly scenes are not rare. Human bones and human carcasses are left poisoning the air along the whole route, and these near the time of the annual processions used to be so numerous as almost to ensure pestilence. There is, however, no limit to the fantastic extravagancies of the fanatical worshippers who crowd to this sanctuary. Some measure the distance by the length of their extended bodies, advancing only from one place to another by lying down flat on the stomach and stretching

out the hands as far as possible. Getting up and placing the feet where the hands had reached, they lie down as before, and so advance, by a distance of about six feet at each prostration.

The native town of Juggernath is dirty and badly built. Its streets are crowded with sacred oxen, who are trained to attack with their horns, in a quiet and measured way, any intruders on the sacredness of the place. There are also many monkeys of various kinds on the houses, walls, and trees, and in the waters of the tanks numerous crocodiles. All these are tame, and are themselves sacred, and objects of worship.

The Pagoda of Juggernath is at the end of the principal street, which is very wide, and composed almost entirely of religious establishments with low pillared verandas in front and plantations of trees interspersed. The temple stands within a square space enclosed by a lofty stone wall, and measuring 650 feet on a side. The principal entrance (represented in the engraving) is crowded with the baskets and umbrellas of the natives, and the huts of dried leaves and branches which serve as a shelter for a number of fakirs, and it opens on a vestibule with a pyramidal roof. On each side is a monstrous figure representing a kind of crowned lion. In front is a column of dark-coloured basalt, of very light and elegant proportions, surmounted by the figure of the monkey-god Hanuman, the Indian Mercury. The great pagoda rises from a terrace 20 feet high within the outer enclosure. From a base 30 feet square it rises 180 feet, tapering slightly from bottom to top, as shown in the engraving, and rounded off in the upper part, being crowned with a kind of dome. The temple is dedicated to Krishna, who is the principal object of worship in the character of Juggernath, and as an incarnation of Vishnu, but it is held in joint tenancy with Siva and with Subhadra, the supposed sister and wife of Siva. There are idols of each, consisting of blocks of wood about six feet in height, surmounted by frightful representations of the human countenance. Krishna is dark blue, Siva white, and Subhadra yellow. In front of the altar on which these idols are placed is a figure of the hawk-god Garouda.

A repast is daily served to these idols. It consists of 410 lb. rice, 225 lb. flour, 350 lb. of clarified butter, 167 lb. treacle, 65 lb. vegetables, 186 lb. milk, 24 lb. spices, 34 lb. salt, and 41 lb. of oil. These articles of food certainly seem sufficient not only to satisfy the appetite of the idols, whatever may be the capacity of their divine stomachs, but even those of the holy men and attendants who belong to the establishment. During the meal the doors are closed against all but a few favoured individuals sanctified by long fasts and a habit of asceticism and penitence. Loud strains of the peculiar music, better appreciated by Oriental than Western ears, fill the air and drown all other sounds while the gods are consuming their daily rations.

About a mile and a half from the town of Juggernath, and connected with it by a noble avenue, is a sacred tank or pool, in which is a summer-house or temple with many columns. To this temple the god Juggernath and his associates resort annually to pass a few days devoted to the pleasures of the bath in the sacred pool. Each idol has its separate car on

which it is borne in triumph on these occasions. That of Juggernath is the principal. It is about 35 feet square, mounted on 16 wheels, each more than 6 feet in diameter, and the whole construction is upwards of 40 feet high. It is carried from the principal temple to the smaller one by means of six strong cables, dragged by thousands of human beings in the midst of the most deafening shouts and screams of the pilgrims, and the yet more deafening sounds of the sacred trumpets. This festival takes place in the month of March, and is one of the most remarkable of those still observed in India. The whole establishment is kept up by a tax on the numerous pilgrims who throng to the place at the time of the procession, and the only interference with the rites by the British authorities is to prevent the devotees who might be inclined to sacrifice themselves on the occasion, from throwing themselves under the wheels of the carriage, a practice formerly very common. After a few days' residence at the smaller temple, during which the whole population is in a state of the greatest excitement day and night, the cars are brought again with their sacred freight, and the place is comparatively quiet for another year.

About sixteen miles from Juggernath, towards the north, are the ruins of another very remarkable temple, called by the English the Black Pagoda. It is an interesting and fine specimen of the best style of Indian architecture, now in ruins, but formerly, perhaps, the finest in Hindostan.

Of this temple the sanctuary no longer exists, except as a shapeless heap of ruins and fragments of stone, but the vestibule is still in a sufficiently perfect state to be examined. It would be difficult to count the number of sculptures in low relief, and of all kinds, including many life-size groups on the outer walls. Without exception, the style of execution is better than is usual in Indian art.

Built, as are most of the temples on the Orissa coast, without the help of wood, the Black Pagoda is in many parts only held together by iron bars, some of which measure 20 feet in length, and are 8 inches thick. The entrance to the vestibule is by two gates, each 16 feet wide and richly decorated with statues and sculptured garlands. The form is, as usual, slightly conical, and the height about 100 feet. The outside is adorned with ribs, and was entirely covered with sculptures. Some idea may be formed of the general effect by reference to the engraving on page 257. The vault is constructed of successive stages of stones, all horizontally placed, and each overlapping for a small distance that which sustains it. Notwithstanding the growth of weeds which hide from view this antique monument, and notwithstanding its state of dilapidation, there is enough left to enable one to form some idea of the majestic aspect it must have presented when yet uninjured and ornamented by a vast number of statues. The roof of this remarkable structure consists of a turban of stone supported by eight lions; it is capped by a still smaller one reposing on eight griffins. This hall is about 27 feet in diameter.

Bhuvaneshwara, at the commencement of the Christian era, was one of the greatest cities in India. On the site of this important city, now occupied entirely by jungle, more than a hundred temples may be counted. Although neglected, they are still in good condition. They were erected between the seventh and eighth centuries after Christ, and are interesting not only from their beauty and originality of style, but even more so as instances of Oriental architecture.

The temple of Lingraja is, from its dimensions, the most

remarkable of all; and in this temple the sanctuary measures 160 feet in height. Some Brahmins who have taken refuge in it have forbidden an entrance to such unclean pariahs as the Europeans are still regarded. As, however, every temple, be it big or little, is ornamented and distributed in the same way, I can give an exact representation of it in one of the engravings subjoined.

All these pagodas are dedicated to Mahadava, one of the names given to Shiva, in his character as the reproductive principle. The object of worship is a stone image—the linyam—venerated by the devout Hindoos, who bathe it in cocoa-nut oil, and offer to it rice, poultry, &c. It is not difficult to understand that these gifts are far less profitable to the god than to the Brahmins who wait upon it. The oil is carefully collected in the stone basin, and is supposed to work miracles. The image is often dyed red by the priests.

The sanctuary is similar in form to the image which it encloses; and from a distance it resembles, as do all the temples of Orissa, an immense boundary-stone. It consists of a square tower, the façades of which are ornamented with jutting pilasters in tiers one above another. The corners are rounded off, and on every façade vertical folds are to be seen. The base, also quadrangular, is often carved in bas-relief. At the summit are eight lions supporting an immense turban or crown in stone. This turban, which is sometimes monolithic, is one of the emblems of Orissan architecture, and in modern monuments it is surmounted with an urn. The domes, which are some of them 160 feet high, are ornamented with stones placed in horizontal courses. In all Asiatic architecture horizontal lines seem to predominate. The crown on the summit closes the roof and has a grand appearance. There cannot be a doubt that the enormous blocks of stone required could only be lifted to their places with extreme difficulty, and by making use of inclined planes constructed of bamboo.

In front of the sanctuary is a hall with a pyramidal roof. The place is very dark, as light only penetrates into the vestibule by the door; but this is universally the case in Hindoo temples, for the Brahmins prefer that their god should only be seen in all his terrors in a half-light. They think thus to heighten the superstitious impression which a people bigoted as are the lower class of Hindoos would be sure to experience on solemn occasions. Smaller temples are erected within the outer enclosure in honour of divinities of an inferior order.

Five miles from Bhuvaneshwara there are four little hills in which are excavated a multitude of caverns. On a projecting mass of sandstone close by is a sculptured representation of a tiger with his head reclining on his paws. Further on is a remarkable group of habitations, consisting of a court cut out of the rock, into three sides of which open chambers, also hollowed out of the rock. The exterior of these chambers is covered with pilasters and figures roughly hewn. It is probably an ancient Buddhist monastery. A little further off, on a rock situated on the same hill are ancient inscriptions. In the neighbourhood are other ruins, amongst which may be noticed a monolithic column, of which the capital is carved to represent lion-masks and strings of pearls; these ornaments are never found except on ancient Buddhist monuments. In an ancient town called Tyapoorā are some antique sculptures very beautifully executed and worthy of careful examination. By the side of a cenotaph erected to a holy Mussulman, are three statues, almost concealed by ruins; they are larger than life, and repre-

sent the three goddesses, Kali, Varachi, and Indrani. The former is a skeleton, only too true to nature, and decorated with all the attributes of death ; the second, seated on a bull, has a boar's head ; the third is a beautiful female statue, seated on an elephant. These sculptures have great merits, notwithstanding their gigantic proportions, which have been given them in conformity with sacred traditions.

In other parts of the road, on the banks of the river, are other sculptures. The most curious is a statue of Kali, who, with a dagger in one hand and a goblet of blood in the other, is represented as dancing furiously over the body of a victim whom she has overcome. The statue of Yama, the god of death, is next in interest. This god is here depicted in the form of an aged woman repulsively hideous. According to Hindoo custom all these statues are greased and painted in the most extraordinary way.

morsel of quivering flesh, than he ran to his field, and then sprinkled it with some drops of the warm blood proceeding from it."

The language of the Ghonds is derived from the Sanscrit. They will neither learn to read nor to write, fearing from that moment to lose their independence. They get drunk on arrack, and make it their boast that their palm-trees always furnish a sufficient quantity to deaden their reason. They grow a plant called *harpi*, which when distilled, or merely masticated, causes dangerous inebriety. On their feast-days, the men attach to their backs a tail, which they wag with the facility of a monkey. This is considered the height of good taste in this part of the country.

The agricultural industry of this district, and the modes of culture adopted, are seen in travelling from Calcutta to the Nizam's dominions. The implements used are rude and



ROYAL TOMBS AT GOLCONDA.

The Ghonds are an independent tribe who inhabit a vast mountainous plateau west of Orissa, covered with primeval forests and unhealthy jungle. Their country, Gondwana, is approached in proceeding from Cuttack to Golconda.

This tribe still secretly offers up human sacrifices, although the local government has been indefatigable in its efforts to extirpate this barbarous custom, and the efforts made have not been entirely without success. But a human sacrifice still occasionally takes place, almost under the very eyes of the British authorities, who are not aware of the intention till too late to prevent it from being carried out. The following account of a recent event of this kind has been communicated by the British Commissioner :—

"The sacrifice, as usual, had been consummated in order to bring rain, much needed in this country, which is often parched by a tropical sun. It was accomplished with the accustomed brutal rites. The victim being tied to the stake, every member of the tribe had hewn at his living body, their object being to expose to the rays of the sun his palpitating entrails. No sooner did a devotee obtain possession of a

commonplace, but this is only to be expected where the poor cultivator only possesses a little plot of ground, of which he may any moment be deprived. The style of husbandry is of a primitive kind, but it suffices to supply the wants of the people.

The Hindoos are chiefly remarkable for their knowledge of irrigation, the appliances for this purpose consisting of reservoirs (called *tanks*), sometimes on a very large scale, by whose aid the sterile sands of the desert are turned into productive rice-fields. Especially in Southern India is this the case, where the rivers are not on so large a scale as in the north, and where the reservoirs are universal.

On my way towards Golconda, and whilst pondering on these things, I perceived in front of me a great multitude whose footsteps raised clouds of dust along the road. This was the Rajah of Vizianagram, who was on his way to Benares to celebrate the marriage of his daughter. He had left home the day before, his astrologer having prophesied that that day would be propitious to him. He was travelling very fast, and without state. Every native dwelt much on this circumstance,



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNATH.

but the absence of state consisted in his being accompanied by only 500 carriages, some drawn by zebus, others by buffaloes, and by his attendants being limited to 3,000 luggage-bearers, 500 horsemen, 200 halberdiers, 10 elephants, and as many palanquins. A band of music, such as can only be found amongst the Hindoos, preceded the procession. It took six hours for the cortège to pass me, and was altogether the most picturesque thing of the kind that could be imagined.

Several huge tents served for the camp of the rajah and his family. He invited me to come and rest. I willingly consented, and we had a long and interesting conversation in English, which he speaks with much facility. We talked principally about hunting. He had been lucky enough to kill a tiger himself only a few days back, but in doing so he was not personally exposed to any danger, as he was shut up in an iron cage, where he awaited the approach of the enemy driven towards him by the beaters, who were armed with trumpets and drums. He was very proud of his *cheetas*, or hunting leopards, a species of beautiful panther, which can be tamed like dogs and then let loose on the antelopes. One can easily understand how exciting the pleasures of the chase must be in a country where, for a pack of hounds, are substituted a troop of elephants and cheetas.

The tent occupied by the rani, or chief wife, and her daughter, was in an enclosure of red material, open enough to enable them to breathe the fresh air without being exposed to view. I had the good fortune to obtain a glimpse of her Highness, a young and beautiful woman, with a clear complexion and black eyes, and a noble and gracious deportment. She wore a little green velvet vest, embroidered in gold, which set off the natural elegance of her figure. As to the bride elect, I did not see her: she was only five years old. In India it is expected that a high-caste girl should marry in extreme youth, though she continues to reside with her parents until she has passed the bounds of infancy. Any girl remaining unmarried till then dishonours her family, and the disgrace can only be wiped out by immolating her to the goddess Kali. The English laws, which are naturally opposed to all these superstitions, have not succeeded in entirely preventing their being acted upon in all parts of the country. In Calcutta, I once saw a father brought before the tribunal for having premeditated the death of his daughter under similar circumstances. The unfortunate girl who was yet unmarried, though only twelve years of age, had been exposed in a boat three days on the river Ganges, the boat being fastened to an island. A considerable number of devotees had come up to her and offered up their prayers to her. Only a few hours before the final sacrifice, the English authorities were informed of the facts of the case, and were enabled to deliver the victim. But what must have been the fate of the poor child, repudiated by her family and her caste?

On quitting the tent of the Rajah of Vizianagram, I proceeded to Chicacole. All along the road forests of palm-trees are seen, and each tree has little earthen pots attached under its crown of leaves, to catch the liquid which is afterwards made into palm-tree wine.

From Chicacole to Rajamundry the road is entirely between trees. I halted at Vizagapatam, a town celebrated for the ornaments in horn manufactured there in large quantities. Those made out of stag-horn are particularly interesting.

At Rajamundry I had my palanquin transferred to a boat

which conveyed me to Ellore by a canal. Fifteen miles from here is the wretched little village of Malavelli; it is difficult of access, and the palanquin gets much injured in the narrow, thorny road which traverses a jungle. Near the village, and yet in the jungle, many excavations have been discovered, supposed to be the work of human hands, and near these are collected the residue of former diamond-washings, for which Golconda was once celebrated.

The irrigation in this part of India is carried on in a very simple manner. Sometimes a kind of scoop is formed out of the trunk of a palm-tree, and this is first plunged into water, and on being lifted, its contents are emptied into the irrigating canal. The same result is sometimes obtained by leading bullocks along an inclined plane, thus causing an ascending movement to an hydraulic contrivance. In some places, however, the only apparatus consists of a pail tied to the extremity of a long plank, worked by a man who makes use of his weight as a counterpoise.

There are several canals in the neighbourhood of Golconda, constructed by the English, and useful for commercial purposes, as they facilitate the carriage of cheap cottons to Coconoda, where ships lie ready to receive them. Thanks to this useful undertaking, this country will very shortly get civilised and grow rich.

At Bejwarra there is an important dyke of considerable antiquity, constructed to keep in the waters of the Krishna. Near the temple, the roof of which is covered with flights of sacred pigeons, a wooden chariot, most curiously carved, attracted my attention.

Leaving Bejwarra, I travelled in an oblique direction to the west, towards the centre of the peninsula, to visit the territory of the Nizam. Several diamond-mines are soon passed. Those of Ghani Putteala are the most celebrated; they lie to the left bank of the Krishna, in the old river-bed, and consist of many round holes, several feet deep, surrounded by piles of gravel, quartz, flint, and conglomerate, the residue of old washings. These mines are now seldom explored, and when they are it is only by single individuals on a very modest scale. If the works were conducted as they are in the diamond-mines of Brazil, and, instead of simple hand-washings, a good system was adopted of separating the various substances according to their specific gravity, there would be more chance of remuneration, and the costs of extraction would be reduced proportionately.

The mines pay a heavy duty to the Nizam, who has reserved the rights of the mines, although the territory has been ceded to the English, and it is for this reason that the works have been abandoned. Five years were said to have elapsed at the time of my visit since a diamond of value had been found.

In order to reach Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam's territory, it is necessary to traverse vast wastes of land, with few villages and no culture. Little forts, partly built of mud, partly of stone, and flanked by square towers, are the only objects that attract the eye for a distance of more than 150 miles. The same absence of interesting objects occurs in all the low, flat territory which divides the English provinces from those of the feudal or protected states.

In these jungles I was fortunate enough to fall in with a species of panther well known in India. In colour it was yellow, and it was covered with little uniform spots. I was resting in a little village in order to recruit my palanquin-bearers, when I heard the people around me saying that

the beast was but a few paces off. Accompanied by some of the natives, I immediately set out in pursuit. We had only been on the scent about a quarter of an hour when the report of a gun was heard, and a joyous hurrah that followed the sound gave information of the animal's death. I spent a few minutes in a hurried examination of this specimen of the feline tribe without retractile claws, and then proceeded on my way.

I soon came up with a troop of gipsies. They were carrying salt into the interior of the country on the backs of zebus. The women of these people are clothed in thick woollen skirts, which reach to the ankle. These skirts are red, and trimmed with bands of showy material from top to bottom. A little black and red check jacket conceals the breast, but the back is left exposed to view; mere strings form the fastenings of the jacket. Round their ankles these women wear heavy rings, with uneven edges, resembling the teeth of a saw. In their ears are small metal balls, to which are attached little chains. They have rings in their noses, and their arms are covered with bracelets of glass and of silver; thus they carry on their persons several pounds' weight of silver. Many of the young girls are extremely beautiful. These Bohemians are born and die in the jungle, never sleeping under the shelter of a roof. Besides trafficking in salt, which is their customary avocation, they pursue another and less praiseworthy branch of industry—viz., that of child-stealing.

Ten leagues from Hyderabad, the country becomes a little more hilly and less of a desert. Every now and then groups of palm-trees meet the eyes.

The environs of Hyderabad are barren, and the surface is

rocky. British troops, to the number of 5,000, of whom 2,000 are European, are encamped at a town two leagues distant from the capital. A number of bungalows are to be found here, each surrounded by its garden. There is an arsenal, two Protestant churches, an amateur theatre, a ballroom, a subscription library, and a cemetery for Europeans. Many fine barracks have been built at the cost of the Nizam, by whom indeed these troops, who nominally defend him, but in reality act as spies on him, are paid and maintained.

The British Government supports a political agent to the Nizam. His abode is situated near the Mussulman city. In order to get there, the traveller must take the high road, and go along a dyke, which has been constructed to traverse the pool of Housain Jagur, the circumference of which varies according to the season to the extent of eight or nine miles. The dyke stands between the sheet of water to the right, and irrigated land to the left.

The Resident's palace is a fine building, somewhat in the Grecian style of architecture. The centre is united to the two wings by an open gallery supported by columns. Leading up to it is an avenue of beautiful trees enclosed by a colonnade.

The sovereign of Hyderabad takes but little interest in the government of his country. Irritated at British interference, he leaves all affairs of business to his prime minister, who bears the reputation of a very clever man and an astute politician. He is rarely seen, save on one or two great solemnities. He spends all his time in his harem, where he has managed to assemble a very complete collection of women of all colours and of all nations.

A Zigzag Journey through Mexico.—II.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

EVANGELISTAS, SCAVENGERS, AND SERENOS.

THE European traveller, strolling through the streets of a Mexican city, will see, under the shade of some portico or projecting wall, an old gentleman of strikingly peculiar appearance. He is habited in a suit of rusty black, with a pair of horn spectacles resting across the ridge of his nose. Gleaming behind the glass lenses, and under thick bushy brows, are two keen sparkling eyes that gaze upon the passers-by with an inquiring look, as if their owner solicited a purchase of his services. What these are may be deduced from his attitude and the apparatus with which he is furnished. He is seated upon a low stool, or it may be a doorstep, with a piece of board laid across his knees. Upon this rests a sheet or two of writing-paper; while the classical inkhorn, suspended from a button on his breast, with a pen stuck behind his ear, or perhaps held between his fingers, show that he is ready to commence writing at a moment's notice. All this, with his knowing, learned glance and threadbare habiliments, give him the typical characteristic air of the old Spanish notary, of which he reminds you. He is the *evangelista*, or public scribe. He has, however, no connection with the law; and notwith-

standing the sacred character of his professional title, he has nothing to do with religion; indeed, often rather the opposite. He is simply a professional penman; and, in a country where education is so little attended to, his services are in frequent requisition. His *clientèle* is chiefly among the lower classes—domestic servants, small shopkeepers, artisans, labourers, *leperos*, and very often Indians, who are all ignorant of the art of writing. By these he is employed to write letters of business; congratulatory epistles to friends, who have had a stroke of good fortune, or condolence when the reverse; petitions asking a favour; notes requesting payment of an account, or threats in the event of its being refused; invitations to festivals or fandangoes; or solicitations to become *compadre* or *comadre*—that is, godfather or godmother at a christening—an important matter in Mexico. Love, however, is the staple commodity in which he deals, and the principal source of his support. Not that it is his *métier* to make it—only to give it expression upon paper. His business is to compose *billets-doux* for lovers whose education does not enable them to do the epistolary part themselves. Often a pretty belle of the people—a *poblana*—may be seen bending beside

him with her lips close to his ear, earnestly dictating the impulses of her passion in a low tone and terms of tender endearment; or, it may be, in dire threats that spring from a sentiment of jealousy. With her *rebozo tapado*, although it be in broad daylight, she is not so easily recognised; for only her dark flashing eye may be visible through the slight opening in the scarf of bluish-grey. At other times it is a lover of the masculine gender who seeks the assistance of the evangelista—some strapping fellow with a *serapé* around his shoulders, and broad-brimmed hat shading his swarth face as he whisperingly pronounces the words he wishes conveyed to his sweetheart.

Thus placed between the two parties, and made the depositary of the secrets of both, the evangelista possesses a rare power; and he is suspected of sometimes using it for

It is still, however, in the open air, *sub Jove*, or under the shadow of a *portal*, in some quiet corner of the street or square, where, in addition to letter-writing, he does a little retail business in pens, ink, envelopes, and small stationery in general. He has no fear of the police interfering with, and telling him to "move on;" he knows that he is an institution of the country, and, from the state of its education, a necessity.

The traveller turns from the spectacle of this quaint calling to one less pleasant of contemplation. His ear is assailed by the clanking of chains; and, looking around, he sees a number of men of swarth skin and savage physiognomy, half-naked, half-clad in filthy rags, carrying brooms, shovels, and scrapers. They are coupled two and two, and it is the clank of their iron couplings that has caused him to look round.



MEXICAN INDIANS AT MARKET.

improper purposes. There are some who do not hesitate to apply to him the ugly epithet of *alcahuete*, or "go-between."

Unlike a great many authors—too many indeed—the services of the evangelista are neither gratuitous nor ill-paid. Some of these professional scribes derive a considerable income from their versatile talents. Nor are their charges in all cases the same. It depends on the length of the letter, as also on the style in which the script is executed; whether it is to be plain or bordered, and whether it is to have devices. The evangelista is usually a master in the chirographic art, with some skill at limning; and can do a heart in water-colours, pierced by an arrow; or two hearts impaled on the same shaft, with Cupid close by holding the bow that has sent it; or a pair of turtle-doves amorously billing in the midst of a garland of flowers. Or, if it be a threatening letter, it will have for its emblem a hand holding a stiletto and ready to strike. All these things cost extra, according to the elegance of the design, or the talent required for their execution.

Sometimes the evangelista is above sitting upon a doorstep or the plinth of a church pillar, with a mere bit of board across his knees. He then sets up a regular desk or table, with a comfortable chair, and perhaps an extra one for his customers.

In their midst, or standing beside them, are two or three soldiers, in slouching attitudes and slouchingly attired, but with their bayonets fixed, showing that they have these *sans-culottes* in charge. It is the "Chain-gang," composed of prison malefactors, temporarily taken from their cells to act as scavengers of the streets. Many of them are known, noted robbers, and not a few red-handed murderers. It is not a pleasant spectacle, though it may be a profitable one to many who witness it—in the way of warning. Unquestionably it is better that these gaol-birds should be thus utilised, instead of, as with us, uselessly and almost ludicrously employed in picking oakum.

In Vera Cruz the *sereno*, or night-watchman, is a character sure to make himself known and heard—sometimes to the keeping awake those who would fain go to sleep. He perambulates the pavement at all hours of the night, making it hideous by his shrill treble, as he calls out the time along with the state of the weather, which he does four times in every hour. Like everybody else in Mexico, the *sereno* wears a broad-brimmed hat, and a sort of loose frock, belted around the waist. In the cooler hours of the night he is swathed in a ponderous caped cloak, reaching down to his heels. In one hand he carries a long spear, and in the other a clumsy old-fashioned lantern; while

from his waistbelt is suspended the equally old-fashioned watchman's rattle—wherewith to sound an alarm in case of fire, a discovery of thieves, or a difficulty with drunken roysterers. In contemplating the sereno, one is reminded of London in the olden time; when night-watchmen performed the functions now entrusted to the police, with the additional duty of crying out the hour and the condition of the weather. "Twelve o'clock; a clear starry night; all's well." In Vera Cruz, or any other Mexican city, you will still hear just such a rigmarole proclaimed in the Spanish tongue: "*Las doce y medio—tiempo sereno!*" And

aspect—have forsaken the pavement and gone to roost on the cupolas and church-towers. At least a pair of these foul birds may be seen perched upon every cross—one on each arm, by way of balance—fit symbol of the crucified malefactors.

Down in the street-doors, and up in the window-balconies, or higher still along the terraced roofs of the houses, may be observed tableaux less repellant—many of them attractive. There you may see the grand señora of true Andalusian type, dressed in silk, and flirting her fan, whose every motion has a meaning. She stands within a casement that has no glass, only



AN EVANGELISTA.

from the long-drawn treble, dwelling double time on the last word, the Mexican watchman has obtained his odd appellation.

The sereno occasionally takes up a thief or makes capture of a burglar; but more frequently permits both to follow their vocation free, himself preferring to enjoy a nap in the portico of some church or convent, with his lantern set upon the step beside him; and not unfrequently he awakes to find it gone, and also his rattle—carried off by the young "swells"—"*jovenes dorados*"—returning from gambling-room or ball.

SEÑORAS, POBLANAS, AND COCUYOS.

It is in the evening hour that the *calle*s of Vera Cruz offer the most agreeable promenade. Then the hot tropic sun has disappeared behind the crest of the Cordilleras, and the cool sea-breeze circulates through the streets. The repulsive "chain-gang" has been taken back to their prison-cells, while their fellow-scavengers, the vultures—also of repulsive

a grille of iron bars—the *reja* that projects so as to give space for a balcony;—or she leans over the parapet that borders the *azotea* above. She is not unobserved. There is a *caballero* in the street below, or perhaps on some other *azotea*, watching her with eager scrutinising glance. He can interpret every flirt of her fan, and read his fate in its turnings and twichings.

Enter the streets of lesser note, that run between dwellings of a more unpretentious style—the homes of the people—and you behold a similar spectacle. Here it is the *poblana*—mestiza, mulatta, or quadroon—who is the cynosure, and belle reigning supreme. She stands in the open window or doorway of a single-storey house, freely chatting with a group of her male admirers, and taking but slight trouble to conceal her glowing charms. Neither in beauty, nor yet in the tastefulness of her attire, need she feel humiliated by comparison with the more aristocratic señora of the mansion; while in point of picturesqueness she leaves the latter far

behind. The *poblana* of a Mexican city is the representative type of the belle of the people, known in Cadiz, Seville, and Madrid as the *manola*. Their costume, however, is somewhat different; that of the Mexican beauty having certain features that are altogether indigenous and national. The tight-fitting Andalusian bodice is occasionally, though rarely, seen. Instead, the bust is covered with a loose chemise of snow-white lawn, or linen, gathered around the neck, and elaborately embroidered, with short sleeves, lace-fringed, and prettily contrasting with the olive-tinted epidermis of the arms. Around the waist is a sash or cincture of silk crape, of Chinese fabric, which helps to sustain the *enagua*, or petticoat of white or figured muslin, with a skirt, lace-bordered, and so scant as to show underneath the well-turned ankle and *mignon* foot, with the tiniest satin slipper poised upon its toe. Above, a pair of dark brown or jet black eyes, glancing under a profusion of purple-black hair—slightly crisped if a quadroon's—adorned with fresh flowers of the orange, grenadine, or “cacalosuchil” (*Plumeria*); often still further ornamented by the sparkle of a *cocuyo*, the grand firefly of the tropics, whose sheen of diamonds, emeralds, and flame becomes brighter and brighter as the twilight darkens down; until, in the deep obscurity of the night, its coruscation far excels that of precious stones—even under the glare of gaslight.

Of all phosphorescent creatures the grand firefly of tropical America (*Elatér noctilucus*) is certainly the most interesting. It is not a fly, as its English appellation would lead one to believe, but a beetle—a scarabæus with wings. The body is of ovoid shape, of glossy brown colour, and in bulk equal to the fore-joint of an ordinary-sized thumb. But your attention is at once attracted to its eye-like spots, as large as swan-shot, that appear like globes of fire, in which green, and gold, and flame are equally commingled. And when the insect spreads its wings in flight, so that you obtain a view of its abdomen, you there see a broad disc of phosphorescence, almost as brilliant as a jet of gas. The common firefly of more northern regions—in the United States known by the ill-fitting appellation of “lightning bug”—is but a farthing dip compared with this splendid luminary of the tropics.

With three or four *cocuyos* placed under an inverted tumbler you may read the smallest type; and even one held in the fingers, close to the surface of a sheet of paper, will enable you to decipher the writing upon it without any difficulty. I have myself had occasion to make use of them for this purpose; and more than once in traversing the tropical forest by night have availed myself of this living lamp to consult the dial of my watch—just as one uses the coal of a cigar. But the most singular use to which they are put is that above alluded to—as an ornament for the hair, and at times, too, the skirt of the dress. It is usually the belles of the lower orders who affect this species of adornment, though I have also seen *cocuyos* gleaming amid the tresses of the fine lady.

It is scarcely necessary to say that it is the living insect which is pressed into this service. When dead, the *elater* loses its phosphoric brightness, as the dolphin its iridescence. When wanted as a gem of the first water, it must not only be alive, but in good health; and to secure this, the insect is carefully kept in a little cane cage—which may be regarded as its casket—and regularly fed by the fair creatures of whose trousseau it forms so conspicuous a part. Its food consists of the juice of the sugar-cane—small pieces of which, freshly

peeled, are from time to time placed inside its cage. When required to enact the rôle of a jewel, it is taken out of its prison, impaled upon a long pin, and set on the plaits of the hair, in such a position that its two grand gleaming lamps may be fully exposed to view. On first seeing this done, I deemed it the quintessence of cruelty, and ventured a mild remonstrance. The young lady who was favouring me with the exhibition made light of my soft-heartedness, with a laugh; which would have confirmed me in my opinion of her cruelty but for what followed. She plucked the *cocuyo* from her head, and pointed out a loop-like integument underneath the thorax, through which the pin had been passed; so that in reality it was not *impaled*, as I had supposed. Furthermore, she informed me that the creature suffered no pain from being thus transfixed, beyond that of being confined when no doubt it might desire to be free. Furnished with this singular loop, or link, one cannot help fancying that the insect was designed for the very purpose in which the *poblanas* employ it.

Unlike the common fireflies, the *Elatér noctilucus* is not found in large numbers. In no place have I seen it in swarms, but only in twos and threes; though there are certain spots in the tropical forest where it is more numerous. It specially affects the plantations of sugar-cane, the juice of which is its principal food. It also finds sustenance in other plants and flowers yielding sap of a similar nature. Flying about after the manner of other night-beetles, it is not easily caught, and is therefore a marketable article—being one of the commodities brought in by the country-people, and sold to the señoritas of the city.

A WALLED CITY.

It was early in January when I left Vera Cruz—my objective point being the city of Mexico. But first I determined to see something of the country lying east. Two grand routes conduct from Vera Cruz to the capital; the northern running through Jalapa, the southern by Orizava. Neither is direct, the former being forced far to the north, and the latter to the south, by the great mountain-group of which the volcano of Orizava is the culminating point, and Perote the projection. I could have reached the town of Orizava by rail—the *camino de hierro* being then completed so far—or Jalapa by stage-coach. Or I could have been transported to either place in a *litera*, the Mexican sedan, borne between two mules. But I had no wish to avail myself of any of these modes of travel. My purpose was not speed, nor yet luxury. On the contrary, I was undertaking an excursion that I knew to be fraught with fatigues and hardships, and which would carry me along paths where coach could not go, nor sedan be transported. For the general direction of my route, I intended keeping near the Jalapa road—departing from it to the right or the left, at certain points where the adjacent country appeared most deserving of exploration. In short, I designed a *zigzag* journey through the interior of Mexico. Only on such could I behold those more romantic spots and scenes for which the country is so celebrated, and study its people in all their primitive picturesqueness, unchanged by contact with the stranger. For the same reason I resolved, as much as possible to shun being myself taken for a stranger. I could speak the language of the people, was dark enough in complexion, and had adopted their garb—the full *ranchero* dress—not only to facilitate my movements, and screen me

from occasional imposition, but because I knew it to be the "togger" best suited to the saddle, and especially for such a journey as I was undertaking. As yet I had neither guide nor servant. A man who was to act in this double capacity would be found further on—upon an estate belonging to Don Hilario, near the village of Santa Fé. My friend had given me the clue to discover this individual, described by him as *un hombre de bien*—an honest fellow, and one well acquainted with all the ways of the country, its highways and byeways. Don Hilario had written to tell him I was coming, and given him orders to prepare for accompanying me. So far as Santa Fé I needed no guide. I had scouted that country twenty years before, and, to use a familiar expression, knew every inch of it; so that, on setting forth from Vera Cruz, I might have been described, after the mode of an immortal novelist, as "a solitary horseman, with a *serapé* over his shoulders and a Tyrolean hat upon his head, seen riding out from one of the gates of the city of Vera Cruz, and heading his horse towards the interior."

It may seem odd to speak of the *gates* of an American city, but in Vera Cruz, as in most other Mexican towns, there are such; and you cannot enter, or go out, without passing through a gate, with a sentry standing, or it may be *sitting*, guard by it, and a squad of slovenly soldiers lounging under the shadow of its portals. These gates—called *garitas*—are of the old fortified-city type, with guard-room attached; though for any obstruction to an enemy they would be of slight service. The chief object in maintaining them is the collection of the *alcabala*—a duty levied on all produce, and other commodities, that enter the city for sale. It is, in fact, the *octroi* of Mexico—and other parts of Spanish America—one of those absurd imposts, only causing obstruction to trade, there as elsewhere.

There are three of these gates, giving exit from Vera Cruz. One, the *Puerta de la Merced*, leads out southward for Alvarado, and other towns along the coast. Only on this side is there anything like a suburb, and that but a few buildings connected with the cemetery, the Alameda, or public promenade, and, of later years, a railway-station. That opening northward, *Puerta de Mexico*, is for the Jalapa road leading also to Villa Antigua—the Vera Cruz of Cortez—on the Antigua river. On this route there are no suburban houses; nor are there any on the third road, which, passing out through the *Puerta Nueva*, about half-way between the other two, strikes at once into the interior of the country.

Vera Cruz is not only a *walled* city, but a fortified one—a thing still more rarely met with in America. There is a battlement, or breakwater, on the sea-side, of coral rock, defending it from the tidal wash; while landward it is girt by a wall of the same material, with fortresses at each flank, and redoubts here and there all around. The wall is about ten feet in height, and presumptively meant as a work of defence. During the siege of 1846 the American artillerists found no difficulty in breaching it—round shot smashing through the madreporé, and, as an Irishman might say, knocking it into "smithereens." The wall is scarce worth breaching; and even scaling-ladders would be almost superfluous for storming it. An active soldier could easily spring up to its crest, or get hoisted on the shoulders of a comrade.

Quite as ludicrous was another defensive scheme, put in practice by the besieged on that occasion. Outside the slight *enceinte*, and all around, a double row of pits was dug in the soft sand. They were circular, some three or four feet deep,

and of the shape of inverted cones. In the apex bottom of each was a spear-head, set point upward. It was supposed that the American stormers—had it come to storming—would have been silly enough to impale themselves on these spikes! A blind man might have avoided the pits; and, even in the darkest night, it would have been an easy matter to pass between any two of them without tumbling in. It was a contrivance worthy of those Chinese engineers who build fortresses of planks and pasteboard.

ZOPILOTES AND SAND-DUNES.

The city of Vera Cruz is in shape almost an exact semi-circle, the sea-wall, of about a mile in length, forming its diameter. At each extremity is a fort; Santiago on the south and Concepcion flanking it on the north. Midway between the two the Mole projects towards San Juan, which lies directly abreast, about twelve hundred yards from the pier-head. The streets of the city cross one another rectangularly, and there is a large public square in the centre. The "*Plaza Grande*"—or, as it is sometimes called, *Plaza mayor*—is a characteristic feature of all Mexican cities. It is always in a central position, having the cathedral or church on one side; a second occupied by the Government buildings or town-house (*cabildo*); a block of warehouses, with a covered footway in front (*portales*), taking up a third side; while the fourth is usually enclosed by a line of shops. It is the chief place of rendezvous at all times, but more especially in the later hours of the evening, when the side-walk under the shade of the *portales* is frequently crowded by promenaders, and presents a very animated scene.

I passed through the *Puerta Nueva*, the gate that gives exit for Santa Fé. It debouches on a plain of sand—a trackless waste, that imparts the idea of a desert. As if to strengthen the impression, just on issuing from the gate a characteristic spectacle was presented: the carcase of a large animal, horse or mule—I did not stop to determine which—surrounded by vultures, some of them perched upon, and picking it.

These black vultures of Vera Cruz—called *zopilotes*—are a peculiar feature of the place. They are tame as domestic turkeys, roosting upon the towers, cupolas, and housetops. This comes from their being protected by law—on account of the valuable service they perform as scavengers. No one is allowed wantonly to destroy them. Twenty-five dollars is the penalty for shooting, or otherwise killing, a *zopilote*.

Although to the ordinary observer there appears but one species of these birds, the naturalist can make out two, and most probably a third, existing in the coast-lands of Vera Cruz. The species within the city walls is that known in the Southern United States as the "carrion crow" (*Cathartes atratus*). But there is on this coast also the "turkey buzzard" (*C. aura*); and undoubtedly a third species different from either, more resembling the turkey buzzard than the carrion crow. It is, however, easily distinguished from the *C. aura*, by its plumage being of a more sable cast, and the red on its neck and legs of a deeper and livelier tint. It is the *Cathartes burrovianus*.

There is still another vulture which may be occasionally met with in the coast-lands of Vera Cruz, though not near the city itself. This is the most remarkable of all—in short, the monarch of the tribe. It is the "King Vulture" (*Sarcophagus papa*). We may have occasion to speak of these vultures again.

Riding out from Vera Cruz, and striking towards the interior, you are met by the sand-dunes, there termed *medanos*. They

trend north and south along the coast of the Mexican Gulf, following the shore-line, and generally running parallel to it. There is a belt of low-lying level beach, or strand, between their nearest ridges and the sea. It is of varying breadth—from a few hundred yards to, in some places, as much as a mile. It is nearly of this breadth behind Vera Cruz, narrowing north and south, till the city seems to stand in a semicircular plain.

tops, and ridges with precipitous sides and overhanging combs; between which lie deep hollows or valleys of equally fantastic formation. It is just as with snow in a great drift-storm; only that the medianos of the Mexican Gulf coast frequently attain to the magnitude of real hills—rising sixty or seventy feet above the level of the adjacent plain. In some places they have a breadth of many miles landward.



SERENOS.

At high tide, and when there is an in-blowing storm from the Gulf, a portion of the plain becomes flooded with sea-water; when the sand, being held in suspension, is carried shoreward by the current of the Gulf Stream, and deposited there. As the tide rarely rises over three feet, these inundations are of only occasional occurrence; and in the intervals the sand, desiccated under the hot tropical sun, is lifted by the first strong wind, and wafted about in every direction. The consequence is, that *dunes* are formed at a short distance from the shore, assuming various shapes—such as mounds, or hillocks with dome-like

Those lying nearest the sea are subject to constant change by the shifting of the wind. In a single night a dome or ridge will disappear, while a new one will have arisen near by, perhaps trending in a different direction. Every road and path is obliterated; and even a bulky article, left for a while among the medianos, may be found "smooored" up, and perhaps quite irrecoverable.

An incident that occurred to me during the American siege will illustrate this peculiarity. In command of a detachment of soldiers, I was ordered on one occasion to hold a

position on a sand-ridge in the rear of the city. As there was a picket in front of us I saw no necessity for the men to keep awake. They went to sleep, therefore, with heads resting upon their knapsacks. During the night there sprang up a *norté*, or "norther," as the Americans designate the dreaded tempest of the Mexican Gulf. The sand swirled up, and rushed about in every direction—not only entering our eyes, but striking the cheeks so sharply as to cause acute pain. The men, covering their faces with the capes of their overcoats, lay still and fell asleep. So also did I. I well remember my surprise, when I

upon which they had been deposited had altogether changed its general appearance—even its trend having to some extent altered.

The sand-dunes of the Vera Cruz coast should possess a high interest for the geologist, since they show a portion of the earth's crust in process of formation. In the course of time the hillocks are no longer disturbed by the wind, but become stationary. During the season of the heavy tropical rains—which is in summer when the *norther*s have ceased to blow—the saturated sand resists the ordinary sea-breeze, and remains



A MEXICAN "PLAZA GRANDE."

awoke next morning, just as the day was breaking. Near me was nothing bearing the slightest resemblance to a soldier, or human being of any kind. Only a number of protuberances that rose slightly above the general level of the surface. They were the *crania* of my still sleeping comrades, wrapped in their overcoat capes, and resting upon their knapsacks. But for their heads being thus elevated, they would no doubt have been, like the rest of their bodies, buried beneath the drift.

On another occasion, going with a party on scout, my men left their knapsacks, with other *impedimenta*, on the slope of a sand-dune. A *norté* sprang up during our absence; and on our return the knapsacks were nowhere to be seen. For a time we thought they had been picked up by an adventurous party of the enemy's *guerilleros*; till some one tramping over the spot, and sinking deep into the soft yielding sand, accidentally struck upon the lost equipments. But for this it is quite possible we might never have recovered them; as the ridge

fixed—for a sufficient length of time to enable plants to propagate themselves upon it. At first appear certain species of *comelinaceæ*, with thick succulent stalks. These vegetate rapidly, and as soon decay—the *débris* of their leaves forming a thin layer of mould. This gives nourishment to other plants of several different species and genera—principally *syngenesists* and *convolvuli*, with one or two kinds of cactus. Fresh seeds are blown thither by the wind, or carried in the beaks of birds; and new plants spring up, till the surface becomes quite covered with a vegetation, that shades it from sun and wind, while the roots and tendrils of the plants assist in keeping the sand in its place. Shrubs next spring up—among which may be mentioned a dwarf species of *acacia*, with large curved spines—a leguminous shrub; and finally trees.

But if vegetation is here rapidly produced, it is also some times more rapidly destroyed. The shrubs and trees are not unfrequently found growing in the hollows between the ridges.

After remaining undisturbed for years, and until they have attained a considerable size, they get sanded up by the storm and quite killed. I have seen trees of twenty feet in height so smothered in a single night that only their topmost twigs were visible above the drift, while others had entirely disappeared. Is it likely, then, that the presence of some of the ligneous relics found in our sand-pits may be due to the action of wind, and not, as generally supposed, to that of water?

From what is at present transpiring upon the coast of the Mexican Gulf, it is evident that the land is there gaining. The process may be slow, yet it is observable. When Vera Cruz was removed to its present site—nearly three centuries ago—the sea-level plain upon which it is built was of much greater extent than it is now. A series of ridges—once naked sand, now converted into firm soil, and covered with forest trees—are crossed as you proceed inward from the shore. Those lying farthest back show by their vegetable growth an older formation than the dunes nearest the sea. Several of these hillocks, in the rear of the city itself, are now so near as to be within cannon-shot of the walls—a disadvantage to Vera Cruz, in the event of bombardment from the land side. During the siege, this was proved by the American artillerists; who, from the crests of these very sand-dunes, and with ordinary howitzers, threw shells into the town, and all over it.

On emerging from the gates of Vera Cruz, and facing westward, the traveller has before him about as dreary a prospect as may well be imagined. It is not easy to believe that beyond these sombre medianos—appearing to stretch illimitably before him—lies a zone of vegetation which, for luxuriant richness, will compare with anything in the world.

TRULY A STRANGE HORSEMAN.

Eager to enter the tropical forest, I spurred my horse across the plain, scarce staying to notice the stunted *mezquite* trees that, here and there rising a few feet, seemed to struggle with the dust for existence; all the less likely to prove victorious in the strife, since their leaves and *siliques* were being browsed upon by some scores of donkeys.

These asses, of very small size, are a feature in the scenery of Vera Cruz and its environs. They are great aids to the Indian, as well as the negro denizen of the coast region; and, although they are also common on the colder table-lands of the interior, they thrive equally well in the tropical *tierra caliente*; proving that this useful animal may be acclimatised almost anywhere. I believe the patient creature could endure the chill atmosphere of Iceland, as he does the sultry siroccos of Tangiers and Timbuctoo.

Talking of a sultry atmosphere, I was reminded of it as I rode across the sand-plain. It was the month of January, and yet the sun shining upon me had as much strength as in an English July. I pulled the *serapé* from off my shoulders, and folded it, Mexican fashion, across the croup of my saddle. While occupied with this little arrangement, I lost some few moments of time, during which I had permitted my horse to take his own course. When I again caught hold of the bridle, and was preparing to proceed along the road, there *was no road!*

I was not so very much surprised at this; I knew the nature of the travelled tracks over the sand-plain of Vera Cruz, and that in a single night they often get obliterated. The wind does this, even when it is but a zephyr. I looked toward

the medianos, still some distance ahead; but could not recognise the defiles through which, twenty years before, the Santa Fé road used to pass. The silhouette of the sand-hills seemed entirely changed.

I drew bridle, and sat hesitatingly in the saddle. I began to think I had made a mistake, in supposing I could so easily find my way as far as Santa Fé. I regretted not having engaged a guide, or accepted the services of one that Don Hilario had offered me. I was still only a short gallop from the garita. Should I ride on, or go back? Saving the city dwellings behind, there was no house near—not even a hut; nor any human being—not even a donkey-driver.

While thus perplexed—seated in my saddle, and scanning the profile of the medianos—I became sensible of a sound, as of the pattering of a horse's hoofs in the soft sand. It came from behind me. Turning, I beheld a horseman. He was going at a gallop, and in a direction that, if continued, would bring him within about a hundred yards of where I had halted. I had just time to rein round, facing him, when he reached the point of passing me. But before I could call out to him to stop—that I might inquire the way—he too reined up, saving me the necessity.

I looked upon a picture that could be seen only on Mexican soil. The strange horseman was attired in the full *ranchero* dress—a costume that in point of picturesqueness is not anywhere excelled. The broad-brimmed hat upon his head, with a checkered kerchief underneath, was encircled by a *toquilla* of shining pearls; a *manga* of purple-coloured cloth streamed back from his shoulders, showing the sash of scarlet crape around his waist; *calzoneros* of blue velvet; snow-white *calzoncillos*, and Cordovan leather boots, heavily spurred, appeared beneath. I recognised the “rig” at a glance—the typical costume of the *Jarocho*.

He was riding a fiery horse, which he had suddenly pulled back upon its haunches, until the long tresses of its tail became commingled with the sand. In this attitude both horse and horseman for some moments remained: though not until I could summon resolution to address him, and make known my wants. In this he anticipated me.

“*¿Nor deconocio,*” he called out—in a patois which I knew how to translate as “*señor desconocido*”—“may I take the liberty of asking you whether you have lost your way? If not, it is unwise of you to be dallying where you are.”

“Why?” I asked, spurring my horse, and trotting briskly towards him.

“Why! Do you not see the signs?”

“Signs! of what?”

“*El norte, ñor.* I suppose you understand that?”

“Yes; but I see no signs of a *norté*. On the contrary, the air is uncomfortably hot, with a wind blowing from the south. I don't see the slightest indication of a storm.”

“Indeed! And yet you appear to be one who should know what's what. After all, you're coming from the town. I, early this morning, rode in from the country; therefore I have the advantage of you. On my journey what did I see? Ants crossing the track, and crawling up the slopes to reach the higher ground. What did I hear? The *vaquero* kite screaming shrill. And weren't the bulls bellowing like mad, as I passed through the savannah! Besides, I saw the storm *suchil* shui up its flowers; which it never does unless at the approach of a *norté*. You say there's a hot wind blowing from the south,

Well, ñor; that is the best proof that the north is near. *Mira!* you see that little cloud standing over Misantha?"

He pointed towards the ridge of mountains rising to the northward, and known by this name.

"See! it is coming this way. Now, don't you feel its first breath—cold as the snows of Orizava? Say, ñor; which way do you want to go? Decide at once, for I can't delay with you any longer. Are you for the country, or the town?"

"I am going to Santa Fé."

"My route also. Come on then, if you have any wish to travel in company."

"I have that wish."

"*Muy bien! vamos!*"

Turning his horse's head to the road—to him well known—the Jarocho started off at a gallop. Spurring my own mount, I followed in his track, without saying a word.

We had not ridden much farther, before I became aware how truthfully he had forecast the weather. His natural barometers proved true to the forewarnings with which they had furnished him. A whiff of cold wind striking against my cheek—the one turned towards the polar star—admonished me that the *north* was approaching; and, before we had ridden three hundred yards farther—going at a gallop—the sun was suddenly obscured by a cloud, the sky became dark as in a total eclipse, and the atmosphere felt as chill as if the snows of Citlaltépetl had been showered upon the plain.

As we passed through the defiles of the medianos, the sand was swirling up into the air, and pelting spitefully against our faces. I was half suffocated, half blinded; nor could I have proceeded further, but for my horse, whose speed enabled him to keep pace with the steed ridden by the Jarocho.

In Pawn in an Indian Village.—I.

A FEW years ago I was one of a party of six white men and two Indians who left Victoria, Vancouver Island, on a little canoe expedition, which was ostensibly a mere hunting trip; though, in reality, to search for some mines, which one of our party had heard of from the Indians, was the main object with most of us. One or two had, however, like myself, joined in it more from a love of adventure, and a desire to explore the then entirely unknown interior of the island, and the almost equally unknown shores and creeks which indent the coast, than from any other stimulus. As the result proved, all of us met with very much more adventure than we had bargained for; and I, for one, went much further afield than I had any intention of, and saw quite enough of the matted interior of the colony of Vancouver to suffice me for some time to come.

Our crew consisted of the six white men already mentioned, and two native Indians, to whom the canoe belonged; while the stores, comprising the usual frugal fare of the North-Western explorer, was the joint-stock property of us all. The command of the canoe expedition we conferred on an old French Canadian, who had grown grey as a trapper amid the Western wilds, and who knew almost every Indian tribe between York Factory and Fort Victoria. He was a grizzled old fellow, dressed, with even an approach to dandyism, from head to foot in a gorgeous beaded suit of buckskin, while in cold or wet weather a blue cloth *capot* was thrown over the whole. It was his continued boast that no Indian could ever "come it over him;" and he was ever vowing dire vengeance against the whole race should any individual member of it dare to lay finger on him. Yet for all that he was kind-hearted, and was instantly silent, and almost sad, did we but hint at the wrinkled squaw and brood of black-eyed, half-breed children who escorted him down to the beach, as we picked him up at his "ranch," a few miles outside of Victoria. "Old Parleyvoo,"* as our admiring, yet withal irreverent party styled him, was always, except when his absent squaw and children were in his mind, in splendid spirits, and if not chewing tobacco, of which he

consumed immense quantities, was carolling out some cheery *chanson* of the French voyageur.

For the first fortnight we had a fine time of it; everything went as well as could be desired. The weather was magnificent; and as we leisurely paddled or sailed along the shore, we would watch, in dreamy admiration, the calm, silent quiet of the wooded scene; or we would land on some point, and hunt for a day or two, rarely or ever returning at night without a plentiful supply of game. Sometimes we halted at some of the little sleepy Indian villages which dotted the shores at intervals of twenty or thirty miles, or we would be visited by some wandering canoe-man, tempted by curiosity or the hope of a supper. At night we would encamp on some of the many wooded islands, or on the grassy little meadows which skirt some of the many streams, ever and again gurgling over rocks and pebbles to the sea; and then, smoking our pipes, full length on the grass, we would talk over the day's work and the morrow's plans, until the darkness coming on, we would roll ourselves in our blankets and go to sleep. Next morning we were up betimes, and with light hearts went paddling away northward. I think, for my own part, that these were some of the happiest days of my life. The never-varying good humour and honest mirth of my companions, the free, careless life, independent of all the world, and the calm scenery of wooded islands and distant snow-capped mountain-tops seemed to exercise a soothing influence over our spirits, and cause us to look on the whole world with a kindlier feeling than, usually, in the jaundiced atmosphere of busy, moiling, toiling civilisation, it is possible to do. When we did think of cities and men, it was with a kind of pity, as of something we had long ago escaped from, and would never again return to.

The adventures we met with, though perhaps under other circumstances worth recording, were really, however, of such a quiet nature as only to add a zest to our hearty venison or grouse supper, and not calculated to disturb much the even tenor of our way. Now we halted at an Indian village, and shared in a great "potlatch" feast; or we would visit some

* Parlez-vous.

lonely trader or settler; or be disturbed at night by an alarm of marauding Indians, visiting us with evil intent; or for days we would paddle along without meeting a human being. Under the excitement of the adventures attending the latter part of our expedition, these only now linger in our memory as faded reminiscences, which sometimes start up before us, but with that hazy indistinctness which leaves us in doubt whether they are actual things which have happened to us, or are only dreams, or something we have read in a story-book in the days of boyhood.

But our peaceful life was now giving way to more stirring days. By the beginning of the third week we had got into Johnstone's Strait, a narrow sea-passage, which separates Vancouver Island from the mainland of British Columbia, and wild and solitary in the extreme. It was about the middle of this strait that the Indians steered the canoe to the westward, and entered the mouth of a little river which flowed from the interior of the island into the sea at this point. The coast was then but roughly surveyed, so that I do not now recollect if any name had been given to it on our charts. The Indians called it the "Hkuskan," which name, with some change to accommodate the jaw-breaking agglomeration of consonants to our tongues, we adopted. At the mouth of the river was a small Indian village of the Nimpkish tribe, who were busily engaged in spearing salmon in the stream. With them we left our fine large canoe, taking in exchange a smaller shallow one, more suited for ascending the rapid river. The canoe was too small for all our party; accordingly the two Indians, with Old Parleyvoo and our stores, were placed in the canoe, while the rest of us walked along the wooded banks, meeting the canoe at night, and now and then assisting the canoe party in "poling it" up the more rapid portion of the stream, dragging it over rapids; or when, as not unfrequently happened, waterfalls entirely interrupted our progress, we would assist them in carrying the canoe and the effects overland. The whole journey was most laborious, while to add to our troubles, we had to subsist almost entirely on coffee, bread, and a modicum of bacon. Our beans—that staple food of travellers in this region—had failed us; and as long as we were in the region of the Indians' travel, not a deer could be seen. On the fourth day, however, the stream began to get calmer, and we emerged on a beautiful lake, embosomed amid the snow-capped mountains around. Up this lake, which was some ten or twelve miles in length, we sailed in parties of three, until we were all landed at the head

of it, at the mouth of another stream flowing through a valley. It was in this district that the two Indians had once, on a hunting excursion, far beyond the usual haunts of their tribe, —found the rich gold quartz lead which we were in search of. We saw it, and, to save all further trouble, we may as well mention—what we had long been suspicious of—that this El Dorado, like many others which the natives will ever now and again lead you to, was nothing more than iron pyrites, and worthless. Gold was afterwards discovered in the colony, but we were not, on this occasion at least, to be the fortunate finders.

After we had roundly abused our Indians for leading us this wild-goose chase, and they had, in consequence, sulked for a day or two, we forgot the whole affair, and set to work to see if we could not find a recompense for our loss and disappointment. This we were not long in finding. The whole valley seemed perfectly alive with deer, and the comparative coolness of this snow-capped region had not driven them to the mountains, where, on the sultrier coast, they usually go in summer to avoid the swarms of mosquitoes; while the stream flowing into the lake, and a neighbouring swamp, were swarming with beaver. We were in abundant employment now. The deer supplied us with food, though their skins were much too bulky to be worth keeping. The beaver, however, though worth nothing like what they once were, were yet worth preserving. In the course of ten days we had killed no less than forty-seven, and though our flour was now all exhausted, yet we still continued in the neighbourhood, charmed by lovely weather and the rare sport of beaver hunting, alternated with a right royal bear chase. We had abundance of salt and ammunition, so that we experienced, after a while, no inconvenience from the want of civilised stores. Besides, we were all old travellers, who had long been accustomed to such mishaps. The only one of the party who was at all inconvenienced was Old Parleyvoo, who, conscious that we were far beyond the usual range of the Indians, was never weary of expressing his wishes that we should come across some of them, and, for reasons not stated, inflict dire vengeance on their devoted race. Our life, though without anxiety, was, it must be acknowledged, getting rather monotonous, and after some days I, for my part, began to weary for a change in the life of killing and eating deer, and killing and eating (and dressing the skins of) beaver. Besides, beaver-tail, though perhaps wondrously good as a luxury, becomes somewhat tiresome to masticate for breakfast, dinner, and supper.



MUCHLAHT INDIANS.

It was on the morning of the eleventh or twelfth day (I think) of our life at "Beaver Camp" that I set out alone, for the purpose of seeing if I could find some grouse or other game to vary the monotony of our diet. Hitherto our keenness in the pursuit of beaver had not allowed of our travelling very far afield. The day was cool and pleasant, and mile after mile I almost unconsciously wandered away from camp, until I found myself ascending the snow-capped range which surrounded the lake. The ascent of its wooded slope was easy, and the "squeak! squeak!" of the marmots, which attracted my attention on every side, stimulated me to gain the summit. By noon I had reached the snow, and sat admiring the fair yet solitary scene which lay stretched at my feet. The lake I could see so distinctly that it seemed as if I could reach it almost at a leap, and forgetting the distance I had come, and conscious that my return would be much easier than my upward travel, I wandered along the ridge, attracted by the marmots and the ptarmigan (which for the first time I had seen in the mountains of the island), until the day was declining. Overcome with fatigue, I sat down in a shady hollow among some rocks to rest. How long I dozed I cannot say, but when I awoke I was astonished to find that it was six o'clock in the evening, and a dense fog covered all the fair landscape of a few hours before. I was now thoroughly alarmed, and started to my feet to return to camp, but after travelling for a few hundred yards, I found to my horror that I had quite forgotten to note in what direction the camp lay. I had looked upon the familiar lake as such an unfailing guide that, though I had a compass in my pocket, I had entirely omitted to keep the run of my path. Still I was convinced it lay in the direction I was travelling, and I started out with all speed—for the sun, I could see through the fog, was beginning to get low, even in this long July day. I was now again descending the slope of the mountain, and was in high spirits, for I knew I could not be far out if I got to the lake; but still I could not see the light unwooded space which, even in the fog, could be distinguished from the dark woods around. It was now getting so dark that I feared to stumble over the fallen wood and cliffs, and sat down on the stump of a tree to consider my position. That I was lost I did not like to acknowledge to myself. Again and again I looked at my compass, and again and again was forced to confess that I was perfectly bewildered. I could not, to save the life of me—and my life seemed in a fair way of being lost if I *didn't*—recollect how the camp lay in reference to the mountain I had ascended in

the morning, and was now descending. The lake I could picture, and the camp I could picture, but there were so many mountains all around, that the more I thought of it, the more confused I became.

Finally, I resolved that I would wait until morning, and see what the rising of the sun would bring forth. I now began to take an inventory of my resources in the way of housekeeping for a night in the wilds. Blanket I had none; but, luckily, the chilliness of the morning had induced me, contrary to my wont, to put on my many-pocketed coat and waistcoat, and by accident I had put a piece of soap in one pocket while washing at the lake in the morning. I had a big "stick" of tobacco, and my powder-horn was full. Caps and bullets I had enough, and my

revolver was on my hip, more from long usage than from any necessity, and on the other side was my sheath hunting-knife. I had my rifle; so that, as far as lethal weapons went, I was tolerably well armed, though I did not like to think that, possibly, by-and-by I might require to use them. Shot after shot I fired, but the only response I got was the mocking echo among the wooded hills, until at last I became aware that I was only wasting my valuable ammunition. It was now getting cold, and the raw fog was penetrating into my very bones. I could also hear the wolves howling in the mountains, so that a fire became doubly necessary. After diligent search in my pocket, I found four fuses. These, instinctively, even against my inclination to harbour such an idea, I began to be aware that I must husband against an evil day.

Accordingly, I carefully selected one, and the others I put by, wrapped up in a bit of paper, against contingencies. Plucking some of the dry moss which was all around, I laid it aside. Then, gathering some twigs, I prepared a place for them, and striking the fuse, I pushed it into the ball of moss, and twirled it round and round until it burst into flame. Now for sticks; then for more, until I had a good fire built, and it was capable of supporting the very log I was sitting on. This I rolled in, and my anxiety as to a fire was at an end. I tore the skin off a grouse and roasted it for supper, for I had killed several in the course of the day, and had three of them slung over my back, and then, wearied, I sank to sleep. Before daylight I was awoke by the cold. The fire had burnt out, and the fog had settled down into a drizzling rain, which seemed to wet one without having the courage to do it openly! So it appeared, at least to my fancy, as I tried to blow up the fire afresh. In this I failed, and as I could not afford to waste another fuse, I sat down by the ashes until daylight dawned. It was not my first



HASHQUAITS.

night in the woods alone, but it was my first under the circumstances I now found myself in. My thoughts were not of the pleasantest, nor my spirits of the highest; still I could not but watch with interest the tall trees lighting up, one after another, as the sun rose, and anxiously I peered through the gloom, hoping to see the lake almost at my feet. But I looked in vain. I was still, however, convinced that it couldn't be far off. So, as soon as I could see, I started off, breakfastless, in the supposed direction of the lake. The rain had now commenced to fall in a steady pour—a thorough wet summer day, and, what with the rain itself and the wet bushes, I became thoroughly wet to the skin. But other anxieties kept me from being annoyed with such trifles. The ground was wet, and the fallen timber, along which I had often to travel for considerable distances, was slippery to a degree which threatened danger to my limbs, if I fell very much oftener. One awkward fall I had, which did not break my leg, but did the very next worst thing to it—smashed my pocket-compass so irretrievably as to render it useless. I felt very tired, but still I kept on, my mind sometimes outstripping my heels in speed, so that, despite the ground, I would start off running, expecting that possibly I might have got into some bye-valley off the lake, and would sight its welcome waters every minute.

In the course of the morning I fell across a stream, which immediately revived my spirits, though it flowed in a direction which, in spite of my haziness in reference to the position of the lake, I felt was not in the proper course for me; but still these streams in mountain regions take so many sudden windings that this did not disquiet me, and I hugged the idea that it must be the stream on which we had killed so many beavers. Inspired by the thought, I got new life into me, and followed its course as near as I could for some hours. Still it did not flow into the lake. However, I kept on until, to my joy, I saw an opening in the forest, and in a few minutes more I caught a glimpse of a sheet of water. Here at last was the lake; and, expecting every moment to see our camp, I sat down and fired a shot or two to herald my arrival. Alas! I had "hallooed before I was out of the wood," for my disappointment and mortification were extreme when I found, on reaching the shore, that this was not *our* lake! On the contrary, it was a long marsh-bordered one, wending away in among the hills, but in breadth not exceeding one-eighth of a mile. A high ridge hid the view beyond. Mortified beyond measure, I sat down and could have wept for very grief and anger; but anger would do me no good now. Beyond a doubt I had descended the western instead of the eastern slope of the ridge I had ascended the day before, and that between me and my camp there were at least two good days' journey—even if I could be certain of finding it again. This was enough to discourage me.

There was nothing for it now but to make the best of my way to the sea on the west coast, which I was certain could not be far distant, and there take my chance of falling in with the Indians, and either getting a canoe from them to the saw-mills of Alberni (the only white settlement along the whole extent of that wild savage coast), or of meeting with some of the trading schooners which, I well knew, visited the Indian villages that for some hundreds of miles dotted the quiet bay and inlets of the western shores. I was the more determined in this because I recollected that it had been talked of before I left our camp, of making an effort to reach the western coast, and

a faint hope existed that before long my companions might follow me up. Hope or not, I must make an effort. The few hours of daylight which remained I spent in lighting a fire and cooking another of my grouse, and exploring the neighbourhood to determine a route for the morrow. To follow the lake around would be, I was convinced, a forlorn hope: to cross it was my only chance. But how? While I was eating my half-raw grouse I thought out the matter. To swim it would be to me the easiest thing in the world; but I had encumbrances. I had my rifle, and to keep it from wet was to me a very important matter—as, indeed, also my revolver, and my powder most of all. I must cross the lake on a raft. But I had no axe wherewith to make a raft. There were a number of cedar-trees in the vicinity—the lightest description of all Western woods, and generally used to make rafts. After searching about I found a fallen one broken into several pieces, two of which I thought would suit my purpose if I could get something with which to bind them together. I had no time to make a rope of cedar bark, as I had seen the Indians do. But just then the problem was solved. As I was sitting on the broken fallen tree a deer came down to the water to drink. It seemed never to have seen a human being before, and though it started at the sight of me, its curiosity soon regained mastery, and it ambled up to near where I was sitting. To put a ball in behind its shoulders was an easy task. It was accompanied by a fawn, which continually bleated around as I was cutting it up. As the fawn was in the sucking state, it would only starve to death, so, in pity, I put a revolver-bullet through it. I felt, as I sat beside the two dead animals, hungry as I was and little inclined for sentiment, almost like a murderer who had come into their quiet domain. But this did not prevent me slicing off the best pieces and cooking a supply on sticks by the fire. In this manner I roasted, against contingencies of no fire and food, enough for about two days. These venison-steaks I secured in my capacious coat-pockets, and having done so I felt *almost happy*, though the thought of the unknown tramp which lay before me, beyond the ridge, somewhat abated my jubilations. The sun now beginning to set on the other side of it served in place of my compass and directed my way.

To make a cord out of three strips of the raw hide of the deer was not a very difficult matter, and with this I bound together two of the broken pieces of the cedar-tree, making a rude but, as I knew by experience, serviceable enough raft for all the duties which would be required of it. Whilst I was looking about for a cedar-tree, out of which to cut a sheet of bark, to form a rough kind of paddle, I noticed here and there that pieces of bark had been cut out of some of the trees which grew near the lake. These I knew well enough to be "Indian sign"—marks that Indians who had been here for some time had cut these pieces out to make one of the many utensils which the North-west Coast Indians form out of the bark of this tree. The "sign" was, however, very old, and gave me no alarm. While thinking over this I began gathering sticks for my watch-fire, and moss to make a bed. Close to where I had built my fire was a mossy bank, and this I attacked vigorously. Scarcely had I removed an armful than a sorry sight met my eyes. It was something white, which even in the fading twilight I had no difficulty in recognising as a human skeleton. Familiar as I had been with the mournful trappings of death, I started back with a cry of horror as my fingers touched these human remains. The bones were very old, and dropped asunder as

they were disturbed. The incident was a melancholy one, and as I lay down by my fire I could not help thinking over the probable tale of the dead man, whose bleached and moss-covered skeleton was lying a few feet from me. Could he have been a lost wanderer like myself, who had died here of hunger, or had he been killed in war? But that could not be, for his head was not severed, and all these tribes take the heads of their slain enemies. Much as I thought about the fate of this man I could make nothing out of it; and I may mention that, though afterwards I made diligent inquiry, I could learn nothing regarding his history. None of the Indians on the opposite coast knew anything about the region I was in, or had ever heard of any one having gone so far into the interior. Possibly he might have been a beaver-trapper on the lake, and had a canoe, but that, with his brush lodge, must have long ago decayed, for the bones were at least thirty or forty years old.

The fire was warm and the mossy couch pleasant, so, in spite of the want of a blanket, wearied as I was with my eventful day's exertion, I lay down to sleep, perhaps not in the same frame of mind as on the previous night, but yet, perhaps, so easily do we accommodate ourselves to misfortune, even more hopeful on the whole. In my sleep I dreamt of the dead Indian, who would ever and anon appear to me, like the Ancient Mariner, telling of the accident which had befallen him—how he had broken a limb here and had been left to die. Then my companions would make their appearance, and once or twice I suddenly awoke, startled by their shouts from amid the gloom of the forest. So life-like were their cries that I could scarcely convince myself, in my half-sleepy state, that I had not really heard them; but I soon again dropped asleep, persuaded that I had taken too heavy a supper, and was troubled with nightmare. Then I dreamt that I was really dead, and that I could hear (ridiculous as was the idea) the Indian women howling over me. These howls increased in intensity until they awoke me, and I started up from among the moss, certain, this time, that they were real. As I jumped up I could see something moving by the side of my half-burnt-out fire.

Dreaming as I had been for the last hour or two about the dead Indian, I rubbed my eyes once or twice before I could collect my ideas sufficiently to believe that it was not him in reality. Long accustomed to night alarms, I instinctively sprang into the darkness in order to determine who was my visitor. Just then the fire caught some dry twigs, and I could see by the flame that my visitor was a large blackish-grey wolf. I was not much assured by this, and do not know whether, at the time, I would not as soon have welcomed the dead Indian, for though these Western wolves are not so fierce as the "grey beast of Pyrenean snows," yet collecting as they do in packs, and impelled by hunger, they are by no means pleasant companions in a lonely forest. I had a shot in my rifle and could easily have laid it low, but I had no intention of wasting a ball on it. Accordingly I gave a shout that awoke all the sleeping echoes of the forest, and as the animal bounded off, the yells which answered its howl from all around, answering and calling, made my very blood run cold. I knew they were the gathering cries of the wolves! Instantly I seized some wood and heaped up the fire until its glare illumined the forest for a hundred yards around. Still I heaped on more and more—for in this I knew was my safety—until the beavers, who had their houses among the reeds by the lake, attracted by the unusual glare which shot over the solitary

water, swam up to see what was all the stir, and I could hear, in the intervals of the unearthly howls which now greeted my ears from far and near, their tails slapping the water in puzzled astonishment. Attracted by the smell of the venison which I had been roasting the evening before, the wolves had come on a visit to me, and, to my horror, I could hear their howls coming nearer and nearer. However, I knew that, so long as the darkness remained, the glare of the fire would keep them off, but I was afraid that they might attack me in the morning; and supposing that my raft failed! The thought of having my bones picked by wolves made me shudder; and the sight of a pair of prick ears and a lank body every now and again appearing on the border of the light and darkness in no way added to my comfort. I had little time to think, for I was busily occupied in heaping wood on the fire, and to make assurance doubly sure, I set fire to a heap of fallen trees which lay a little way off, and stood between the two fires. I had an anxious time of it for the rest of the night, and never, I think, did sorely-tried son of earth more gladly welcome the red ball of the sun rising over the trees than I did that morning. The rain of yesterday had entirely disappeared, but a fog arose from the steaming ground, which still acted as a screen to my enemies, who kept up a horrible chorus of howls out in the woods. However, I did not wait to break-fast, but throwing some lighted brands on the mossy ground in hopes of firing it, I pushed my little raft into the water, and seizing the bark paddle and a pole, which had been prepared the night before, I pushed into the lake. For a time I was afraid it was going to ground on the mud, but after being up to my breast in the water, I gave a shout of gladness as the logs floated in deep water, and I found that, though my legs were hanging in the water—for safety, not from necessity—and the raft sank a few inches, it bore my weight well, and that I could make progress—slow, but certain. Just then the sun rose up and the fog cleared away. In a few minutes my fire ashore was surrounded by the pack of wolves, yelling and fighting over the bodies of the deer. They stood for a moment gazing wistfully at me as I moved from the shore, and one or two sprang into the water and looked as if they would have swum after me. However, to my great relief, they turned back, after a few yards, and set to work with the rest of the pack to pick the bones of the fawn and its mother. A gentle breeze which began to ripple the surface of the lake helped my progress, and I rejoiced to see the opposite shore gradually approaching. The lake seemed to be full of trout, which I could see swimming up in the clear water, and even, had I cared to stop to catch them, I had no time or materials for so doing.

In less than an hour the little raft grated on the mud on the opposite shore. Then, with a feeling of joy that paid me for all the terrors of the last few hours, I unfastened my rifle from my shoulders, and throwing it ashore, jumped into the water, and waded to the land, though not without danger of sinking into the ooze. After washing the mud from my boots and trousers, and wringing them out, I climbed the little ridge to look out on the country beyond. As far as the eye could reach, there stretched an undulating but, on the whole, flat, wooded country; while, limiting all, was another such ridge as the one I was standing on. This I fixed as my landmark, towards which, after eating some of my venison-steaks and resting a little, I set off with a cheerful and determined spirit.

Visit to the Sultan of Morocco, at Fez, in the Spring of 1871.—I.

BY TROVEY BLACKMORE.

DEPARTURE FROM TANGIER—VISIT TO ARZILA—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF
AL-KANTRA—ALCAZAR-EL-KEBIR—PROVINCES OF EL GHARB AND
BENI-HASSAN—ARRIVAL AT FEZ.

In the spring of the present year it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to join a party of American and English gentlemen, who were to accompany Colonel Matthews, the United States Consul-General for Morocco, on a visit of an

possible for unacclimatised persons; but there were so many preliminary arrangements to be made that it was not until the twentieth of the month that our journey commenced, and, as it fortunately happened, the weather was much cooler than we anticipated, and none of us suffered from any extreme heat.

On the morning in question our party set out from Tangier. It comprised Colonel Matthews, the United States Consul-



MOORISH CAID.

official character to the Sultan of that empire, in his capital of Fez. This city is one so little known to Europeans of the present day—though during the last century it was frequently visited by foreign embassies—that the chance of seeing it, and of an introduction to the “Sultan of the West,” was not to be thrown away, and it required no persuasion to induce me to join so interesting an expedition. It is with great pleasure that I am enabled to furnish an account of our journey, and of our reception by the Sultan, which was one of such a character as has rarely before been bestowed upon any foreign representatives.

It was at first proposed that the journey should be commenced early in the month of May, so as to avoid the hot weather which renders travelling in the summer almost im-

possible for unacclimatised persons; but there were so many preliminary arrangements to be made that it was not until the twentieth of the month that our journey commenced, and, as it fortunately happened, the weather was much cooler than we anticipated, and none of us suffered from any extreme heat. On the morning in question our party set out from Tangier. It comprised Colonel Matthews, the United States Consul-General, the Vice-consuls of Tangier and Saffi, and a captain in the American merchant service, as representatives of the “Great Republic.” Accompanying these gentlemen were four officers from the 74th Highland Regiment, then stationed in Gibraltar, two merchants from the same place, and the writer. An escort was furnished by the Sultan, consisting of a *caid*, or captain, and nine Moorish soldiers, clad in loose, flowing, many-coloured garments and conical red caps, and armed with clumsy swords and the long Arab gun, with its rude flint-and-steel lock. We were accompanied for several miles out of the old city of Tangier by the pacha, with some of his principal officers and a guard of honour, and by many of our personal friends, who had come out to witness our departure, so that our cavalcade was a somewhat numerous one.

We left the town by the market gate, and after crossing the large open space where the market is held twice in every week, and passing by the cemetery of the Moslem inhabitants, overlooked by the mosque and shrine of Sidi-Mohammed-el-Hadj, the patron saint of the city, we entered the Road of the Ambassadors—a broad sandy lane, lying between gardens fenced with aloes, canes, and prickly-pears, and cultivated

height, and were resting on the southern slope at Ain Dalia ("The Fountain of the Vine"), where we lunched and slaked our thirst at a spring of exquisitely clear and cool water. From this halting-place we obtained a fine view of the broad plain lying between us and the next range of hills—a plain some seven miles wide from north to south, and watered by the river M'haha. Near the spot where we forded this small river is an



BREBER MOUNTAINEERS AT A MARRIAGE-FEAST.

with vegetables for the consumption of the inhabitants of the town. At the end of this road is the small village of Swany, composed of one brick or stone building, and about seventy clay-built huts, thatched with palmetto-leaf. Here, also, are situated the very extensive ruins of the country palace of some former Pacha of Tangier. Swany being passed, we emerge upon the open country, at the time of our journey rich with a ripening and abundant harvest. At Baharein ("The Hill of the Two Seas") the pacha with his troop and our friends left us, and, after wishing us "God speed" on our expedition, returned to Tangier, while our diminished train proceeded on its way. At midday we had crossed the first chain of hills of any great

old burial-place, surrounding the shrine of a certain Sidi-Aisa Beniylesen, a saint held in high esteem by the inhabitants of the surrounding country. I may here mention that the saints in Morocco form a somewhat numerous class. Beside the hereditary saints or *sharifs* (of whom I shall have occasion to speak presently), any one who is cunning or clever enough may, by the aid of pretended sanctity, or by some extravagant eccentricity of manner, succeed in deceiving the poor creatures amongst whom he may live, and in time may establish himself as a *saint*, when he is almost worshipped by his dupes, who consider it an honour to be allowed to support him in a life of idleness. He is generally distinguished during his lifetime

by being a degree more filthy than the rest of the inhabitants ; and after his death his grave is regarded as an object of veneration by his dupes, and is usually rendered conspicuous by having a monument or small mosque erected over it, and it is very frequently surrounded by a grove of olive-trees, which is held so sacred that to cut a twig, or even to pick up a dead stick from the ground, would be regarded as an act of sacrilege. Having crossed the plain, we commenced the ascent of the Dar-a-Clow, a rocky range of well-wooded hills, running from east to west, from the summit of which fine views may be obtained over the surrounding country, the view to the north-east including the lakes of Sharf-el-Akar, a favourite hunting-place for the sportsmen who visit this district in the winter and spring, affording an abundance of wild ducks, snipes, herons, flamingoes, and other water-fowl. After crossing the Dar-a-Clow, we entered upon another broad plain, which took us two hours to cross, as we lost much time in finding a safe place to ford the river Mechra-el-Achef, which was much swollen with recent heavy rains. As it was, the water came half-way up our horses' sides, and we all got more or less wet. Here we encountered immense swarms of the migratory locust, *Acridium peregrinum*. This insect has, in its larval state, inflicted terrible devastation on the green crops in Morocco during the present year. The greater part of the wheat, barley, and bean crops were already reaped before the young larvæ made their appearance, but maize, hemp, and other less forward crops have in some districts been utterly destroyed. The illustration made use of by the Prophet Joel, in describing the noise made by these ravagers, when flying in great numbers, as resembling "the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble," is peculiarly expressive, and aptly describes the sound heard when a swarm of locusts passes in myriad hosts between earth and sky, sometimes even obscuring in a measure the light of the sun.

We had to ford another river, the Lorifa, that day, before arriving at our camp in the district of Gharbea, about thirty miles south of Tangier, whither our servants and baggage-mules, eighteen in number, had been sent on the previous day. Here we found our tents pitched and everything in readiness for our arrival, and after a short rest we paid a visit to the neighbouring town of Arzyla, where we were hospitably entertained by the United States consular agent. This town (the Zilia or Zelis of the ancients) is a small one, and is chiefly memorable as the starting-place of Dom Sebastian with the Portuguese army, previous to the battle of Al-Kantra. It was well-fortified by the Portuguese during the time that they held it, and it is still enclosed in massive walls, but these are fast falling into decay; and the crumbling towers and bastions now afford a home for a large number of storks, whose nests appear on every prominent place, unmolested by the natives, by whom the bird is regarded as a sacred one. A worn escutcheon, bearing the arms of Portugal, is still in existence over the eastern gate of the old fortress. On the south side of the town are very extensive gardens, producing an abundance of fruit, the oranges of Arzyla especially being held in great esteem.

We returned in the evening to our camp in the Gharbea, and after spending our first night under canvas, started on our way before daybreak on the following morning, the road being across an elevated table-land, from which fine views were obtained of the various mountain-chains which compose the northern spurs of the lesser Atlas. Occasionally we passed a *douar*, or village, composed of the *aymas*, or black tents of the

wandering Arabs. These *aymas* are not seen in the immediate neighbourhood of Tangier, where the *douars* are composed of mud huts, and are mostly peopled by Brebers, or Riffians, whose families remain for many years in one spot ; whereas the nomad tribes of Arabs seldom reside for more than three or four successive years in the same place. An hour after starting we reached the frontier of a new province, that of El Araish, where we found a small guard of honour, sent by the pacha of the province waiting to receive us and escort us to our camp at Tlatsa Rysana, a grassy spot on some high ground where a weekly market is held. Here a much larger guard was waiting in readiness to start with us on the following day; and here we were met by the United States consular agent from El Araish, who stayed with us for the night, and accompanied us during our next day's ride, which brought us as far as the town of Alcazar. Our road thither was for the first part over some well-wooded highland, succeeded by a plain extending for many miles. Across the whole length of this plain our escort indulged in a display of horsemanship, and the amusement known as *lab-el-barode*, or powder-play—wheeling round us, and while at full gallop, and in all manner of strange attitudes, discharging their guns at random in the air, sometimes firing behind their backs at an imaginary pursuing foe, then flinging their pieces in the air, and firing on recovering them in their hands. In this sport some of the performers exhibited considerable dexterity and the most consummate horsemanship ; and the sight of a number of these wild horsemen, with their gaily-coloured costumes, was a most picturesque one, though it must be confessed that the pastime appeared somewhat childish, especially so for some of the grey-bearded old chiefs who joined our escort, and who vied with the younger men in exhibiting their skill in the sport.

This plain, which extended almost as far as Alcazar, was the scene of the battle of Al-Kantra, so fatal to Portugal and its unfortunate King, Dom Sebastian. This gallant young prince, in spite of the admonitions and persuasions of his relatives and advisers, engaged in a Quixotic expedition into Morocco, for the purpose of assisting Muley Mohammed, the pretender to the throne of Fez, to wrest the sceptre from the reigning king, Muley Moloc. He landed at Arzyla, in the summer of 1578, with an army of 16,000 men, comprising Portuguese, Spaniards, Germans, and a few English. Here he was joined by Muley Mohammed with an army of 60,000 Moors. With these forces, chiefly composed of infantry, he imprudently advanced to the plain of Alcazar, where the army of Muley Moloc had taken up its position on the banks of the Wad M'Khazen. The latter army was composed of at least 100,000 men, and comprised some 10,000 cavalry, who could be employed to the greatest advantage on the open plain. The armies met on the 4th of August, and the engagement resulted, as might have been anticipated, in the utter rout of the forces of Dom Sebastian and Muley Mohammed. The whole of the Portuguese army was captured or slain ; Muley Mohammed was drowned in the river when attempting his escape, and the same fate is supposed to have occurred to Dom Sebastian, as his body was never identified among the slain. During the engagement he had three horses killed under him, and when last seen he was in the thickest of the fight, attended only by his brave nobles Vimioso, Mascarenhas, and Tavora, two of whom were slain by his side. His death remaining doubtful, several adventurers in after years appeared in Portugal, pro-

tending to be Sebastian, but none of them succeeded in gaining credence to their tales. Sebastian's rash enterprise destroyed the flower of the Portuguese nobility, and the public treasury was exhausted in the equipment of his fleet and army; and there being no immediate heir to the throne, it was claimed by three rival houses, those of Parma, Braganza, and Spain—the latter, under Philip II., succeeding by its superior strength. From the period of this battle, which is distinguished by various historians by the two names of Alcazar, or of Al-Kantra ("The Bridge"), from the bridge over the river near which it was fought, may be dated the decline of Portugal from her leading position among the nations.

We camped at the distance of about half a mile from the town of Alcazar; and, owing to a disturbance in the Jews' quarter, which was in the hands of some Breber mountaineers, who had come to attend the marriage-feast of a *sharif*, or saint, who had just taken his *sixth* wife, which event they celebrated by pillaging the shops and houses of the Israelites, some hours elapsed ere we could visit the town. It is of some antiquity, having been built by Jacob Almanzor, King of Fez, in 1180, and must have been in former years a place of importance. Now, however, it is little better than a collection of ruins, the houses, which are built of sun-dried bricks, being in a most dilapidated state, and the streets most squalid and wretched in their appearance. The only buildings having any pretensions to architecture are the mosques, of which there are very many in the town. From one point of view we counted as many as eight minarets, on the top of each of which, as well as on the roof of almost every house in the town, were the nests of storks, in most instances with several of the young birds. Alcazar is celebrated throughout Morocco for the great number of storks which frequent its ruined walls and houses. "Je crois," says the Sieur de St. Olon, in his account of the Empire of Morocco, in 1694, "que cette ville est le réduit de toutes les cigognes de cette Barbarie, et qu'il y en a plus que d'habitans, je n'en ay jamais tant vu ensemble et dans un même endroit." Several old views of Alcazar, published early in the last century, represent the house-tops and minarets as crowded with storks, the ancestors, I presume, of those which now inhabit the same places. This bird is held in peculiar sanctity by the Moors, who have a tradition that a tribe of Arabs was transformed into a flock of storks by the Almighty, as a punishment for having plundered some *hadjis* when on their way to Mecca; and the Moors consider the slaughter of a stork as little better than the murder of one of their own people. Alcazar is called by the inhabitants Alcazar-el-Kebir ("The Great Fortress"). On the morning of the 23rd May we left this town behind us, and after fording the broad but shallow river El Kous, on the right bank of which it is situated, we passed over some rocky eminences, to the east of which the town of Wazen was pointed out to us. This town is the seat of Sidi-el-Hadj Absalom, the Sharif of Wazen, one of the lineal descendants of the Prophet, and as such deemed a saint by the Moors, among whom he possesses great power, and by whom he is regarded with as much respect and veneration as is the Sultan himself. There are several of these hereditary saints in the country, mostly possessing considerable territories, in which no taxes are collected by the Government, and always commanding great wealth, the result of tribute paid to them (in money or kind) by their fanatical followers, who regard as an honour the accepting of their presents by one of these *sharifs*.

Some miles south of Alcazar our El Araish escort, who had been with us for the last two days, left us, and we were met by Sidi Ben Aouda, one of the caids (or governors) of the great province of El Gharb. This province, one of the richest and most fruitful in Barbary, is under the rule of two governors, the Caid Ben Aouda ruling in the north-east, and the Caid Abessi in the south-west. The caid rode a richly-caparisoned horse, and was accompanied by a hundred followers, all fine-looking men, and mostly well-mounted. Powder-play again took place in our honour; and on reaching our camp in front of the Karia of Ben Aouda, the residence of the caid, we found that great preparations had been made for our reception. Immediately on our arrival a long train of men made their appearance, bearing large wooden trays, in which were bread, sweetmeats, dishes of cooked meats, vegetables, fruit, and eatables of every kind. In addition to this supply—which was in itself bountiful enough for a party of ten times our number—sheep, fowls, eggs, and fresh provisions were also brought to us, and two camel-loads of barley were supplied to our mules and horses. Those who have not travelled amongst Oriental nations can have but little idea of the lavish nature of Arab hospitality. About half a mile from our camp were the tents of the mountaineers, who had been pillaging the Jewry at Alcazar on the previous day, and who were now making their way back to their homes amongst the hills. Several of our party visited their camp in the evening. Some were amusing themselves by firing blank charges of powder in the air, while others beat drums of earthenware covered with sheep-skin, or performed a dismal wail upon the *ghait'a*, a Moorish wind-instrument, producing sounds resembling those of a bagpipe out of tune, played by an unskilled musician. They were a ragged crew of tatterdemalion vagrants, and I have no doubt they were, as was represented to us, great rascals; but, as far as we were concerned, we had no occasion to complain of their behaviour. They were some 1,500 strong; and as they also came in for a share of the Caid Ben Aouda's hospitality, the resources of his larder must have been severely taxed on that day.

After riding a few miles on the following morning, we arrived at the boundary of the jurisdiction of Sidi Ben Aouda, and we were met by the Caid of Abessi, who, with an escort of about 200 horsemen, rode with us to the banks of the Wad Sebou.* During our journey we passed the country market called El Arba Sidi Aisa-ben-Hassan. It happened to be market-day, and an immense number of mountaineers and peasants from the neighbouring districts were collected together, amongst whom the unusual sight of a party of Christians visiting these wilds seemed to create great excitement and curiosity. From this market to the river Sebou our track was over a fine plain, covered with brake, dwarf palm, and a luxuriant growth of low plants and bushes, forming a cover for large numbers of a small bustard, called *boozerat* by the natives, of which birds we put up great quantities. The Sebou is one of the most considerable rivers in the empire of Morocco. Rising in the Jebel Marizan, a spur of the Atlas, some fifty miles south of Fez, it flows to the east of that city; and, after receiving the waters of various tributary streams, empties itself into the Atlantic at Mehedia, 120 miles south of Cape Spartel, irrigating in its course a tract of country some 150 miles in length. By the aid of a little dredging, especially

* *Wad*, Arabic, "a river."

near its mouth, which is now choked up by a sand-bar, it might be made navigable for small craft as far as Fez, where it is as broad as the Thames at Richmond Bridge.

The passage of ourselves, our animals, and our baggage across this river, by means of two leaking and rotten old ferry-boats, was a task not unattended with danger, and one which occupied some hours. Several of the horses refused to enter the boat, and had to be swum across under the guidance of two Moors, who stripped and swam at each side of the animals' heads. It was late in the afternoon ere we were all safely camped on the southern bank of the river. Here we received a most abundant *mona*, or supply of provisions, sent by the Caid of Abessi. During the night there was a thunder-storm, accompanied by much rain and wind; and one of the tents of our soldiers was blown down, the occupants of it experiencing a thorough drenching before they could get under cover again.

Early on the following morning we were *en route*, escorted by horsemen of the Beni Hassan province, which we had now entered. Our road was over an immense flat plain, stretching as far as the eye could reach, almost every part of it well cultivated, and bearing magnificent crops of wheat and barley. After resting for a short time, in the hottest part of the day, under some enormous caroub-trees, at a small village of conical straw-built huts, known as Oulad Kalifa, we continued our journey, and were met by the largest escort with which we had been honoured during our journey. Five caids, governors of different districts in the province of Beni Hassan, each with the standard of his tribe, and each accompanied by more than a hundred horsemen, met us and rode with us over the plain to our camp. During our progress we again had the pleasure of witnessing the great dexterity displayed by these wild horsemen in the *lab-el-barode*, for which the broad plain over which we were passing afforded a splendid exercising-ground. Seven hundred horses and mules were that night picketed round our tents near the banks of the Wad Ordoum, a tributary of the Wad Sebou; and, including the great number of followers who had accompanied our escort on foot, there could not have been less than a thousand men in our camp. Here, as at every halting-place, we had large quantities of provisions sent for our use. Here, too, we had an opportunity of witnessing a curious Arab custom. In the evening a woman entered the camp, and on attempting to obtain an audience with the consul-general she was refused admittance to his tent by our guards; but making her way to where his horse was stationed, she flung her arms round its fore-feet, and called loudly to him to hear her. It appears that by the Arabs the horse's feet are regarded as a sanctuary, from which the soldiers dare not remove her. Our consul listened to her tale, which was one of some act of injustice, imaginary or otherwise, which she, a widow, had sustained at the hands of one of the caids who had met us during the day, and she begged that the consul would intercede for her; and on mentioning her application to the caid, he promised that inquiries should be made into her case.

Some 300 cavalry accompanied us on the next day to the termination of the plain, when they left us in charge of a smaller escort, under whose guidance we ascended the range of lofty hills lying to the west of the *vega* of Fez. The day's journey over this rough country was a most trying one, especially for our baggage-mules, many of whom were by this

time suffering from sore backs, the result of the continued wear of the clumsy packs made use of by the Moors. Towards the close of this day's mountain-ride, we passed the town of Ben Amar, situated, like an eagle's eyrie, on a pinnacle of rock far above our heads. As we neared Fez, we noticed that on all the hills were extensive plantations of olive-trees. We were met at the termination of our day's ride by the Caid of Loudana, with about thirty horsemen of his tribe, and several of the soldiers of the Sultan. He excused the smallness of this guard of honour by telling us that he had been disappointed in receiving a contingent from some neighbouring village. We stopped at a bridge over the Wad Miques, some three hours' journey from Fez, which we were to enter on the following day, our camp being under the shade of some ancient tamarisk-trees, which were swarming with ringdoves. The land near the bridge was well cultivated, and was irrigated by means of a roughly-made machine, a modification of the well-known "Persian wheel." In the course of the evening we heard some disturbance in the rear of the camp; and on proceeding to the spot to ascertain the cause, we found two men with bare backs lying on the ground, and being thrashed most unmercifully by some of the Sultan's soldiers. Standing close by were some twenty other wretched-looking creatures, bound with cords, and waiting their turn for chastisement. On inquiring the cause of this punishment being inflicted, we were told that the delinquents were the chief men of the village which had failed in supplying an escort to us, and who were accordingly suffering the penalty of their disobedience. We interceded for them, and they were pardoned; and later in the evening they returned and honoured us with a grand display of *lab-el-barode* in front of our tents.

The public entry of the United States Legation into Fez was arranged to take place on the following morning, and at an early hour an escort of cavalry from the Kabyla of Loudana was in waiting to accompany us. Casting aside our soiled and dusty travelling-dresses, we arrayed ourselves in our various uniforms, and at eight o'clock we were starting. After a couple of hours' ride through romantic mountain-passes, we entered the glorious valley in which Fez is situated, and caught the first distant sight of the city, covering several hills, its white houses and many minarets being surrounded by a belt of luxuriant green foliage, beyond which, far away on the southern horizon, were the snow-clad peaks of the mighty Atlas. But we had scarcely time to notice the scenery, our attention being occupied by the continuous arrival of various Government and military officials, who came out to meet and join our cavalcade, which, by the time we approached the city, had swollen to one of considerable length.

The reception of the embassy was a most imposing one, and, I believe, far surpassed in importance that offered to any previous legation which has visited Fez. For the length of a whole mile from the city-gates the road was lined on both sides by the troops of the Sultan, mostly strong hardy-looking fellows, but clad in uniforms displaying a "plentiful lack" of uniformity; the dress of these gallant defenders of their country consisting of the worn-out and disused coats or tunics of the armies of every civilised power—a pair of white or coloured baggy drawers, and a red cap with a blue tassel, completing the costume. The Sultan's body-guard, of which there was a strong detachment, was the only regiment the soldiers of which exhibited any similarity of costume. The negroes com-



SCRIMMAGE IN NEW CALEDONIA.

posing this regiment were all attired in embroidered red jackets and blue drawers. Armed with every variety of weapon, from the old Moorish *espingarda* of the last century, to the recent breech-loading rifle, these brave warriors presented a strange appearance to those accustomed to the sight of modern armies. From time to time, as we passed between the double line of this motley crew, we had to pause to receive the congratulations of the various dignitaries who had come out to welcome us. Amongst these were the Pacha of Fez, the lieutenant-governor, the commander of the troops, the high-priest of the Moslem, and the head rabbi of the Jewish population. A band of renegades, dressed in Moorish costume, were performing Spanish marches on brass instruments. Banners of many colours were flying, thousands of

spectators had come out to witness the very rare sight of the entrance of a party of Nazarenes into the city. The scene, enlivened as it was by the many brightly-coloured dresses of the men, and the numerous finely-caparisoned horses, was a most gay and picturesque one. A guard of honour was waiting to receive us, and we were conducted over the elegant residence which the Sultan had placed at our disposal, by a chamberlain, who had been appointed to wait upon us during our stay. In short, everything was done to make us as comfortable as possible. We had not been many minutes in the house when we were honoured by a visit from the prime minister, who welcomed us to Fez, and who appointed Tuesday, the 30th of May, for our reception by the Sultan, which ceremony I intend to describe in my next chapter.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—VI.

IN Ducos and Fugon, the islands which form the Bay of St. Vincent, there are beautiful grazing-lands, with springs in abundance, and the rent paid to Government by the colonists who have settled there has turned out a good investment for them.

Four hundred sheep, brought to Ducos from Sydney a few years ago by a Mr. Martin G., increased to eighteen hundred in two years' time, costing him, after the first outlay, comparatively a trifling sum. One European and two Kanaks were enough to look after them, and the wages of these men were the only expense he had. Nowhere do sheep flourish so well as in small hilly islands such as these. The ground is rocky and uneven, and keeps their hoofs hard and healthy, so that the foot-disease, so fatal to flocks that graze in low marshy pastures, is unknown there. Then the air is fresh and bracing, and continually changing. The sea-breezes, which sweep right through the islands, keep off all those troublesome flies and insects which so torment the sheep in hot countries, by creeping into the fleece, and, breeding there, injure the wool.

Sheep-farming is supposed not to answer in New Caledonia itself, and hitherto, certainly, it has in most instances proved a very unsuccessful undertaking, the creatures dying by hundreds; but, as yet, enough attention has not been paid to the choice of locality. All the runs were in damp low grounds, where there could never be a current of fresh air. There is a kind of grass, called *Andropogon austrocaledonicum*, very common in New Caledonia, with long sharp spikes or thorns attached to the seed-vessels, and the idea is that it is this grass that kills the sheep, as the thorns are so long and hard that they run through the fleece, and remain sticking in the skin. But the same kind of grass grows in Ducos, and none but that, so that either Mr. Martin G.'s sheep are unusually thick-skinned, or the theory about the fatal effects of the grass must be false.

M. Garnier spent several days in Ducos as the guest of Mr. Martin G., who gave him the most amiable reception, and did all he could to make the time pass pleasantly. They visited every part of the island, and M. Garnier discovered some veins of blue carbonate and green oxide of copper—

the first he had met with important enough to repay the labour of excavation.

Ducos was the first spot on the west coast of New Caledonia visited by the English. The French did not venture into the Bay of St. Vincent—apparently they did not like the look of the innumerable sand-banks and coral-reefs at the entrance, for they named it "Havre Trompeur," and passed it by. The English were more enterprising, and found within a small and very sheltered harbour, where they landed. The plain of St. Vincent, though it is a long way from Nouméa, is becoming rapidly peopled with new colonists, and a town is growing up on the shores of the bay, which will doubtless, in time, make itself independent of the inconveniently-situated capital. North of St. Vincent, at no great distance, is another bay, with a wide river flowing into it, by means of which—or rather, the beautiful valley through which it runs down from its source in the hills—communication might easily be established with Kanala on the opposite side of the island, the advantages of which would be very great. A glance at the chart shows one why the west coast, notwithstanding its fertility, has hitherto been so much less visited than the east, and is so thinly peopled. It is cut off by the want of roads, even more than by distance, from the most important settlements in the island; and the communication by sea is still more difficult and dangerous. In places the reefs are so close to the land that a ship cannot pass between; and even where the channel is sufficiently wide, it is extremely dangerous for navigation, owing to the shoals, sunken rocks, and broken-up reefs with which it is choked.

The number and variety of fish that swarm around these reefs are quite astonishing. They seem only too eager to be caught, and you have only to let out your line to get a bite, and land a fish that weighs from forty to sixty pounds. But it is never safe for strangers to eat fish there without consulting a native connoisseur, for numbers of them are poisonous. Even the Kanaks themselves are not infallible guides, for it is not only that certain kinds of fish are poisonous, and invariably poisonous, but some that are excellent eating generally are poisonous at certain times and seasons of the year. This is

supposed to be owing to the food they eat, but the most careful observers are liable to make mistakes. Not long ago, five of the crew of the *Catinat* died of eating sardines at a time of the year when they are poisonous. In this case, as it happens, a very little knowledge would have been a very useful thing, for one can easily tell by the outward appearance of sardines whether they are in the poisonous stage or not; whereas most fish look just the same, and the natives often have to suffer in consequence, as fish is one of their chief articles of food. They believe that death in such instances is always the result of supernatural agency, not at all of accident; some malignant spirit got into the fish for the express purpose of destroying and injuring the person destined to eat of it.

The Kanaks are born fishermen, and they are wonderfully bold and daring in following their vocation. Turtles and sharks are formidable antagonists, and fierce struggles often take place above and beneath the water, between them and their pursuers. The tail of a turtle is a tremendous weapon, not unlike a two-edged saw, and its owner wields it to good purpose, so that the Kanaks seldom succeed in catching one without getting some ugly wounds in the struggle. Man and turtle very often dive down together, locked in a close embrace, and the fight goes on underneath the water until want of breath brings them both to the surface. On one occasion M. Garnier saw the man get much the worst of it, for he was pulled into the canoe by some of his companions, with his leg cut open from the ankle to the hip, by a blow from the turtle's tail, and the poor fellow died the next day in consequence.

But the most exciting fishing exploit he ever witnessed was the capture of a dugong, an animal allied to the *vaca marina*, and resembling a seal. He was at Balade—or rather, at a little village close by, called Mahamat—sitting on the beach to rest, and eating with very considerable appetite a most meagre supper, when he was startled by loud cries behind him, and the sound of approaching steps. He turned round and saw a number of natives running down from the village, apparently in the wildest excitement. They rushed straight into the water and swam out to sea, some carrying thick ropes of banana fibre. All the women and children of the place came hurrying down after them, and stood on the beach screaming, chattering, and gesticulating furiously. M. Garnier had not the faintest conception what was going on, and tried to elicit some information from the bystanders, but they were too much engrossed with watching the swimmers, and paid no attention to him; so he watched too, curious to see what would happen next. The men swam out, about six hundred yards from shore, and then, one after another, disappeared beneath the water, taking the ropes with them, and coming up now and then to breathe. This went on for some time, until at last they turned their faces landward, and swam slowly back, all holding on to one end of a rope, and towing something after them which appeared to offer great resistance. When they scrambled up on to the reefs and, amid the shouts and applause of the women and children, pulled their prize ashore, M. Garnier saw that it was an immense dugong, about fourteen feet long and seven feet in circumference. The capture of one of these animals is a great event, and the chief of the tribe has immediately to be summoned, it being his royal prerogative, with his own hand, to cut up the carcase and distribute the parts. The flesh is red

and fibrous, and is very much esteemed by the Kanaks and the Malays. It is a curious-looking animal, with a muzzle very like that of an ox, covered with little horny spikes. Two sharp tusks, from four to five inches long, growing downwards from the upper jaw, give it a very fierce expression, and are formidable weapons of defence and attack. It has pectoral fins without any claws, and a tail shaped like a double crescent, and notched like a saw, with which it lashes about in a furious manner, and deals its adversaries most violent blows.

Travellers who go to New Caledonia for a visit merely, and wish to carry away with them an idea of the general aspect and formation of the country, of the nature of its soil and products, and to become in some measure acquainted with the character of its people, will attain their object most effectually by undertaking a journey from Nouméa to Kanala. The distance is about ninety-two miles, and many difficulties must be faced. There are no roads, no signposts, no stations. Rivers and torrents have to be crossed without the help of bridges; and the steep, rugged mountains which form the backbone of the island have to be climbed. Food of any kind is scarce in the interior; and savage tribes, with dangerous appetites for human flesh, and whose hospitality to strangers is likely enough to be of an unpleasant kind, have to be encountered. Still, with a good supply of the energy and spirit of enterprise, without which no traveller in uncivilised and unexplored countries is complete, with an escort of reliable Kanaks as guides, a hardy constitution, and good firearms, such difficulties may be braved; and M. Garnier had all these requirements when, on the 24th of March, at midday, he turned his back on Nouméa and the comfortable house of M. Witt, agent for Paddon and Co., where he had been partaking of a substantial breakfast preparatory to coming exertions.

First their way led them through the rich lowlands, where the rank luxuriant grass met above their heads; until, mounting gradually higher, they came to wooded regions, and wandered along under the arches of gigantic many-stemmed banyans to the banks of the Tontouta, where the soil is sandy and poor, and nothing flourishes but the niaouli—the most melancholy-looking and the most useful of trees—and the *Casuarina nodosa*, through whose wiry, leafless stems, not unlike our mares' tails, the wind plays as on an Æolian harp, making mournful music. The wood is hard as iron, and is used by the natives in the manufacture of arms.

The banyan, or *Ficus Indicus*, sacred in Bengal to the idol Vishnu, and called after a Hindoo caste who build their pagodas under its shelter, is an immense tree, spreading very wide, the branches ash-coloured, and throwing down roots into the soil; the fruit is no bigger than a nut. Near Memgee, twenty miles west of Patna, was a banyan-tree 370 feet in diameter, the circumference of its shadow at noon was 1,116 feet, and it had as many as fifty or sixty stems. It was called the “priest's tree,” and held in so much veneration by the natives that if any one cut or lopped off a branch he was looked upon with as great abhorrence as if he had broken a cow's leg.

But the most characteristic production of New Caledonian soil is undoubtedly the niaouli-tree, or *Melaleuca viridiflora*. It forms a distinctive feature in the scenery of the island, growing alike in the plains, on the gentle slopes, and on the most rugged mountain-sides. To the Kanak it is an invaluable possession, and some of its uses have already been enumerated in these pages. It has a long flexible trunk, often

twisted in the form of a screw, the wood of which is black and the bark white—hence its name, *Melaleuca*. The fruit and the leaves yield by distillation an essential oil of a greenish colour, very aromatic, and very much resembling the cajeput-oil which is distilled from the *Melaleuca leucodendron*, and is such a valuable remedy for acute rheumatism and gout. A careful analysis should be made of the oil of the niaouli, for if it possesses the same properties as the cajeput-oil it would be a rich source of revenue to the island, the quantity of oil contained in the leaves being very considerable, and the cost of distilling, comparatively, exceedingly small. Like so many things in nature, this tree must therefore not be judged by

appearances, for under its rough and unattractive exterior are hidden many precious qualities. It has no beauty, either of form, foliage, or blossom; its outward characteristics being a twisted, knotted trunk, of a dirty-whitish hue, bare and scanty branches, small leaves of a dark and ugly green, and greenish flowers, emitting a most disagreeable odour; and the only living creatures ever seen among its boughs are the repulsive-looking vampires, of tawny colour, that come down in flocks at sunset to feed on the seeds. The olive-trees in Europe bear some analogy to the niaouli; but they have a strange, indescribable beauty which makes them dear even to an artist's eye, and which no one can attribute to the Kanak's friend.



BAGGAGE-ANIMAL, INDIA.

Black Bear Shooting in the Himalayas.—V.

BY G. BESTE.

AFTER leaving our pleasant encampment on the Ganges, we journeyed down towards Teree, where we intended remaining a week. Our road or path ran parallel with the river, in a valley now broad, now narrow, but always picturesque, and conveniently well stocked with villages. We found, too, that the nearer we stuck to the river the more plentiful was the game; the bears and deer especially seemed to favour the milder climate of the valleys and the more abundant verdure. The only objection to this plan of following strictly the course of the Ganges was the constant necessity for crossing the river. Sometimes, after walking several hours on comparatively level ground, which in the Himalayas becomes a positive pleasure, we found our further course arrested on the side we were on by the river running for one or two miles under precipitous cliffs many hundred feet in height. In such a case there was always a bridge of ropes to enable the traveller to cross over to the opposite side, where there almost certainly was a piece of flat and low ground, as a contrast to the precipitous banks over the way. But these bridges were such rickety, crazy

concerns, apparently so unsafe, and, besides, so very difficult to cross upon, that we generally preferred to strike half a day's journey into the wild jungle, to walk over very steep and difficult ground parallel to the river's course, but some distance from it, and then return to its bank, when the cliffs, or whatever obstacle had turned us out of our course, had been evaded and passed. As to the bridges, we used them once or twice when less formidable than usual, but when I say that in the whole period of our ten weeks' trip in the Hills we did not find a single bridge over which our dogs could have crossed on foot, their insecure nature and our reluctance to use them will be at once understood.

Their construction depended naturally on the breadth to be spanned over. For bridging narrow streams the primitive engineers of the district contented themselves with felling a conveniently handy tree, in such a manner that it fell across the chasm or torrent to be spanned. A few slices roughly taken off the upper part with an axe completed the structure. In no instance do I remember meeting with a wooden handrail until

we had reached the lower Himalayas, where, at an elevation of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, only, above the sea, villages and paths were more frequent. A sort of bridge we often met, but which we only crossed once, to save a day and a half's journey, was appalling in its simplicity. The place over which was stretched the "suspension bridge" to which I allude, was formed by the two nearly perpendicular banks of the Ganges, through which the stream, narrowed to about eighty feet, dashed and whirled at a frightful pace. To readers who have had the good fortune to journey down the Danube, and to pass through the "Iron Gates," I may mention that this place was very like (only narrower) the worst part of the Iron Gates, where the stream is fastest, the rock steepest, and the height dizzy. Our coolies, who knew the kind of bridge we were coming to, and who were anxious we should pass it, as they wished to reach Teree, towards which we were journeying, in time for a native festival, gave us no particulars about the nature of the structure, merely saying that it was made of rope, and that other sahibs had passed that way. When, therefore, in advance, with Mounyah and a gun-bearer, we reached the river, and found one thick, coarse rope stretched across from side to side, so loosely as to be swinging, we naturally asked for the bridge. Our amusement on learning that this one rope, stretching from banks about one hundred feet apart at the top, was the suspension bridge we had to cross, was intense. We looked upon the possibility of getting across *over* such a bridge as so absurd that it was not until later, when we learnt it was really proposed that our whole party should cross over, with the assistance of a single loop running loosely over the rope, that we were struck with amazement and dismay. The rope was as thick as a stout hawser, but, instead of flax, it was made with horsehair, coarse wool, fibrous grass, and spun cotton; in fact, *every* material, except that used in civilised countries, seemed to enter into its composition. Whilst we were examining it, Mounyah and the coolie were busily engaged in tightening "the bridge," with the assistance of some loops purposely made in it, and some handspikes; so that when they had finished their operation the rope was tolerably "taut." Over the edge of each bank, where the rope would have otherwise chafed, there were placed some small boughs of trees, in such a manner that the

bridge did not come into actual contact with the rock and sharp stones. At a first sight of it we had naturally supposed that the manner of crossing the bridge consisted in simply walking across the rope *à la* Blondin, with perhaps a smaller rope stretched across to serve as a handrail; and even then the first man to venture across would have had to dispense with that slight additional security. The thing seemed absurd to us; the idea of our heavily-laden coolies, of our dogs, and especially of our timid Plain servants, gracefully tripping over

a tight-rope, stretched across a roaring torrent fifty or sixty feet below, and in the midst of which there just peeped a sharply-pointed rock, to make one's fate still surer in case of a *faux pas*, was nothing short of ludicrous. And nevertheless, in less than an hour and a half, ourselves, our coolies, our baggage and stores, our servants and our dogs, were safely across. Even the reader cannot be more surprised than we were when the feat had been performed, and we took a parting look at the place before proceeding on our journey. Smith, as soon as we were across, sat down to make a sketch of the operation; I much wish I had it still. The plan followed was this:—I have already said there was a loop or ring over the rope; there were two, one at each end, made of the same material, only not so thick, as the bridge itself. Fastened to these loops was a large piece of smooth wood, very like an empty reel of cotton; the loop passed through the reel, which, when it was about to be used, was placed *on* the "bridge." The loop was large enough to admit of a full-sized man's body.



HINDOO GIRL.

Our bank was a foot or two higher than the opposite side; so that when the bridge was fairly "tautened," and the loop properly adjusted, with the large reel uppermost, resting on the rope, it (the loop) would run down nearly to the opposite side. It being impossible to stretch the rope quite straight, there was a slight dip or bend, which would prevent the loop running quite as far as the other side. These preliminaries being explained, it is only necessary to mention that the active mountaineers, used to that mode of crossing rivers, placed themselves into the loop, back undermost, and, with their legs and arms curled round the rope, gently slid down to nearly the opposite side, and finished the journey by pulling themselves on with their feet and hands! All

the coolies, excepting those who were carrying the tent and other large, awkward loads, shot across with their bundles strapped to their backs, merely taking the preliminary precaution of securing the loads rather better than ordinary. Smith and I were made additionally safe by being fastened to the loop in such a manner that even if we had lost our heads or fainted we should not have fallen.

We then separately and successfully made the trip, "working our passage" for the last ten feet or so, amidst the cheers of the coolies. Our Plain servants were similarly fastened, and, in addition, were pulled across by a rope made fast to the loop, as they seemed to doubt their ability to "shin up" the last bit. The dogs were carried across on men's backs; the heavy and awkward luggage was fastened to the loop and pulled across: and so, in rather under two hours, our whole party of over thirty men had managed to get across what appeared at first a ridiculously impossible place.

Even when the details of the bridge arrangement were explained to us, and its feasibility understood, I think we would have taken the long way round, notwithstanding the shikarees' and coolies' many statements of Sahib so-and-so, who had ventured across, if it had not been for the promptings of curiosity, which inclined us not only to see but to experience the novel mode of transit. One of our coolies remembered hearing of a party of English sportsmen, with whom was a lady, passing that very bridge. Some relations of his accompanied the party as coolies, and they declared the *mem-sahib* (English lady) had crossed without more assistance than being fastened as we were. But that story needs confirmation, especially as I think the man told it before we had crossed, in order to decide us to give up the half-formed plan of going round.

We saw several more bridges of this description, but this was the only one we crossed. I should add that on the opposite side (on which we landed) there was an artificial mound, about four feet high, with a stout post. Travellers crossing from that side could shift the rope from its usual situation to the mound, and fasten it to the post, and by that means bring their end of the bridge to a level slightly higher than the opposite bank, and slide down to the other side, instead of working their way *uphill* the whole way across. Similarly, a party crossing from the side we had arrived at, and finding the bridge-rope fixed at an inclination disadvantageous to themselves, would only have to wait until two men had crossed to replace the far end of the bridge to the natural low level. Altogether, the bridge, considering its great simplicity, was really very ingenious; and to the Hill men, accustomed to similar rough contrivances, it no doubt appeared a convenient and adequate construction, but in reality it needed a good head and strong nerves for any one not a sailor to use it without danger. I doubt whether any person introduced to this form of bridge without a previous course of Hill walking, and scrambling on the very edge of precipices and mountain-torrents, could be induced to use it, except to save dear life.

At Neree, a village situate near the Bahgeruttee, where the river first takes a general south-east course—its direction previously having been almost due south-west—we came upon the encampment of three English travellers returning to Mussouri, after an ineffectual attempt to reach Gungoutri. They had had nearly a week's start of us, we therefore congratulated ourselves on our decision not to persevere. According to them, some heavy falls of snow had occurred in

the higher regions; and a party of belated pilgrims had suffered fearfully, leaving five of their number dead behind them. One of the travellers was suffering from a frightful mauling from a bear, which he had wounded, and which charged him, knocking away his gun, and hugging him furiously. He owed his escape from certain suffocation and crushing to the *sang-froid* and good shooting of a brother officer, who had the nerve to fire at the bear whilst the heads of hugger and huggee were less than six inches apart. He was standing exactly thirty-seven yards off—it was measured afterwards—and dreaded the consequences of delay, as the bear was furious, and doing its best to utterly extinguish and annihilate its captive; so, instead of running forward for a nearer shot, and thus wasting a few seconds of precious time, he raised his rifle, and taking scarce more than a snap-shot, sent a two-and-a-half-ounce short spherical bullet clean through the bear's head, the bullet entering half-way between the eye and the orifice of the ear, and coming out through the orifice of the opposite ear. The animal fell dead on the spot. A very lucky shot. The man who was being hugged tried to cry out to his friend to fire, but the pressure and pain were so great he could gather no breath to speak. All he could do was to look in his direction, and his look was understood. But the time his friend was aiming seemed endless to him, although it probably was only two seconds—certainly less than three. He afterwards said that the possibility of his friend's missing the bear altogether, or increasing the animal's fury by wounding it slightly, or, what would have been even worse, the chance of being hit himself, never struck him; his only thought was—his only wish—that his friend might shoot quickly and rid him of his embracer. I think there are not many men who would take such a shot without a single moment's hesitation. It must be a very trying experience, and, in my opinion, the killer of the bear deserved much more credit for his prompt, unhesitating decision to fire, and his quickness in putting his decision into effect, than for the wonderful precision of the shot.

In addition to some ugly scratches down one side of his head and ear and face, from a blow of the bear's paw, the sufferer's body was bruised all over, from his shoulder down to his loins, and his arms, especially from the shoulder to the elbow, were as if painted with large patches and streaks of black, blue, and brown. He could only walk slowly. We were glad to be able to spare them ten or twelve brace of partridges and jungle-fowl, as they were running short of stores.

I have given no list or numbers of the different animals we killed during our trip, now drawing to a close. A mere enumeration of the game killed on any occasion is very uninteresting to me, and is not the slightest criterion of the sport one has met with, and, above all, of the enjoyment one has had. Taking it all round, we had very good sport, and very great luck; we shot specimens of every bird and animal generally found in the middle Himalayas, being particularly fortunate in the number of deer, of different sorts, and black bear which we secured. The only animals missing from our list were the Hill tiger, which is rarely found; the great wild goat—a very shy animal, which is becoming scarcer every year in Ghurwal; and the wild dog, which we saw, but did not care to shoot.

We sent down to Dehra four separate detachments of coolies, laden with the skins and heads of animals we had shot. Twice we sent three men, once four, and once five men, besides

taking a goodly quantity of bears' grease, deers' heads, martin, chamois, and bear skins with us, when we descended the hills to Hurdwar. Indeed, the number of skins, heads, and horns, besides the very perfect specimens of pheasants and other birds stuffed by Mounyah, which we obtained, was so great that, had we been so inclined, we could readily have disposed of our spoils of the chase at a price which would have amply covered all our expenses during the two months and a half we were in the Hills. Reflecting on the fact lately, I have been surprised that more men do not go for a three months' shooting excursion to India. The expense of the journey to Bombay is much less than it was ten years ago. From Bombay to the Himalayas the cost of travelling is infinitely less per mile than any European travelling, and, considering the number of one's followers in the Hills, the expenses are ridiculously slight. If the sportsman, or rather sportsmen, have moderately good luck, are careful to have the skins, heads, &c., of the animals they shoot properly preserved, and do not object to selling them—in England they will get the best price—they will in that manner cover one-fourth of the expenses of the trip. However, figures are more satisfactory. Here they are:—Southampton to Bombay, £75; Bombay to Mussouri or Simlah, £18; two weeks at either of these places, whilst organising the "expeditionary forces," collecting coolies, &c., £10; stores for a four months' trip, £25; and about £1 a month for extra flour, &c., whilst in the Hills, say £5 for the whole trip; servants, coolies, &c., £17 a month; return journey, Simlah to London, £95—or total for a single person, just under £300; and that includes his whole expenses for six months, on a very liberal scale. But if, instead of going alone—a bad plan, expensive, and unsociable—he is accompanied by two friends, who will share the very slightly-increased expense of coolies, servants, and stores, the total expense for the three will be £700, and each man's share, of course, only £235. Unless the party is composed of very bad shots indeed, or unless they are pursued by execrable luck, the skins and heads of animals they shoot will fetch at least £100 (double that amount would be a very moderate estimate, but I am satisfied to name the lower sum), and thus reduce each man's total expense, during a six and a half months' absence from England, to £200. Which simply means that any bachelor, with an income of £500 a year, and not tied down by a profession or other hindrance, can enjoy a trip to the "glorious East," and four months of first-rate shooting, amidst the grandest scenery imaginable, and in a delicious climate.

The very day after leaving the homeward-bound party from whom we had learnt the savageness of wounded bears, whilst we were returning home, after having had some very good sport in a small jungle, well stocked with woodcock, we suddenly came on two bears, feeding on a deserted honeycomb. We had only shot-guns with us, loaded with No. 7 shot. Smith's gun-carrier was carrying a leather bag, divided into compartments for ammunition, and in one of the pockets found a few spherical rifle-bullets. Smith drew his charge—it will be remembered he always used an old-fashioned "egg" gun—and slipped down in each barrel one of the bullets, secured in a thick cloth wad. We were above the bears, and it was evident they wished to pass us, to reach their caverns, or usual dwellings, probably not far behind us, and where it was also probable some young cubs might be lying. We at once dispatched the younger gun-bearer

for our rifles, not more than three-quarters of a mile away in camp, and amused ourselves throwing stones at the bears, who seemed most reluctant to leave the spot. As the hill we were on was rather steep, and we were above the bears, we felt tolerably safe, but Smith could not succeed in getting nearer than ninety or one hundred yards from them, at which distance it would have been absurd to fire with a smooth-bore gun. The only thing we could do was to keep the bears well in sight until our rifles arrived, and also to keep our vantage-ground above the bears, and not allow them to reach some rocks behind us, where they surely had a cavern, from which it might be very difficult to smoke them out. It was good fun at first, the movements of the uncouth animals were so very risible; the impatience of the female bear was especially amusing to watch. She would grunt and start, first to one side, then to the other, and then plant her fore-paws on the ground and rock from side to side, like a horse "weaving," uttering a lamentable sound all the while; then, suddenly leaving off this movement, she would run at the male, and ram her head against his side, as if to express her anger at the difficulty he had led her into. Affairs began to get worse, when, in answer to the grunt of both animals in front of us, there appeared in the distance behind us, a couple of little hairy black balls, toddling about in the most ludicrous manner, and uttering the sharp noise made by the small bear-cubs. The old ones could not see them, but they heard them plainly enough, as we saw by their excitement. At one moment I thought they would escape, as they started off for a long circuit to our left; and Smith was about to fire, in order to wound one if possible, or, at all events, divert them from their intention of going the whole way round, which would bring them above us, and quite alter the relative security of the parties, when, of their own accord, they stopped, and the she-bear turned short round and advanced towards us. But the hill was too much for her, and she turned off again. Her last movement had brought her much nearer to us, and the cubs were also approaching. We were open to the danger of the big bears charging us when we were next to undefended; and to the nuisance of seeing the cubs pass us and reach their parents. Every minute we looked at our watches, and we began to fear the men with the rifles would miss us, as we had moved a considerable distance away from the place whence the gun-bearer had been dispatched. Our impatience was misplaced, the three men came running up bathed with perspiration, and unable to speak from having made such haste. As soon as our rifles were loaded, the four natives, including Mounyah, set to work catching the cubs, and after a little dodging and running they secured one, which they held and caused to squeak until the old bears approached near enough for our purpose. I hid behind a tree, and after Smith had had his first shot at the male, I ran forward to the she-bear, who was coming slowly nearer. When I was within eighteen or twenty yards I fired, and killed her with a single shell—a thing which very seldom happens; for, although shells are much more destructive and deadly than ordinary bullets, bears are so tenacious of life, they have so few vital points, that even a shell must burst exceptionally well, and just at the right distance after penetrating, to cause a bear's instantaneous death. It is the only case I know of a bear being killed by a single shot.

The cubs (the other was captured later) were taken away by our men, and sold by them on our arrival at Terree.

Recent Explorations in the Himalaya.

THE examination and study of the Himalaya—taking that term in its widest sense, as including the whole of the mountain system separating India on the north from the plains of Central Asia—will give work to hundreds of devoted explorers for generations to come. We shall have long to wait before we obtain so good a knowledge of this colossal mountain range as we now have of the Swiss Alps. From north-west to south-east the axis of the great mountain belt extends in a gentle curve for a distance of 1,800 miles, with a breadth of from 400 to 500 miles. In crossing them—at least in their central part, from the plains of India, near Simla, to the opposite side in Turkestan—no fewer than eleven successive mountain ridges have to be surmounted, by passes generally higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The height of the peaks and ridges, the wide-stretching plateaux, the position (between 25° and 35° north latitude), so much nearer the tropics, give a far greater variety to the natural phenomena than is witnessed in the Alps. There are slopes and valleys clothed with all the vegetable exuberance of a tropical jungle, middle heights glowing with an infinite diversity of rhododendrons and Alpine flowers, and elevated plains, sterile and icy as the Arctic regions. There are glaciers sixty miles long, and scores of snowy peaks exceeding 20,000 feet in height. The diversity of climate throughout such an extent of mountainous country, lying across the path of the warm tropical winds of the Indian Ocean on the one side, and the dry-chilling blasts from Northern Asia on the other, is great. There are, in fact, scores of different climates in different parts of the range, and hence the animal and vegetable productions, which depend so much on climate, are diversified in a corresponding degree. The elevated plains are overrun with hordes of a primitive species of horse, with numerous kinds of antelope, wild sheep, wolves, and many smaller animals. Tribes of men of various races, languages, customs, and religions, people the valleys.

The chief obstacle to exploring the Himalaya, beyond the frontier of our Indian Empire, is the intense and ever-watchful jealousy of the nations and tribes who own the territory—the Buddhist Thibetans on the east, and the more dangerous Mohammedan Hill tribes on the west. By degrees, however, our knowledge is extending, and especially with regard to the section lying between Ladakh, or Little Thibet, and the northern part of the Kuen-lun, near Sanju.

Last summer, Mr. Douglas Forsyth and Mr. R. B. Shaw crossed the mountains in this part on a semi-political mission to Yarkand and Kashgar. The expedition failed in its main object, owing to the absence of the King of Turkestan on a war-like expedition to the North-east; but on the return journey, Mr. Shaw, who has shown himself to be an observant and accomplished traveller, was detached from the rest of the party to explore an unknown belt of country, a little to the south and east of the Karakorum Pass. The journey did not occupy many days, but it has added greatly to our knowledge of the physical geography of the Himalaya.

Mr. Shaw found that the table-land of Thibet becoming narrower at its western extremity, terminates abruptly about thirty miles to the east of the Karakorum Pass. This great

plateau, elevated from 13,000 to 17,000 feet above the sea level, stretches for an unknown distance towards the east, certainly for several hundred miles, as a slightly undulating plain. Towards the west, it gradually rises, and at this part it is not inhabited, although one of the principal trade routes between India and Yarkand here lies across it. Proceeding westwardly from this road, Mr. Shaw reached, after an imperceptible ascent, a point where the lofty plain suddenly terminated. All beyond, as far as the eye could reach, was a confused mass of lofty peaks, precipitous ravines, and abysmal winding gorges. The massive table-land was thus broken up into a mountainous region of the most rugged character, which continues henceforward, without any considerable extent of plateau, as far as the head-waters of the Oxus. Mr. Shaw's path lay through this unknown and pathless labyrinth. His object was to reach what is called the "summer" trade route between Leh and the Karakorum, and he attempted to descend, with his party of coolies, by the nearest and most promising valley. Leaving the edge of the plain, and following the sloping ravine, he found, after a time, the walls of the valley becoming gradually steeper; a few miles further it narrowed into a chasm, and presently became a mere crack, no wider than an ice-crevasse. The walls, which were at first vertical, now overhung, forming for many miles a sort of corridor, of which the roof was so low as to oblige the men to stoop, while the floor consisted of opaque white ice, the stream, or mountain torrent, to whose corroding power, in fact, in the course of ages, this wonderful chasm was due, having become solid. A gloomy light was all that penetrated between the overhanging walls, varied by an occasional glimpse of the sky. In some places the passage was blocked up, or descended by such abrupt steps that the baggage had to be let down by ropes to successive stages. All went well until the party reached, on their descending march, a point about 15,700 feet above the sea (the height of Mont Blanc). At this lower level, the ice of the mountain torrent was partially thawed, and its broken edges so lacerated the limbs of the coolies, that the stream was dyed with their blood as they struggled along under their burthens. According to Mr. Shaw's account, their sufferings were horrible; and at the end of the second day's labour they lifted up their voices and wept, or rather howled, saying that they were willing to die where they were, but further they could not go. Thus the attempt to descend by this route had to be abandoned. Mr. Shaw retraced his steps, and sought for another way down to the lower country, this time with better success.

This rugged region, in fact, displays the wearing agency of water and ice on a more wonderful scale than had yet been seen in the Himalaya. The whole western edge of the Thibetan plateau is flanked by a colossal ridge of limestone, and as the waters all run westward, with the valleys widening in that direction, the prevailing winds, cloud-laden from a lower level, sweep up towards the ridge, and discharging their moisture, form torrents, which, in the course of ages, have worn the limestone into a confused mass of rugged peaks, steep precipices, and labyrinthine chasms.



DANISH CHATEAU.

From Stockholm to Copenhagen.

THERE are certain European kingdoms whose present position is analogous to that of mediæval ruins—grand and picturesque, beyond all question, but with a grandeur and a picturesqueness which belong wholly to the past. Setting aside altogether the hackneyed examples of Greece and Italy, it is startling to observe how many names that once reverberated from East to West, like the thunder of heaven, are now mere ciphers in the world's account. 'The land of Camoens and Vasco de Gama and Prince Henry the Navigator is now but the shadow of a shade. Spain, the conqueress of the Moors, the queen of half the world, the mother of Rodrigo Diaz and Gonzalvo de Cordova, has dwindled into a third-rate kingdom, hag-ridden by grovelling superstition, and rotted piecemeal by festering corruption. Switzerland, the rock on which the tide of German despotism broke unavailingly—the land whose stout-hearted shepherds, with simple old mountain-hymns in their mouth and the terrible Swiss halbert in their hand, turned to flight the armies of the aliens on many a well-fought field, and drenched with the best blood of Austria the soil of Sempach and Morgarten—what is she now? Denmark, who once poured her red-haired buccaneers over every coast of Europe, is now pared down to a thin strip of land on the margin of the Baltic, living only in the memory of its past. And Sweden, the most famous and most ill-fated of all—Sweden, who buck-

lered the cause of oppressed Protestantism against a world in arms, and cast the die with Russia for the Empire of the East—has shrunk away like a wreath of mist before the sunrise, while her despised neighbour bears rule from the banks of the Niemen to the waves of the Pacific, and lords it unchecked over the four goodliest provinces of her former rival.

Some such thoughts as these suggested themselves, naturally enough, to my mind when, on a fine morning in the end of May, I looked my last upon queenly Stockholm, in all the pride of her royal and commanding beauty, her towering forehead garlanded with fresh leaves, her green islets and broad white bridges outstretched below, her far-extending quays bristling with a forest of masts, her curving shores wooded to the water's edge, and, in the midst of all, the wide, smooth expanse of the Maelar glowing in all the splendour of the Northern sunrise—"a sea of glass mingled with fire." The time of my journey was well chosen, and the scenery through which I passed, while steaming southward along the central railway, might challenge comparison with any in Europe. The Northern forests, so gloomy in spring and autumn, are in their glory now, and the sea of fresh foliage that extends in every direction is a lovely sight; while the broad, still lakes, framed in slopes of velvety greensward, the rugged rocks starting up through the smooth grassy turf, the little vermilion-coloured

cottages, and white, high-roofed station-houses here and there, make up a charming picture. At one moment we overlook a boundless expanse of rich, level corn-land, dotted with painted huts; in the next we are darting between two overhanging rocks, which bend their brows at us as grim old Pope and Pagan may have done when the gleam of Christian's armour was seen advancing through the goblin shadows of the terrible Valley, and he passed unscathed between them. While we are yet gazing back at them the scene changes once more, and we find ourselves skirting a shady dell, in the hollow of which a group of giant trees bend over a babbling brook, like aged men listening fondly to the prattle of a child. Sweden is indeed, in the best sense of the word, a holiday country. The trim and dainty cleanliness of the towns comes upon one with a sense of unutterable relief after the unredeemed and universal beastliness of Russia and Finland—like a sudden flight from Dauphiné into the heart of Holland; and as you seat yourself beside a spotless tablecloth, with a saucer of ham, tongue, beef, and smoked salmon at each corner, and a coffee-pot (flanked on either side by a little vase of fresh flowers) in the centre, and survey through the half-opened window the passing groups of fresh, rosy, jolly-looking country-people on their way to market, it is difficult to believe that you are distant only one day's voyage from the sallow, beetle-browed "mujiks," with their broad, low foreheads and ragged sheepskins, living every man on his own dunghill, and every man beside his own pigsty, and drinking every man the poison of his own tavern.*

Not the least interesting feature of this charming country is the air of archaic, Rip van Winkle repose which pervades her quaint little villages, harmonising well with the soft, dreamy, peaceful Swedish scenery amid which they lie cradled. The scribbling tourist, labouring to patch together his "Rambles in Northern Cities," or "The Knapsack in the Land of Odin," who has given himself a fortnight to see and know every detail of a country 1,200 miles in length, and containing 4,000,000 of inhabitants, and who naturally grudges every moment of delay which keeps the expectant world from the enjoyment of his inestimable production, may skurry past these little nooks without wasting a thought upon them; but for him who has eyes to see, there is nothing from Malmö to Hammarfest more deeply interesting or attractive. This quaint old-world village life is the history of Sweden written in black-letter. In yonder white, low-towered church, around which the little one-storeyed cots nestle like chickens round the mother-hen, the voices of many a loving wife and tender mother have mingled, long ago, in some simple old Lutheran prayer for the brave lads who had gone southward with Father Gustaf Adolph, to fight for the true faith against the godless janissaries of Austria. This little stooping building of black-and-white beams, inscribed in half-effaced letters with "Sma Barn Skol, 1684,"† through the lozenge-paned windows of which comes the buzz of children's voices crooning over their afternoon lesson, may have sent forth more than one of the brave, patient soldiers who died uncomplainingly amid the dreary

wastes of the Ukraine, at the bidding of Charles XII.* From that puckered little cottage with the hook-nosed roof, which announces itself, on the strength of three books and a newspaper in its one window, as a *bibliotek* (library), has doubtless gone forth some portion of that great educational impulse which is now leavening the entire nation. And all around lie ridges of mossy rock, and green waving woods, and quiet lanes flanked by walls of loosely-piled stones, and shady nooks that would gladden the eye of an artist, and little log-huts painted bright red, in front of which groups of stalwart ruddy-cheeked men, in blue stockings and steeple-crowned hats, are smoking their short pipes, or chatting pleasantly together, as they may have done in the days when beautiful Stockholm was darkened by a reign of terror, and when the last of the blood-royal was skulking in the mines of Dalecarlia. Very simple and unpretending are these little nooks, which Time himself seems to have forgotten; yet it was even such nooks as these which sent forth the men who stormed Wallenstein's batteries at Lutzen, and turned to flight the armies of Russia—8,000 to 80,000—on a bleak winter morning before Narva, long ago. And one glance at the firm, patient, helpful countenances of these stalwart villagers suffices to show that, although the day of Swedish supremacy be over, the good old Svenske blood has not yet grown cold. It is in such a country, and amid such a people, that one learns to appreciate the full strength of that feeling so nobly expressed by our own English poetess:—

"Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall;
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!"

Seen as I saw it, in all the glory of the short-lived Northern summer, the town of Göteborg makes a noble picture, and one perhaps more genuinely national than even Stockholm itself. From the summit of the cliff crowned by the citadel (a little crow's nest of moss-grown stone, armed with two guns and defended by twelve men) the whole of the splendid panorama may be surveyed at a glance. On one side extends the smooth, glittering sea, mirroring in its glassy expanse the leafy crests of innumerable islets; on the other, long ridges of dark, heathy hill, whitening beneath the morning sun, follow each other to the horizon like rolling waves. At our feet the town lies outspread like a map, gay with all the varied tints of its many-coloured walls and red-tiled roofs, garlanded by the tender green of the wooded park; its tall church-towers standing up like sentinels, and the broad, smooth canal, flanked by its grassy hill-sides, lying in the midst like a winding thread of gold. And, conspicuous on the opposite bank of the canal (sharply outlined against the broad flood of light which is now filling the great market-place) rises the tall pedestal from which the greatest of Swedish kings watches over his people, the same in form and attitude as when he stood on the last and most glorious of his fields, 238 years ago.† As the dancing sunlight plays upon the life-

* In actual morality, however, Sweden has little, if at all, the advantage of Russia. Official returns show that from 1830 to 1834, out of a population of 3,500,000, 1 person in every 49 of the inhabitants of the towns, and 1 in every 176 of the rural population, was punished each year for criminal offences; and it would seem that since that time this startling average has increased rather than lessened.

† "Sma' bairns' school"—almost pure Scotch.

* The sufferings of the Swedish army from cold and hunger during its march across the Ukraine were so terrific that (as the Swedes themselves admit) the number of men still fit for service, when Peter the Great attacked them at Poltava, did not exceed 18,000; the whole campaign of 1709 being, in fact, an exact prototype, on a smaller scale, of Napoleon's Moscow expedition.

† Gustavus Adolphus was killed at Lutzen, November 5th, 1632.

like features, we almost seem to see the strong hand lift itself on high, as if waving on the charging battalions, and to hear the bronze lips thunder forth that war-shout before which the bold and bearded men of the South had quailed once and again—"God with us!" A fit sentinel he for the shore of the land which he loved so well, and which still cherishes his memory as her most precious inheritance—an inheritance which may well console her for the loss of all that the madness of Charles XII. flung away.

On a quiet Sunday evening, when the leaves whispered in the soft summer breeze, and the square massive theatre, whose barred gates show that it too is reposing for to-day, looked down upon the passing groups with a grave smile reflected from the western sunlight, I strolled into the great park, and sat down on a rising ground to watch the townspeople in the enjoyment of their one day of rest. And there they come, throng upon throng, in their trim holiday garb—the healthiest, heartiest, happiest-looking folk that eye could wish to rest upon, rejoicing like children in the fresh air and glorious sunshine, and brief breathing-time of perfect freedom. The tradesman unwrinkles his deep-lined forehead; the mechanic straightens his cramped shoulders, still aching with yesterday's work; the round-faced apprentice forgets for a time his ten hours of daily drudgery, and two species-dalers a week.* Here comes a portly paterfamilias, pulled in five directions at once by his riotous brood; there sits a cheery old lady in a huge coal-scuttle bonnet, petting the chubbiest and noisiest of grandchildren. Farther on, in all the conscious dignity of a man who has some one to protect, goes strapping Nils in his well-brushed coat and jaunty wideawake, arm-in-arm with the kerchiefed and short-skirted Frederika, whose rosy face is tinged with a deeper bloom by the admiring gaze of her cavalier; while the hearty-looking old greybeards, who follow a little way behind, wink knowingly at each other, and crack all manner of threadbare jokes upon the unconscious "young people." And there, stern and silent amid the universal rejoicing, stand the famous "Combatants,"† hardened into imperishable bronze in the moment of their fiercest grapple, the fatal belt linked round them both—a cold, murderous satisfaction, too deep and stern for excitement, in the face of the elder man, as he presses back his exhausted adversary, and wrenches his own hand free for the death-blow.

But we must not linger too long over Göteborg, for "time and tide wait for no man," and the Copenhagen steamer is punctual as a tax-collector. A few hours, and we are threading our way through the maze of wood-crowned islets which encompasses the mouth of the harbour, and making for the open sea, in company with an assemblage as heterogeneous as the army of Hannibal. Here figures an excited Englishman, acting Laocoon to the life in his efforts to arrange an endless convolution of fishing-tackle; there, a lengthy Swede, with a huge hat of cork, and himself forming a perfect likeness of the bottle which should support it. To the right appears a group of squat, round-shouldered Finnish peasants, with broad, puffy faces and thick yellow hair, irresistibly suggestive of over-

* A Swedish species-daler is equal to two Danish Rigsbank dalers, or about 4s. 6d. English.

† A bronze group by a noted Swedish sculptor, representing the mortal combat of two brothers, who are linked together by a sword-belt. The medallions round the pedestal sufficiently explain the story of which this duel is the *dénouement*. The sculpture appeared at the British Exhibition of 1862, where it obtained a prize.

boiled apple-dumplings; to the left, a fine specimen of the real British merchant, talking vehemently, in a miraculous dialect of his own invention, to a Russian officer, whose air of studied politeness shows that he does not understand a word of his neighbour's observations; while in the background gather a medley of rakish-looking German students, trim jaunty Danes, dapper little Frenchmen, glancing with a conquering air at every lady within range,—Russian tourists on a week's run from St. Petersburg, in order to be able to talk about their "travels,"—spruce Swedish cadets, discussing the merits of the new opera loud enough to assure all bystanders that they know nothing about it.

"Young lads, and stooping elders
That cannot bear the gale;
Matrons with lips that quiver,
And maids with faces pale."

For to-day—to parody the old song—"a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a stormy morning;" and more than one unseasoned passenger, gazing anxiously at the white crests of the leaping waves, already feels in anticipation, the icy clutch of the dread Minister of the Interior. However, the captain, with a benevolence hardly to be looked for towards a freight of "land-lubbers," has got dinner ready while we are yet beneath the protecting shadow of the Swedish coast; so that, as our English Laocoon unfeelingly remarks to the most forlorn-looking of the company, "there'll be time for *one* good meal, at least, before the fit comes on." And a right royal meal it is—soup, fried trout, thin strips of smoked salmon loaded with pepper, roast beef, boiled beef, slices of German sausage, neck of veal and bacon, fried potatoes and cabbage. Surely, now, it is time to cry, "Hold, enough!" since, apparently, we have already held too much! But, as if in answer to our thoughts, "enter from behind the scenes," an enormous plum-pudding, which might do duty for a schoolroom globe; then a dish of rice and preserve, followed by Dutch cheese; and finally strawberries and bilberries with cream and sugar *ad libitum*. Small wonder that I am suddenly disquieted by the recollection of a story concerning an American table-d'hôte at three-and-a-half dollars per head, at which one man remained eating so long after the rest, that mine host at length hinted at being obliged to charge him an extra half-dollar; whereupon Jonathan, mistaking his meaning, answered imploringly, "For Heaven's sake don't do that! I'm nigh dead already, eating the worth of three dollars and a half; but if you clap on another half-dollar's worth, *I'm bound to smash!*"

But every enjoyment in this world must be paid for sooner or later, and in the case of our "gay company" the reckoning is not long delayed. My *vis-à-vis* at dinner is a big, red-faced, jolly-looking Danish merchant, applying himself to the dishes around him with the business-like "hoc age" air of a man accustomed to give his whole mind to the duty of the moment. The edge of his appetite once blunted, however, he turns out to be a very frank, hearty, companionable old fellow, speaking perfect English and very respectable German,* constantly breaking into peals of boisterous laughter without the slightest

* The superior education of the Danes speaks well for the working of the "Government school system," established by Frederick IV. in 1721. There are at present in Denmark—exclusive of Copenhagen and the other great towns—2,274 schools, containing 2,354 teachers, which, in a population of 1,700,000, is at the rate of one schoolmaster to every 700 inhabitants. The teachers receive a yearly salary from the Government of from 600 to 700 Rigsbank dalers, or between £70 and £80 of our money.

apparent reason, and delighted to meet with any foreigner who has even a smattering of his beloved native language. We are soon on intimate terms, and go on deck together, at the close of the feast, as though our acquaintance were of ten years' standing. But on deck all is confusion. The wind is blowing right in our teeth, lashing the "billowy Kattegat" into vast ridges of seething foam, which toss our poor little craft to and fro like a shuttlecock. The way in which the various races meet this trial is worth remarking. The Finn rolls himself tighter in his greasy sheepskin and goes comfortably to sleep with his feet in a basket of eggs, and his head in a pool of dirty water; the Russian buries his head in a fur cap and enormous comforter, and peers out of the bristling mass like an owl in an ivy-bush; the Frenchman walks the deck jauntily for about five minutes, with the air of a man heading a forlorn hope, and then suddenly disappears below; while the Englishman thrusts his hands into his pockets, and marches doggedly to and fro in the teeth of the wind, with that look of stern resolution worn by John Bull when dancing a quadrille, or performing any other act of painful duty. At length a tremendous sea comes full on our quarter, shaking the vessel from stem to stern; my

hastily up the companion-ladder of the quarter-deck, and drive my head with mathematical accuracy right into the stomach of the captain, who goes sprawling in one direction while I turn a somersault in the other.

"Ten thousand pardons!"

"No harm done, sir; indeed I think you're quite right to come up here for a mouthful of fresh air. They seem to me to be in a bad way down yonder."

"You don't often have it as rough as this in summer, I fancy?"

"No, very seldom; but I saw this gale brewing all morning. We'll be rather late in getting to Copenhagen, I'm afraid; but once in the Sound, we shall go on an even keel."

But for the slightly "sing-song" accent peculiar to the Swede, our skipper's English is faultless, and I am not surprised to hear that he has spent several years at Hull when a lad, and has since that time had a good deal to do with Englishmen. After chatting with him for a while,

I return to the lower deck to look after my old Copenhagen merchant, upon whose vast harvest-moon visage his worst agonies have left no trace whatever. As I approach, he looks up in my face, between two terrible paroxysms, with a broad



HURDENBORG CASTLE, LAALAND.



LOVENBORG CASTLE.



D'EGESKOW CASTLE.

friend the merchant stops short in the midst of an uproarious laugh—a terrible spasm, like the plunge of a whale struck by the harpoon, convulses his huge frame—he writhes himself half round, and in another moment is busily imitating the attorney's clerk who "got sick of his situation and threw it up." At the same instant, each of the four German students sees the ghastliness of his own face reflected in that of his neighbour, and staggers feebly to the bulwarks; the jauntily cadets, too miserable to care about keeping up appearances any longer, hang limply over the gunwale, like clothes drying; while I, thinking it high time to escape from this Chamber of Horrors, spring

jovial grin, as if inviting me to congratulate him, which, under the circumstances, I cannot in conscience take upon myself to do.

But everything earthly must have an end, even a voyage in the teeth of a Baltic gale, and towards evening we find ourselves snug in the smooth, land-locked Sound, alongside the little quay of Elsinore, where we halt three-quarters of an hour to discharge and take in passengers. And in truth the view before us is well worth a second glance. No painter could wish for a better subject than this weird old shadow of a town—the sepulchre of a forgotten dynasty. The slanting rays

of the western sunlight cast a dreamy splendour over the graceful sweep of the encircling woods, which girdle the little red-tiled cottages that cling to the curving shore—over the green slopes of the Swedish hills beyond the blue rippling Sound, and the grey, silent towers of the ancient Kronborg, on whose mouldering ramparts one can still picture to oneself the pale, resolute face of the doomed prince as he strides toward that awful shape which, terribly visible amid the deepening gloom, beckons him onward. The apocryphal “Hamletts-Grav,” which the Danes still venerate in the garden of the Marien-Lyst Palace, a mile from the town, is not needed to hallow such a spot as this, doubly consecrated as it is by the power of

in that grip his hand would fare as corn beneath the flail; wherefore instead thereof, he held out the bar of the door. Olger Danske (for he it was) gave it a grasp that left the prints of all his fingers therein, as though the iron had been soft clay; and with a grim smile he cried, ‘Ha! I see there are still *men* in Denmark! I may rest yet awhile!’ and with that he laid him down to sleep once more. And there he sleepeth, and shall sleep, till Denmark be set in sorest need, and help there be none; then comes he forth once more, to victory and to vengeance.”

From this point onward we are in smooth water, and have leisure to admire the beautiful panorama before us. To the



THE EXCHANGE, COPENHAGEN.

native tradition; for it is the dungeon of this castle which legends have assigned as the dwelling of Olger Danske, the national hero of Denmark; and here (as the grand old Saga that bears his name tells us in its racy Danish vernacular) “it befell that a peasant went down into the dungeons, and lighted upon an oaken door, fastened by a huge bar of iron. He withdrew the bar, and straightway the door swung open, and there came forth a mighty voice, saying, ‘Is it time?’ Sore dismayed was the peasant, yet he stood fast and peered into the darkness to see what this might be; and then was he aware of a man in rusty mail lying along upon the floor (bigger by far than all the men of that day), with a white beard to his girdle, and a blood-rusted sword across his lap. And again he lifted up his voice, and asked, ‘Is it time?’ But the hind bethought him, and answered, ‘Not yet.’ ‘Give me thy hand, then,’ said the giant. But the peasant wist well that

left extends the long purple band of the Swedish coast, flecked here and there by a leafy hill-side or a white cluster of houses; to the right, the winding shore of Zealand discloses an endless succession of tiny bays, whence quaint little villages, embosomed in foliage, peep at the passing steamer like shy children; and in the midst lies the blue dimpling Oresund in all its beauty, touched by the glancing light with a thousand sparkles. And at length, in all the glory of a sunset which is nowhere more surpassingly magnificent than on the Baltic, we come in sight of the dark-red batteries, and bristling masts, and long white streets of the Merchant City,* standing out against a background of living green. Once inside Copenhagen, you are ready to forgive her level uniformity and utter want of elevation, and to give yourself up entirely to the quaint old-world atmosphere which surrounds you. In England, that

* Kjöbenhavn (Copenhagen) means “Port of Trade.”

keen-edged, utilitarian civilisation of the nineteenth century has cut its way through every stronghold of the past; we think by telegraph, and act at the rate of sixty miles an hour. France and Prussia, cultivated as they are, are marred by the all-pervading atmosphere of pipeclay, which puts itself forward as though even national progress could only advance in time to the "Pas de Charge." The newly-donned civilisation of Russia sits upon her as uneasily as Robinson Crusoe's goatskin jerkin upon the naked shoulders of the unreclaimed Friday. But in Denmark the simple primitive life of the "good old times" still flourishes in all its fulness. From the homely, comfortable-looking palace (smaller than many a railway-hotel) of the reigning sovereign, down to the red-tiled cot of the fisherman, with its spotless floor and flower-decked windows, one finds everywhere the same air of unostentatious neatness and pastoral simplicity. As you saunter past the grey, many-gabled Exchange, with its fantastic spire of intertwined serpents, founded by Christian IV., in 1624; or look up at the vigorous old age of the Nicholas Church, with its hale brick-red complexion defying the threats of Time; or watch the red-capped nshermen, dotting the beach as they may have done in the days of Olger Danske, you feel prepared for any marvel of the old world. You would hardly start at hearing Andersen's storks criticising the libellous ditty carolled in their dishonour by the naughty boys of the Oestergade, and Hamlet moralising over the skull of Yorick in the Store Kirkgard;* or at seeing Fru Morgana flitting past in her dazzling chariot, and rosy-cheeked Hjalmar floating seaward in his toy barque, crunching the endless sticks of enchanted barley-sugar. Many a vaunted landscape, many a belauded museum, is less remunerative than a stroll down the Oestergade† on a fine summer afternoon. Picturesque groups indeed are those which fill it—ruddy schoolboys outward bound on a bird-nesting crusade, in all the limitless delight of a "whole half-holiday;" stalwart labourers, whose thews and sinews would have satisfied the most critical Viking of old time; spruce, handsome soldiers, looking pleased with themselves and with the world in general; brisk apprentices, making the air ring with broad jests and responsive peals of laughter; elegantly-dressed ladies, eyeing the new fashions in the shop-windows with true scientific appreciation; and, perhaps, remarkable amid all that busy throng, the long gaunt figure and bright dreamy eyes of Hans Christian Andersen—all thorough specimens of that quaint, shrewd, daring, indomitable Danish race, which the changes and conquests of eight centuries have left substantially the same as in the days when Ragnar Lodbrog chanted his death-song amid the encircling vipers, and Hubbo of Odinsee hewed Ella in pieces before the gates of York.

As regards the "sights" of the town, there are not a few which may safely be omitted; but the most inveterate opponent of "lionising" might well spare a morning to the Thorwaldsen Museum, where the greatest of Danish sculptors sleeps amid his collected works—works of marvellous finish and endless variety, from the stern repose of the "Vulcan" to the grand and commanding beauty of the colossal "Jason," which, catching the eye of a munificent patron of art‡ years ago in an Italian studio, became the foundation-stone of its author's fortune. Even the little plaster casts, no larger than chimney-

ornaments, which fill the smaller rooms, bear the unmistakable impress of the great sculptor's genius. One of these minor groups, representing the taking of Briseis from Achilles, is wonderfully effective; the impassible faces of the aged envoys, the "longing, lingering look" of the beautiful girl as she is dragged away, and the repressed fury which betrays itself in every limb of the terrible hero, straining his sword-hilt till the belt stands out like a bowstring, have a vividness and fidelity to life which might satisfy Homer himself.

The fitting sequel to this morning at the Museum is an evening visit to the Fru Kirke, along which are ranged Thorwaldsen's "Twelve Apostles," six on either side, with the figure of our Saviour above the great altar at their head. In all Copenhagen there is nothing finer than this famous band; the high hero-bearing of the impetuous Peter—the stately solemnity that clothes the massive forehead of James the Protomartyr—the flowing hair and sweet serene face of the "beloved disciple"—and, conspicuous above all, the calm compassionate look, and hands outstretched in blessing, of their Divine Master. Royal gifts indeed are these, under each and all of which should be written: "All these did Thorwaldsen, as a king, give unto the king."

Space would fail me were I to dwell upon all the noteworthy spots in the vicinity of Copenhagen. Fredensborg, the Danish Kensington, with its trim little palace and spacious park; Rungsted, the Brighton of Copenhagen, yearly thronged by metropolitan loungers; the vast gloomy palace at Fredericksborg, the country residence of Frederick VI., ever silently watching its own sullen shadow in the dreary tarn below—each and all of these I surveyed, from point to point, under the able guidance of a resident acquaintance, whose boundless knowledge of local events and traditions whiled away many a weary midday march, and whose stories of Nelson's attack on the city would have sufficed of themselves to make any Englishman feel proud of the deeds done by his countrymen in the "brave days of old."

But it was with very different feelings that, on the evening of the Sunday after my arrival, I strolled into the Soldiers' Churchyard—a spot which, if only for the sake of those qualities which men have revered and women have loved since the beginning of time, should be hallowed ground to all who approach it. The great cemetery beside it may be finer and more ornamental, but it lacks the simple pathos which surrounds those who "died in harness." In the cemetery there are costly marble crosses and obelisks of polished granite; the soldiers' ground shows only plain wooden tablets, all bearing the same terribly significant date (1864) and the brief touching inscription: "Died for the Fatherland"—fit epitaph for such men, who knew at least how to die when success was hopeless. Not a single man buried there was over thirty-five! Picked men indeed were these, Denmark's best and bravest; "rare food for powder," as the Imperial Artillerist used to say of his legions. They lie here in native Copenhagen, with the sweet spring flowers growing above them, and children who were but a year old in the time of the great conflict bringing their little cans of water to sprinkle the graves of the fathers and brothers whom they never knew. "There are still *men* in Denmark," said Olger Danske to the peasant of Elsinore; and well might he say so of those who stood for five hours under Nelson's cannon at Copenhagen, and held their own for weeks against the Prussian needle-guns at Dybbøl. "In pace requiescant."

* The great cemetery, which lies just out of the town on the western side.

† East Street, the Regent Street of Copenhagen.

‡ Mr. Hope, the author of "Anastasis."

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—V.

HYDERABAD AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ON leaving the Resident's palace I made my way towards the beautiful bridge which spans the river. This bridge, which dates from the year 1831, has eight arches, each fifty-six feet wide; one of them, however, which stretches across a village, measures seventy-seven feet. In the bed of the river were many elephants busily occupied with their toilet. Some of them standing up were sprinkling their backs by the assistance of their trunks; others lying down on their sides seemed to take a lively pleasure in the prolonged frictions to which they were exposed at the hands of their mahouts, with a view to cleaning them.

I entered the town by the new gate, close to the ancient gate of Delhi.

The exterior of the palace of Salar-Jung (or Warrior Jung), like all Mussulman edifices, is poor. The courtyard is spacious, but miserable to look at, and the soldiers who stand sentry at the gates have a wretched and half-starved look. The interior is clean and well kept. The Dewan received me in his principal reception-room, which is at the far end of an inner court. It is ornamented with a huge basin, and surrounded by many coloured wooden columns. In the reception-room itself, the columns are encrusted with small mirrors, and the ceiling is entirely concealed by this curious ornamentation. The furniture is European in style, principally of ebony and rosewood. On each side of the courtyard are rooms, entrance to which may be obtained by doors covered with matting. The Durbar—which is an assembly where political affairs are discussed and judgment given—is held every day in one of these rooms. Shoes have to be removed on entering the presence, as the place is sacred.

The prime minister, who was then thirty-three years of age, is a handsome man, tall and fair. His moustache is black as jet. His manners are elegant and stately, and his look keen. He understands English well, and writes it; but does not venture to converse in it, for fear of the Mussulmans, who are fanatics. He was clothed in a long white woollen robe, which extended to mid-leg, and was buttoned up the front. Wide drawers completed his costume, save that he wore on his head a little cloth cap worked in silk and in gold.

The Dewan receives strangers on behalf of the Nizam, and greets them most cordially.

The celebrated gardens of the twelve gates are very extensive, and under the superintendence of a Frenchman. Groups of coco-palms give them a lively and agreeable aspect. In the dining-room, three hundred guests can be accommodated. Tasteful Arabian columns on a small scale decorate it. It is open on one side to the garden, and overlooks a vast sheet of water, from whence spring innumerable *jets d'eau*; on the opposite side is a terrace, and from here fireworks (that indispensable accessory to all Oriental feasts) are sent up.

I found two royal tigers in this garden; they are very tame and gentle, and may take rank amongst the Dewan's most faithful friends. Other interesting animals are to be seen, amongst them a cheetah, a nyngau, a flying squirrel from Java, a civet-cat, fallow deer, &c.

One of the apartments in the palace is devoted to a museum, where a collection will be found of the principal manufactures of the Deccan, the vegetable products of India, and most of the medicines which are used by the natives. Amongst these curiosities, I remarked some of the varnished wood-work of Kurnoul, metal vases encrusted with silver from Bidar, marble statuettes from the Punjab, transparent tissues of silk and silver from Arungabad, the kinkab (a sort of silken material worked in gold) from Hyderabad, filagree jewellery from Cuttack, and other objects of interest.

No European can visit the town without a permit from the Dewan. The British Government make this rule in order to avoid riots and assassinations, both of which might possibly occur from the presence of *Giaours*, or Christians, in the midst of the fanatic Mussulmans. I begged permission to view the city, which was graciously conceded by Salar-Jung, who provided me for the purpose with two of the most beautiful elephants of the Nizam.

The only two remarkable monuments in Hyderabad are Chahar-Minar, and the Djama-Masjid. The former is a square building, flanked by four minarets of great elevation. Each façade has a door in it on a large scale, opening into a space in the centre, in which is a fountain. Above the doors a double gallery is constructed. One of these galleries is ornamented with recesses, the other with small open-work columns. The whole together is a beautiful monument, and thoroughly well proportioned, and it is to be regretted that it is covered with a coating of white lime.

The other building, the Djama-Masjid, is the great mosque, in front of which a huge basin has been excavated, and there the faithful perform their ablutions. I entered the courtyard seated on my elephant. The minarets of this building are stumpy, and very little in keeping with the dimensions of the mosque. Near the basin several tombs are seen surrounded with rails. The columns supporting the mosque are square and massive.

But these edifices are not the most remarkable of the sights in Hyderabad. That which most interests the stranger is the thoroughly Asiatic aspect of the town. The streets are crowded with men whose heads are covered with turbans of every conceivable colour, not unfrequently embroidered in gold. The white robes and silken tunics of these gorgeously-attired individuals are seen side by side with the common labourer clothed in a simple waist-cloth. The women wear pantaloons, and are wrapped in long white cloth habiliments; but this dress barely conceals the bosom, and leaves the back entirely bare. Other women are seen whose faces are hidden in the folds of their garments, and this so completely that even the eyes are protected with metal wire-work. Hindoos with their caste marked on their foreheads; and shopkeepers lazily crouching down before their modest display of goods, chiefly consisting of the necessary provisions of the East, complete the motley group. Every passer-by is armed to the teeth with sword and dagger, and bears in his hand a matchlock. Elephants and chariots, concealed by rich drapery, and frequently accompanied by forty or fifty armed men, pass

rapidly by; each chariot preceded by an individual bearing a wreath of green leaves, announcing the presence of some illustrious personage. Palanquins, covered with gilding, and hermetically closed, by the side of which runners armed with drawn swords group themselves, ready to chastise the insolence of any

its gardens has so charming an aspect, is entirely enclosed by the most dilapidated houses, and looks little better than a heap of rubbish from the exterior.

During my promenade amongst this crowd, who were all gazing with unfavourable eyes on my European costume, I met



SCULPTURED ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE KANHERI CAVES.

one desiring to peep into these conveyances, are also frequent. All these things, and the aspect of the houses, to which the climate has given a look of antiquity, exhibit peculiarities belonging to this city alone, and it is almost the only one in India which has kept up till now its true Oriental character.

The dwellings of rich and poor are so mingled together that no one would guess that a wretched hovel often prevents nearer approach to the architectural designs of a wealthy abode. Thus the palace of Shoums-Oul-Oumrah, which when seen from

a Mussulman saint, wearing a striped mantle, a pointed hat, and holding in his hand a brazen trumpet. These saints have great influence with the people in all Mussulman countries, and are celebrated for their bigotry. On perceiving me, he blew his trumpet, which brought the passers-by together, and he then commenced insulting me by word and deed. Happily I towered far above his head, and, thanks to my elevated seat, I could gaze in perfect safety on this ignorant multitude, brutal in their fanaticism and ignorance. I easily under-



INDIAN DANCING-GIRL.

stood why Englishmen were not allowed to perambulate this town, full of dangerous madmen, side by side with these Mussulman prophets.

Naked Hindoo fakirs may be seen, their bodies striped with white. To neither of these fanatics would it be an unwelcome task to assassinate the European who should find himself in their midst, if they could do so and dispose of all traces of their crime without fear of discovery.

So narrow are the streets that my noble quadruped more than once carried away the balcony of a house. These balconies are large, and I was enabled to see into the interior of some of the native houses thus laid bare.

My astonishment was great at seeing so many elephants, for they crossed our path continually, some laden with fodder and wood, others carrying either howdahs of different shapes, or mattresses and seats, on which were extended the native nobles, in gorgeous silken robes. Bells are hung from the necks of elephants, in order to warn riders and camel-drivers to get out of the way.

The next day, early, two elephants were sent to convey me to Golconda, where the fort is situated. In this fort all the jewels of the Nizam are preserved. This ruler, like all Oriental princes, takes the greatest delight in diamonds and pearls, indulging this somewhat feminine passion to excess. Without the walls, the tombs of the princes of the dynasty of Koutub Shah are erected.

All that now remains of the ancient town of Golconda consists of the embattled and fortified enclosure, within which are some uncultivated plots of ground, and a little hill crowning the fort guarded by Arab sentinels. No European can gain admission to it.

The old cemetery is close by. Here numberless tombs and mosques are to be found, all remnants of ancient splendour. The finest and most important of these tombs were formerly surrounded with stone walls. They only differ in their dimensions and ornamentation. They are generally square buildings, rising from the ground from a block of granite. Six steps lead to the tomb, every façade of which is ornamented by seven arcades, twelve feet wide. In the centre a rosette is sculptured, supported by massive columns. On the principal base is a square edifice, half in stone, half in brick, plastered over with lime. The corner-stones are formed by octagonal pillars, supporting little minarets, and finished off with five balls, one in each centre, and the others at the four corners. They are connected by a delicate fretwork.

The second storey is capped by a spheroidal dome. In the midst of a large undecorated room, a black marble monument is erected, composed of four receding tablets, and on it are inscribed, in bas-relief, verses from the Koran. Notwithstanding its extreme simplicity, this black mausoleum under a vast white roof has a striking effect. Most of the pillars are octagonal in shape; and many parts of the monument, such as the base of the dome, are decorated with enamelled bricks, brightly coloured. Several tombs have their domes covered with enamelled brilliants, which reflect from afar the dazzling rays of a tropical sun. Every here and there, on the line of the second storey, a rim of these bricks is built in, and on these, on a blue background, verses from the Koran are printed in white characters.

Unfortunately, the greater part of the enamels, whose bright colours were so peculiarly suited to the Oriental

climate, and the secret of whose construction has been lost, have been seriously injured, but in other respects these monuments are in a fair state of preservation. The height of the most elevated is about 130 feet.

Near each tomb little mosques are erected, the façade of which, turned towards the east, is supported by two or three columns. At the extremity of the columns rise small minarets.

On quitting Golconda, I proceeded to the reservoir or tank of Mir-Allum, four miles from Hyderabad. It is formed by a noble embankment, across the valley where formerly there was a watercourse. The form of the bank is semi-circular.

From the banks of the reservoir the view is magnificent and extensive. The traveller sees beneath him immense fields, highly cultivated and fertilised by the waters of the artificial lake. On the horizon the four minarets of Chahar-Minar soar above the green oasis in which the town of Hyderabad disappears; to the left the Secunderabad barracks appear in the far distance like long white lines traced on the verdure of the valley where the Moussa flows; while behind the lagoon are hillocks bristling with granite blocks, whose savage aspect contrasts with the *tout-ensemble* of the rest of the scene.

On the eve of my departure, they were celebrating at Moulah, a village ten miles from Hyderabad, the festival of a certain Mussulman saint, who, on soaring to heaven, left on the summit of the hill the imprint of his foot. On this spot the faithful believers have a mosque, and the nobles have built country-houses, which they occupy during the two days of the festival. It was a good opportunity of witnessing the rejoicings of the Mussulmans, and I hastened gladly to the scene of action.

Hundreds of elephants draped in red and gold, whose brows were artistically painted with a green crescent, or some other emblem of the faith, and carrying on their backs *oumrahs* magnificently clothed in silk, formed a very curious spectacle to the European eye. Each animal was preceded by a troop of soldiers armed with matchlocks, and with a lighted match in their hands, whilst they shrieked aloud the titles of their owners and waved their torches. Further on were carriages of eccentric design, covered with rich drapery, containing *bayaderes* who bent beneath the weight of jewels, and gaily sang to the music of cymbals and drums. Scattered about were palanquins, camels, pedestrians, all blocking up the road. Every house was lighted up with paper lanterns, and thus added to the extremely Oriental aspect of the motley and noisy multitude. I was at first astonished to see the elephants crossing this compact crowd without causing the slightest accident. If any one loitered on his way, the elephant delicately advanced his trunk to warn him of his approach by familiarly tapping him on the shoulder, in order that he might make room; but he never stopped in order to do this.

That evening I was present at several nautch dances. The dances in the East differ entirely from ours. They are simply measured movements, more often than not accompanied by chaunts, the rhythm of which is monotonous and drawling. Three men playing a drum and cymbals accompany the motions of the dancing-girl, whilst her companions, squatting on the floor, beat time with their hands and sing in chorus. Only one usually performs at a time. She stamps on the ground with her feet loaded with bells, and her only evolutions consist in turning round and performing undulating movements with her arms and

body; the spectacle presented is more extraordinary than attractive. The songs sung are, generally speaking, simple recitatives, in which from time to time the singer breaks out in high notes, which seem to rise into the air like the song of the lark as she soars towards heaven. Most assuredly a European freshly arrived in India, who has, perhaps, heard accounts of bayaderes as if they were irresistible enchantresses, is astonished and even disappointed when he sees them and hears the music. They must fall far short of what he has been led to expect through exaggerated descriptions.

The dress of the bayaderes is rich, and very decorous. Indeed it is more so than that of the women who go about in the streets.

In warm countries, where the first object of existence is calm repose, nothing would be less conducive to this result than the agitated dances and music of our land. With us, even pleasure is a toil, whilst the representations given by bayaderes, far from causing fatigue, plunge one into a pleasing melancholy; no lassitude is felt, and the mind allows itself to be gently rocked by the poetical recitals of love tales, which are customary in entertainments of the kind. I do not hesitate to say that I was not disgusted with these original representations; especially after a somewhat lengthened stay in the East. I became influenced by the smoke of my hookah, by the mimicry and voices of the bayaderes, and without allowing my senses to become fatigued, everything appeared to me as in a dream.

During the evening the attendants continually bathe the faces of the assistants with rose-water, contained in silver basins brocaded with gold. It is a most agreeable preparation, and on evaporating deliciously refreshes the face. Trays containing silver dishes laden with cornucopias of betel-nuts, and syrups, and sweetmeats were handed round.

Towards the end of the evening I retired, and mounting the ladder of six steps which led to my seat on the elephant's back, returned to the bungalow, from whence I intended to start early next morning for Madras.

BOMBAY.

The town of Bombay has Christian as well as Indian temples. It is the seat of an Anglican bishopric, subordinate to that of Calcutta. Lady Falkland, wife of one of the last governors of the presidency, thus alludes to the Anglican churches in this city: "The first Sunday after my arrival in Bombay I set out for the church of Bycullah. It very little resembles our English churches. Large windows, shaded by Persian blinds, allow of the free circulation of the air. Several natives hovered round its portals, leaning against the wall. I was curious to find out what drew them there. Was it a feeling of curiosity to view the governor at his devotions? I soon found out that no feeling of this kind troubled them, and that they consisted only of servants whose duty it was to move the punkahs which hung from the roof of the church. The cords supporting these enormous fans are passed through a hole pierced in the wall, and as soon as the company begins to assemble the boys set them in motion. There is a punkah for the officiating clergyman who reads the service, and one for the preacher. Such an arrangement is indispensable in India, as it refreshes the air and puts to flight the flies and mosquitoes which would otherwise incommode every one during Divine service. I noticed that chairs took the place of benches, and this struck me as peculiar, although I felt I should soon get accustomed to the strange sights which every instant struck me in my new residence."

During the offertory it is the custom for some one to go round to the congregation, as is sometimes done in England, to receive the alms of the worshippers; but here those who give nothing are offered a square of paper and a pencil, in order that their names, their addresses, and the amount of their donations may be inscribed. It is thus impossible to escape from some subscription for the benefit of the clergyman, and no gentleman or lady occupying any decent position in society can avoid making an offering.

Bombay is also the residence of one of the four apostolical vicars of India. He holds office direct from the Pope. All the descendants of the Portuguese, who here muster pretty strong, belong to the Catholic Church.

There is no pagoda worthy the attention of the archæologist in Bombay or in its outskirts, although one on Malabar Hill is not without considerable interest in other respects. In front of it are two polygonal towers, in which are small niches, built for the purpose of holding little oil-lamps which are placed there on feast-days.

Near Malabar Point, close to the garden surrounding the Governor's palace, a little village may be seen on the declivity of the hill; surrounded by a wall on all sides, except that next the sea. It is entered by a gate, near which may always be seen, seated with the imperturbable silence of a statue, an old Brahmin, whose only covering is a coating of lime. This village, of which the houses seem as if placed on tiers one above the other, is named Walkeshwar—literally "the Sand-master." The Hindoo tradition narrates that Rama, a subordinate divinity, was on one occasion travelling, and had been on foot since the dawn without having met with a single spring of water where he could refresh himself. He was, as may be supposed, suffering cruelly from thirst. Taking an arrow at length from his quiver, he shot it into the sand on the shore, and immediately the water sprang up on the spot, where at present there is a pond. On the shore, half-way down the steps that lead to the sea, a small temple has been built. It forms a most picturesque object, but has nothing of special interest in the interior.

In addition to its churches, chapels, Hindoo pagodas and temples dedicated to Parsee worship, Bombay also contains synagogues, Jainic temples, Armenian churches, and mosques. No one here troubles himself with disproving or turning into ridicule the religious practices of his neighbours, and nowhere in Europe—where indeed real toleration is a virtue little known—would such complete liberty of conscience be found.

Mention has been already made of the island of Elephanta, which lies in the south-eastern angle of the harbour of Bombay. The name Elephanta was originally given by the Portuguese, because of a colossal stone elephant, still to be seen near the usual landing-place. This animal was represented wrestling with a tiger; but now only an indistinct outline of the statue remains, in which the hand of man is scarcely apparent. The natives give this island the name of Garapouri, or "the Place of Caverns." It is about six miles in circumference, and consists of a valley between two hills. In the summer months hill and dale are entirely clothed in verdure, and have a most picturesque effect; but this is not the case always.

In Bombay are to be found those masterpieces of patient labour which have been so much admired in the great International Exhibitions of modern times, in those departments set aside to illustrate the produce of India. Each province is

celebrated for some particular branch of industry. Ceylon furnished carved ebony and jewellery; Cuttack, goldsmiths' craft and filagree; Vizagapatam, buffalo and stag horn ornaments; Trichinopoly, metal chains; Pondicherry, arm-chairs and wooden statuettes; Aurungabad, incrustations of silver on

slender sticks of ivory and metal are transformed by the native workman into numerous elegant and brilliant ornaments, frequently to be seen and greatly admired in European drawing-rooms.

At Ellora there is a colossal statue of Buddha. The Jains



PRINCIPAL CAVERN OF KANHERI.

metal. The inhabitants of Bombay have also their speciality, consisting of articles of furniture in a hard black wood, exquisitely carved, and resembling the most delicate lace-work. It is to be regretted that with this marvellous beauty of detail the designs for the furniture are not lighter and more elegant. Besides the large articles in black wood, card-cases, desks, and boxes of every kind and size, covered with arabesques and bas-reliefs, and constructed of sandal-wood, are also to be met with, and the ivory inlaid carving is curious. Bundles of

worship it under the name of "Parasnath," and it is every year visited by numberless pilgrims. The Jainic form of worship is here of very ancient date, and even the cavern temples of Ellora, known under the appellation of "Indra Soubhra," which date before the Kailas, belong, it is now admitted, to this intermediate faith between Brahminism and Buddhism. These are, in all probability, the oldest Jainic monuments in existence, and they date from the commencement of the schism which divided the Jains from the Buddhists.

A Golden Legend.

SOME years ago, when in Nova Scotia, I was asked to take shares in a very peculiar enterprise. I think I am breaking no confidence if I relate the particulars of it, more especially as I derived not a little of my information from printed prospectuses, issued by the promoters, and from various odd scraps of newspapers which have since been sent to me by those who knew my early interest in the matter. It is substantially as follows :—

Many years ago, when the province was a wild, blooming forest in summer, and a bleak, snow-capped wilderness in winter, an old man resided in the then British colony of New England, whose early life was wrapped in mystery. He had been a sailor in his younger days, and people said he had been a soldier too, for on his brown face there could be traced the marks of a sword-wound. Often had the curious endeavoured to sound him on the subject of his early career, but it was a fruitless task. The old man was as mute as a rock concerning his history. At last, when people began to give up all hope of extracting the tale of his life, the old cosmopolite was taken sick, and on his death-bed admitted that he had been one of Captain Kidd's rovers, and that, many years before, he had assisted in burying \$4,000,000 worth of gold beneath the soil of an island east of Boston, the proceeds of Kidd's piracies. He had often intended to make an effort to recover it, but fearing that the attempt might lead to the discovery of his early crimes, he preferred to remain contented with the competence he had, without incurring the risk of further suspicion. More than this he did not seem inclined to reveal. The death of this mysterious man, and his secret, were borne from lip to lip as a household word along the New England shore, and the settlers for years searched all the islands lying off the coast for some traces of the subterranean treasure vaults. But all their searches threw no light on the buried treasure, and years rolled by, and people gave up the search.

Nearly a quarter of a century later, three men named Smith, Vaud, and M'Ginnis emigrated from New England, taking up land on Oak Island. As soon as these men had erected their huts, they commenced the work of felling the forest that covered the island. M'Ginnis, while roaming over the island one day, was astonished to discover traces of former civilisation, and upon pushing his explorations further, he discovered that the first growth of timber had been cut down, and that a second growth was springing up, while some stumps of oak, that had fallen under some white man's axe, were visible. Adjacent to this clearing stood an old giant oak, whose forked branches fell over another small clearing; and to the forked part of the oak, by means of a wooden trammel, converting the oak into a small triangle, was attached an old tackle block. M'Ginnis was a Scotchman, and after shrewdly taking into account the whole of the circumstances, came to the conclusion that this *meant something*, and determined to take his companions into the secret. The following day they visited the spot together, and on attempting to remove the block, it broke to pieces, so decayed was it by age and exposure. While exploring the place they found the remains of a tolerably well-made road, from this place to the west

shore of the island, and part of this road can still be seen. The first thought that struck them was that this was the island referred to by the dying sailor. Its secluded situation, the marks of former habitation, and other circumstances, all appeared to accord with what they had heard of the *locale* of Kidd's hidden plunder. They were still more strongly impressed with this belief when they found that the ground over which the block and tackle hung, had settled down and formed a hollow. At once the three pioneers set to work clearing the young timber from the sunken ground, and removing the surface soil for about two feet, they struck a tier of flagstones, evidently not formed there by nature. Subsequently they ascertained that these stones were not indigenous to the island, but had been conveyed there from Gold River, two miles distant. Removing the stones, the treasure-seekers entered the mouth of an old pit or shaft, that had been filled. The mouth of the pit was seven feet in diameter, the sides of it being of tough, hard clay, but the earth with which it had been filled was soft and loamy, and easily removed. Still they descended the shaft foot by foot, discovering some new indication that increased their hopes of at last hitting the long-buried treasure. Ten feet from the surface they struck a floor of solid oak logs, lightly attached to the sides, and below this two feet of vacant space, caused by the rubbish with which the pit was filled having settled down. They pushed their explorations fifteen feet further down, without striking the sought-for prize, and after driving sticks into the mud, filled up the shaft and gave up the work. Compelled to abandon the search for want of money, Smith and his associates endeavoured to enlist the assistance of their neighbours, and told their secret; but the people were poor and ignorant, and only laughed at them for attempting to find Kidd's money, when he invariably "killed a nigger to guard it." Fifteen years passed without any further attempts being made to fathom the mystery of the old pit.

At length an old resident named Lynd heard the story of the pit, visited the island, examined the ground, and believing these were the vaults of Kidd, went home and formed a company. Early in the following summer they loaded a small schooner with tools, and arriving at Oak Island, commenced the search anew, under the superintendence of the three original discoverers. Digging down they discovered the sticks planted by Smith and Vaud, and below these they struck a second tier of oak logs. Ten feet further down they struck a layer of charcoal, and ten feet further, or about fifty feet from the surface, a tier of putty. Still deeper, was a flagstone, one foot by two, with some rudely-cut letters and figures upon it. They hoped this inscription would assist in solving the mystery, but they were unable to decipher it. At a depth of ninety feet they found indications of water; at ninety-three feet the water increased. Night coming on, they sunk a crowbar down five feet, and struck a hard impenetrable substance found by the side of the pit. Some supposed it a block of wood, others called it a chest. They quitted work for the night, and returned home, confident that with the morrow's sun they would possess the long-sought-for treasure; and they discussed the question of its division.

Morning settled the matter, however, for on repairing to

work, they found sixty feet of water in the shaft. After futile attempts to bail the water out, pumps were put in, but these, too, failed. Pump as they would, the water still stood at the same level. The next step was to sink a new shaft beside the old one, and tunnel from it under the old shaft, in the hope of striking the money-chest. When within ten or fifteen feet of the pit, the earth between the tunnel and pit gave way, and the water rushed in so rapidly that it was with difficulty that the men escaped with their lives, before sixty-four feet of water filled the tunnel and shaft. This placed a damper on the energetic seekers after hidden treasure: and the work was given up, after several thousand pounds had been squandered on what some of the shareholders now began to think an *ignis fatuus*.

Fifty years glided by before the work was renewed, yet the shafts and tunnels still remained full of water, which rose and fell with the ebbing and flowing of the tide in the bay, showing that the shaft was connected with the sea by means of some subterranean passage. This brings us down to a period fifteen years ago.

A number of young men, in the summer of 1848, proceeded to the island and renewed the work. They followed down the shaft of their predecessors, when they encountered the same difficulty—water coming in upon them. After baling it out, they pierced the bottom of the pit with a chisel and “sledge ball auger,” at a distance of ninety-eight feet from the surface, when they struck a hard wooden substance, which they confidently believed to be the money-chest. The machinery brought up a bunch of something which subsequently proved to be grass peculiar to the Spanish main. This gave the toilers new courage, and they followed up the discovery with renewed energy. The chisel having been attached to the auger, they cut through a spruce log about six inches thick, when it dropped a foot, and struck a piece of oak timber four and a half inches thick. They soon found something harder than wood, and continued boring until the auger settled down about twenty inches. While passing through this substance, a sharp metallic sound greeted the ears of those employed. It resembled the noise a bar of iron would make on being wormed through a keg of nails, and the labourers were in ecstasies. They were within a few feet of Kidd’s gold! Twenty inches further down more wood was found, and below the same mineral substance. Then came wood again, and after that mud. The only thing taken out was part of the head of an oak cask; one end had been cut off, and the other exhibited marks of the cooper’s knife. Other bores were sunk near this one, but with the same results. Among other articles taken out was more Spanish grass and part of the wooden hoop of a barrel, with the bark still in a good state of preservation.

After making several bores with a like result, the precious bullion seeming out of their reach, they bethought themselves of the Dutchman and his anchor, and getting disheartened, many of the company withdrew from the work. The few who still persevered, from the fact that the water in the shafts rose and fell with the tide, became convinced that there were subterranean passages connecting the sea with the pit. Acting upon this belief, they searched the shore, when, upon the east side of the cove, they found well-made drains entering the base of the island at low-water mark. Removing the covering, to their surprise they found that the stones forming the arch of the drain were coated with a growth of this Spanish grass. Further investigation showed that the drains had been run in the direction of the old pit, and considerable cocoa-nut fibre and Spanish grass were found as they progressed. They endeavoured to follow the direction of the drain, but failed to find it connecting with a perpendicular shaft. The water soon rushed into the drain upon them.

The next attempt was to sink a shaft, and endeavour to strike the drain or channel in a line between the old pit and the entrance of the water. At a depth of seventy-four feet water filled up the shaft. Several other attempts were made with the same results, and the winter coming on, the work was abandoned until spring. Spring came, but the disappointed shareholders, many of whom had sunk their last dollar in the numerous pits, were completely disheartened, and the work was not renewed for nine years. In the meantime the seekers after Kidd’s treasure returned to more profitable employment.

The story of the excavations in Oak Island had, meanwhile, spread all over the province, and there were hundreds disposed to make one more attempt to fathom the mystery. Accordingly, in 1861, meetings were held at various points in the province, full particulars of the enterprise laid before them, and stock to the amount of £400 subscribed. Several new pits were sunk, and tunnels run from them in the direction of the money-pit, with a view to finding the subterranean channel through which ran the water that flooded the pit; but after expending not a little money, the results proved unsatisfactory.

Though I had not sufficient belief in the enterprise to venture any money in it, yet I have always felt an interest in the concern, as a strange tale of *travailleurs de la mer*, and as a connecting link between our day and the lawless ones with which it is related. When I last heard of the concern, strenuous efforts were about to be made to shut off the sea, but I cannot learn that they were successful. One thing is certain—viz., that a stupendous work of art had been constructed by some unknown hands on that lonely isle, and that most of the materials used in its construction were not known to the country.

Elephant Shooting in the Dehra Dhoon.

TEN years ago there was no place in Northern India which could compare with Hurdwar for the quantity and variety of its “game.” By crossing the river Ganges a little below the town, and then walking for half an hour in a north-easterly direction, towards the foot of the giant Himalayas, a patch of jungle ground was reached which literally teemed with game of every

description. It is no exaggeration to say that, with the exception of the wild buffalo, only found in the swampy jungles of Eastern Bengal, the small lions of Central India, and the denizens of the upper ranges of the Himalayas, every description of bird or beast coming under the general denomination of “game” could be found in this happy hunting-ground.

That which rendered shooting particularly fascinating in the district I have mentioned, was the uncertainty attending the discovery of game. In the good old days before the rebellion one could always be certain of obtaining a good bag in a few hours' time; the uncertainty was not in respect to the quantity, but about the nature of the game. It was impossible, from one moment to another, to say whether the next shot would be at a hare or a deer, at a pea-fowl or an elephant; and this uncertainty, and consequent necessity to be ever on the alert—ever ready to change one gun for another—ever prepared to send a bullet into a wild boar at a moment's notice, when you might be expecting to flush a jungle-fowl or kick up a hare, made the shooting much more exciting and pleasurable than any amount of successful potting at partridges only, or stalking deer and deer only.

It was indeed a wonderful place in those days. Before it had been spoilt, in sportsmen's eyes, by the works and buildings attached to the Great Ganges Canal, it combined in itself every desirable quality that the most exacting man could covet, whether in the way of sport, of scenery, or of solitude. But in many respects these qualities, or at least some of them, no longer apply to the pretty Hurdwar district. The waters of the mighty Ganges have been diverted from their old channels into a canal, and have left many places, before green and flourishing, mere wastes and arid wildernesses. The new industries which have been attracted to the neighbourhood of Hurdwar, the new buildings which have sprung up, the increased population, and, above all, the extraordinary changes caused in the natural features of the country by the withdrawal of the waters from their old channels and courses, have turned a wild and comparatively unknown district into a busy and road-traversed colony.

Materially, the change is for the better. Putting aside the enormous good done to hundreds of square miles of formerly parched and sandy soil by the irrigating canal, the Hurdwar district itself has benefited by the increased industries drawn to the neighbourhood: sportsmen only suffer by the change.

It is probable that almost every one in England has heard something of the religious festivals held at Hurdwar. In native eyes these yearly festivals are only second in importance to the ceremonies of Juggernaut; and indeed, since the Government of India has interfered with the use to which the great car of Juggernaut was anciently put, and that it no longer allows fanatics or bang-intoxicated men and women to cast themselves under its wheels, it would appear that Hurdwar and a place named Adjoodhea, in Oudh, have risen to the highest rank of idolatrous sanctity.

As the greatest festival which ever takes place at Hurdwar occurred whilst a party of hunters, of which I was a member, were in the neighbourhood for the purpose of elephant shooting, it may not be out of place for me to give a short account of the horrible scenes, of which we were all witnesses, before I relate some of our exploits among the "tuskers."

There is a religious festival every year at Hurdwar, but every sixth year the ceremonies are more holy, the crowd of pilgrims is larger, and the fair which follows the religious part of the business is better attended and better stocked than on ordinary occasions. Every eleventh year the festival, the ceremonials, and the fairs are still larger than on the occasion of the feasts occurring at intervals of six years. The *Koom Mela*, a religious feast of great holiness in native eyes,

occurs every eleven years, and the pilgrims on such occasions arrive from every part of India. The crowd usually numbers over two millions; and the deaths from pestilence, from accidents, from faction fights, and disputes are very numerous. But it is when the festivals occurring at intervals of six years and at intervals of eleven years happen to meet in the same year that the crowd is the largest, the importance of the fair greatest, and the concourse of fanatic fakirs and holy Brahmins, from every hole and corner of India, the most striking and remarkable. At this particular fair and festival, which fortunately only happens about once in a century, merchants arrive from the most distant countries; not from different parts of India only, but from Persia, Thibet, China, Afghanistan, and even from Russia.

It was one of these festivals and giant fairs we had the good fortune to see; that is, we were fortunate in seeing the celebrated festival as it happens but once in a man's lifetime. There are, however, some drawbacks to the pleasure of seeing gathered together a multitude coming from all parts of Asia; the hideous, never-ceasing noise and ear-splitting music, the smell, and the extraordinary filth of the assemblage we witnessed, were serious disadvantages. Besides which, the importunities of the fakirs, who, if they failed to extract alms from every European to whom they applied, loaded them with the most disgusting and opprobrious epithets, made it unpleasant to circulate near the encampment of the "faithful." These, and the frightful catastrophe of which we were witnesses, were serious drawbacks to the enjoyment of the novel scene.

Hurdwar is built, as I have said before, on the banks of the river Ganges. Down the whole length of the town, as it rests on one bank of the river, are built broad ghauts or quays, separated from each other by narrow spaces, on which are built houses, temples, and fakirs' praying niches. These ghauts either slope smoothly down to the river, or descend towards it by means of broad steps. During the whole of the day, and for several days preceding the great festival, these places are occupied by fakirs, Brahmins, and fanatics, who either harangue the eagerly-listening crowds, or bestow blessings on them by means of widely-scattered rose leaves and Ganges water, or else go through religious ceremonies before hideous idols.

As the day of the great festival approaches, the fakirs—who by the way are always stark naked, and generally as disgusting specimens of humanity as it is possible to conceive—and the Brahmins, excite their hearers by increasingly-fervent speeches, by self-applied tortures, frightful contortions, and wild dances and gestures, to which the crowd loudly responds by shouts and wild yells. Early on the morning of the day which to their mind is more holy than any other in their whole lifetime, the assembled people, to the number of two or even three millions, repair to the ghauts, and patiently wait for the signal to begin their work of regeneration and salvation. This desirable end is attained by each and every individual who within a certain time, during the tinkling of a well-known bell, precipitates himself into the river, washes himself thoroughly, and repeats a short prayer. This done, the pilgrim must leave the river again, and if he has not entered it until the bell began to tinkle, and he has succeeded in going through his performance and left the water again before the sound of the bell has ceased, his sins from his birth are remitted and washed away, and his

happy future after death is assured, unless he commits some specifically named and very enormous sins. The other pilgrims, who by reason of the great crowd cannot reach the water in time to go through the whole performance as required by the Brahmins, receive blessings commensurate with the length of their stay in the water while the bell was ringing. Even the unfortunate pilgrims who altogether fail to enter the water at the right moment, are consoled by the partial removal of their load of wickedness; but the blessings which accompany a full performance of what the Brahmins require, are so superior to the favours following an incomplete or tardy immersion, that it is not strange extraordinary efforts and desperate attempts are made to enter the water at the first sound of the bells and gongs.

For the purpose of observing at their ease this part of the holy ceremonies, a few friends accompanied me on board a large boat, which I then caused to be rowed to a part of the river opposite the central ghaut, and about a hundred yards from it. I should have preferred bringing the boat rather nearer to the shore, for the purpose of obtaining as close a view as possible of the scene; but taking into account the state of excitement and exaltation under which the pilgrims were at the time, such proximity might have sub-

jected us to something harder to digest than the foul epithets with which even our distant presence was greeted. The crowd was made up of men and women of half-a-hundred tribes or nations, in every variety of dress and partial nakedness. Many men wore their loin-cloths only; the women's hair was loose and flying to the wind; all were newly and hideously painted; many were intoxicated, not only with opium and spirits, but with religious frenzy and impatient waiting. As the exciting moment approached shouts rent the air; the priests harangued louder and louder; the fakirs grew wilder and more incoherent; then gradually the great noise subsided,

and a partial silence ensued. The silence for a few moments was most striking as a contrast to the noise which preceded it; but the swaying of the crowd showed the excitement was on the increase, when suddenly a single bell, immediately followed by a hundred more, broke the silence, and with one accord, shouting like madmen, the people rushed forward and the foremost ranks threw themselves into the water. Then there arose a mighty shout, the many gongs

joined in, and the bells redoubled their efforts. The Brahmins' and the fakirs' yells were unheard; their voices were drowned as a child's weak cry might be in a tempest. But the confusion, the crushing, the struggling for very life, the surging of the mad masses at the water's edge, defy all description.

We no sooner saw the vast numbers assembled on all the ghauts, and observed the temper they were in, than, knowing their intentions, we became assured some terrible catastrophe must follow. But our anticipations fell miserably short of the frightful fact. As the first rows of men and women reached the water they were upset and overturned by the people in their rear, who passed over their bodies into still deeper water, and in their turn suffered the same fate at the hands of the on-rushing crowd behind them, until deep water was reached. By that time



HINDOO MENDICANT AT HURDWAR.

the numbers in the river were much increased, and by their weight were enabled to press back the smaller crowd still remaining on dry land. The shouts of excitement were changed to shrieks and passionate cries for help; the men under water struggled with those above them; weak women were carried out by the stream or utterly trampled on; men pulled each other down regardless of purpose, and in their mad fear exerted their utmost strength without object or purpose, merely in combating others who resisted in a like manner. Then the survivors, trying to escape from the water, met the yet dry crowd still charging down to death, and this increased the dire confusion

The bells and gongs meanwhile were doing their best to drown the cries of the victims, but fruitlessly. It was a horrid sight, and one I was quite unprepared for, notwithstanding all I had heard before. And, indeed, we afterwards learnt that although the scene we had witnessed was in a degree enacted every year, never before, so the natives said, had the crowd been so large, the excitement so intense, or the consequent struggling in the water followed by drowning and suffocation so awful to behold, as on this occasion.

As soon as we saw the commencement of the catastrophe, we tried to make our native boatmen row closer in shore, in order that we might do all we could to save life; but this they at first utterly refused to do, declaring that if we approached much nearer than we then were we should be fired upon, and that if we came in near enough to save a drowning life we should only sacrifice our own, as the mad fanatics struggling for dear life in the water would, on our approach, do their utmost to upset the boat, and drown the whole of the party. We therefore waited patiently a little longer; but when the confusion reached its climax we insisted on being taken nearer in, so as to save a few of the women struggling almost out of their depth. The boatmen, urged by kicks and threats, did, in fact, take us in nearer, but took care to let the stream exert its full force on the boat so as to bring her opposite the lowest ghaut, before we could reach out an oar to any of the struggling and half-drowned wretches. The boat was not a very large or safe one, and we afterwards considered ourselves very lucky in rescuing four natives, three of whom were men, and one a very old woman.

Next day we learnt, to our inexpressible relief and satisfaction, that as far as could be ascertained, *only* 450 people had lost their lives in the river. Many succeeded in crawling back to shore, and died afterwards from the injuries they had received; and no doubt many a body was silently and swiftly carried away by the stream, which was not accounted for in the general estimate. But our relief on learning the supposed number of deaths was very great, as in the boat from which we had viewed the scene, it appeared as if many many times that number of lives were sacrificed to the ignorance of the priests and fakirs.

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Such, then, is Hurdwar, or rather such it was previous to the year 1860; and it was within a couple of miles of it, away from the river, that on a certain occasion, not very many years ago, myself and a couple of friends made our camp with the intention of spending a fortnight's leave in elephant shooting.

Hurdwar, which, as the reader now knows, forms a kind of gate to the great plain called the "Dhoon," has always been a favourite headquarters to sportsmen who are intending to make that valley the scene of their expeditions.



AGED HINDOO VOTARY AT HURDWAR.

The Dhoon Valleys, or rather the Sewalik Hills, which bound and enclose them on the south-west side, have always been celebrated as an elephant hunting-ground. Many is the great *hathee* that has been trapped there; for trapping is frequently had recourse to, in order to replenish the Government stock of elephants. Their numbers have greatly diminished within the last fifty years; but there is still a plentiful supply left, quite as many and more than the owners of tea-plantations or other crops in the neighbouring districts care to have.

Whatever the direction may be which a hunter pursues in his rambles and expeditions through the valley of the Dehra Dhoon, he cannot fail to notice strange pathways marked out, not only through the more level lands of the valley, but meandering also over the crests, and through the ravines, and between the boulders of the Sewalik Hills; sometimes skirting the edge of a precipice, or ascending and descending ground so difficult that horses and tame cattle could hardly follow them.

Unless previously informed on the subject of these strange pathways, the sportsman will imagine a hundred causes for their existence without hitting

on the right one. The theory that native woodcutters, or shikarees, or merchants driving their droves of cattle have formed these interesting labyrinthine ways, will be rejected, if held for a single moment; because no number of woodcutters, merchants, or shikarees could possibly form so many and so intricate a series of by-ways. It might be a long time before the hunter in question would hit on the right solution, which is, that each of these paths, well defined and clear as it appears, is made by a single journey through the jungle of a herd of elephants following each other in Indian file. In many instances, of course, the paths are used constantly by

these giant denizens of the forests; but a single passage of a herd of twelve or fifteen elephants will so thoroughly clear the way that no amount of future journeys can improve it.

On hilly ground they keep close to the line, and their pathway is not more than two feet broad, the breadth remaining much the same if the herd consists of seven or seventy animals. On plain land, their soft soles merely press down the grass, leaving a smooth flat path, without cutting the soil; and during the succeeding rains the dense growth of rank grasses and reeds obliterates all trace of their passage. The amount of attention elephants have bestowed on the neighbouring trees marks the speed with which they have travelled. If alarmed, or if journeying to some particular point which they wish to feed upon and return from again within a given time, they do not pluck the wayside grass, or strip the branches and bark off trees so thoroughly as when they are merely sauntering along at their ease.

As the herd approaches the spot in which it intends to pass the midday siesta, the animals composing it break off in different directions, and each forages for himself. But even in this case a single note of alarm brings all into a dusky crowd, whence every proboscis is raised in the air, carefully scenting each whiff, until silence reassures them, or some inoffensive animal accounts for the noise.

With respect to the speed of wild elephants, no runner, however fast and active, could hope to escape one by speed of foot; as, for two or three hundred yards, an elephant will outstrip a horse at a sharp canter; and to keep up with an elephant doing his best to get away, it is necessary for a rider to put his horse to a sharp gallop.

The Dhoon elephant has all the characteristics or, as people call them, "points," valued in a shikaree or suwaree elephant; that is, an elephant used for sporting or riding purposes. They have a highly-arched back, which not only serves to raise the howdah, or box in which one rides, off the ground, but which enables it to be more securely fastened than it can be on a flat and broad backed elephant. Their legs are bowed, or rather they present that appearance, from the enormous muscular growth on the exterior of the fore leg or arm. This additional muscle, and consequent increase of strength, is peculiar to the Dhoon elephants, and is gained by them during their long wanderings in hilly and sloping ground, and in climbing nullahs and difficult places. The slope of the forehead and beginning of the trunk, or what is termed the "facial angle," is almost perpendicular, not receding and swinish, as is the case with Assam and Burmese elephants. The real colour of the Dhoon elephants is very dark, although when in a wild state they present a rather light appearance; but this is caused by the amount of dust, sand, and mud they throw over their bodies to keep off flies and other troublesome insects.

My first rencontre with an elephant, I mean in a wild state, happened on the second morning of my arrival at Hurdwar. Our party was to consist of five, three officers of a Queen's regiment, a Bengal civilian, and a tea-planter, on whose estate we were encamped. I and a brother officer arrived first at the rendezvous. We pitched our tents and amused ourselves killing small game, until the remainder of the party arrived with the heavy guns and the shikarees. On the first afternoon of our arrival we had very good sport, killing nearly fifteen brace of jungle-fowl each, besides a good many hares. We had also disturbed some spotted deer, which the villagers who accompanied us declared seldom roamed far away from the spot on

which we had seen them. We had only shot-guns with us that afternoon, and were quite unprepared for large game, but next morning we both started with our rifles and a couple of natives. We had to make a long *détour* on account of the wind; and as it would have been vain to expect the herd of deer to remain in exactly the same spot in which we had left them the previous day, it was decided that, having reached a certain point, we should from there commence stalking, or rather advancing towards the place in which we expected to find the deer, with every possible precaution. We were about a hundred yards apart; I crawling up parallel with a nullah, which favoured my progress and hid my movements, my friend on the right crawling with difficulty through a very thick jungle. It was about half-past five a.m., rather cold—in the month of December—and we both had some difficulty in keeping our hands warm enough to handle our rifles quickly and satisfactorily. We were on the alert and momentarily expecting to see the deer, when we were both dismayed by a frightfully shrill trumpet-like sound. I stopped dead short, my gun-carrier bolted down the nullah, shouting, "Hathee, Sahib, hathee!" I then knew the noise had been made by an elephant. The possibility of meeting one of the great animals had not entered into our thoughts. We had certainly come to Hurdwar for elephant shooting, but I knew our operations were to be carried on some ten miles off. The loud noise I had first heard, and which came from a single elephant, was now repeated by two or three others, but quite in a different tone; and was accompanied by the cracking of branches and breaking of trees, the scattering of brushwood and the movements to and fro of some gigantic bodies. I could see nothing through the thick shrubbery, composed of trees, undergrowth, and also in one place of thick, tall, rank grass growing near a swamp. From the noise, I knew I must be within sixty or seventy yards of the elephant, and I thought my friend must be nearer, though I could not see him. For a moment I stood deliberating what I should do. I had only a double-barrelled short Enfield with me, carrying of course the regulation ball. In fact, it was a rifle made by the armourer-sergeant of my regiment, with the barrel of two Government Enfields, cut down to twenty-four inches, and though an excellent weapon (as a muzzle-loader) against deer, it would have made about the same impression on an elephant's skull as a schoolboy's pea-shooter on a railway porter's face. The thought of taking a shot at one of the herd—for I knew it was a herd—never entered my head for a moment, my only wish was to see it close; and having then not the slightest knowledge or experience on elephant matters, I was ignorant whether such a proceeding would be attended with much risk. As I stood deliberating, my friend came running up. By this time there was a perfect uproar of trumpeting and branch-breaking. The servant, by shouting, had thoroughly roused up the animals, whereas, had he remained quiet, it is not improbable that after the first warning note of danger had been given, the herd would have remained on the watch, but not left the spot unless further disturbed. But now they were on the move, as we could hear by the noise. One by one they were retiring in a direction exactly opposite to our advance. We soon decided to follow, if only to catch a sight of them, as their movements were very deliberate so far. On one side of the place just occupied by the elephants the trees were stronger and closer together than on any other; we thought they would afford sufficient protection in case of necessity, and we at once

advanced in that direction as quickly as we could, without making a noise, until, in a very few steps, we came in sight of the animals. Our advance made the last two elephants rise from the ground, and deliberately turn to face us. We were then within twenty-five yards of the hindmost; three large fellows were filing off, and from the noise in front of them we supposed there were two more, which it was impossible to see. Standing in a sort of circle made by trampled brushwood and broken boughs, there were left four elephants; three of them were in a line, with their trunks straight up in the air, the fourth was rather in advance of the others, and a little to their left, also with his trunk up; not unlike an officer standing before his company at "open order." Whilst we stood still they did likewise, notwithstanding that the rest of the herd was moving off. But when, at the end of ten or twelve seconds, we attempted to get a little on their flank, they at once turned awkwardly round and shuffled away. To have shot one would have been the easiest thing imaginable, with a proper rifle. As we stood facing them for an instant or two, I was struck by the thought of what a beautiful shot the largest of them was then offering! But to have fired would have been useless, if not madness. They were so timid and retreated so readily that my friend for a moment thought of firing. The only effect would have been to hasten their movement, for the rifle he carried had a bore even smaller than mine, and could not have produced any serious wound, even under the most favourable circumstances. We counted seven elephants, and supposed that two more at least had departed before we came up. But afterwards, on examining their late bivouac, we saw the herd must have consisted of twelve full-grown and probably one very young elephant, which we had not seen.

My friend's villager had not displayed the absurd cowardice evinced by my gun-bearer; we therefore relieved him of the gun he was carrying, and told him to follow the elephants until he had marked them down to their midday resting-place, unless they wandered away very far, and then to return with a report of their movements. This, however, he utterly objected to do alone; and, as the other gun-bearer showed no reluctance to accompany his friend, we took the guns and dispatched them on their errand.

We were glad of our *rencontre* with the elephants, as we expected the remainder of the party the same evening, and hoped to begin operations next day. The attempt to follow up the herd proved an utter failure, for in less than an hour from the time of leaving us the natives lost sight of it, by reason of the great pace at which the elephants travelled over some bad ground and through thick brushwood, in which our messengers could only follow them slowly, and with much difficulty—such at least was the tale with which they returned to us. At this time the Dhoon was frequented by a solitary elephant, named Gunesh, who had killed his keeper something like ten years before, and escaped with a piece of chain still fastened round his leg. Gunesh had belonged to the Commissariat, and, like all Government elephants, had had the end of his tusks sawn off, to prevent them splitting, and the stumps were bound round with brass or iron. This cutting of the tusks and the piece of chain served to identify Gunesh wherever he showed himself, even if his ill manners had not done it most effectually. Gunesh had an evil reputation, and from all accounts, deservedly so. At the foot of the hills, and in the Dhoon, about the plantations, and right up to Hurdwar, this

celebrated elephant had committed atrocious "murders." His manner of killing the victims he succeeded in securing was so methodical and brutal, and showed signs of such high but perverted intelligence, that the expression applied to his "killings" was the same as would have been used to specify a human being's misdeeds. The young children were brought up in mortal terror of Gunesh; every infantile fault or juvenile peccadillo was repressed by threats of the celebrated elephant. Even the population of riper years dreaded him, and with more reason. To the wood and grass cutters, to the plantation servants and tramps, and, in fact, to all natives obliged to go alone to distant and solitary places, Gunesh was the incarnation of everything frightful and terrible.

Just before our arrival at Hurdwar, Gunesh had been seen in the neighbourhood. It was an undoubted fact. The ominous clanking of his iron chain, swinging round his leg or banging against rocks and stones, had been heard by more than one wretched being, whose first thought at the sound, no doubt, was that his last hour had come. The death of Gunesh was a chief item in our proposed performances. There was a price set on his head of £50, or 500 rupees; but notwithstanding that many attempts had been made to earn the reward, he was so cunning and cautious that no one had succeeded in obtaining it. We hoped to be more fortunate. Of course no one considered the reward of £50 a drawback to the performance of the feat; but compared with the satisfaction of killing the animal, and with the *kudos* and fame one would obtain, the reward was a very slight incentive. Before coming to Hurdwar, we had privately settled, by correspondence among ourselves, that we should hand over the reward to our servants, if we earned it. And to incite them to boldness and a faithful performance of their share of the work, we determined to inform them of our intention before organising the campaign. To our great pleasure, as soon as we returned to camp with our unusual load of rifles and shot-guns, we found the servants in a state of great excitement, from the receipt of the news that the great Gunesh had been seen that morning only a mile off, in a direction opposite to that in which we had seen the other elephants. There was no doubt of the fact. A very good shikaree, who had been sitting up all night watching some game in the mountains, had passed within 200 yards of Gunesh; he had seen his tusks, had heard his chain. It was true that by nightfall he might be thirty miles away; Gunesh had a great reputation for long and quick journeys. But still it was satisfactory to know that for the moment, at all events, he was in the immediate neighbourhood; that is, satisfactory to us, whatever the poor single unarmed natives might think on the subject. All day long we anxiously awaited our friends' arrival with the weapons and ammunition. Before noon the two villagers had returned with long faces and many excuses for their failure in tracking the herd. In our opinion, they had not followed them far out of our sight, but had gone to the nearest village, and passed the morning in sleeping and smoking. At another time we might have been vexed, but the news of Gunesh's appearance in the neighbourhood made the movement of the herd a point of secondary interest. We entered into arrangements with the head man of a village near which we were encamped for a supply of a hundred coolies, who were to be at our camp an hour before dawn on the following morning; and we also engaged some shikarees who knew the neighbourhood well. Our friends arrived early in the afternoon, and the

remainder of the day was spent in gun-cleaning and preparations for the attack on Gunesh in the morning. All that evening, and all the night through, we had men watching the country round about, so that he could not leave without our becoming aware of it. At dawn news was brought that he had been followed into a spur of hills running out from the Sewaliks into the Dhoon. It was a difficult piece of ground to beat; or rather, to beat it properly, it would require three or four times more men than we had engaged. Nevertheless, very soon after dawn we started, in three divisions, each with about thirty-five men and servants, having previously arranged for each party to be at certain places by a certain time. We were then to form line, and to advance in certain laid-down directions. It would be useless to go over all the details of our plans, and all the trials and difficulties we had to overcome. It will suffice to say that I and the friend who with me had charge of one division of men succeeded in getting them into extended skirmishing order before the time agreed on. At the proper hour we advanced. It was very difficult walking. We roused up game in great quantities, and of every description. The deer (spotted), wild boars, kakur, hares, and peacocks were exceedingly numerous, but of course we fired not a single shot. After half-an-hour's walk we heard the sound of the coolies advancing from the opposite direction. We next heard a great noise coming towards ourselves, but our own coolies set up such a frightful shout and beat their tom-toms so effectually as to drive the animal, probably an elephant, back in the other direction. That was caused by sheer fright, of course. Quite a contrary mode of proceeding had been enjoined upon them. Then we heard some shots—one, two, three; then a pause, then some quick shooting; and as we were getting nearer we heard an elephant trumpeting with rage and pain. We pressed on. A small but very thickly-wooded valley only separated us from the hill on which we heard the shooting. It was hard work, but still we pressed on. The noise and confusion increased. Then we heard a man's cry as if in pain, followed by any amount of firing. We could not think where all the guns had come from. As we were making the best of our way up the opposite hill—we had crossed the intervening valley—my friend and myself having been drawn together by the nature of the ground, we heard the sound of an elephant crushing at great speed through every obstacle before him. He was evidently coming nearer, and appeared to be charging down the hill. It sounded as if he was coming straight at us, and we looked out for a piece of good standing-ground, and cocked our rifles in readiness, then beckoned to our gun-bearers to come close up with the second rifles. On came the elephant, nearer and nearer. Another moment, and we both saw it coming straight in our direction, evidently not seeing us, with his trunk straight up in the air, and trumpeting madly, as if in a rage and in great pain. Before anything like a chance offered for a shot at him, he was on a level with us, and not more than twelve yards off, but still he did not see us. Until that moment his head had been protected by his trunk and by the numerous trees, but just as he was on a line with us, and still madly tearing obliquely down hill, he passed a clear piece of ground, at the same time catching sight of us. We both fired. He fell on both knees. Mine was only a single barrel, carrying a four-ounce ball. I snatched the spare rifle, and motioned to the man to reload the one I had just fired. We both rushed forward, but the slight delay

had given the elephant time to get up again, and, going down hill, he was soon twenty yards from us. Nevertheless we both let fly again, both barrels, at the back of his skull, behind the ears, not a very good place, and as he was already too far off for a steady shot, and was moving at great speed, it is doubtful whether the shots took effect. Until he came in sight, and passed close to us, we had supposed the elephant to be Gunesh, but our momentary glance showed we were in error. There was no chain, and no tusks at all, not even a stump, although the elephant was a very large and probably a very old one. In this our gun-bearers, who had displayed great courage and sang-froid for natives, corroborated our statements. My first shot, the only one which had any chance of inflicting a mortal wound, was rather too far back. I saw the mark. My friend was not certain whether his two first shots had taken effect. At all events, although severely wounded, the elephant got away, and during the remainder of our stay in the Dhoon we heard nothing of him.

When we arrived on the scene of the late noise and confusion, the extraordinary number of shots we had heard, and which had so puzzled us, was accounted for by the appearance of three natives, with old-fashioned guns in their hands, standing over the body of a dying coolie. These men, it seems, tempted by the hope of getting a sly shot at Gunesh, under circumstances which would entitle them to claim the reward if they killed him, had followed our coolies in the morning without obtaining or even asking our permission. Close to the dying man there was lying an enormous "tusker," and it appeared that in the midst of the mêlée which occurred on the hill, these shikarees could not withstand the excitement, and blazed away with their crazy old popguns in the most reckless fashion. No amount of shooting with their weapons could have harmed the elephant, but they succeeded, or one of them succeeded, in planting a ball in a fine young fellow's chest. Fortunately for all of us, it was abundantly proved that the fatal shot had been fired by one of the shikarees, for such accidents, when resulting from the carelessness or ill-fortune of an Englishman, and followed by the death of the native from the wound, are often the cause of much ill-feeling. As it was, we gave the three a thorough frightening, confiscated the guns, and made them, aided by a fourth man, carry the dead body to his home.

The elephant was not Gunesh; nothing had been seen of that formidable animal; but that which was lying dead was a far finer specimen than the "rogue" was reported to be. From the impress of his forefeet on the soft ground, close to where he had fallen, we judged he was within an inch or two of twelve feet high, which for a Dhoon elephant is really a very remarkable size, although one constantly hears of animals being shot in that valley measuring up to fourteen feet. There is nothing so misleading as an elephant's height, and nine times out of ten an elephant which after deliberation is pronounced to be eleven feet, measures barely nine, and an animal measuring seven feet only will always have the credit of being over eight feet six inches. The readiest manner of ascertaining an elephant's height is to measure the circumference round his forefoot, and multiply that length by two. Thus an elephant requiring a tape four feet five inches to go round the lower part of his forefoot, is certain to measure within half an inch of eight feet ten inches.

The manner generally adopted for obtaining the tusks is to cut off the head and bury it in the ground, taking care

to leave the tusks above ground, and to shade them from the sun's rays. In about three weeks decomposition has so far set in as to have loosened the sinews and muscles retaining the tusks to the skull. They are then readily detached and cleaned.

It is customary to "trap" elephants in the Dhoon. This is sometimes done by means of pitfalls or with the assistance of domesticated animals, but though the natives exhibit extraordinary care and cunning in disguising the nature of the pits, and in giving to them the appearance of the surrounding ground, the elephants are seldom caught in them; they display, in fact, an order of intelligence, in this as well as other circumstances, which is almost superior to that possessed by their would-be captors.

We had a striking example of an elephant's sagacity a few days after our attempt to secure Gunesh. We had proposed having some wild boar shooting at a place five miles distant from our camp, and having sent on our rifles and servants, we ourselves went to the rendezvous on two borrowed riding elephants, through some sugar-cane plantations and country where we expected to get a few shots at partridges. We had arrived within half a mile of our meeting-place, and were in a rather desert, untravelled part of the valley, going along at a good pace, when the leading elephant, on which I was seated with two friends, stopped dead short, almost sending the driver off his head. At the same moment, he uttered a peculiar noise, which caused the other elephant to stop also. The hindermost elephant then cautiously came up to a level with the leading one, and both began examining the ground in front. We were in a path bounded by half-grown trees, through which the elephants, by themselves, could have gone easily, but with the howdahs it would have been impossible. The driver of each elephant stupidly tried to urge his animal on. Fortunately they were not to be persuaded. First one then the other put a foot forward, leaning back as they did so. Then my elephant uttered a peculiar sound, and looked about for something, which he eventually found in the shape of a stone weighing about a hundredweight. This he raised up in the air with his trunk, and then allowed it to fall on the pathway. From the sound, it then became evident there was a pit in

front, and the trumpeting noise the elephant gave when the hollow sound and indentation of the ground proved him to be right, was delicious in its expressiveness. By repeating this manoeuvre several times, he discovered the size and shape of the pit, and eventually managed to pass on one side. When it is remembered that all this was done without a word of assistance or encouragement from the driver—who indeed

appeared to have less intelligence than the animal he was driving—I think it will be allowed this elephant displayed on this occasion a superior instinct and judgment than has yet been recorded of any other animal, not excepting the dog.

During the fortnight we were at Hurdwar we shot—there were five of us—seven tuskers and two very large females, and captured a *bucha*, or young sucking elephant, which I have every reason for supposing to be alive at the present day.

The herd which we met on the second day of our arrival was met again afterwards under more favourable circumstances, and though we only shot the head male, he being the only tusker, we could have killed every one of the eleven elephants of which it was composed. On no occasion have I met so tame, so unwary, a herd as this one. On the second occasion, by taking the precaution of coming "up wind," we came even nearer than we did the first time before they saw anything of us.

Of late years, the Indian Government have been trapping elephants in the Dhoon, in the manner practised in Ceylon, and with considerable success. Tea-planters, now becoming numerous in the fertile valleys at the southern



HINDOO FAKIR.

foot of the Himalaya, are their inveterate enemies, and shoot them down mercilessly, so that such elephant shooting as we enjoyed can no longer be had. But notwithstanding all that, and the destruction of other game which has been steadily going on, Hurdwar is still a grand place for sport. The climate is delicious, and any Englishman going to India for a few months' sport, should certainly visit the Dehra Dhoon. The means of getting there, and the cost, we have already indicated, and it is not necessary to point out how great is the further temptation held out to the intelligent sportsman, in the magnificent scenery and the strange aspects of human life and manners that there await him.

Visit to the Sultan of Morocco, at Fez, in the Spring of 1871.—II.

BY TROVEY BLACKMORE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF FEZ—THE MOSQUE OF MULEY IDRIS—
THE ALCAICERIA, OR GREAT BAZAAR—MOORISH STREET PERFORMERS
—THE JEWRY—RECEPTION OF THE EMBASSY BY THE SULTAN—PRE-
PARATION FOR OUR HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

DURING the time intervening between our arrival at Fez and the date appointed for our reception by the Sultan, we devoted some hours each day to an inspection of the city, our first excursion being outside the walls to the heights lying to the north-west. Hence a fine panoramic view of the whole of the city may be obtained. It is divided into two parts by the Wad Fez, a narrow but deep and rapid river, which, after passing between the old and new towns, runs along the south wall of Old Fez (Fez-el-Baleea), and furnishing an abundant supply of not very limpid water to numerous street fountains, as well as to every mosque and house in the place, joins the Wad Sebou, which flows through a valley to the east.

The city is enclosed in a double line of walls, and the gates are kept closed at night-time, but the walls, which are either made of unburnt bricks or of *tapia* (concrete hardened by being beaten together when in a wet soft state in a wooden framework), are in a most ruinous condition, and would afford no resistance to a vigorous attack. The principal defence of the city consists in a series of detached forts at the distance of half a mile from the outer walls. These forts are strongly built, and constructed on scientific principles, probably from the designs of some Spanish or Portuguese renegade or prisoner; but, though sufficiently strong to repel any attack of small fire-arms, they are totally useless as a means of defence against artillery, being quite commanded on all sides by lofty hills, which could with little difficulty be occupied by an invading army. The heights to the north have for centuries been quarried for the stone of which the greater portion of the town is built, and which is also used for making lime. Here, too, is one of the old cemeteries of the place, where, amongst the heaps of rough boulders which mark the graves of the poor, may still be seen the ruined monument to many a great personage of days gone by—

“ * * * carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o’ergrown,
Whereon can scarcely now be read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead.”

On these heights is also situated the ruined palace known as Kebeebats Benimerin, one of the former residences of the kings of Fez. Though much dilapidated, the interiors of those parts which are still roofed in, and under cover from destruction by the elements, exhibit many traces of rich decoration in the purest style of ancient Moorish art. The view of Fez from this old building is a very extensive as well as a most picturesque and pleasing one. The city extends for some two miles from east to west, and as the houses are built closely together and are of great height, the population must be very considerable. We were told by the Moors that it contained a million inhabitants, but this estimate is greatly exaggerated. Probably the city does not contain many more than a quarter of that number; certainly 300,000 would be the utmost extent of the population.

The uniform box-like shape and the dazzling white of the houses are relieved by the elegant forms and the gay colours of the many mosques with their lofty minarets. The principal mosque is that of Muley Idris, the founder and patron-saint of Fez. It covers a large space of ground, and its minaret—the walls of which are decorated with mosaics of many-coloured tiles—is of considerable height. No Christian is allowed to defile a Moorish mosque by entering it, and this mosque of Muley Idris is held in so much veneration by the inhabitants, that the attendants who accompanied us during our rambles through the city always objected to take us through the street in which it is situated; but on the occasion of one of our visits to Fez-el-Baleea I succeeded in passing one of the entrances to it, and obtained a passing glance at its interior. This entrance was formed of three large open doorways, finely ornamented with carved tracery, in which were introduced Arabic sentences. The interior was domed over in one part, and from this dome, as well as from the painted roof of the marble-pillared arcades surrounding the large entrance courtyard, hung countless lanterns and lamps. The floor was paved with marble and coloured tiles, and the walls were tiled to the height of six feet, above which were archways decorated with marble arabesques richly gilt, and large marble fountains adorned the courtyard. There are many other fine mosques in the city, several of which are of large proportions. The chief of these are the Jamaa Kairaouyn, in Old Fez, and the Jamaa Kebir, in the *casba*, or citadel, at the east end of the town, which, with various offices and buildings attached to it, occupies a large space of ground.

The streets of Fez resemble those of all Eastern towns in being ill-paved and narrow—mere alleys, in fact, few of them being more than eight feet in width, and many of them still narrower; and as the houses are lofty, and mostly so built that the upper storeys overhang and almost meet at the top, the heat or glare of the sun is seldom felt. The houses are constructed without any windows looking towards the street, the walls are plainly whitewashed, and no attempt is made at external architectural ornamentation. Admittance is obtained by a low door, passing through which we find ourselves in a *patio*, or small courtyard, round which the rooms are built. Entrance to the apartments in the upper storeys is afforded by means of galleries running round the inside of the house, the communication from one gallery to another being by a narrow steep staircase. Unlike the street-doors, those which give access to the various apartments are large; indeed, folding-doors are the rule. They are without hinges, being fitted with pivots working in wooden sockets at top and bottom. These doors are usually kept wide open, in order to admit sufficient light to the rooms, which have nothing more in the way of windows than a few unglazed slits in the wall, on that side of the room which faces the central patio. The Moslems have two objects in view in the construction of their dwellings, the first being to keep *out* the sun, the second to keep *in* the women, and prevent them from being seen, both of which objects they attain by the adoption of the style of architecture observed in their residences.

In the centre of Fez-el-Baleea is the Alcaiceria, or great

bazaar, the many avenues of which are covered with trellises, on which are trained vines, affording a grateful shade from the intense heat of summer. Every avenue is devoted to the shops of the dealers in some particular class of goods. One, for instance, was devoted to a display of the quaintly-shaped and gaily-coloured earthenware, for the manufacture of which Fez is celebrated. In another might be purchased the enormous saddles and the richly-gilded and embroidered trappings with which a Moor decorates his steed. Makers of yellow slippers had one avenue all to themselves. In another, dealers in silk were busily employed in twisting that material into the tasselled cord by which the sword is suspended. Another was occupied by jewellers, makers of the heavy silver anklets and bracelets and the clumsy gold earrings and necklaces worn by Moorish beauties. One avenue was fragrant with the perfume of attar of roses and musk, the vendors of which precious scents seemed to do a thriving trade even among the poorer class of inhabitants. In the Alcaiceria, too, might be purchased strings of pearls, amber beads, kohol for darkening the eyelashes, henna for dyeing the finger-nails,* cowry shells, used as a circulating medium by the negroes from Soudan or Timbuctoo, dates from Tafilet, quaint musical instruments, red Fez caps, rich fabrics of silk and wool from the looms of Mequinez, and countless objects strange to European eyes.

Near this bazaar is the Fondak, or caravanseraï of the carpenters; so named from its being situated in a quarter of the city occupied by these artisans. This is a building of some antiquity and one of great beauty. It occupies the side of a small square, and the entrance to it is through an immense gateway surmounted by a tower, the face of which is richly ornamented in the purest style of Moorish art. The ceiling inside the gateway is painted and gilded in geometrical patterns, the colours of which are well preserved. Passing through the gateway a patio is entered, surrounding which is an arcade of columns supporting horseshoe-shaped arches, beautifully ornamented with rich tracery and Koran texts. Above these arches are several storeys of galleries with elaborately carved wooden trellised balustrades. By the side of the entrance to this fondak is a street fountain in alabaster of very fine workmanship. But with the exception of this building, the entrances to some of the mosques and one or two other public edifices, there is little to attract the eye in the appearance of the exterior of the buildings which line the streets of Fez.

At the west end of the old town, and between the gates known as the Bab Sâgâna and the Bab Fez-el-Djedid, is a *soko*, or market-place, the rendezvous of all the beggars and street performers of the capital. Here may be seen a snake-charmer, who twists those reptiles round his neck, limbs, and body, while his comrades accompany the performance by an operatic selection upon cymbals and drums. Another artist obtains a livelihood by thumping his head with a heavy stone, passing a skewer through his cheek, or slashing his arm with a knife for the gratification and amusement of the bystanders. An attentive crowd is collected round a story-teller, who keeps his audience enthralled by an animated recital of the tales of the "Arabian Nights," calling attention by the tapping of a tambourine to the most prominent points of his narrative.

* *Kohol* is antimony. *Henna* is made of the dried leaves of a shrub (*Lawsonia inermis*) very common in Morocco.

Swarms of beggars implore alms in the name of Muley Idris, Sidi Eisa, or some favourite saint, or flourish a lighted censer in the face of the pedestrian.

In passing from Old to New Fez (Fez-el-Djedid) we cross the river which separates the two towns. By its banks may always be observed a number of half-clad fellows, the washermen of the place, executing all sorts of antics in their endeavour to cleanse the linen entrusted to their care, by placing it upon the stone wall by the side of the river and performing a *pas seul* upon it with their bare feet. This plan of washing does not appear to be very successful with European garments. Some of us while at Fez sent our linen to this laundry; a few days afterwards some shapeless tattered rags were returned to us. After this experiment we decided to wash our dirty linen at home.

In New Fez is situated the Jewry. This part of the town is unsupplied with water, and is horribly dirty—a very dung-hill—the air reeking with unwholesome odours, and the streets filthy with every nameless abomination. No attempt whatever at cleanliness, drainage, or ventilation would seem to be made, and it is a matter of surprise that life can be supported amongst such dirt and foulness as we witnessed in visiting this quarter of the city. It is walled in, and the gates are kept closed at night-time, when no one is permitted to leave or enter it. The Jews are only allowed to visit the other parts of the city by submitting to the degradation of walking barefoot through the streets; nor are they permitted to dress as the Moors, being compelled to adhere to their national blue gaberdine and black cap. The men shave the crown of the head, but suffer the hair at its sides to grow in long ringlets descending to their shoulders. They are a miserable, weak, and effeminate-looking race of beings, the reason for which may, without question, be assigned to the constant intermarriages between near relatives, and to the universal habit of the Jewesses of Fez marrying before attaining an age of maturity. Many of the married ladies to whom we were introduced were not more than ten or twelve years old, and we were informed that some of them had been married for several years, and that it was not at all an uncommon occurrence for a girl to be married at eight years of age. The result of such a marriage is a puny progeny, and is most strikingly perceptible amongst the male population, who are all very small and have strange, Aztec-looking faces. Some few of the women are of ordinary size, and do not possess unpleasing countenances, though in the latter respect none of them can compete with the fair daughters of Israel who are to be met with in Tangier or Tetuan, where the Hebrew type may be observed in all its purity.

The Jews here speak no language except the Mogreb dialect of Arabic; unlike their brethren in the rest of Morocco, who generally converse in Spanish. Notwithstanding the filthy locality in which they are situated, the interiors of many of the houses of the richer Jews which we had opportunities of visiting were very richly decorated and furnished; an abundance of small mirrors and many clocks and timepieces being generally among the most conspicuous objects in the beautifully painted rooms. In these houses sweetmeats, rich cakes, and "vins du pays" were always forced upon us. Of the latter most were too sweet for English palates; but we tasted several very superior wines, one, bearing a resemblance to Madeira, and another, similar to Spanish Montilla, being the best. The houses in the Jewish quarter, unlike those in the rest of

the city, have windows looking out upon the street, and these casements were always filled with the heads of inquisitive ladies, eager to gaze at the Christians who were passing through the quarter.

The principal occupation of the Jewish population appears to consist in the importation of European goods by the rich merchant class, and in the manufacture of jewellery by the poorer artisans.

This jewellery is, for the most part, of a very rude description, and is but very roughly finished; the chief merit of it appearing to consist in the quantity of metal employed in its construction. Silver bracelets, weighing half a pound, and anklets of double that weight, are commonly worn by the Jewesses and the Moorish ladies in Fez; and the heavy gold necklaces and earrings of the wealthy are frequently set with pearls and emeralds of great size, though worthless as to lustre and water. Jews are also employed in the royal mint, which we visited. Here we had an opportunity of inspecting the manufacture of the rough copper coins of the country. They are cast by hand in a double mould, in which cavities are made for about a dozen coins, all joined together by a narrow channel by which the metal runs from one cavity to another. The united coins are thrown into a pan of water to be cooled, and are afterwards broken apart by hand. Ten men were employed at this public establishment, which is situated in a stable-yard among the back slums of Fez-el-Balea.

On the 30th of May, the day appointed for the reception of the United States representatives by the Sultan, we started early in the morning from our villa, the procession being headed by half a dozen of the royal soldiers under the com-

mand of a caid, or captain. This escort was increased outside the city gates by the addition of a large body of cavalry, who rode with us to the imperial palace of Dar D'biba, situated in the suburb of Menshuwar, some two miles to the west of Fez-el-Djedid. This palace, which is surrounded on three sides by extensive pleasure-grounds, was built in the middle of the last century by the Sultan Muley Abdallah, the work-

men employed in its erection being Christian slaves, for the most part English sailors, who had either been captured by the Barbary rovers, or had had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast. The palace is supplied with water by means of a large aqueduct from the city.

On arriving in front of the palace we found a body of some fifteen hundred infantry drawn up in two lines, one on each side of the entrance, leaving a broad open space between them. Here we alighted and awaited the appearance of his Majesty. In a few minutes the gates were thrown open and a flourish of trumpets announced his approach. He was mounted on a fine white charger, with trappings of green embroidered with gold. Before him walked two officers carrying long



FEZ—STREET SCENE IN THE OLD TOWN.

lances, and on one side was the bearer of the state umbrella, the emblem of sovereignty, an article of Camp-like dimensions, constructed of rich green and red silk damask and fringed with gold. On his other hand was a man carrying a white silk handkerchief, with which from time to time he whisked away the flies from the person of the Sultan. His Majesty's horse was led by a black slave, finely dressed, and behind the horse was an officer bearing a gun enveloped in a red cloth case. We were beckoned by a master of the ceremonies to advance, which we did until Colonel Matthews

and the Tangier vice-consul were immediately before the head of the Sultan's horse, the rest of our party bringing up the rear.

His Sharifian Highness Muley Mohammed-ben-Abderahman is a man rather past middle age, of low stature, his complexion olive-coloured, his hair and beard slightly grizzled, and

After we had made our salutations the Sultan addressed the consul-general, welcoming him to Fez, and saying with what pleasure he made the acquaintance of the representatives of the great American nation, with which it was always his wish and endeavour to continue on friendly relations; and after many formal complimentary phrases had passed on both sides,



A COURT OF JUSTICE, FEZ.

his face marked with small-pox, which has disfigured a countenance otherwise pleasing and still not lacking in intelligence of expression. He has a remarkable nervous affection of the voice which hinders him from articulating plainly—hardly a stutter or a stammer, but a compound of both, with a constant short cough or clearing of the throat. We were informed that he has suffered from this infirmity ever since his infancy. He was attired in a white *sulam*, or bernous, the hood of which was tied round his forehead by a white handkerchief, and he carried a sword, the hilt of which was richly enamelled.

the other members of the party were introduced, to whom his Highness was pleased to offer a cordial welcome to his royal capital. The interview lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and when it was terminated the Sultan retired to his palace, the cortège with which he had come out to meet us being increased by the addition of an antique-looking empty post-chaise, drawn by a led horse harnessed to it by means of odds and ends of mouldy straps and ropes. This is probably the vehicle in which his ancestors were accustomed to sit when receiving visitors, and is, I imagine, exhibited on state occa-

sions for the purpose of proving the existence of a wheeled conveyance in the Moorish dominions, a fact of which we were unaware till we saw this state chariot. On riding back to Fez we were accompanied by a large number of horsemen from Mequinez who joined our guard of honour, and made a grand display of their agility and skill in powder play.

In returning from the reception we passed by the gardens which form a belt of half a mile in width round the southern side of the city. In many of these gardens great quantities of fruit and vegetables are grown for sale. An abundance of hemp is here cultivated. Some of the best gardens and orange groves surround villas belonging to the wealthy inhabitants. This suburb is well watered by the Wad Fez, from which streams are diverted for the purpose of irrigation, and which also affords water power for turning numerous small mills, having one pair of stones each, and usually attended to by one man or boy. In these mills the wheat is merely ground, the meal being afterwards sifted by means of hand sieves, the coarser of which are formed of woven rushes, or of parchment in which holes have been pierced, and the finer of silk gauze, the manufacture of which article is an important business in the place. The bread of Fez, made as it is from flour obtained from wheat of the finest quality, is remarkably good, rivalling the best bread of Paris, which it much resembles both in taste and appearance.

During our stay in Fez, which lasted ten days, we endeavoured to make ourselves acquainted with everything worthy of notice in the city, and wherever we went we had great attention shown to us, and we always experienced the greatest kindness and hospitality from those of the inhabitants whom we visited. We were invited to dine with several of the ministers of state, who have residences fitted up with the greatest magnificence and supplied with every luxury. At these dinners sweetmeats of various kinds, and tea flavoured with different herbs, were handed round before the "substantials" made their appearance. These followed in ten or twelve courses, each dish being served in enormous quantities. Some of the viands were extremely palatable, but other great delicacies were, I fear, not duly appreciated by us, many of them being flavoured with aniseed, cummin, and saffron, flavours to which English tastes require to be accustomed before they can be enjoyed. The standing dish at these dinners, and indeed throughout our journey, was the national one called *cuscoussoo*—flour formed by skilful manipulation into pellets resembling sago. This is cooked by steaming, and placed, like the rice in a curry, round a stew made of meat, poultry, hard-boiled eggs, vegetables, &c., and when well made is extremely good. Sometimes the granulated meal is eaten as a sweet, with milk or cream, and sugar.

We were, of course, never introduced to the ladies of the houses, who are always kept in strict seclusion, the only female faces that we saw being those of the black or mulatto slaves who waited on us at table, mostly handsome, well-made girls, and always wearing a profusion of jewellery, the property, of course, of their masters. These girls make capital domestic servants, never requiring to be spoken to, doing their work well and noiselessly, and always anticipating the wants of their master or his guests.

These entertainments took place late in the evening, when we were always conducted through the narrow, tortuous streets to the house of the giver of them, by some half-dozen lantern-

bearers and soldiers, who cleared the road before us by thrashing any unfortunate person who happened to obstruct our path. On several occasions we expostulated with our soldiers, and requested them to refrain from such harsh treatment, but always receiving the answer, "We know our duty!" we were fain to let them continue in their own way.

We also paid several visits to the Sharif of Wazen, of whom I have spoken in the account of our journey from Tangier, and who happened to be in Fez, attending the great yearly feast of Mulud, or the Circumcision. This personage is held in the greatest veneration among the Moors, who vie with one another in offering him presents. The gate of the garden in which his residence in Fez is situated was daily thronged with a crowd of fanatics bringing him gifts of money, with goods of all kinds; and it was only by bribing the guards that his dupes could obtain admission to his presence. Though valuable presents are frequently brought for his acceptance, he never thanks the donor, who is perfectly satisfied if his offering is received, and who regards it as a great honour if he be allowed to kiss the garment of the descendant of the Prophet. Several workmen were daily employed in making small leather satchels for holding fragments of written paper which had been blessed by this holy being, and which are much valued as infallible talismans against the influence of the evil eye. We found him a much more intelligent and enlightened man than might be supposed. He has travelled in Europe, and appeared to be quite *au courant* with the great topics of the day. He conversed with us on the subject of recent mechanical inventions, and showed himself to be particularly interested in all kinds of fire-arms, of which he has a large collection.

Before our departure from Fez, the Sultan sent to Colonel Matthews a fine horse, gorgeously caparisoned, with a saddle of green velvet embroidered with gold, stirrups richly gilded in damascene work, and with finely ornamented bridle. Smaller presents were also offered to the other members of the legation, all of whom had every reason to be gratified with the reception that was accorded to them.

It was our intention, on our homeward journey, to have visited Mequinez, a city about forty miles west of Fez, and occasionally one of the residences of the Sultan, who has an extensive palace there, built by his ancestor Muley Ismael. It is one of the principal manufacturing cities in the empire, and, as well as containing a considerable industrial population, it is also inhabited by a large number of the Bokhary, or negro guards of the Sultan, with their families. It formerly contained a hospice, founded by the Spanish for the relief of Christian captives, with which was united a dispensary, from which medicines were gratuitously supplied to the Moorish sick. But our intention of visiting this city was not fulfilled. The day before our departure a letter was received from Muley Abbas, the Sultan's brother, who was in command of the troops there, saying that, in consequence of a disturbance amongst some Eisowys—a fanatic race of Moors who had come from a distance to worship at the shrine of their patron-saint, Sidi Eisa, and who had already committed several outrages—it would not be very prudent for us to visit the city. We therefore had, most reluctantly, to forego the anticipated pleasure of seeing Mequinez; and it was decided that we should vary our route by returning to Tangier, *viâ* El Araish, on the Atlantic sea-board, the journey home by which road will form the subject of the concluding chapter of this narrative.

A Zigzag Journey through Mexico.—III.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

THE JAROCHOS.

WE were soon clear of the *medanos*, and riding under the shelter of trees; where, although still suffering the chill of the *norté*, the wind had ceased to buffet and the dust to blind us. Having unstrapped my *serapé* from the croup, and thrust my head through its central slit, I was no longer discommoded by the storm, and could give closer scrutiny to my travelling companion. A Jarocho, beyond doubt. His form, of medium size, somewhat spare, with limbs lithe and sinewy; his features, of oval shape, sharply defined, the lip and chin slightly bearded; the complexion of clear brown, with a slight cinnamon, or olive tint, all bespoke the Jarocho. Had it been in Spain I might have taken him for a gipsy: for there are many points of similarity between the *gitanos* of Andalusia and the inhabitants of the Vera Cruz coast-land—some writers even stating this to be the origin of the Jarocho people. The resemblance is not only in personal appearance, but in mental and moral characteristics. The Jarocho, like the gipsy, dislikes regular employment. He is, indeed, averse to industry of any kind, since it necessitates toil. He has a contempt for the town, as also its people, and prefers the country, and even the solitude of the forest; where, in his slight shed of a hut he can dwell undisturbed, indulging in the *dolce far niente* of the tropics. Unlike the Zingari, however, he has a fixed home, and is otherwise a respectable member of society—not like them socially, either an outcast or vagabond. Although but a small proprietor, he is master of the scenes around him; and intermittently follows an occupation: it may be the herding of cattle, or the burning of charcoal, combined with hunting, fishing, and collecting honey from the wild hives of the forest. At times he will take a turn at peddling, or contrabandism, for which last the oppressive custom-house regulations of his country give him a plausible excuse, and the proximity of the coast, indented with inlets, a splendid opportunity. He takes pleasure, and holds it almost a civic virtue, to break through the Government monopoly of tobacco at Orizava; and will assist with equal alacrity in lading a smuggler with vanilla from the mountains and valleys of Misantla, cochineal from Oaxaca, or silver bars from the mines of Real del Monte. No man knows better than he the routes and roads, the paths and passes, trodden by the *contrabandista*. Although habitually given to a life of lassitude, no one shows more active energy, or will undergo greater toil, when engaged in any occupation that pleases him. Of these, cattle-herding is the most congenial, and looking after horses. In both employments he spends most of his time, riding at a hard rate through the *chaparrals*, and over the savannas. In horsemanship he is a centaur, and would be ashamed of being seen afoot. His horse, or *andante*, as he calls the animal, stands at all times ready saddled by his door, tied to a tree, or under a shed near by. If it be an errand of only a few hundred yards, he would disdain to execute it as a pedestrian. Whatever the business be, it must be transacted in the saddle. His wife tells him there is water wanted for some culinary purpose; he springs upon the back of his horse, having first slung a pair of *cantaros*, that balance one another, by a strap over the croup of the saddle.

Thus accoutred, he rides to the nearest stream, spurs his animal into it, and wades on till the jars have filled themselves. Then, returning to the hut, he slips out of the saddle, and very often leaves the unloading to be done by his wife, or some other individual of his household. Fire-wood he fetches from the forest in a similar free-and-easy fashion. A log being selected, is noosed in his *lazo*, and tied to the tail of his horse. The *andante* then drags it to the house, and often inside, when it is set free, with one end thrust into the cinders. As the point burns off, it is pushed farther up, till the whole is consumed, and another log is required for similar transport.

In the intervals of his leisure the Jarocho swings in his hammock, usually stretched between two trees, smokes his paper cigarette, and reflects upon the pleasures he has had at the last *fandango*, or more likely those he expects at the *fête* that is to come. Now and then he will take up his *vihuela*, or *jarana* (a small kind of guitar), screw the strings to the proper tension, strum a tune he intends playing at the next meeting with his sweetheart—if a bachelor, and sometimes when a Benedict, for very often is he a sad rake. To give him a better chance of being rewarded by her smiles, he will add the words also, for the Jarocho is not only a poet, but an improvisatore—in short, a sort of Transatlantic troubadour. At other times he may be seen looking after his game cock—since cock-fighting is one of his favourite pastimes—and several champion chanticleers may be found among his live stock, sharing his affections with his dog and his *andante*. He will be seen preparing his lines and nets for the fishery and turtle taking; his gins and other implements for the chase, the game being the small Mexican deer, the agouti, armadilloes, and iguanas, with partridges, wild turkeys, penelopes, and several species of curassow. He also proves his prowess in the grand chase by attacking the cougar and jaguar, or, as they are called by him, the lion and tiger. When his calling is that of *vaguero*, most of his time is taken up in looking after the herds of cattle and horses that roam over the savannas belonging to the large *haciendas de ganado*, or grazing farms. In this wild pastoral life he takes especial delight. With the *haciendas de labor*—the estates where cultivation is carried on—he will have nothing to do. An agricultural life is not congenial to him, as it involves painstaking and systematic toil. He leaves this to the pure-blooded and patient Indian aboriginal “hewer of wood and drawer of water,” who breaks the clod at this hour, as in the days of Moctezuma. Any farming operations undertaken by the Jarocho are upon the most limited scale, in a style equally primitive. With his *machete* he clears a patch of forest contiguous to his dwelling, not larger than a good-sized garden. He only cuts away the underwood, leaving the larger trees to stand. It would be too much exertion to fell one of these. When the lopped saplings become sufficiently desiccated in the sun, he drags them into a heap, and puts the torch to them. Making no attempt to plough up the ground, he does his planting and sowing with a hoe, or the end of a pointed stick. Nature, exuberant around him, completes the cultivation in a few months, or even weeks, rewarding him with a crop. This

is of varied kind, commensurate with his wants and wishes. A patch of maize plants to furnish *zacate* for his horse and corn for his *tortillas*; some plantains to be eaten raw, or fried in lard; yams and the manioc root, with onions, garlic, and several species of capsicum, to give savour to his stews of *tasajo*, tomatoes, and *frisoles*. Of fruits he is fond, but these give him no trouble in their production. They grow almost spontaneously around him, and plenteously, as if Pomona had herself spread his table with a dessert, rich and profuse. So numerous are the kinds set before him, it would look too like a catalogue to give but a list of their names. One might suppose that almost every genus in the *Genera Plantarum* had contributed its quota to the Mexican tropical fruit market.

Thus bountifully provided for, it is scarce to be wondered at that the Jarocho leads an indolent life; for to this he is prompted both by nature, inclination, and the hot atmosphere he is compelled almost perpetually to breathe.

There are times when he exhibits the very opposite—an extreme activity, coupled with the most passionate excitement. See him on horseback, lazo in hand, winding its noose around his head, or flinging it over the horns of a fierce bull; behold him on the back of an untamed and kicking colt, which he breaks for the saddle; watch him at *fiesta* or *fandango*, when he is himself a spectator of his sweetheart engaged in the dance; note how his eyes sparkle with jealous fire, and his hand nervously clutches the hilt of his ever-ready hanger; follow him through the fray that on such occasions is pretty certain to ensue at the slightest sign either of rivalry or insult; observe him through all these, his pursuits as well as vagaries, and you will with difficulty believe him to be the same individual you saw indolently reclining in his *hamaca*, and seeming too lazy to bestir himself for either business or pleasure.

With some strange, and not altogether creditable, characteristics, the Jarocho is nevertheless a man to be admired. He is proud of his independence, and will fight to preserve it. A word uttered against his good name will provoke him to the drawing of his *cortarné*, and spilling the blood of the slanderer, or getting his own let in return. But the conflict will be

carried on in an honourable way—as a duel between gentlemen—and not by the stealthy stab of the assassin, or a clumsy encounter between peasants. Nothing could be farther from a peasant than he. In his mien there is nothing *maladroit*—no taint of clownishness. Despite his patois, his small house, and limited belongings, he is nearer to the idea of a gentleman.

He is honest, true to his word, and faithful in his friendships. It is not out of his ranks that the robbers of Mexico are recruited. On the contrary, some of her truest patriots and best fighting partisans have been Jarochoes, as from old experience I had myself reason to know. His quality in this line has been since tasted by French Zouaves and Turcos to their shameful discomfiture.

A JAROCHO'S OPINION OF THE FRENCH.

As the imperial *fiasco* had lately failed, it was naturally the subject of converse between my new travelling companion and myself. It came out as we rode onward, being introduced by the Jarocho in a style somewhat *sans façon* as well as startling.

"*Ñor deconocio*," he said, resuming speech after a pause, "you tell me you are going to Santa Fé."

"Santa Fé is my present destination."

"And beyond?"

"Oh, far beyond; perhaps all over Mexico—if I can manage it."

The Jarocho rose up in his stirrups, and threw himself into an attitude peculiar to his class—that is, resting upon one leg, and seated sideways in the saddle, leaning a little over.

"*Carrambo!*" he exclaimed, after scanning me from head to

foot. "All over Mexico!" Then transferring his gaze to my horse, he continued—"Muy bien, caballero, that will be a long journey; but your *andante* appears equal to it. I don't think I've seen a handsomer sample of horseflesh in *tierra caliente*. Would it be impolite of me to inquire where you came across him?"

"In Vera Cruz, of course. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, *ñor*. Only when I see a good horse I am curious to know something of his pedigree. Yours is a beauty, and appears worthy of descent from the best mare of Mahomet."

"It is possible he may be so; I purchased him with a warranty of pure Arab blood, and paid price accordingly."

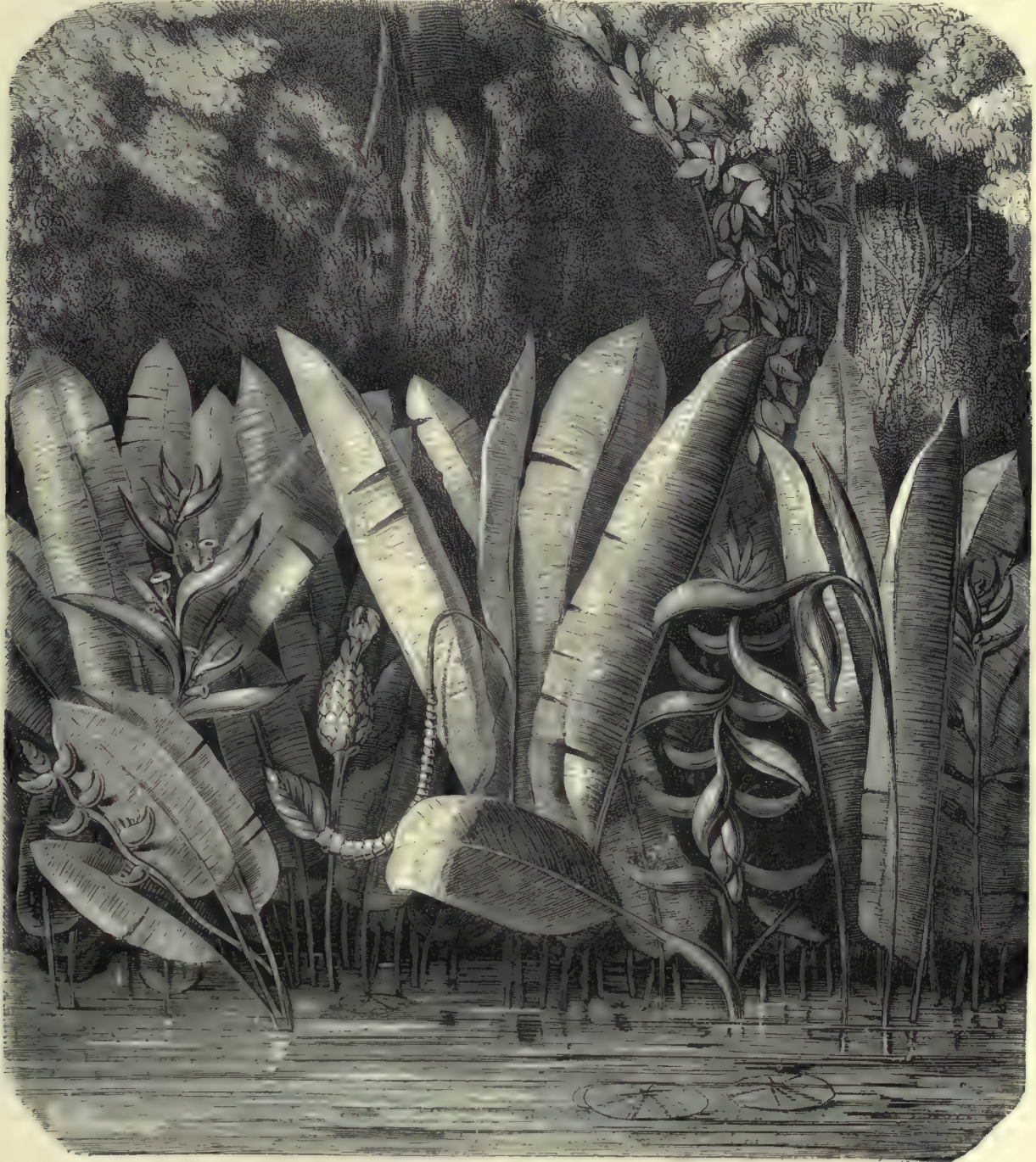


JAROCHOS.

I made these remarks somewhat mechanically, for my thoughts were not about the horse. They were engrossed by the singular individual who was questioning me, and who, while speaking in a pronounced patois, was at the same time costumed like a prince, and carrying himself like a crusader.

you mystify me, when you talk of going all over Mexico. Still I shall not be so rude as to ask you your reasons; for although wearing our national costume—which, by the way, well becomes you—I can tell you to be a stranger.”

“How that? Does my bad Spanish betray me?”



A LAGOON IN THE TIERRA CALIENTE.

Had it been my first visit to his country, I might have been surprised and puzzled. But I was not either. I knew that I was riding alongside a *Jarocho*. Without making rejoinder to what I had said, he continued to interrogate me; though in a manner at which I could not feel offended.

“Well, caballero,” he said, “you don’t look much like a pedlar, nor yet the travelling clerk of a *comerciante*. Neither should I take you for a speculator in mines. *Carrambo!*

“On the contrary, you talk it too well—too much like a *Gachupino*. And yet you are not that, either.”

“*Yo soy Irlandes.*”

I have travelled in some countries where it might damage a man to proclaim himself an Irishman; but I knew this did not hold good of Mexico, and therefore can claim no credit for candour in having made known my nationality.

I could see that it did me no harm in the eyes of my

new-made acquaintance; the contrary, as was evinced by his bearing, which if possible became more respectfully polite. His politeness seemed to act as a curb on his curiosity, since he made no further attempt to question me as to the motive of my journey. For all this I could see that he was keenly desirous of knowing it. I had no reason to conceal it, and said, "My object in travelling through your country is because I am in love with it. I believe it to be the most beautiful in the world, and wish to make myself better acquainted with it."

"*Gracias, ñor!*" returned the Jarocho, with a bow that would have done credit to a courtier. "I'm glad you have such a good opinion of our poor Mexico, and hope you'll enjoy journeying through it. *Cospita!* It isn't often one meets with a traveller starting on such an extended tour. And you intend making it alone?"

"Not quite alone. I expect to pick up a companion at Santa Fé—a man who is to act in the double capacity of guide and attendant."

"Take my advice, caballero, and choose *un hombre de bien*—one you can trust to be faithful. What with our own misfortunes, and those forced upon us by the foreigner, I'm sorry to say the roads are still far from safe. There's danger in the journey you are undertaking. I hope you will get safely to the end of it. No doubt, before leaving Vera Cruz you burnt a goodly number of candles to our Lady of Guadalupe?"

"Not a wick," was my reply, made laconic, as reproof to the superstition that had often disgusted me.

"You don't believe in that sort of thing, then?" inquired he, with an evident interest.

"Certainly not," I said in answer; "on the contrary, I regard it as the chief curse of your country."

The Jarocho suddenly checked his horse, half turning him across the track, grasping as he did so the hilt of the bright-bladed weapon that lay sheathless along the saddle-flap.

"*Ñor deconocio,*" he said, whipping it from under his thigh, and handling it *carte and tierce*, "you see that *cortarné?*"

"Certainly," I stammered out, taken by surprise, and, in the full belief I should have to defend myself, groping for my pistol-holster; "certainly, I see it. For what do you put the question?"

"To tell you, that I have buried that blade in the breast of more than one Frenchman. And why? Because they came here to fix the curse you speak of more firmly upon us. They came to rivet the chain—*ay Dios!*—tight enough before. But we've broken it, and are free; while they—*bandidos y cobardes* (bandits and cowards)—were but too glad to escape, leaving that poor scapegoat of an emperor to pay the reckoning they had run up. Yes, caballero, it was as I tell you. But for Maximiliano and his Austrians occupying our troops at the capital, the French jackals would never have left Vera Cruz alive. As it was, they took with them but little of the plunder they had collected in the campaign, and less glory. *Sangre de Christo!* what a pity it was to let them escape with whole skins!"

Long before the Jarocho had finished his diatribe, my hand had ceased searching for the butt of my revolver. I was glad that my *serapé*, draping down over the saddle-bow, concealed the movement. I should have been sorry to show myself suspicious of a man capable of giving expression to such patriotic sentiments. They were not so far different from my own, and I told him so.

The unison of our thoughts seemed to tranquillise the storm that had so suddenly sprung up in his mind, and,

replacing the *machete* under his thigh, he rode on calmly as before. I followed, reflecting, and with increased respect for the man so unexpectedly met. I could not help this, in view of his patriotism. As I've said, it was not my first experience of this on the part of his people. I remembered how, twenty years before, under their famed chief Jarauta—the Padre Jarauta—they had held the ground against the Americans in guerilla warfare long after the Mexican regular army had succumbed. I remembered how, at San Juan de Teotihuacan, almost within sight of the famed Aztec *teocalli*, we had stolen a march on Jarauta and his *guerrilleros*—attacked them just at daybreak, as they were watering their horses at the town stream, and routed them, shooting down over a hundred of their number with Colt's revolving pistols—the first time this now famous weapon was ever used in war.

I did not relate this circumstance to him who was riding by my side; but permitted him to continue his conversation about the later invaders of his country; of whom history has yet to give an account that will be far from creditable to them.

A SOUVENIR OF "LEX TALIONIS."

As if to rebuke me for blaming them, almost at that moment came before my eyes an object fraught with painful memory to myself, and something like shame to my own old comrades in arms.

After riding some time under the trees, we had come within sight of an open savanna. I recognised the little prairie of Santa Fé, beyond which lies the *pueblita* of the same name. Standing in the plain, far out from the forest edge, was a solitary *rancho*, or log-house, with an attached shed and *corral* for the enclosing of cattle. This, too, I recognised. It was all classic ground to me, especially that surrounding the lonely cabin. It was not a dwelling, but a slaughter-house—a place for butchering beef to supply the market of Vera Cruz. Once, upon a scouting reconnoissance by moonlight, I remembered crouching up to, and entering it, with the caution observed by scouts. We found the place deserted, abandoned by the butchers; who, in all likelihood, were enrolled in the *guerrilla* against which we were acting. Just outside the enclosure lay a corpse, by the fragments of uniform still adhering to it recognisable as that of an American soldier. Though fearfully disfigured by mutilation—one arm chopped off, and crosses cut in the soles of the feet—there was enough of the face left untouched to enable us to identify a comrade. The eyes were open, with eyeballs protruding, glassy, and glaring upon the moon. It was a sample of the *lex talionis*, and I was acquainted with its first act. The amputated arm was a key to it; and a soldier of my own corps had been the cause. Some days before, a wicked wretch who wore our uniform had discharged his gun at a harmless wood-chopper encountered by the way-side, cutting some sticks from a hedge. The shot was fired in sheer wantonness, as one shoots at a bird one does not care to gather into the game-bag. The bullet broke the man's arm, and amputation became necessary, though this did not save his life. The heartlessness of the deed provoked retaliation, and the corpse we came upon was one of its consequences.

There were other acts of a similar kind during the American-Mexican war; but they were few—might be accounted as nothing, compared with what occurred during the Franco-Austrian occupation. The former, I hesitate not to say, was

conducted, on the American side, in a manner never before exemplified by an invading army. It was truly civilised warfare—humane—if such a term may be admitted into the vocabulary of war. The latter was the very opposite, more especially in the campaigns carried on by the French. Indeed, the Austrians acted only in a sort of subsidiary manner, the French commander-in-chief, who drew his inspiration from the Tuileries, being in truth the master of Maximilian; and as such is he to be held accountable, not only for the decree which afterwards cost the unfortunate emperor his life, but for the behaviour of the French troops, who, in their inhuman treatment of the Mexican people—in acts of absolute ferocity—far eclipsed Cortez and his *Conquistadores*.

So thought the Jarocho, and said it, and so thought I. To confirm me, I did not stand in need of any fresh information from him. In Vera Cruz, I had heard the same story from Don Hilario, and others—corroborated in all its atrocious details.

A SINGULAR BIRD.

The subject was painful, and I was glad to turn from it to themes of a more pacific character. A slight incident diverted my thoughts, as also those of the Jarocho. A bird sprang up from the path, and with a scream winged its way along the selvage of the forest. It was just as we caught sight of the savanna. The bird was of large size, and sombre colour, kite-shaped, and sharp-winged, with the flight peculiar to the *Falconidae*. It was its cry that more particularly drew my attention, as also that of my companion. This was like the dissyllable *hua-co*, several times repeated, quickly and in choking tone—as is sometimes heard from the cuckoo—but ending in a prolonged screech.

"The *pajaro vaquero*" (shepherd-bird), said the Jarocho, pointing to it, as it flew off.

I knew and recognised it, though by a different name. It was the celebrated guaco-bird of South America, made famous by the Spanish botanist, Mutis, in describing the parasitical plant, *Mikania guaco*—one of the most efficient antidotes to the bite of a venomous serpent. The bird itself is a hawk; but instead of preying on other birds, it has a stronger propensity for feeding upon reptiles, and more especially serpents. In America it fills the place occupied by the "secretary bird" in Africa and India, performing the same *métier*—the killing and devouring of snakes. It is not necessary to repeat the tale told by Mutis—of its guarding itself against the effects of a chance bite, by inoculating its blood with the juice of the *Mikania*. Enough to say, that I have myself seen sufficient to confirm the truth of the story—strange as it may appear. After all, it is not stranger than the well-known fact of dogs and foxes "going to grass."

"Hear how it screams!" said the Jarocho. "Just as I told you—a sure sign we were to have a *norté*, and you see we have it! I can tell why it cries so," he continued.

"Why?" I asked, my interest in the bird, long ago begot by reading the description of the Spanish botanist, now vividly reviving; "why?"

"Because the cold of the *norté* sends the snakes into their holes and coverts, where the *vaquero* can't get at them. No wonder it should make lamentation, deprived of its daily and natural food."

I bowed to the explanation of the Jarocho. It was a chapter of natural history that was new to me.

THROUGH THE TROPICAL FOREST.

The road to Santa Fé runs direct across the savanna. Riding ahead of the stranger, I spurred out into the open, and for the first time felt the real chilliness of the norther. As yet there was no rain, but the wind, icy cold, was sweeping along with tempest-strength, carrying with it the leaves and branches of trees plucked off as it passed them. It was with difficulty I could retain my seat in the saddle. Even my horse had a struggle to keep his feet; and, quickly wrenching him about, I rode back under the shelter of the forest.

"Follow me!" said the Jarocho, smiling at my discomfiture, and striking off into a side path. "We can get to Santa Fé this way. It will make our journey a little longer, but we shall be less discommoded by the storm, and if the rain should come on, I know a *jacal* where we can get shelter, and pass half an hour agreeably enough, if you are fond of — say, *ñor*, do you like to look at a pretty girl?"

I could not help smiling at the question so naïvely asked. Both it, and the style in which it was put, were pure Jarocho.

"I fancy there are but few men who would answer you in the negative," was my reply.

"Buena!" he exclaimed, "I thought as much. A man who gives proof of good taste in his horse, as you, caballero, is sure to have an eye for female beauty. You shall see Ña Rafaela and her sister. They are both considered beyond the common, but Rafaelita, ah! she is fair as the *floripundio*."

"I hope she resembles that flower only in the quality of its beauty."

My allusion was to the dangerous properties of the *Datura grandiflora*—the *floripundio* of my fellow-traveller's comparison.

It was at once understood by him; and I fancied that some reflection gave him pain. If so, he made an effort to conceal it, saying in rejoinder, "Ña Rafaela is an angel, pure as the snow of Orizava."

After this we were silent, riding on through the thick of the forest. Indeed for a time conversation would have been difficult, as the path no longer permitted our going abreast. There was scant breadth for a single horseman, the branches brushing against our limbs, as we squeezed through between trees loaded with parasitical plants. Here and there, we had to duck our heads to avoid the overarching boughs, with their thick festoonery of epiphytes—especially when the *Dolichos pruriens* flung its stinging garlands across the path. We had to avoid also beautiful, but burning, *Jatrophas* of two distinct species, as also the poisonous sumach (*Rhus radicans*) and other noxious plants, that formed the woof of the grand vegetable web spreading on both sides of us. Above too; for we were no longer travelling with the blue sky overhead, but under a canopy of verdure—a true forest arcade—at all times shady, but now unusually obscured by the norther.

Despite the sombre light, I could distinguish many fair vegetable forms: among them slender *Casalpinias* shooting up through the green clustering curtains, with here and there the straight stem of a palm-tree, or *Cecropia*, like rods intended to support them; while pendant pinnatifid leaves of bright yellowish-green proclaimed the *Leguminosae* in countless genera and species—in trees as *Robinia* and *Tamarindus*—in parasites as the *Ingas* and *Bauhinias*.

Magnificent *Orchideae* touched our cheeks—in flower, though it was midwinter in Northern climes—several *Epidendreae*, among them the splendid *Epidendrum cavendishii*—their fragrance,

along with the chill breath of the *norté*, for the time rendering imperceptible the mephitic odour of the skunk, which too often pervades the forests of the Vera Cruz coast-land.

For a full half-hour I followed my Jarocho guide, under the archway of sombre green. Our progress was slow, impeded by water "splashes" that here and there crossed the path. In the coast-lands of Vera Cruz, there is much stagnant water: slow-flowing rivulets, with here and there a *laguna*. The Gulf Stream will account for this sluggishness on the part of the outflowing rivers. By opposing to their efflux the barrier of sand-dunes, already spoken of, it causes them to espouse the ocean with reluctance. Here and there, they break through it, as at Antigua, the Boca del Rio of Jamapa, and the Gulf or Lake of Alvarado; but elsewhere they meet obstruction, and crawl slowly along, creating in their track a belt of beautiful vegetation—beautiful to the eye, but dangerous to the health, and too often deadly.

Man alone seems to suffer from this exuberance. To the animal world, as to the vegetable, it appears congenial. I could not help thinking so, as our path, débouching from the thicket of leafy shrubs, trended for a time along the edge of a lagoon. A stream ran through it, but so slowly that the water was well-nigh stagnant. Broad green leaves lay spread upon its surface, among which, by their heart-shaped and azure-blue flowers, I could distinguish the *Pontederia cordata*, and nearer to the shore the grand blades of the *Pothos*, and several species of *Aroidæ*, whose shining velvety surface contrasted with the rough dark tree-trunks rising beyond, and the still darker forest aisles, over which the trailing epiphytes formed a screen, at all times impenetrable to the sun.

Regardless of the norther, which only raged high above their heads, water and wading birds were disporting themselves in the lagoon, or standing meditative on its shores. Solemn-looking cranes, and the grave *Tantalus loculator*, which the storm had for a time silenced, were seen perched upon projecting logs; while the scarlet ibis, snow-white herons, roseate spoonbills, and turquoise-coloured kingfishers moved over the water-surface like meteors, mingling their varied hues with the azure blossoms of the lilies and the brilliant green leaves of the

arums. Overhead sat the osprey, now and then uttering his shrill predatory cry, watching some bird, better fisher than himself, with the design to rob it of its prey; while over the cordate discs of the water-lilies lightly tripped that singular creature, the spur-winged *jacana*, now with plumes spread to support it, like some fine lady in quadrille or minuet; anon, with wings closed,

when confident in the support of the lily underneath; but continually scrutinising the water, lest the jaws of an alligator might be gaping too near.

The hideous saurian himself might be seen cunningly concealed under the same lily leaves, winking his great watery eyes while awaiting his prey. It does not matter to him whether it be a scaly fish, or a bird of bright plumage. If the sombre-coloured osprey or the sky-blue kingfisher, mistaking him for a log or floating tree, darts down to seize some of the finny tribe swimming contiguous to his teeth, they will run great risk of being themselves made captive, and crushed between his capacious jaws. It was such a tableau as can be witnessed only in the tropical forest—a tableau of wild luxuriant nature, both in the animal and vegetable world. It was many years since I had looked on the like, and I could have long lingered in its contemplation. But my companion was impatient, and as he was now also my guide, I was forced to follow him.

We must have ridden for more than an hour through the thick timber, and I was beginning to wonder at the length of the road. The direct one to Santa Fé could not have been half the distance we had traversed since leaving the savanna. I might have suspected

my companion of some sinister design, and that instead of an interview with the beautiful Ña Rafaelita and her almost equally beautiful sister, I should find myself in the midst of a *gavilla* of *salteadores*. But I knew it was not the neighbourhood for highway-robbers. My travelling companion might be a *contrabandista*, but that could give me no fear. There was a loyal look about him that checked all tendency to apprehension. I only wondered why he was taking me so much out of the way.

When I saw Ña Rafaela and her sister—which I soon after did—my wondering came to an end. The sight of either was worth the roundabout ride.



ÑA RAFAELA.

A Visit to the Danubian Principalities.—IV.

BY NELSON BOYD, F.G.S., ETC.

UP THE CARPATHIANS—VIEW OF ROUMANIA—PASSES OVER THE MOUNTAINS—MONOPOLIES.

THERE is a great charm in open-air life. This may arise from the contrast between it and our usual existence in modern crowded cities; but it may also arise from a reversion to the tastes of our primitive condition. Certain it is that few possessed of good health fail to enjoy what is commonly termed roughing it—at least for a short time. Nothing could have been, in my mind, much more enjoyable than our first night's encampment on the Carpathians. After doing ample justice to our meal, we drew round the bright wood fire, and beguiled time by relating anecdotes and discussing the intended journey. Every one had some story of interest to tell, some adventure to relate; and every one had an opinion about the best way to cross the mountains. As time wore on, the twilight merged into night, and we had no other light than that of the wood flames as we sat talking and smoking. But we did more than that, for we had a pack of cards, and were for a time absorbed by the intricate calculations of a rubber of whist. The counting of tricks and honours resounded strangely in the stillness of the night, and our occupation seemed out of place with the surroundings. The night was a fine one, calm and clear, though not light, as the moon was in her first quarter, but the stars shone brightly from the blue sky, or appeared like sparkling gems on the horizon above the dark outline of the forest-covered mountains. We could barely distinguish the forms of the distant hills, and around us all was darkness and silence. Not a sound was

heard except the soft bubbling of the little spring, and the rippling of the water over some broken stones, before it became lost in the grass. We continued piling wood on our fire, and kept it burning brightly all night long, not only as a pre-

caution against the cold dews of early morning, but also as a safeguard against the possible approach of bears. Wild animals have a great dread of fire, and no better protection could be adopted than a strong light; certainly we did not neglect to adopt it, for at times the flames shot up from our logs as high as the surrounding trees, and lit up the strange scene around us—the white rock from whence the water gushed through a fissure; the tall stately trees on one side, the low brushwood on the other; the horses picketed, and quietly grazing the soft grass; Pedro, the guide, in his white lamb-skin coat and cap, solemnly looking at the group playing cards; and, lastly, the players themselves, crouched around a mat close to the fire, and earnestly intent on the chances of the game. From time to time we heard the faint sound of a gun in the far distance waking up the



WALLACHIAN LADY IN TRAVELLING-COSTUME.

echoes, for many shepherds are armed, and at the least suspicious rustle in the brushwood they fire, with the intention of warning and frightening the unwelcome bear. The night was well advanced before we sought needful repose, pillowed on the moss-covered roots of the stately trees whose branches sheltered us, and close to the flickering flames of the burning wood. Repose comes sweetly after a day's fatigue, and the hard ground we lay on was to us as welcome as soft rose-leaves to the Sybarite. Even after my companions were lost in sleep,

I lay watching the scene around me with delight, and weird-like it appeared, by the light of the flickering flames. We had not much time to devote to repose, as we had arranged to be off in time to reach the summit of the range before sunrise. At a very early hour, therefore, we started on foot, leaving our horses and baggage to the care of Pedro, who was to follow us, and meet us at the verge of the forest. We had still about a mile of tree-covered ground to traverse before reaching the open space, covered with short grass in summer and snow in winter. Once out of the forest, we found ourselves on a prairie-like slope, extending for miles without any path or road to follow, but intersected by numerous sheep-tracks calculated to mislead the traveller. Although the greensward seemed to continue unbroken to the very summit of the range, we found on going over the ground numerous difficulties, small when looked at from a distance, but exceedingly irksome to get over. Here and there we came on steep benches of rock, lying almost perpendicularly, and difficult to get *up* even on all-fours; and sometimes the rock had been split by the effect of the ice in winter, and we had to scramble over huge piles of angularly-broken stones. In fact, the walk, which appeared apparently easy from a distance, turned out to be a most arduous undertaking, and we were all very much exhausted when we reached the summit. However, the view we there enjoyed repaid us amply for the trouble and fatigue we had undergone. The sun was just rising above the horizon, and casting its golden rays on the immense plain of Wallachia, which lay at the base of the mountain range. This great table-land, illuminated as it was by the eastern light, appeared almost interminable, and seemed in the far distance to melt away in a flood of light. It appeared studded with bright specks, which turned out to be the numerous little villages and farmsteads of the table-land lit up by the rays of the rising sun. A brilliant streak, like a silver cord, crossed the plain, and lost itself in the far distance. This was the Danube, following its course towards the Black Sea; and its tributaries appeared like tiny threads unravelled from the main cord.

Immediately below us lay the southern slope of the Carpathian range, covered with dark forests; and broken into gorges and ravines, similar to those we had witnessed on our journey up the previous day. The contrast was great between the sunlit plain before us, extending as far as the eye could reach towards the south, and the sombre, wood-covered peaks of the Carpathians on the north, struggling through the mists of early morning: on one side an immense table-land, brilliantly lit up by the rays of the rising sun, and reflecting the flood of light thus thrown over it in vivid and varied colours; on the other, the dark outline of the mountain peaks frowning dimly through the cold grey mist of the fading night. The summit of the range we were standing on was covered with short soft grass, and looked like a carpet-covered platform, raised above the trees on either side, to enable the scene to be witnessed. As the sun rose higher, the southern slopes became brilliant in colours of varied green; the patches of grass where the cattle were grazing were clearly defined, and strings of pack-horses could be distinguished toiling up the zigzag path known as the Vulkan pass. By-and-by the mists which hung over the mountains and valleys on the north faded in the sunshine, and the tips of the hills reflected the gilding rays of light down to the darker gorges below.

We gazed at this charming scene with intense delight,

and the sun was well up before we turned towards the wood below, where we expected to find our horses and commissariat. Our matutinal walk had considerably enlivened our appetites, and we were glad to find Pedro in readiness for our arrival, having prepared coffee and secured some milk from a young shepherdess who was tending a herd of cows. We found Pedro engaged in conversation with two women, who were watching his preparations and at the same time actively spinning with their primeval distaff. One of these, the young shepherdess, was a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, of from twelve or fourteen summers, the other a married woman, as we could recognise from her head-dress, who appeared to be at least thirty years of age. She was the wife of a farmer who possessed a log hut in the neighbourhood, which in summer he inhabited with his family. The wife was left in charge of the homestead and a few cows, while the husband was watching other flocks among the pasturages. Some incidents raised the question of this young woman's age, and I was much surprised to find all our guesses, ranging between twenty-five and thirty-five years, far above the truth. She was really only eighteen, and the mother of a first child a few months old. It is strange how soon the bloom of youth fades from the gentle sex in these remote mountains. This must be accounted for by their early application to physical labour. They are sent into the fields to do hard manual work before they are fully developed, and this, combined with the precocity peculiar to Southern climes, causes them to sink into the matron almost before they are out of their teens. This woman's face was shrivelled up like an apple in February, and as careworn as a state minister's; yet she was young and, according to our guide Pedro's account, happy. Impelled by curiosity, I could not help visiting her mountain home. It was simple enough. A rough hut, constructed with logs, well caulked with moss to keep out wind and rain, and surrounded by a palisade. It contained one room, in which the family found their home, and this was but scantily furnished: a bedstead, a table and bench, and a large box completed the inventory. In fact, beyond the mere necessities, these good people do not appear to require anything. There was no attempt at gardening or culture of any kind; the hut was built on the sward among the trees, and a small space cleared in front where the cows were milked. It was truly rustic, and nothing more; and so was the good woman who lived in it, with her simple dress and ancient distaff. She was very friendly, and offered us a plentiful supply of milk from her store, which was all she had to offer besides good wishes for our journey, and these we accepted with hearty thanks. It was about midday when we left the hut, to continue our journey towards the Vulkan pass, and the sun we had seen rising over the broad plain of Wallachia was pouring down a torrent of heat on us. We had again to reach the summit of the range, and follow a sheep-track over the tips of the mountains, for a distance of some ten or fifteen miles. It was an arduous task under a broiling sun. The slopes were at times very steep, and here and there we came on mounds of rock-debris, over which we had difficulty in getting with our heavily-laden pack-horses. The little animals, however, did their work admirably, scarcely ever missing a step, and scrambled up and down the little precipices like goats. During our journey, I got somewhat in advance of the party, and, lost from their sight by the undulating nature of the ground, found myself unpleasantly in sudden presence of some shepherds' dogs. These animals,

seeing a strange figure, set on me with the violence and ferocity of wild animals. They were four in number, and as wicked as wolves. I had no arms, save a stout walking-stick, which I brandished with extreme vigilance; but surrounded as I soon was by my enemies I should have succumbed to their furious attacks, had not the shepherd come to my rescue. Even he had great difficulty in beating the brutes off, and when my friends gained the top of the nearest eminence, they saw me crouching in the most undignified manner behind the stalwart shepherd, who was vigorously plying his stick and exercising his lungs at the barking, yelping, ferocious beasts. Seeing my position, my friends came up at the double, and made a successful charge at the enemy, firing a few harmless shots from revolvers, and wiping them down with what is called an "oaken towel." This was not the only time we had to use revolvers against shepherds' dogs. On another occasion, in passing by a lonely farmhouse in the Szill valley, my companion and myself were furiously attacked by three of these vicious brutes, and this time firearms were of real service to us, as I firmly believe we should have been torn to pieces had we not, by firing a few shots, kept the brutes at bay until the owner, startled at the sound of the revolvers, came running towards us, and succeeded in calling the brutes off what they, no doubt, looked on as legitimate prey. He did so just in time to save his dogs, as two of them were, at the time, covered by our revolvers, and would have been shot to a certainty had they not left us alone. These dogs are usually ferocious, and nearly wild, but very useful to the shepherds and farmers as guardians of cattle. They are large, and somewhat resemble the Irish greyhound, but stronger built, and covered with a good fur of shaggy hair, black or tan in colour. They have a surly growl and a restless eye, and are decidedly not pleasant customers to meet in the lonely paths of the Carpathians. I was greatly relieved when my persecutors on the last occasion scampered off, yelping, and left me once more master of my movements. The shepherd addressed a few words to me, which, however, I could not understand, but presuming he was asking me where I came from, I replied in Italian that I and four other gentlemen had come up the mountains from the Szill valley, and were on our way to Wallachia, and from his gestures I gathered that he had understood me. There is, indeed, quite enough of the Roman language left in the Roumanian of the present day to enable a good Latin scholar to understand and be understood. I offered the man a few small coins as a remuneration for the trouble I had caused him, but he did not understand my object, and asked in an astonished manner what he was to do with the money. Pedro here came to the rescue, and explained to him that it was a gift offered for his acceptance, and I placed the coins in the palm of his open hand, as he stood smiling, and apparently quite amused at the novelty of the proceeding. The value of ready cash is not quite so great on the top of the Carpathians as it is in a crowded city. A man would find some difficulty in spending money in a wilderness when there was nobody to give him anything in exchange for it, and the shepherd, no doubt, carried those few coins in his belt for months before he had the opportunity of disposing of them for *slievovitz* at some *festa* of his village in the valley.

Although we were advancing in the direction of the Vulkan pass, we were not hurrying along the direct path with a view to getting over the ground in the speediest manner possible,

but leisurely sauntering over the grass, and roving about, occasionally ascending some height to enjoy the splendid view of the Wallachian plain and the Transylvanian mountains, or going up a gully to examine the debris of quartz rock, and speculate on the probability of gold existing in it, or stopping to gaze at an eagle or vulture soaring in the air above.

A day is soon spent in pleasant companionship amidst such attractions, and to us the sun seemed to recede too soon before the shades of evening. It was almost dusk before we reached the pass and selected a convenient resting-place for the night, under the protecting branches of some stately trees. Our preparations were soon made, the horses relieved of their burdens, tethered, and allowed to graze to their content; a fire was lit, and we were soon enjoying the repose so welcome after a fatiguing march under a broiling sun. It is needless to say that we were soon wrapped in our travelling-cloaks, and pillowed, though not softly, on our saddles. Fortunately for us, the night was fine, and the morning broke sweetly over the charming scenery around us. The sky was clouded, and the sun had to struggle with the mists which hung about the peaks before the supremacy of day could be fairly established. But when the mists of morning had been completely dispelled, we again enjoyed one of those beautiful sights of mountain scenery peculiar to the Carpathians. Our view to the north was excluded by trees, but to the south we gazed over the Wallachian plain illuminated by the rising sun, but not so brilliant or radiant as on the previous morning. Our little bivouac was close to the pass, and as the morning advanced, droves of cattle, sheep, and swine poured along it on their way from Wallachia into Transylvania. Travellers on foot and horseback also passed from either way, and lines of pack-horses laden with goods, those from Wallachia mostly carrying salt, which comes from the salt-mines which exist on the southern side of the Carpathians, and which supply the necessities of an extensive district around. Salt is a product of great importance to the Wallachian on account of his cattle, as they require a certain quantity, specially during the winter months, when they are often penned up in close stables and nourished on dry and scanty food. The Wallachians on the Roumanian side of the Carpathians have the advantage of an abundant and cheap supply of this necessary commodity, but those on the Transylvanian side have to pay a high price for it, owing to the heavy duty imposed by the Austrian Government, salt being the subject of a monopoly in that country.

The evil effects of monopolies on articles of necessity and consumption are very plainly seen in this district. The Wallachians of the Szill valley are a peaceable people, and easily amenable to reason and order, but they have all the character of a semi-nomad tribe, and their ideas on government, land-rights, or commercial exchange, are obscure and peculiar. They pay taxes without much difficulty, although, most probably, they do not comprehend the object of them, or the ultimate destination of the money they hand over to the collector. But on certain points they are very difficult to manage. They cannot understand how it comes to pass that they are not allowed to grow tobacco and use it themselves, or how it is that in their own villages, where an excellent tobacco-leaf is raised, the people are forced to smoke the execrable mixture provided by the Government. It would be difficult to make them appreciate the advantages or, indeed, the principles of monopolies. The soundness of the principle of Government

monopoly is, indeed, very questionable, and the advantages of them—at least as regards a border district like this—are doubtful. In the case of salt, the peasant feels the imposition more heavily than as regards tobacco, because it is still more an article of necessity, and it seems to him incomprehensible that he should have to pay three times as much for it on one side of the frontier, as his brother does on the other. This state of affairs simply leads to smuggling, and considering the wild nature of the range of mountains which separates Wallachia from Transylvania, it is extremely difficult to check, and wholly impossible completely to prevent it. A very large body of frontier police are engaged in watching the frontier passes, and I believe, if the cost of supervision were placed against the value of the whole tax levied in the district, it would be found that the result would not be much in favour of the Government. The Wallachians are hardy mountaineers, well acquainted with every little path which leads over the ranges, and well able to elude the vigilance of the police; consequently a great deal of salt is actually smuggled across, despite the greatest care on the part of the authorities. The police frequently go on outpost duty in the mountains, where they have erected a number of log huts for their accommodation; there they lie in wait for days at a time when they suspect any of the villagers to be engaged in a smuggling expedition. Sometimes they are successful in making a seizure, but more frequently the peasants are too knowing for them, and it has occurred that the two hostile parties have been for days in the heights watching each other, the smugglers keeping on the safe side of the frontier line, and waiting for an opportunity to get down, the police well aware of the game, and scouring the ground to prevent any passage. But this is very difficult among the wild mountains, in dark and stormy nights, the more so as the mountaineers are swift of foot and loosely clad, and the gendarmes, encumbered with military clothing and impedimenta, are incapable of pursuing with any chance of success.

I was witness of a very strange scene, on one occasion, in the mountains. We were bivouacking close to an outpost of police, who were on the watch for some smugglers. In the middle of the night the band made their appearance, stealthily stealing down the path, and leading their little horses burdened with salt. They fell straight into the hands of the police, who frightened them by firing a few shots. The Wallachians, who were not armed, considered discretion the better part of valour under the circumstances, and disappeared down the mountain at a desperate speed. Pursuit was useless, so the soldiers contented themselves with taking possession of the horses, six in number, and their packs. The victory of the gendarmes was not, however, a lasting one, as the villagers waylaid them next day on their road down to the valley, and receiving them with a volley of stones from behind an ambush, and thus disabling them, rescued their horses. Such incidents as this, though not frequent, occur occasionally every year, and tend very much to create and sustain a rankling feeling of discontent among the native population against their Government, which is not appeased, but rather encouraged, by their *popas*, or priests, who are all more or less under the influence of the Roman Government.

Except as regards smuggling, the people are peaceful enough, and the police have not much to fear in the prosecution of their duties. The salt which we saw carried over the pass in open daylight, paid duty at the Vulkan contumez in

the Szil valley. Besides the salt carried by horses and heads of cattle, we saw several bands of Roumanians crossing over from their own country to seek work at the railway terminus at Petrogeny; but very few travellers passed in the opposite direction. Now and then a cattle-drover went past at slow speed, returning to his home in the plain, after disposing of his cattle at some of the fairs in Transylvania, such as the one at Hartzeg which we had witnessed. But the traffic over the pass was not great. At present, the real road for traffic between Roumania and the west is the Danube. The steamers carry very nearly all the passengers, and by far the greater part of the goods, the passes being used only for cattle and such local traffic as exists in the immediate vicinity of the frontier.

Among the few travellers moving along the pass were two ladies returning from a visit to Hartzeg to their home at Tyrgosil. They were mounted on two pretty little ponies, and had with them a servant and a pack-horse. The ladies were so completely muffled up that, at a distance, it was with difficulty we could recognise in the forms on the horses two fair travellers. They made a halt near our little bivouac, and seemed to hesitate before dismounting. They were surprised at finding the spot they had intended selecting for a rest already tenanted. We, however, with the courtesy due to ladies, begged of them not to allow our presence to interfere with their movements, at the same time placing at their disposal the contents of our commissariat. The ladies dismounted, and we had the charm of their society at our rural breakfast among the peaks of the Carpathians, with the green-sward for table, the thick foliage of the overhanging tree branches for tent, and the magnificent panorama of the surrounding scenery instead of frescoed walls. Our agreeable visitors, mother and daughter, were anxious to reach Tyrgosil before evening, and had not much time to lose on the way. They had been travelling since early dawn, and having halted long enough to rest and partake of refreshment, they mounted and proceeded—not, however, without giving us a most pressing invitation to pay them a visit on our way through their town. Their travelling costume consisted of uncountable and unaccountable wrappers, but they defended the use of them on account of the dust, and the clouds we saw rising all along the road, as it wound down the mountain-side, were sufficient to justify the plea, although, as the sun rose higher, the warmth of the clothing must have become intolerable. However, they appeared not to fear the heat, and carefully drawing their cloaks round them, more like bundles than human beings on horse-back, they slowly descended the steep path which leads from the summit of the Vulkan down to the vast plain of Roumania.

We remained that day and night in the mountains, as we had much to see and much to study. We had some opportunity of examining the topography of this frontier country, which, in former times, has so often proved an impassable barrier to the invading Turks. The mountain range of the Carpathians, which divides Roumania from Transylvania, is practically inaccessible, except at a few points where passes lead over the heights, and the nature of the country is such that the wonderful defences of the Hungarians in past times are quite explicable. There are not many passes over the southern Carpathians, only about five which are used to any extent, and of them the pass of the Red Tower ("Rothen Thurm") which leads into Hermannstadt, and that of



WALLACHIANS DISTILLING "S. IEVOVITZ."

"Tömös" leading into Kronstadt, are the principal. Most of the passes are either along the banks of or close to mountain torrents that have worn a passage through the rocks. The river Alt pierces through the mountain chain near the Red Tower pass, and part of the road is hewn in the rock along its banks; and not far from the Vulkan pass the river Szill rushes through the Zurduk gorge, between perpendicular walls of rock. These water passages provide natural means for the construction of lines of communication between the two countries, which will some day be taken advantage of, and roadways, if not railways, constructed along their banks. At present, the passes exist only as rude tracks over the mountains, forming a tedious and, in winter, almost impassable roadway. These passes have frequently been the scenes of daring feats of arms between the invading Turks and defending Hungarians, and have invariably proved practicably impregnable. In 1848 the Russian army was baffled at the Red Tower pass, and the "Tömös" pass, near Kronstadt, was held for a considerable time by the patriot General Kirs, with only 4,000 men, against a whole Russian army. But, unmindful of loss, the Russian troops pressed forward, while the Cossacks, used to climbing and crossing steep mountains, were, in the end, able to outflank their enemies, and the defile was forced—not, however, without fearful and disproportionate loss on the part of the invaders. In this case, however, the odds in numbers and discipline were very great. With anything like a fair number of men, and good batteries, these defiles across the Carpathians could be successfully defended against any army. To attempt crossing the Carpathians by any other way than the passes would be futile, the precipices are too steep, the gorges and ravines too deep, the ground too rough, and the forests too dense. I paid a visit to one gorge not far from the Zurduk, through which the Szill flows, and anything more wild and impassable could hardly exist.

This range of mountains will ever form a natural barrier against the invasion of enemies from that side, unless the passes are sold by treachery, or their defences shamefully neglected; and as regards the construction of lines of railway over them, the attempt would be hopeless were it not for the breaks in the chain through which the waters collected in the valleys of Transylvania flow to empty themselves in the Danube. It seems as if these valleys must formerly have been vast inland lakes, the waters of which have, in course of time, worn a passage through the rocks forming their southern boundary.

The Szill valley, which is about twenty miles long, has only one such outlet, namely the Zurduk gorge, and through this the river Szill flows. The valley is closed in at both its extremities, and from either end the collected waters run towards its centre, where they meet and form the stream which passes through the gorge. The basin—probably the ancient bottom of the lake—is formed of recent Tertiary deposits lying on the old formation of the Carpathians, and extending only a few hundred feet on either side above the present level of the river.

The difficulty of constructing the line of railway into the valley has been very great, and has involved deep cuttings and tunnels, but the difficulties of getting out, and gaining the Roumanian plain are very much less, owing to this natural cutting through the rock, which at any rate indicates a way, if it does not provide a road. From the summit of the range where I was perched I could estimate the possibilities, as well as the importance, of such an undertaking. It was impossible to gaze on the immense fertile and populated plain on the south, extending, on both banks of the Danube, almost to the shores of the Black Sea—one of the richest grain-producing districts in Europe, with plenty of produce to dispose of, and necessaries to import—without seeing the advantage of some more complete intercommunication than that afforded by the Danube. In the plain of Wallachia, the people, in winter, are in the habit of burning dried cattle-dung and straw, and yet within a few miles there are deposits of coal capable of supplying, not only the wants of their households, but the requirements of a large industry. The known existence of such wealth must lead eventually to its development and distribution over the neighbouring country, and the result of this will most probably be the creation of an industry at present unknown in the country. As before said, the Carpathian hills abound in mineral wealth—which, however, is of small practical value without the necessary adjunct of coal. At present there is literally no employment for the population beyond tending cattle. The people know of no luxuries, and have few necessities, and those they provide in the rudest and simplest manner. The women spin coarse wool and weave coarse cloth, and the men prepare their plum-brandy, or slievovitz, in a most primitive manner. We came across one of their stills in our rambles, and it was of the roughest possible character. However, it answers the purpose, and the liquor produced, though peculiar in flavour, is not to be despised, particularly by footsore travellers among the wild and desolate peaks of the Carpathians.

Black Bear Shooting in the Himalayas.—VI.

BY G. BESTE.

AT Okla, a village still nearer Tere, we killed a "reech," or red bear. It is called red, but its colour is more of a russet-brown. The reech has a reputation for great fierceness; but we came on this one suddenly, and after a shot from Smith, which broke its fore-leg, or arm, it made no show of fighting, although it had us at a disadvantage so far as position went. Our object in going to Okla, which stood out of our line of march, was to look up some musk-deer, which we learnt had lately been seen

in the neighbourhood. We had come down to an altitude of only 6,000 feet above sea-level; but as Okla stands at an elevation of over 8,000 feet, some little distance from the river, we had a long walk. We did not take a guide from the neighbourhood, and consequently missed our way, and got among such a labyrinth of ravines and dried-up mountain torrents, that it was only after nightfall, and with the utmost difficulty, we reached the top of the flat hill on

which the village rests. The villagers, by the way, declared their habitations were all but within 10,000 feet above sea-level. They named several other places we know to be about 10,000 feet, and declared Okla stood at a similar height. This I have had no means of testing, but it was very cold there. We engaged a shikaree for the morrow; he pointed out a hill behind the village, and nearly 1,000 feet higher, on which the musk-deer had been last seen. Its whole surface was covered with large boulders and loose stones. We agreed that it was a most undesirable haunt for our destined quarry to seek. As the whole mountain-side was bare of vegetation, and could not have shown more than seven and a half blades of grass, it would have been difficult to assign a reason for the deers' choice of the locality, unless, perhaps, it was a preternatural knowledge of the object of our visit, and a determination to lead us a dance for their skins and musk-bags, in which we might ourselves break our legs or necks. Their instinct availed them not. We had a terrible three hours' walk before coming up with them, but when we did it was with every advantage in our favour—against the wind, well hidden behind a projecting rock, and on the same level as the deer. We had taken the precaution, before starting in the early morning, of posting our most intelligent coolie, with an extemporised flag and a telescope, on the open near the village, whence he could survey the whole side of the mountain, and indicate to us by flag-wavings and pantomime the direction taken by the deer as they moved about.

When we took a peep at the deer, without showing ourselves, it was evident they were uneasy, without having the faintest notion we were so close to them—under eighty yards. The herd consisted of five—one male, three full-grown females, and a fawn. They kept tossing their heads, first to the right, then to the left; then all moved half-a-dozen steps, and immediately stopped again. There was no grazing, consequently their whole attention was directed to the indistinct danger their keen sense of smell told them was somewhere at hand. Immediately behind them there was a ravine, quite sufficient, we supposed, to stop their retreat; in which case the only means of escape left them consisted either in dashing close past ourselves, or down a very steep part of the mountain. Up they could not go; the ground would not permit of it. When we fired, my shot was a large female; the male, a very fine one, was on Smith's side. I aimed behind the shoulder, and struck the very spot I wished; but the deer, as I expected, dashed past within eighteen or twenty yards of the place where I stood. I put in the other bullet within an inch of the same place, but from a different alignment. She dropped dead. Smith had aimed in the very centre of the buck's chest. As he was facing him, and standing end on, he expected the bullet to rake him fore-and-aft, and produce almost instantaneous death. Quite the contrary; the animal wheeled round, went straight at the ravine, which we had considered impracticable, and cleared it without apparent effort. But, on landing, he came on his knees, and nearly rolled over. This showed he was very badly wounded, and another shot actually did bring him down. But he was up again, and off; and Smith did not secure him until he had tracked him for two hours, and put a bullet into his heart, as he lay panting his life away, two miles from the spot where he was first wounded. When he was skinned, it appeared the first bullet had gone perfectly true, and was only spent after traversing the chest, intestines, and

loins, and was lodged in the inside part of the rump. The second bullet had entered high on the left shoulder, and come out at the neck; and yet the deer gave a two hours' chase! His head was a remarkably fine specimen; the musk-pod weighed two ounces and a quarter, which is a very unusual size.

There is a great peculiarity in the hair of the musk-deer, which needs pointing out. The musk-deer is an inhabitant of the snow regions; it is only occasionally that it leaves the snows for milder climes. It constantly sleeps on the surface of snow, when the temperature is below freezing-point; and it is enabled to do so without losing animal heat, or without feeling the numbing influence of its bed, through the kindly provision of Nature, which has supplied it with a coat of very thick hollow hairs outside, whilst next the skin is a downy coating of beautifully soft, close, heat-retaining wool. All hairs are hollow—there is nothing peculiar in that—but musk-deer hairs are very thick, and the hollow so large that it is plainly visible to the naked eye when broken off; so that, when the animal lies down, whether on the snow or elsewhere, it rests on a thick coat of tubings, forming a constantly-present air-cushion, under which is the warm woollen jersey, if the expression may be allowed.

The pod, as it is technically termed, though better known as the musk-bag, is the size of a small egg, and lies under the skin, between the orifice of the urethra and the testes. Of course, the male animal only has the musk-pod. When cut open, it is found to contain a quantity of pill-like objects—that is the musk: it is sold for from 30s. to £2 per ounce.

The two other full-grown deer and the young one bolted past me also; but my attention was given to the largest one, which I shot. When I had fired at and killed her, and was loading again, I just caught sight of the group scampering out of sight, down a dip in the mountain-side. Leaving Smith and Mounyah to look after the buck, with my telescope I attended to the signal-man's wavings, and then started after the deer.

In a very short time I came in sight of them, positively gracefully jumping and skipping towards the scene of their late friends' disaster. I was anxious to rejoin Smith, to assist in securing the buck, which was worth twenty of the others. I therefore took a long shot, and missed, and they turned off again. As I was returning homewards, more than an hour afterwards, having failed to hit off the track or find Smith, I saw the patient flag-man waving in a frantic manner. It turned out I was again within a hundred and fifty yards of the deer. After a long stalk, I shot and secured another.

Notwithstanding our exertions and deviations from the right path, the climb to Okla repaid us well. We—that is, I—shot a *kakur* at the foot of the great hill on the summit of which Okla stands, on our return towards the river.

Two days after we reached Teree, where we were again in comparatively civilised regions. The mountain-path from Nynee Tal to Mussouri passes through Teree, and there is a Government dāk bungalow there, but with no servants; still we had a real roof and wooden floor over and under us during our stay there, after two months of tent life, and *charpoy*s to sleep on, if we chose to use them. But we *did not* choose; they had been very "promiscuously" used, we fancied, and we preferred a day or two more on the floor to an acquaintance with the probable occupants of the bungalow charpoy's.

The rajah heard of our coming, and sent out some head officials and personal attendants from his court to meet us,

bearing a plate-full of gold mohurs. They also brought two kids, and any quantity of fruit, vegetables, and sweetstuff. We touched the gold mohurs and kids, and accepted the fruit and vegetables. We inquired when we might offer our respects in person to the rajah, and, in accordance with the hint we then received, we called next day at noon. He informed us that in former times an English "resident," or ambassador in miniature, lived at his court, but since the Mutiny he had been withdrawn. This he felt very severely. At Teree we dismissed Mounyah and the other shikarees, well rewarded with money and everything in our possession which they could desire, except guns or ammunition. To our principle we stuck firmly: I trust all

future travellers in those parts will act similarly. We also dismissed all the coolies, engaging as many as were necessary to carry our remaining stores and skins to Hurdwar.

We had thoroughly enjoyed our trip, had met with no serious *contretemps*; and, after entering the Hills a sallow and sickly-looking pair, we emerged the pictures of robust and healthy mountaineers. Our bear-hams were much appreciated, and undoubtedly were delicacies. A great quantity of sugar was used in curing them, which perhaps accounted for their sweetness and delicacy, far surpassing any Indian-cured pig-hams. I had other journeys in the Himalayas in following years, but I never enjoyed any so much as our black bear expedition.



BAY OF ST. VINCENT, NEW CALEDONIA.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—VII.

ONCE the sandal-wood tree (*Santalum album*) grew everywhere in New Caledonia, even in the most unproductive soils, but that was long before the French took possession; now you may walk in every direction through the plains, and on the hill-sides, and find scarcely one full-grown tree, nothing but old stumps and young offshoots. The Kanaks killed their goose with the golden egg in those days when they were still masters of the soil and its fruits; for when they found how high a value was set on the wood by the English traders visiting their shores—so high that for a cargo of it they could get in exchange from them such precious things as firearms, ammunition, pipes, tobacco, and cloth of all kinds—they felled the trees recklessly, floated them down the rivers, and carried them on board the strangers' vessels, and in a very short time not a tree remained standing. Fortunately for the present proprietors of the land, the roots remained, these they had not taken the trouble to dig out, and from them young trees are now springing up. In twenty or thirty years a sandal-wood tree

is big enough to bear cutting, its rate of growth being very nearly analogous to that of the common oak in France.

At Port de France sandal-wood costs at the present time rather less than tenpence per pound, and the demand is always greater than the supply. As the tree grows readily in dry stony places, and on the bare shore where little else will flourish, and does not need any care or watching, the propagation of it by seed could not fail to be a profitable undertaking. It has somewhat the appearance of a large myrtle, with stiff and smooth branches, shining, spear-shaped leaves, each about two inches long; the flowers grow in clusters, small and red, and are succeeded by berries about the size of peas. The wood is yellowish, hard, and close-grained, and is imported into Europe in logs or short pieces, chiefly as a perfume or for the manufacture of ornamental articles—the deeper the colour the more intense is the perfume. In China, when cut into large planks, it is sometimes made into coffins for the grandees of the land; and such coffins are said to resist the effects of air and moisture



NEW CALEDONIANS CONSTRUCTING A HOUSE.

for many years. The Chinese also reduce the wood to powder and convert it into a paste, which they apply to their bodies, their furniture, and their dress as a perfume. They make perfumed candles, which they use in their temples, by mixing it with rice-starch. It is of the dust of this wood that the Brahmins form the pigment which they use in giving the *tilac*, or frontal mark, to the god Vishnu, and the oil used in their ceremonies is distilled from the shavings. Linen-presses and chests, cabinets and writing-desks, are often lined with sandal-wood, as no insect can exist or iron rust, it is said, within its influence. When the trees are cut down, they are stripped of their bark, after which the wood is usually chopped into billets or small pieces, and buried in a dry place for about two months. During this time the ants eat the outer part of it, which is white and has no smell, without penetrating to the heart, which is the valuable part, and which deepens in colour and hardens as the tree increases in age. Notwithstanding the present scarcity of the wood in New Caledonia, the governor, only a short time before M. Garnier left, had granted to Captain Henry, an English colonist, a monopoly for cutting it for sale throughout a large tract of the north-east territory.

M. Garnier and his party found it pleasant easy walking as long as their road led them through the plains, or skirted the base of the mountain-chain which stretches from the Mont d'Or to the mouth of the Tontuta, but when they had crossed the little river Ouaia, and came in view of Bulupari, with its huts so picturesquely ranged above each other on the steep hill-sides, then their more toilsome march began. The fertile, well-watered valley they had left looked most lovely when seen from above—literally a sea of verdure, with not a spot of brown earth visible anywhere, and alive with birds—parroquets, with their brilliant plumage flashing in the sun, ringdoves, Caledonian pigeons, and myriads of other pigeons, of every species and hue. They halted and pitched their camp at Tando-Urumba—the highest village in the Bulupari district, whose chief Saïma received them with a long address and a peace-offering of yams. He was quite a specimen of the uncivilised Kanak, for very few white men had ever crossed his path, and the grimaces he made when he tasted their brandy, and the suspicion with which he regarded them when they tried to persuade him to eat a piece of sugar, were very diverting.

Leaving Tando-Urumba behind them, and crossing the little river Bougué, they looked down for the last time from the heights they had been climbing, on to the sea that washes the western shores, and began the descent into the valley of the river Méné, making their way direct for Kanala. The nights were nights of torture to some of the party, for in the open air there is no effectual way of protecting one's self from mosquitoes and other marauding insects. One poor wretch started up, half delirious, from a feverish and troubled sleep into which he had fallen, exhausted with battling against such irrepressible foes, loaded his rifle and revolver, crying out, "Qui vive?" and made a furious onslaught on some charred stumps that stood at a little distance—the remains of a group of niaouli-trees destroyed by a fire that had recently licked up all the grass of the valley.

Kanala is so well guarded by hills, that it is not visible to any one approaching it from the land side until he is within two hours' walk of it. The last bit of the road seemed very

long to M. Garnier, and his companions; one of the latter had sprained his knee in descending the mountain-side, and after walking a little way, the pain became so intense that he found it impossible to proceed. A litter of branches was soon contrived, but then came an unexpected difficulty—nothing would induce the Kanaks to carry him—neither persuasion, reasoning, nor threats. At last M. Garnier had the brilliant idea of inventing a perhaps pardonable lie for the occasion; he told them that the disabled man was the greatest warrior of his tribe, and that the lameness was caused by a ball which had lodged in his leg in the last battle, and which the doctors had not succeeded in extracting. The story produced the desired effect, for from that moment, until they reached Kanala, all the Kanaks were ready to fight for the honour of lending a hand in carrying the hero. When they came to the top of the last ridge which separated them from the town, and saw the great plains of Kanala and Nakéty lying below, they fired a volley to signal their approach to the guard-house, which stood on the hill-side beneath them, and which was distinguishable by its tall flagstaff and the flying tricolour. Captain Garcin, the governor of the station, came out to meet the travellers, and he and his wife gave them a cordial welcome, not allowing them to continue their march until they had been entertained in European style under their roof—a piece of hospitality which was highly appreciated.

Kanala is a pretty place, and presents an attractive appearance, lying as it does embedded in vegetation, backed by hills which rise in gentle slopes from the shore. The bay runs far into the land, and is a good haven of refuge, for the entrance is small, and it is protected on all sides from land and sea winds. The houses nestle in coco-nut groves, and bear evidence to the prosperous circumstances of their owners. A more important place than Kanala would have no reason to be ashamed of such solidly-built, commodious-looking tenements. The inhabitants of these pleasant verandahed houses are agriculturists, and grow chiefly rice, for which the soil is particularly well adapted, being abundantly watered by numerous small streams. Coffee-plantations are rare here as elsewhere in the island, for though, as an article of commerce, coffee is far more profitable than rice, the plant is very delicate, and only thrives in sheltered places. It requires great care in raising, and then, when it has grown sufficiently to become productive, perhaps a hurricane comes, which entirely destroys the whole plantation—the labour of years. More attention should, however, be paid to its cultivation in the island than has hitherto been done, because the soil is peculiarly favourable to its growth, and the plantations might be sheltered from the wind, as they are in Arabia from the too intense heat of the sun, by hedges formed of a branching kind of poplar planted for the purpose, and which grows very quickly and readily.

The dangers attending the exploration of the north-east shores have already been alluded to; notwithstanding these, however, M. Banaré, lieutenant in command of *La Fine*, succeeded in making a very complete survey of the whole extent of that coast, and by thus overcoming the obstacles hitherto regarded as insurmountable, and adventuring himself fearlessly into unknown regions, among unknown people, certainly produced a considerable impression on the natives, and raised the Europeans in their estimation. The expedition had occupied six months, and was just about to be succeeded by another, the object of which was to reconnoitre the west coast in a

similar manner, when M. Garnier reached Kanala. Hearing of it, he lost no time in returning to Nouméa, and applying for permission to accompany M. Banaré on his cruise, and assist him as far as lay in his power in taking the bearings of the coast, drawing his charts, and so forth.

His desire was at once complied with by the governor, and they embarked on the *Gazelle*, a small schooner, which was charged to go and meet *La Fine*, and provision her for the voyage. The news that greeted them when they came up with her was of rather an alarming nature—namely, that the tribe of Pouangué, in the very region they were going to visit, had but a few days before attacked a coaster, *La Reine des Iles*, and killed and eaten the whole crew; a woman, two natives, and two Frenchmen had then pillaged the vessel, cut down her masts, and abandoned her. After that, apparently thirsting for more blood, they had made their way to a neighbouring village, called Gatope, where some European fishermen were living, with the intention of making an end of them in the same horrible manner. Fortunately the Europeans had some friends in the tribe, who put them on their guard, so that they had just time to beat a retreat to the shore, and get out to sea in their fishing-canoe. By good luck they fell in with the deserted *Reine des Iles*, and, boarding her, they transferred to her their mast and sail, and so got away, and were picked up by *La Fine*.

The governor was all the more excited by the news of these occurrences, because he had just had further evidence of the turbulent state of the tribes in the west. At Houagap he had heard of the murder of a French colonist by a Kanak of the tribe of Pouangué; and feeling that active measures must be at once taken to reduce them to a proper state of subjection, he set about organising an expedition for that purpose. Meanwhile he ordered *La Fine* to take up her station over against Pouangué, where the crew of the *Reine des Iles* had been massacred, and acquire an accurate knowledge of the coast, its channels, reefs, and shoals, so as to be an efficient pilot to the vessels that were to follow as soon as possible with troops. M. Garnier was to remain on board *La Fine*, and received strict injunctions never to go on shore, except by day, and with a sufficiently strong escort to guard against surprises. One of the fishermen who had the hairbreadth escape from the cannibals at Gatope, a Swede named Peterson, remained with the crew, and was one of its most useful members, owing to his understanding the Kanak tongue, and being thoroughly acquainted with the hydrography of that coast. He was such a man as one reads of in works of fiction, simple and straightforward in manner and speech, extremely ready and prompt in action, immovably calm in face of danger, and finding real enjoyment in a solitary and perilous life—just the kind of man to inspire savages with respect, for physically he was strong and muscular, and was possessed of great skill and dexterity. He had been living for years among these wild tribes, his revolver never out of his hand, day or night, and his gun always loaded by his side. It is needless to say he had had in those years adventures not a few, and escapes far more "hairbreadth" than the last one. He used to recount them to the crew in the most vivid language, and they were such as to make the oldest hands quake and shudder.

At M. Banaré's request, the governor had ordered the *Secret*, a small pilot-boat, to attend on *La Fine*, and thread the narrow rocky channels where a larger vessel could not venture

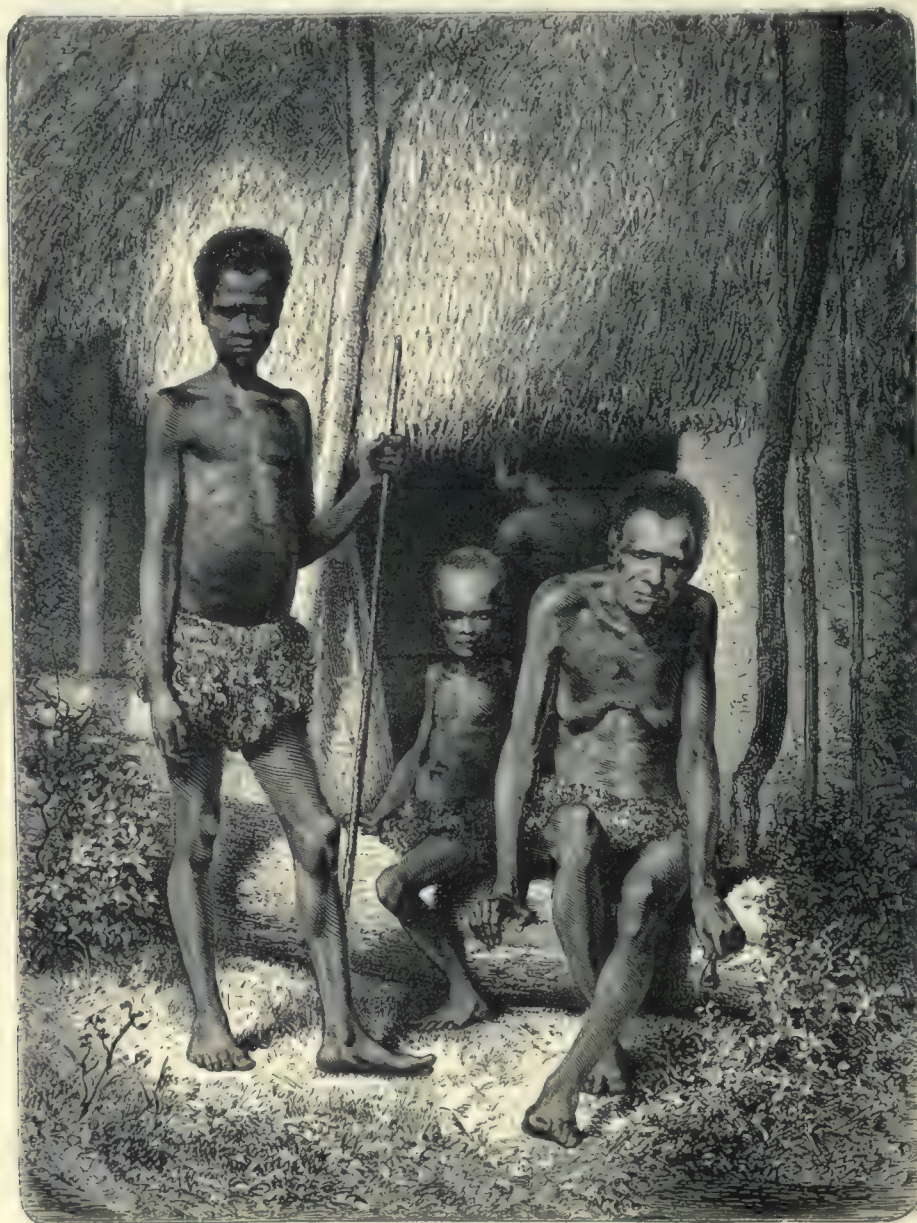
without great risk. Her crew numbered five men including the captain. On the 23rd of August both vessels anchored for the night under the heights of Paquière, near the spot where the crew of the *Reine des Iles* had been massacred, waiting for the daylight and for a westerly breeze to enter the Bay of Chasseloup, where they were to be joined on the 1st of September by the troops from Nouméa. The intermediate days were to be spent in studying the geography and the hydrography of the vicinity, so that they might pilot the ships of war, when they came in sight, to a safe anchorage. A favourable breeze at daybreak the next morning carried *La Fine* into the bay, but the *Secret*, keeping too close to the shore, and trusting too much to her small draught of water, stranded on a sand-bank. No anxiety about her was felt at the time by the crew of *La Fine*, for they calculated that the next rising tide must set her afloat again, and that consequently it was quite needless for them to go to her assistance. Could they but have foreseen the horrible fate that was coming upon that poor little vessel, they would not have cast anchor so quietly that morning, nor looked with such calm indifference at her motionless mast, distinctly visible from where they lay.

The Bay of Chasseloup is shut in by low bare hills. One little hut was the only human habitation to be seen far or near. That hut stood close to the water's edge on the strip of level land at the foot of the hills. But human beings seemed to be swarming everywhere; they cropped up on all sides, drawn together by the news that had doubtless spread rapidly from village to village, that a large vessel had anchored off their coast. The black, naked figures stood out sharply defined against the clear bright morning sky. Meanwhile terror and dismay had seized on the inhabitants of a small islet near by; they moved rapidly about, collecting their fishing-tackle, and putting off in their canoes. Many jumped into the water, and swam to the mainland, and lost no time in joining the crowd which had begun to assemble on the beach. It was impossible to discover at that distance whether fear or hostility prompted the movements of those who came running down the hill-sides, flourishing their long assagays; but M. Banaré was determined at least to attempt to get some information from them about the outrages that had been committed on the *Reine des Iles*, and by showing no hesitation at going among them, he hoped to inspire them with respect, if not with awe. So, taking ten men armed with pistols and guns with them, he and M. Garnier left the ship in the long-boat and rowed direct for the shore. Among the ten were Peterson, who was to act as pilot and interpreter, and a faithful follower of M. Garnier's, a soldier who had served for years in Africa, and was inured to every kind of hardship and danger. It was a peculiar characteristic of his never to be surprised at anything, and his invariable observation at the most critical moments was, "You may think this a bad business, but it's nothing to what I had to go through when I was in Africa." There was a grim consolation in these words which never failed to produce a good effect on those who heard them; the most drooping spirits were roused, and the most desponding heart revived.

No sooner had they landed than the natives formed a close circle around them, in such numbers as to make them slightly uneasy as to the turn affairs might take. However, they took care to maintain a perfectly calm exterior, and Peterson, addressing one of the foremost in Kanak, told him to go and fetch the chief. An old man, with a remarkably mild and

peaceable face, soon made his appearance, and greeted Peterson with evident pleasure as an old acquaintance. This was Mango, the oldest and the highest in rank of all the chiefs of that country, but he was neither the most powerful nor the most influential. Ten years ago two warlike mountain chiefs had, by a succession of depredatory raids, driven him from his territory on the southern side of the bay, and forced him to

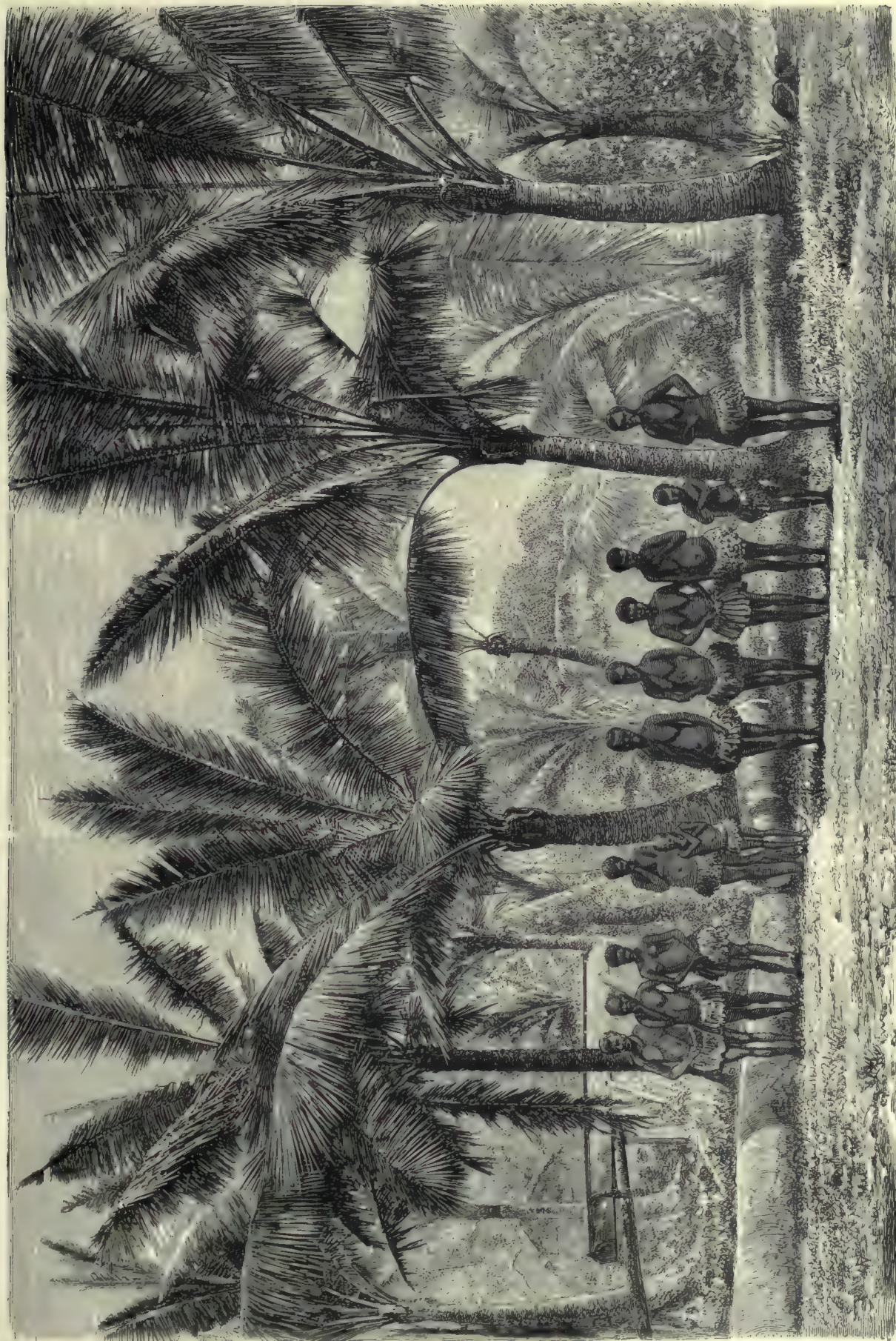
himself to be persuaded to return with M. Banaré to the ship, where, as Peterson explained to them, they might talk over the matter quietly, away from the curious throng, and not in any way compromise themselves. Mango's boldness in trusting himself to the strangers spread consternation among his own people. Some of them swam out after the boat as far as they dared, advising him to return, and others screamed and



NATIVES OF THE SOUTH-WEST COAST.

migrate with all his subjects to Gatope, where he found more peaceable neighbours, who lived on the produce of their own labour, and suffered him and his tribe to do the same. Some of these were fishermen and others agriculturists, and a friendly alliance existed between them all, so that when Peterson asked Mango to give him an account of the affair of the *Reine des Iles* he seemed inclined to refuse, for he knew but too well that the perpetrators of the murder, if not actually of his own tribe, were men of Gatope, and his allies. By a little careful management, however, he, with his sons Ti and Pouagni, allowed

beckoned to him from the shore. Mango watched the land receding into the distance, and as the cries and entreaties of his subjects grew fainter, and at last died quite away, the troubled and anxious expression on his face increased, and betrayed the greatest uneasiness and mistrust; but he and his sons went on board, and followed M. Banaré down into his cabin without a word, maintaining a stooping attitude, as the Kanaks do in the presence of a great chief, or when they enter any sacred place. It was the first time they had seen a ship, and they appeared greatly awe-struck at finding themselves



FISHING-VILLAGE, IN GROVE OF COCO-NUT TREES

actually in the body of one. When they got below, Mango was made to undergo a lengthened interrogatory, and answered every question that was put to him without an attempt at resistance. He told M. Banaré that the crew of the *Reine des Iles* had been put to death by men belonging to the tribes of Pouangué and Pouantloïtche, his allies, but not his subjects, who had eaten their victims and pillaged the vessel, carrying away everything that was portable. He gave every information demanded of him, as to the district where these tribes were to be found and the nature of the country, and all in the humblest and most submissive manner. After this M. Banaré explained what had happened to the *Secret* on the previous day, and gave him a letter to the captain, M. Gérard, with strict injunctions to get it conveyed at once to its destination, and to

send some men to help in getting the vessel afloat again; then he dismissed him and his two sons, each with a present of a blanket and some tobacco.

This was towards five in the afternoon, and an hour later M. Banaré, coming up on deck after dinner, noticed that the masts of the *Secret* were no longer visible, which made him conclude that she had got off the sand-bank, and had anchored out of sight a little further off. It never occurred to him to be anxious about her disappearance, for there being no wind at the time, she could not possibly have come up and joined them. He stood a long while watching the sun set behind the hills that skirt the bay; and, as darkness came on, multitudes of fires that gleamed out along the shore showed that the natives had not yet gone back to their homes inland.

A Day's Sport in the Polar Sea.

THE maps in our School Geographies inform us that after having passed through the Straits of Behring, going northward, we are in the Arctic Ocean. This must, perforce, be true, because it is in print; but the name seems a misnomer to those who have made the voyage to the polar regions of the Pacific hemisphere.

As we have been accustomed to associate with the term "ocean" an idea of almost unfathomable depth, as well as of vast superficial extent, the adventurer may be surprised when, after passing the Diomed Islands, which stand like green sentinels in the gateway, he finds himself in a broad "sound." Convenient depth for anchorage may be found anywhere; and the surface, when undisturbed by wind, is nearly as tranquil and free from swell or undulation as that of an inland pond. Thirty fathoms is, perhaps, the greatest depth to be found, even in the centre of the "Polar Basin."

Until within twenty years, our geographical knowledge of this remote region was very limited. The accounts of the ill-fated Behring's discoveries are vague and unsatisfactory; and for more than two centuries after the Greenland fishery had been prosecuted in very high latitudes by the English and the Dutch, on a grand scale, the Straits of Behring had been passed only by single vessels at long intervals. The short summer cruises of Cook, Kotzebue, and Beechy have thrown some light upon the matter, in the way of general knowledge, but it is only within the last two decades that the powers of cupidity and sympathetic humanity have combined to fill up the details. The expeditions in search of the lost Franklin were simultaneous with the rush of American whalers following in the track of Roys, who brought the first cargo of oil out of this sea. His successful cruise was made in 1848, in command of the barque *Superior*, of Sag Harbour, U.S.; and the fact was demonstrated that the "great Greenland whale" might be profitably hunted by the Pacific route. For a few years subsequent to that date, the fleet of whalers might, at times, be counted from the masthead by scores.

In the season of 185—, on a fine day in July, we passed the Diomedes, and dropped our anchor off East Cape, within a few miles of the land, in company with a dozen other ships;

all, like ourselves, in quest of the "bowhead," as the great polar whale is called—the name being distinctive from the regular "right" whale, which is hunted in lower latitudes, between the parallels of forty and sixty.

It was nearly calm when we anchored, and continued so during the night—if night it could be called during that season. It was but a kind of subdued twilight; for the midnight sun, hardly more than his own apparent diameter below the horizon, still illuminated the whole circle. A whale might be seen and successfully chased at any time during the twenty-four hours; and it was not difficult to read ordinary print without the aid of artificial light.

From our anchorage we had a view of the sterile Asiatic shore, trending away to the westward, until lost in the distance. Certainly nothing more cheerless and forbidding for the abode of human beings could be imagined than is this coast.

Numerous patches and "streams" of loose ice were in sight, stretching parallel to the general direction of the shore, but there was no ice of such a size, that danger to a stout ship need be apprehended from it. Nor was the shore at this time ice-bound; while a considerable space of clear water lay between the ice-streams and the land.

The ice with which the navigator has to contend in this part of the world is always low, rising but little above the surface. It is, of course, none the less dangerous on that account. But the gigantic "bergs," towering one or two hundred feet into the air—which are to be met with in the Greenland seas, as also in the Antarctic regions—are here unknown, for obvious reasons.

If, as is now generally understood, these "bergs" be simply the ends of glaciers snapped off by the agitation of the sea, as they are pushed forward with slow but resistless force, they can only be found where the shores are precipitous, and the adjacent sea of sufficient depth to float them off.

The face of the land here is not, generally speaking, favourable to the formation of glacier-ice to any great height near the sea; and though bergs of twenty feet above the surface are sometimes to be met with, they are usually found to be grounded hard and fast on the bottom.

No whales were seen during the night-watches; though a look-out was kept from the deck, and the boats were ready to drop at a moment's warning. The roar of walruses was now and then heard inshore of us; but these could not be seen against the gloomy background.

As the broader light of day advanced, we lifted our anchor, and, taking advantage of a light air off the land, made sail to the northward. The operations of getting under way, or coming to anchor, were easily performed by one watch. A light anchor was used with this view; and if the wind was light, the sails were merely clewed up, and left hanging unfurled.

We had made an offing of perhaps fifteen miles before the captain came on deck in the morning. He rubbed his hands, and stamped fore-and-aft the quarter-deck a few times, seemingly in keen enjoyment of the cool, bracing air; took a look at our accidental consorts, some of whom were also under sail; glanced aloft to see that the mastheads were duly manned; and then hailed the steward to "hurry up breakfast."

"Well, Mr. Edwards," he said to the mate, "here we are in the Arctic at last, and a fine day before us. What'll you bet we don't get a whale before night?"

"I don't know as I care to bet *against* getting one," replied Edwards, "though I really think I should win. The ground looks dry yet. We shall have to push up farther north."

"O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" quoted Captain Ripley. "Mark, now; we shall get a whale before night. I've said it."

"I hope you mayn't prove a false prophet, sir."

"There's one off the quarter here now; but he isn't the right sort."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a "finback," which had been dodging round for an hour past—a species of whale of so little comparative value, and so difficult to capture, that not much notice is taken of one after its character is made out. They are to be met with in every part of the ocean where the keel of ship has penetrated—in high and low latitudes, both on soundings and off.

Of course, the pretended certainty of the captain was a mere random prediction, based upon no definite data. The movements of the bowhead whale are in the highest degree capricious and uncertain. To-day every ship in the fleet is either *chasing* or *cutting*; to-morrow not a spout is to be seen by any one. No one can tell whence they come, or whither they have gone; whether they have departed for the season, or whether the ground will be alive with them to-morrow.

We had not yet finished our breakfast, when a school of "killers" was reported from the masthead; and soon afterwards we came up with it, passing so near as to "gally" them. We could not waste time to lower the boats in pursuit of small game. These killers are themselves a species of whale, but as their yield of oil is small, they are not often hunted. It is easy to distinguish them, by their long triangular humps, or "fore-topmast-staysails," as they are termed by seamen.

This, which is often familiarly spoken of as a dorsal fin, is simply an immovable hunch or projection on the blubber. As its form varies in the different species, it furnishes a distinctive mark, to be recognised at once by the eye of the whaleman, though it is difficult to see what use it is to the animal itself. No species of cetacean has, correctly speaking, any but pectoral fins—one on each side of the breast.

We had passed directly through the school of killers, but

they appeared to recover almost immediately from their fright, and rallied a short distance astern. Presently came the cry of "*Blows!*" from aloft, blended with the sound of the spout itself, as a whale came to the surface among the killers, and every eye was at once directed at the novel spectacle in our wake.

The victim, who formed the central figure of the group, was not a bowhead, but a whale of the smaller species, commonly known as a "muscle-digger." His blowing, which seemed to have a peculiar ring to it, indicative of rage and terror, was accompanied by convulsive movements of the body, as also by swinging blows of his flukes, delivered right and left at his tormentors.

But these violent demonstrations did not last long. He seemed to become more and more helpless and passive—scarcely exhaling at all from his spiracles—while his whole frame was agitated by a tremendous shudder, betokening mortal agony and fear. Around, over, and under him swarmed an army of killers, worrying him to death.

These animals recognise the truth of the axiom, "In union there is strength," always doing business on the co-operative principle. By force of numbers, and a peculiar system of offensive tactics, they usually manage to come off conquerors in their struggle with "leviathan." The lips and tongue are the chief points of attack, and the contest ends by the death of the whale in dreadful agony, with his tongue torn out by the roots!

But we did not wait long to study natural history, after we were satisfied that the killers had fairly hooked to him. Down went three boats, and a rush was made with the oars; for it was quite impossible to frighten the whale more than he was frightened already. He was, indeed, unconscious of our approach until the sharp "irons" were buried in his vitals, and his breath was choked by a rushing torrent of blood at his spout-holes. The cetaceous killers quickly abandoned the field to the human ones; and the poor worried victim fell an easy prey. In his last agony, or "flurry," he struck a series of thundering blows with his tail, which he appeared to wield with the quickness and elasticity of a whip-lash. We thought we had killed some "right" whales famous for their performances in this line; but our oldest whalersmen, who had battled more or less with almost every species, had seen nothing like his equal in flexibility, or in the swiftness with which so many blows were given. We had been on our guard, however, for this manoeuvre, and had taken care to give him room enough.

The muscle-digger whale, also called by the names of the "ripsack," and the "California grey," is believed to be peculiar to north latitudes. It is exceedingly shy, and difficult to capture. Though, in default of larger game, we often spent much time in fruitless pursuit, this was the only specimen we took during the season. In this case the killers had prepared the way for us, as has been seen.

It is comparatively a small whale, and its oil is of an inferior quality. The general form of its body is like those of the "polar" and "right" whales—having no hump or protuberance on the back. The head is small and sharp, containing no whalebone of any value.

Although numerous in the Arctic and Okhotsk Seas, it is rarely taken on those grounds, being classed by the whalersmen with the finback, as "unstriable;" but though in certain bays and lagoons on the coast of Upper California—where these

whales go up into shallow water to breed—they are hunted with a fair degree of success. Many whalers have found it quite as profitable to make their "between-seasons" among the muscle-diggers as to spend that time in cruising for "sperm."

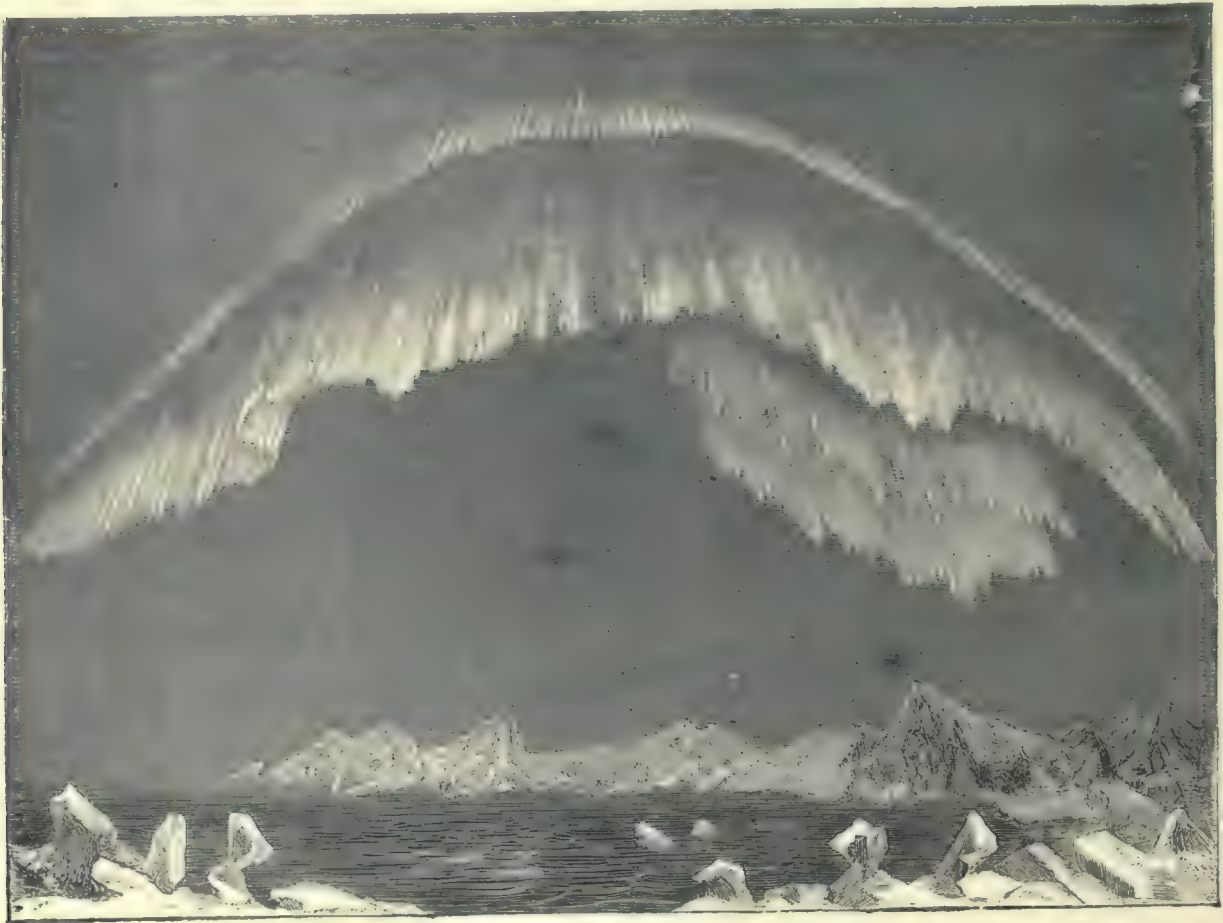
When taken in these bays they are in good condition, some of the cows making forty or even fifty barrels of oil, which is, perhaps, the limit in that species. They are, as a general thing, exceedingly vicious, and dangerous to attack. Many boats are destroyed, and many serious and even fatal accidents occur in taking them.

From their abundance on this coast, as also from their

weird sisters in "Macbeth," who "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope."

"Well," he grumbled again, "this *is* a whale, I suppose. Small favours thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion."

While busied in securing the whale, a number of walruses made their appearance near us, and set up a kind of guttural roar, quite unlike any sound to which I can compare it. More and more heads popped up above the surface; and their added voices swelled the strange chorus till at least fifty had collected, when the noise became terrific. They extended themselves out into several groups, so as almost to surround us.



AURORA IN THE POLAR BASIN.

dingy ppearance, they have taken the name of "Californian greys." Some specimens present the appearance of several little bunches, forming a sort of serrated ridge, on the top of the "small," near the tail, and hence still another term sometimes applied to them, "saw-backs."

"Didn't I tell you we should get a whale before night?" said Captain Ripley, as we were hauling our prize into the fluke-chain.

"I hope you don't call *this* a whale, sir," growled the mate; "he won't fill more than three casks."

"Never mind; I said a *whale*," was the reply, with a self-satisfied air.

But Mr. Edwards had thought only of the term as applied to a "hundred-and-fifty-barrel" bowhead, to say the least. The captain's prophecy and its fulfilment were like those of the

"Let's go and pitch into 'em!" said the second mate, eager for sport.

"Go ahead, if you want to!" hailed the captain; "you'll never have a better chance."

Seizing our paddles, so as to face the "music," we shot the light boats ahead, directly among them. The appearance of the strange beasts, as they bravely held their position, was most startling.

Instead of scattering, they huddled together as we approached. Their savage heads were thrown slightly backward, displaying the full length of their terrible ivory weapons, which contrasted fiercely with their dark muzzles.

"Here, this big fellow!" cried the mate to his boat-steerer; and as the bright harpoon cleft the monster's side, a gush of blood was seen, and the whole herd vanished as

if by magic. There was a short jerk upon the line; we snubbed it hard, and held on all.

Presently, with a defiant snort, the enraged beast was up again and showing fight. He drove his tusks gallantly at his assailants, throwing his head alternately backward and forward, as if in the act of sneezing. But the mate, watching his opportunity, met him with his spade, inflicting a deep gash in the throat. With a terrific roar, he disappeared again, under a pool of his life-blood.

The form of this animal's tusks, slightly-curved, seemed admirably adapted for hooking upon a boat's gunwale; and, had he succeeded in bringing his weight to bear upon such

As soon as the body of the mother was stretched out horizontally, by the headway of the moving boat, the little one perched upon it, and so remaining, was towed alongside, still uttering the same infantine moan.

And still, after the line was taken on board and hauled up short, all hands became grouped in the waist, looking—with an expression of pity on each rough face—at the “baby walrus,” as it instinctively clung to the corpse of its mother, and upturned its innocent eyes at us.

It has often before been observed by travellers that there is something peculiarly touching to human feelings in the voice and actions of the seal when in distress, either from wounds



IN WINTER QUARTERS IN THE ARCTIC SEA.

powerful levers, I doubt not we should have been rolled over, and treated to a frigid immersion, without ceremony.

But, mortally wounded, he whirled and writhed beneath the surface, invisible through the bloody water, until the tension upon the line was suddenly relaxed, and we pulled in—the pole, socket, and part of the shank of our harpoon! The tough iron had been fairly twisted off by the wringing, rotatory movement of the animal in his death-agony! We saw no more of him.

But the herd still remained near, roaring as before, and glaring defiance at us with their great staring eyes. At our next attempt we had better success, and secured a large cow; while each of the other boats also got one.

As we took a turn at the loggerhead with the short warp, for towing our prize to the ship, a little nursling, unseen until now, appeared; and hovering round, uttered low, plaintive cries. Rude seamen as we were, no one had the heart to touch it. It was the young of the walrus we had killed.

or other causes. The same is true, I think, of all animals of this family. The young ones, especially, remind us of children, in their helpless innocence.

“Throw an iron into the pup, and haul him up!” suggested some one at last. But no one volunteered for this service, eager as whalers usually are for any sport of the kind.

The captain was fain to commit the murderous deed himself—excusing it as an act of mercy, since the creature must certainly perish without its mother.

Its sleek, shining body, and delicate little muzzle, which showed, as yet, no outward indications of the projecting tusks, were in marked contrast with the savage appearance of the full-grown animal.

The walrus is not hunted in this sea; except occasionally for sake of excitement and sport, or in default of larger game. As a business, the pursuit of walruses would hardly pay. Their yield of oil is but a trifle, and the ivory would scarcely be worth the expenditure of “craft” in taking them.

This animal is not confined to the basin beyond the Straits of Behring, but is common in the Gulf of Anadyr, and near Cape St. Thaddeus. But the parallel of 60° would seem to be its extreme southern limit: as it is not met with, so far as known, in the Sea of Okhotsk. The "polar" whale is most abundant in that sea, even as far down as latitude 53°, on the western shore.

Both the polar and muscle-digger whales, as well as the walrus, are believed to be peculiar to northern latitudes. All

Antarctic researches, so far as known, have failed to discover any of these species.

A fog, impenetrable as a stone wall, swept down upon us soon after we had got on board. Our anchor was again dropped under foot; and we turned our attention to cutting the small whale. Shut up in a little world of our own, the long day wore away without further adventure. The twilight which we called "night" seemed only to intensify the fog a little; and thus closed our first day's operations in the Polar Basin.

In Pawn in an Indian Village.—II.

THAT night I slept in the forest, and next day I again trudged along, tearing through bushes and across swampy flats, over streams and over fallen timber, again sinking down at night in the moss, which now served me both for bed and blanket. My fuses were now gone, but after a little practice I succeeded in lighting a fire with my rifle and some damp powder, rolled into what we used to call, as boys, a "fizzing ball," and some moss. On the third day my venison came to a close, and I found no deer in this lower land. They seemed all to have gone to the mountains. Beaver I did see in some of the streams, but I failed to get a shot at them, while grouse I equally failed to find. The woods were, however, full of berries, on which I feasted. They were poor travelling food though, and before I arrived at the ridge I had seen I felt very faint. To add to my discomfort, I found a lake at the base of it. This I had wearily to travel around, as I could find no cedar-trees in the vicinity suitable for a raft. I was, indeed, so weak that it was with difficulty that I could ford the rapid river flowing in at the head of the lake, and which was so deep that it was only after travelling up some distance that I could wade across up to the arm-pits, with my rifle held over my shoulders. The day was, however, bright and sunny; so I halted, wrung out my clothes, and laid them in the sun to dry, while I bathed in the stream, the icy coldness of which seemed to revive me. Here I found plenty of berries, on which I dined.

I was wearying, however, for meat, and thought of the fat deer I had left for the wolves to pick. Just then I heard a familiar sound, and to my astonishment a great fish-eagle caught my eye, perched on the summit of a blasted tree. I caught up my rifle, and in a moment he was lying at my feet, vomiting forth bones of what I knew to be sea-fish. Still I little thought I was so near to the sea, and only looked upon the eagle as material for dinner. I lit a fire, but after experimenting on various pieces, I utterly failed to retain on my stomach a single mouthful of this rather unpalatable fowl. My clothes dry, I set off on my tramp, on the other side of the ridge. The country seemed to slope, but a dense fog to the westward just then limited my view. My former jubilant spirits were abating rapidly, for I expected before this time to have seen the sea, and my poor vegetarian diet was not calculated to revive them. Stolidly I plodded along, among the bushes, and over a dismal burnt track, along which a forest fire seemed to have spread some years before, the black stumps standing out

weird-like and dismal to the traveller. The forest, however gloomy, is yet always charming, as all nature is, but these blasted trees looked like something unearthly, and had a most depressing effect in my present condition. Tired, I sat down to rest among the fir scrub, and oppressed by the heat of the sun and my weary travel, I fell asleep. When I awoke the sun was setting. Conscious of having accomplished but a poor day's work, I started up, and again trudged off, determined to be a few hours nearer the coast before I slept. I had not gone far before I noticed that I was on a sort of trail, or beaten path. This, for the sake of the better travelling it afforded, I took, but without thinking more of it than that it was a deer or elk track. Suddenly, however, I stood as transfixed as ever was Robinson Crusoe when he saw the footprint on the seashore of *his* island, at the distinct impression of a bare human foot in the damp soil! Could I have accidentally gone over my own footsteps? No! I was ragged and torn, but I had still a good pair of boots on my feet, and these were bare footprints; for as I looked around I found them quite abundant. I listened again! What was it I heard? Surely it could not be the echo of children's shouts, and the sullen dead thud of the breakers on the shore! I instantly took to my heels, so impatient was I, and in a few minutes I was out of the bushes and on a little rising ground. There, almost at my feet, lay stretched the broad Pacific, and not two hundred yards off a little Indian village, smoking in a bay! At the first sight of what I had so long wearied for, I was almost downhearted, and with the revulsion of feeling which followed, would have gladly gone back again into the woods until I could collect myself.

I had lived so long alone that I hesitated to come among my fellow-men, savage though they were. With all the misery and toil I had endured in the woods, I still clung to them as to an old friend to whose faults I had got accustomed, and hesitated to make a change which, while it might be better, might still be worse. I was backward to face the unknown and leave the known, much as I had wearied to get quit of it. I believe that, swayed by these feelings, I would have gone back for that day at least, out of sight of the Indians, had not at that moment some children who were gathering berries seen me. I would have preferred to have entered the village without their seeing in what direction I had come; but there was nothing for it now; so with a bold front I marched off to the village. There was nobody about when I arrived, so I walked

into the main lodge, out of which I saw smoke issuing. An old woman was boiling halibut over a fire in the middle of the floor—or rather throwing hot stones into a wooden box filled with water and so boiling it; and the rest of the inmates, a few old men and women, were sleeping on the benches which served for seats and beds. I had almost walked to the far end of the lodge before I was noticed. When the old woman looked, I gave her a cheerful “Clawhowya?” (How do you do?) in the Chinook language, or rather trading jargon, and was replied to in the same. She now began talking loudly to the other inmates, who speedily aroused themselves and stared at me, finally giving an amazed “Clawhowya?” The children soon gathered in, and the inmates from the other lodges, and all began whispering and chattering about me. An old man motioned me to a bench, which he spread with a clean bark mat for my accommodation. Some halibut and potatoes—patches of which I had seen growing outside the village—were placed before me, with some teased-out cedar bark for me to wipe my hands on after I had drunk out of a vessel made of the same universally useful bark. After I had finished, the questioning began. I had my story, of course, ready enough. I was one of a party of white men—“plenty white men,” with lots of *iktas* (property consisting of various odds and ends), and muskets—who were crossing the country from *seyah* (far away), on a *morwitch* (deer) hunting journey, and I had come on in advance to wait until a trader arrived to take us to Victoria. By good luck I named a particular trader whom they told me was daily expected. Could I have a canoe and some good paddlers to take me south to meet the trader, and I should pay them well when I did? At present, not to burden myself, I had nothing with me, but would pay them by papers until he arrived. Then followed a loud consultation in which everybody joined. The result was communicated to me by the only young man I saw, viz. :—That it was *klosh* (good) what I said; that I would get *muckamuck* (food) if I gave a *paper* or order on the trader for it each day; and in the meantime they were all my *tillicums* (friends). The translator of this verdict was as ill-conditioned looking a rascal as I ever remember to have seen in my life. His only dress was a shirt made out of a flour sack, with “Best Golden Gate Flour” branded on the breast of it, and a scarlet blanket. His long matted locks were fastened up behind in a knot with a wisp of cedar bark, while his face and his low, artificially flattened brow was smeared with blood and grease—a common summer practice among these people (to keep off the mosquitoes they told me). His appearance was not very different from that of his neighbours, except in the malicious cast of his countenance. So like was he to a figure in one of the illustrated editions of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” that in my own mind I dubbed him “Apollyon,” and by this name he figures in my note-book. Instinctively I disliked the fellow and apprehended trouble from him. He seemed to be a leading man among them, but yet was not liked; that was apparent. Even the children “made faces” at him behind his back, and the women showed undisguised hatred of him. By evening, most of the younger women and older children came home laden with berries, and set to work cooking and eating halibut. The old men were, many of them, fine-looking old savages, firm and resolute, though with a something behind those eyes of theirs that could only be expressed by the phrase “a character in ambush,” while some of the young women, if they could

only have been induced to be more liberal in the matter of soap and water, would have been far from ill-looking. They had at worst a pleasing, good-humoured expression of countenance, at the sight of which you felt that there were some other feelings in them than the mere selfishness and cruelty of which the countenances of the men struck you as expressive.

That evening I was occupied chiefly in answering the endless questions they all put to me, Apollyon on this, as on other occasions, taking the lead, though always in a sly, cunning manner, which was insufferably more disgusting than the out-spoken selfishness and greed of the old men. I felt surprised at so few people being present—for the village looked a large one—and at all the canoes being drawn inside a kind of stockade. I soon, however, learned the reason. The village on which I had so curiously struck belonged to the Muchlaht tribe, and was on the Tlupana arm of Nootka Sound. Another more southern tribe, the Hashquahts, had for some time been at war with the Muchlahts, and nearly all the able-bodied men of the village were off on a war expedition against them; until they returned I could get no canoe. I felt rather annoyed at the news, but there was nothing for it but to trust to the arrival of the trader, or that of one of my companions. That night I slept in an empty lodge, Apollyon supplying me with a blanket and a box of matches on my giving him a “paper” for them for about twice their value. In a day or two I had become somewhat at home in the village, and began to know its inhabitants by face, and to be on familiar *clawhowya*-ing terms with them. At first I used to go out for miles around, hoping to shoot a deer, but I soon found that at this season of the year it was a hopeless task. All the deer had taken to the hills, or were frightened out of range by the Indians. Still I sometimes went so far as the ridge, and would there light large smoky fires to attract the attention of my companions, and at night would return to the village.

Day after day passed in this way. The evenings were long, and it was not until dark that I ever cared to turn into my lodge to go to sleep. But sometimes on wet nights I was obliged to keep within doors, and then for the sake of company I would go into one of the large lodges where the Indians lived. Of course I understood little or none of their talk among each other, nor did I seem to have lost much. It seemed principally to consist of boasting of fishing or hunting feats (though I saw none of them who were anything but miserable shots), or of talking of the war and the probable amount of plunder. Sometimes I could see that it consisted in teasing the women, and in expressions and acts which, to our notions, savoured of gross indecency. At other times I could see that it was directed to me, and to my rifle, of which they seemed to have a very high opinion. Of this weapon, I may mention, I never lost sight. It was my best friend, and I was afraid to have it out of my sight. My revolver they did not understand so clearly, but at the same time had an immense idea of its importance. Our food was chiefly halibut, quantities of which they were slicing and drying, giving the filthy little hamlet (if it can be so called) a most abominably fishy odour.

The old men seemed afraid to venture out far to fish, but sat smoking and talking on the cliff in front of the village. The women used to go berry-gathering in the morning, returning at night; while some of the younger ones would go to a considerable distance inland, remaining in rough brush camps for two

or three days at a time. I would generally leave early in the morning, and either wander along the shore or go inland a little way—anything to be by myself and out of the fishy village.

There was one headland, about a couple of miles south of the village, where I used frequently to go. Here I could see the line of coast for a long distance, and eagerly I looked out for the trader's schooner, but invariably without success. I had long ago given up all hopes of my companions arriving, and only kept up a semblance of the myth for the sake of having an additional hold on the selfish suspicious lot among whom I was living.

All this time Apollyon was not idle. Whatever he failed in the contract, he never failed before I went to sleep to demand the paper for my board and lodgings. It would have been really amusing (if I had not had to pay for it) to see the ingenuity of the rascal in running up a bill. He absolutely charged for my share of the fire, for the use of the lodge, for the water I drunk, and for the potatoes and halibut at a rate which would have been satisfactory to the proprietor of the chief hotel in Victoria. To have disputed one of them would, I knew, have been to incur his suspicions. Accordingly I paid them with papers or orders on the traders, all of whom I knew would settle them, and get paid afterwards by me, for to nearly all of them I was personally well known, and forgery was out of the question. It has always been to me a puzzle, the confidence which these otherwise suspicious rascals put in these "papers," seeming to be perfectly unaware that they may be made valueless, and being, moreover, unable to read them. At all events he took them with the readiness with which the Bank of England would accept the paper of M. de Rothschild. This went on for about a week or eight days. About that period I noticed a change in their behaviour to me, which dated from an incident which I will relate.

Wherever I went, if the journey was not too laborious, I had generally, sooner or later, the company of Apollyon, and, unwelcome though it was, I had to tolerate it. Many is the time I could have knocked the fellow down with great satisfaction to my own outraged dignity, if it had not been that I was unwilling just yet to quarrel with him, as I daily expected the return of the war party, from whom I hoped to get a crew to go south, either to the trader, who was at some of the other villages, or, better still, to the Alberni Sawmills. On one of these unwelcome visits I showed him my broken compass, and expressed great regret that it was now useless, as by it, I told him, I could go almost anywhere. Was it worth much *chickamen*?* he asked.

* Money.

I said yes; that some were worth much, and others worth not so much; but that I would give a good deal for a good one if I could get it again. He then ran off to his lodge, and came back to where I was sitting on the beach with something under his blanket. It was a small ship's compass for hanging in the cabin. I examined it with interest, and was about to ask him where he got it, when I noticed something which made me jump as if I had been shot! Apollyon noticed it, I could see, and his wicked little eyes glared fire. Without another word, he seized the compass and replaced it in his lodge. When he came back I could not resist asking him where he got it; but he only answered in an evasive manner,

and moved away, contrary to his usual custom, which was to accompany me, either for his own convenience or for the sake of watching me. *What I had seen on the card of the compass was my own name written in my own handwriting!* And well might I be startled, for accidentally I had stepped into "the room where the skeleton was kept;" and in one minute the savages among whom I was living, and to whom I had entrusted my life, were changed from being merely a dirty, treacherous lot of warriors and fishers into a nest of pirates and murderers, with the blood of my friends on their heads! That this was so I had little doubt.

Scarcely a year previously I had made a voyage in a little trading sloop along a great portion of this coast, visiting the Indian villages on the way, my companions buying the furs and other merchandise which the Indians had to dispose of, while I rambled ashore. It was a pleasant trip, and one which to this day I remember with feelings of novelty

and pleasure such as linger in my memory regarding few other such expeditions. When I parted from my companions (who were gay young Englishmen of quite a different class from the ordinary professional Indian trader, and who had made this trip more from a love of adventure than from a desire for gain), at their request I took the cover off the compass and wrote my name on the card, so that whenever they looked at it they would have a souvenir of their former *compagnon de voyage*. About seven months before the incidents to which this narrative refers, their vessel was lost sight of, nor could the slightest trace of her or her hapless crew be found. It was very currently believed in the colony that she had not been wrecked, but had been taken by the Indians, the crew murdered, and the sloop pillaged and then burnt. Still, though inquiries had been instituted, no evidence could be found to prove or disprove this very current belief, and amid the immediate stir of other events, the sad fate of the unfortunate *Lalla Rookh* died out of recollection, except to



OLD PARLEYVOO.

those who, like myself, were more immediately interested in the subject.

While rambling about the village for some days past I had seen various implements, which I knew had belonged to some vessel, but they did not strike me as being worthy of much remark, being apparently derived from some wreck or other. All, however, now came forcibly to my mind. They were doubtless only further remains, with the compass, of the sloop in which I had made my early voyage, and I shuddered to think that perhaps before long the same fate would attend me as had attended my unfortunate companions, whose murdered bodies were no doubt buried somewhere amid the rank nettles and bush close by! I was so confounded and horror-stricken at the discovery I had made that I sat where I was, motionless and wrapped in thought for hours. When I arose to return to the village it was getting dusk. It was not, however, so dark that I could not perceive that during the last few hours all the articles of wreck which I had formerly noticed had been carefully put out of sight. From that time I also noticed a marked difference in the way I was treated. The old men with whom I was on

terms of friendship were now reserved in their manner to me, and when I would address them, they would often wrap their blankets about them and go off, muttering something in their own language which I could not understand. I would often see them talking in little groups and nodding in my direction. Even the women, by whom I was always treated with the greatest civility and even kindness, began to look askance at me. I soon saw that some person had been working evil to me; who it was I had little doubt. Apollyon, who had formerly been abjectly civil to me—even cringing—now began to change his tone. Though he never neglected to ask every evening for the “paper” of my day’s expenses, yet, instead of hinting that it was due, he

would almost insolently ask it. He would even go so far as to wave me to come to him, instead of going to me. This I was determined to put a stop to as soon as possible, at whatever risk. I knew well enough that Apollyon was not respected in the village, only feared, and that if once he was thoroughly put down, nobody would stand much up for him. I was not long in having an opportunity.

It was, I think, about the close of the third day after I had aroused their suspicions in reference to the compass, that I was sitting on a rock at the end of the village peering wistfully out

towards the sea. Gradually most of the old men of the village approached to where I was and sat down beside me, their noses inside their blankets, Indian fashion. Apollyon also came, and, after muttering something to the old men, with an air of assumed contempt, he began talking to me, while I could see the old men were listening with some anxiety, one translating to another and making hurried comments under their breath. “Were my papers good?” he asked me. “When did I think my *tillicums* (friends) would come *cnite illihee* (across the country)?” “Was I a *tyhee* (chief) among the white people?” and so on. All his questions I answered



LOUISA, THE HALF-CASTE.

in a calm tone of voice, marking, however, the growing impudence of the scoundrel; and at the same time that he had a two-edged knife concealed in the hair behind his ear. This is a favourite place with these Indians, and only used when they wish to conceal the fact of their having such a weapon about them. Accordingly I kept my eye on it. Little by little he grew more insulting and I more contemptuous of him, until finally he told me he didn't believe that I was a chief at all, or that my papers were worth anything! Of course I could have shot him on the spot, but that I did not wish to do, as it would have involved me in trouble, and possibly have cost me my life. So I restrained myself until he pushed up against me. The moment was now come. Quick as lightning, before he could act, I

seized him by the nape of the neck with my right hand, at the same time catching hold of the knife and throwing it from me with the other. I then with my heavily-booted foot comfortably kicked him in front of the lodges. These Indians are strong of grip, and once let them get hold of you, nothing can make them let go. This I avoided, and from the place where I had seized him I could move him as I would. My blood was fairly up, and a grim sarcastic humour seized me as I kicked him backwards and forwards for two or three minutes—calling on the women, who were returning from berry-gathering, and the old men, whom I could see were quietly rejoicing over it, that here was the man who did not think a white chief's papers good, and then delivering him a kick and giving his neck a squeeze which would make him howl with pain. I fancy such an exhibition had never before met the astonished gaze of the Muchlahts. By this time I had kicked him back to where I had left my rifle. This I took hold of and let him go. He did not wait to expostulate, but bolted with a speed of which I did not think him capable. I then walked back to where the crowd were talking together. I could see that my spirited action had materially raised me in their eyes; though they were so utterly astonished at this British method of going to work to punish an enemy that they did not know well what to make of it. They seemed perfectly amazed. If I had shot him, they would have understood that; but only subjecting him to the fearful indignity I had, was beyond the range of their philosophy. They, however, in an almost awe-struck manner, invited me to partake of some berries; and one of the women whispered to me not to sleep in my own lodge that night. Though I knew that the safest place in an Indian village, if you expect trouble, is the main lodge, on account of the Indians not liking to fight where there are women and children, some of whom might get struck, and, besides, one's friends will be more apt to give the alarm than if you were alone, still it would not do thus to confess my fear, and I affected to laugh it off, and, as usual, went to the vacant lodge appropriated to me—even earlier than usual. I determined, however, not to sleep, for though I had seen nothing of Apollyon, I knew he might be close at hand for all that I knew, and no doubt was meditating mischief to me.

I must have been about two hours lying wrapped in my blanket, when I was alarmed by a trampling among the bushes behind the lodge, but I soon lay down again, convinced that it was only some of the Indians moving about. In this belief I was confirmed, for just then a boy ran in and told me that he was certain the trading schooner was in sight. At this glad news I started and ran out to the cliff. But I was disappointed. The object which the boy had seen looming in the darkness was shown by the moon, which was then rising, to be nothing but a low fleecy cloud, and I again returned to my "bed," down-hearted at hope deferred. Just as I was approaching it a blanketed figure ran round the end of the house and disappeared suddenly in the woods. Almost simultaneously I recollected that I had left my rifle in the lodge. Rushing in, my worst fears were verified—the rifle was gone! I stood transfixed. Misfortunes never come singly. Here, in addition to having had an open rupture with the worst scoundrel in the village, I had lost my best means of defence, and the very instrument on which I was depending in a plan of escape which was now revolving in my mind. I could have sworn that the figure I saw at the lodge was

Apollyon, but the long blanket gives in the darkness such a general resemblance to all these coast Indians, that I could not be sure of identifying the wearer even if that had served me much. When I came into the main lodge, one of the first whom I saw was Apollyon, sitting busily taking his supper. He was apparently very elated at something, and quite different from what a kicked man would appear on the day of his disgrace. To me he was perfectly civil, but in his eyes shone malice and revenge. Though no longer insolent, there was an elation in his manner which made me uneasy, and confirmed me in my belief that it was he who, perhaps bound on an attempt to murder me, had stolen my rifle. It was in vain that I complained to the people. They only *etsia'ed* in surprise. Nobody was more astonished apparently than Apollyon, though his countenance showed that he thought himself suspected. I was too wearied to argue the point, so I rolled myself in my blanket, after he had gone to his own lodge, and slept among the rest of the people in the most crowded compartment I could find in the great house. My confidence had quite deserted me with the loss of my trusty friend the rifle, which, during the last week or more I had looked upon as especially my safeguard against all enemies. I had still my revolver, but somehow I did not feel the same confidence in it. Next morning I renewed my inquiries, but all to no avail. House after house was visited, but I returned bootless and rifleless. Sick at heart, I wandered out of the village, along the path I had approached it, heartily vexed that ever my feet had been directed there. I had now lost all hope of my companions arriving. If they had left they must have reached the coast elsewhere, but the probabilities were that they had given me up as lost. My only hope was now in the trader. If I had had my rifle, I might have escaped south along the coast, or bribed the Indians when they returned from the war-party, with it, to take me south in one of their canoes. But this hope was gone, and poor as I was, I was now poorer than ever. My most valuable possession was gone. I had walked and walked on until I was out of sight of the village, and had reached the little river flowing into the lake, where I had bathed just before I had sighted the village ten days ago. I sat down on the banks to think out my condition and my plans. While there were many things in that village which disgusted me, there was one person in whom I was rather interested, and regarding whom my curiosity for some time past was being excited. She was a girl perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age, so fair that there could be no doubt that she was a half-breed, though how she could have come here, so far from any white settlement, puzzled me. In appearance she was much different from the other women. Always clean and tidy, her personal appearance was somewhat striking, independently of her handsome face and figure. She, of course, went about her work just like the other Indian women, and for some time past I had seen little of her, as she was off berry-gathering. I had several times spoken to her, for I was curious to learn her history, but it was always in the village that I met her, when she was frightened lest we should be observed, and after glancing hurriedly about would run away. I asked Apollyon several times about her, but he only evaded my questions, though neither he nor others ever affected to deny that she was a half-caste. Why this was I could not imagine, unless indeed Apollyon was troubled with jealousy, for he was a bachelor.

Thinking on such subjects, I was startled by being tapped on the shoulder, and turning round I was astonished to find the half-breed girl, about whom I had just been thinking, standing behind me. She had (as I afterwards found) followed me from the village. I was just then so disgusted with the whole of the Indian race, that I gave her an angry look and paid no further attention to her. At this she came in front of me, and to my astonishment addressed me in English. "Do you not know me?" she said; "do you not remember Louisa?" and she called my attention to a gaudy tinsel necklace which for the first time I had noticed round the girl's neck. "Don't you know this, Mr. B——?"

I looked at the girl again. Surely I recognised her features! In a moment the recollection of who she was sprang into my memory. She was the daughter of a trader with whom I had stayed for some time nearly two years before. Of course I knew her well, and it was I who had given her this very necklace. Surprised to find her in such a place, she told me that her father had been dead some time—a fact I already knew—and that her mother had belonged to this tribe, and accordingly returned there with her little girl, as the only home she knew. Her grandfather was the chief of the tribe, but was now off on the war expedition. When she last saw me I was close shaved, and it was not until some time after I had been in the village that she remembered me in the big-bearded fellow I then was, and then only by a ring of peculiar manufacture I wore on my finger, but which she often, as a little girl, had tried to get off, but failed, as it was very tight. She had told this to Apollyon, but he compelled her not to tell me that she knew me, in case I should get any information from her. Apollyon, she informed me, was only a common man, but was very rich (*i.e.*, he had many blankets, the Coast Indians' standard of wealth), and had remained behind when the war party left, to take care of the village. He was a *cultus elitee* (worthless fellow) she said, "with no heart!" She had followed me out to warn me that most likely he would attempt to murder me. She was certain he had my rifle, for only that morning she heard him talking to one of the old men about it, but it was hid somewhere.

"I suppose he is angry at me because I know that your people killed the white men in the *Lalla Rookh*?" I said in a careless tone.

Instantly the girl put her hand upon her mouth, Indian fashion, and appeared inclined to say no more. "Blood is stronger than water," and she feared for her grandfather; but I calmed her fears, and after some trouble learned the particulars, which I had already guessed. They had murdered the men, cut their bodies open and thrown them into the sea. The half-savage girl told me the most minute particulars with the most nonchalant air, apparently, from long familiarity, more horrified at the fear of a gunboat coming round to punish them than at the shocking deeds of blood she was recording. They had intended to kill me, she further informed me, but could not make up their minds; one party was for it, another against it. One party thought that it might not be prudent to kill me, in case my companions should arrive, or that my "papers" on the trader would not be good in that case; while the opposition was decidedly of opinion that dead men told no tales, and that if they wished to avoid all risk of my telling about the murder of the *Lalla Rookh* people, the best thing to be done would be to take off my head. In the

meantime, with selfishness and fear warring against each other, they could not agree on a line of action. However, since my quarrel with Apollyon, I ran a fair chance of being killed without the question coming again before the public tribunal. That I knew well; and altogether I was in a worse position than ever I had found myself before. What I might have done in the circumstances I do not know, for when I walked back to the village in the evening I found all in an uproar. The war party had returned victorious, with many heads and prisoners. Human heads, dripping with blood, were stuck on poles in front of the lodges, and the whole tribe were busying themselves for the horrible orgies of a war dance. To make things worse, somehow they had found some whisky in the village they had attacked, and all were half drunk, and of course exceedingly dangerous. Under these circumstances, I thought it more prudent to keep out of the way. In the confusion of the moment I procured unseen a piece of cooked halibut from my half-breed friend, and took myself off to the woods with my blanket and slept there.

I had apparently touched the *white* and the *woman's* side of the girl's heart, for sympathy and gratitude are not in the Indian; and selfish from misfortune and example, I lay thinking how I could utilise this trait in the girl. It was a cold-blooded calculation, but when one's life is in the scale it is no time to stand aghast about what is to be thrown into the scale against it—so long as no law of honour is broken. Would I persuade her to attempt to recover my rifle? or would I lie concealed in the woods, engaging her to bring me food, and advise me of the arrival of the trader? Would I take (steal it was not, considering what I suffered and lost) a canoe, and persuade her to escape during the night with me to paddle it? One and all of my plans fell through as impracticable, or too utterly dishonourable to even stake against my life, and as evening came on I returned again to the village, determined to make a final effort to get off.

The hideously-grinning heads were still on the poles, and the shuddering captives, with their closely-cropped hair, sat in the corner; but everybody was sober—painfully sober—after their last night's debauch. The old chief received me with a grave courtesy, very different from Apollyon's sneaking manner. As for Apollyon himself, he had sunk from being a petty tyrant to a very humble position indeed, and seemed to shun rather than court notice. Though the men I was now among were a cruel bloodthirsty lot, yet with them I felt more at my ease than with the others. They had a manliness about them which inspired some confidence. Without aid from me, they seemed to know perfectly well how affairs stood. No doubt the gossips had not been idle, and I could see they were swayed by the same motives as the others. I found out also that they had only attacked a few outlying camps, and were daily in expectation of being attacked by the whole force of the Hashquahts in return. That afternoon most of the women and children were dispatched several miles into the interior, berry-gathering, so as to be out of the way, and among others the half-breed girl, so that with her vanished any hope I had entertained of escape through her means. I could see that they were determined that I should not go until the trader arrived, and that if the village was attacked they considered that it might be useful to have me in the village; *in fact, I was lying in pawn*, just as assuredly as ever Titmarsh "lay in Lille," but under much graver circumstances.

A Zigzag Journey through Mexico.—IV.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

SUNSHINE AFTER SHADOW.

WHILE we were riding through the forest, the *norté*, as it sometimes does, had suddenly ceased, or perhaps passed off seaward. Its edge is sometimes sharply defined, as that of cyclone, typhoon, or tornado. We had ridden out of it, and back again into bright sunshine, leaving both the clouded sky and forest shadows behind us. The dwelling of Ña Rafaela's father stood in the open savanna, close by the timber's edge; but before reaching it we came upon a portion of the family—the younger members of it—passing the time *à fresco*, after the true *far niente* fashion of the tropics.

So far from the Jarocho having exaggerated the charms of Ña Rafaela and her sister, he had rather under-rated them. Neither the symbol of the *floripundio*, nor any other blossom of the tropical flora, could flatter such beauty as theirs.

In all there was a family of five—father, mother, the two sisters, and a boy brother. Like my fellow-traveller, they were of the pure Jarocho race, with all its gipsy

characteristics. The attitude in which I first saw the family group forcibly recalled the *gitanos*.

The girls were dressed in white cotton garments, that hung loosely around them. It was rather a *deshabille* befitting the hot weather. For all this, they did not start at the sight of strangers, but received us with as much grace as would a fine lady in her drawing-room, and with equal *insouciance*.

I could very easily perceive that my companion wished to have a word with Ña Rafaela; and in gratitude for his having

guided me I gave him the chance—by preceding him towards the house in the company of her brother and sister.

Chancing to look back, I saw something like a piece of paper slipped into Rafaela's hand; perhaps a *billet-doux*; and it might be in verse—for the Jarocho is a born poet.

The father and mother, who had gone out for a stroll, seeing us, turned back, and we became the recipients of their hospitality. We were asked to eat, and the girls made a show of setting about the baking of *tortillas*; but Don Hermengildo—I had ascertained this grand name to be that of my fellow-traveller—declined eating, on the plea that we were pressed for time. He had transacted his little affair, whatever it was, with Rafaelita, and did not desire to stay longer by her side.

We did not refuse a "copita" of Catalan brandy. After drinking which, we lighted our *cigarritos*, remounted, and rode out upon the savanna.

While taking the stirrup-cup I noticed that Ña Rafaela was missing from the family group. She had gone away from the

house, carrying a vessel of crockery-ware upon her head, as if on some domestic errand. She had so managed it, that we passed her on the way—my companion once more exchanging a whispered salutation. She was dressed as when first seen, but with the dress differently draped; while around her neck was a string of amber beads I had not noticed before. They looked as if freshly taken out of their case. Perhaps it was this Don Hermengildo had given her, instead of a *carlita*.

As she stopped to bid *adios* on our passing her, I thought that the *pose* was perfect, as also the figure of the girl. Both



TROPICAL CREEPERS.



A KITCHEN IN THE "TIERRA CALIENTE."

were classic as Athens itself could have produced in its palmiest days; and I could not help thinking, that a sculptor, or painter, would have given much for such a model. It was easy to tell that my companion would have almost given his life to be assured in the possession of her heart; but not so easy to say, whether he had secured it. As the whisper passed between them at parting, the glance of her eye spoke something like gratitude—perhaps for the amber beads. It was too like gratitude; and, as we rode away, I could not help fancying that in Ña Rafaela there was something of the nature of the flower to which her lover had compared her, the *datura*—something to be dreaded.

A like fancy appeared to have taken possession of my fellow-traveller, causing him dejection. After a time, however, he rallied, breaking the silence that had succeeded the leave-taking with his sweetheart.

"*Alabo a Dios!*" he said. "What a lucky thing the *norté* has passed off so soon. It would have spoiled everything, had it lasted till to-morrow."

"Spoiled what?" I asked.

"What!" exclaimed the Jarocho, repeating the word with a look of astonishment. "Surely, *ñor*, you know that to-morrow there's a *fiesta* at Cacahuatl; the grandest they've had this year. There's to be a *coleo de toros*, and no end of cocks to be fought. After that, in the evening, a *fandango*. Rafaelita and her sister will be there. While about it, let me confess the truth: it was to see them, not to escape the *norté*, I brought you so far out of your way. In return for thus misleading you, may I ask you to accept my hospitality—if you are not sure of a better shelter? The *meson* at Santa Fé is but a poor one. So too is my humble *jacal*; though I can promise you plenty to eat, and a welcome."

I might have refused the offer thus courteously extended, and perhaps would have done so, had it not been to my mind. But it was, perfectly and pointedly—in short, the very thing I was in search of: information connected with the habits and customs of the country—spiced with a dash of adventure. Here were both to be offered to me, in their purest and most characteristic types. A *fiesta*, with its varied sports—embracing a number of the nation's pastimes, and exhibiting its costumes—to say nothing of once more beholding Ña Rafaela! Need I say, that I accepted the invitation of the Jarocho?

A TOWN TAKING "SIESTA."

Another half-hour's ride brought us within sight of Santa Fé. Don Hermengildo did not live in the village, but some distance beyond. His *jacal*, as he informed me, stood solitary in the forest, a mile or more from the public road. "*En el monté*" were his words. As there was no mountain near, I might have been puzzled by the phrase, and fancied there was still a long ride before us. But I understood the misnomer peculiar to Spanish America, and that *monte* is a forest, and not a mountain! Misled by the name, geographers have placed mountain ranges upon their maps, where there is only tree-covered champaign. The great timbered tract of the Amazonian valley is known to the dwellers upon the Andes as *La Montaña*; while those mountains themselves are called *sierras* and *cordilleras*.

As we passed through the *pueblita* it was early afternoon. This being the hour of *siesta* not a soul was stirring in the streets. The sun was clear again, and scorchingly hot. Pariah-

looking dogs lay panting in the shadow of wells; and black vultures (*Cathartes atratus*) sat perched upon parapets, holding their wings wide open, to catch whatever coolness might be wafted towards them by the slightly stirring air.

The atmosphere seems hotter after a *norté* than before it. Perhaps it is our sensations that deceive us, contradicting the thermometer. It is as when one ceases fanning oneself. An Anglo-Indian in the act of being cooled by the punkah, when the servant pulling the rope has been suddenly called off, will comprehend this.

An odd villager here and there seated by his door, or suspended in a hammock, with a group in front of what appeared to be the principal *tienda*, or shop, of the place, were all the *Santa Fé*anos to be seen. Two or three horses carrying the huge Mexican high-tree saddle, with its carved wooden stirrups and stamped leather furnishings, stood near. The saddles were empty, but in the group by the shop door were men with heavy spurs on their heels, showing to whom the horses appertained. One of these, like my travelling companion, wore the *manga*—only that his was of bright sky-blue colour, whereas that of Don Hermengildo was purple. The others had *serapes*.

THE SERAPE, FREZADA, PONCHO, COBIJA, AND MANGA.

It may be worth while to say a word about the several kinds of garments—one or more of them peculiar to all parts of Spanish America. The *serape* has been described by almost every traveller in Mexico; the *manga* only mentioned. The former is seen everywhere; the latter only on rare occasions. Whether in the hot *tierra caliente*, the cooler region of the *tierra templada*, or the still colder clime of the *tierra fria*, there is no Mexican so poor as not to be possessed of a *serape*, and none so rich as to disdain wearing this truly national article of dress. The city merchant may lounge about the streets in his *capa*, which is simply a broadcloth cloak; but whenever he makes a journey into the country he must needs avail himself of the more convenient *serape*. His wardrobe would not be complete without one. The wealthy *hacendado* usually rides about with it, either hanging over his shoulders, or strapped to the croup of his saddle; while the *ranchero* is never seen without a *serape*. Even the *lepero*—the lazzarone of the towns—is possessed of one, or its coarser representative the *frezada*. To the others it is only a cloak or overcoat; to him it is coat, jacket, even shirt, for the *lepero* may be frequently observed without the under garment.

The *serape* is made of a quality and at a price to suit all ranks of wearers. The cheaper kind, called *frezada*, can be purchased for less than ten shillings; while a first-class *serape* of Saltillo or San Miguel del Grande—the places most noted for the manufacture—will cost twenty-five guineas! An unpractised eye, viewing both from a distance, would see little difference between them. Both are about the size and shape of an ordinary blanket, or a dining-table intended for six persons. They are woven of wool, usually of a white ground, with patterns of red, black, blue, yellow, and green. These differ in design, though there is a general resemblance in all. In fact, there is an idiosyncrasy in the patterns of the *serape*. They are not flowers, nor yet checks, nor exactly of a striped arrangement, though uniform parallel bands of colour may be seen in certain districts, as in the *serape* of the Navajo Indians—a prized and costly kind. The pattern-work most in vogue bears some resemblance to the bordering known as *grecque*;

though differing from this by the lines of colour meeting each other at acute instead of right angles. Any one who has noticed the zigzag ornamentation on old Mexican pottery—the lost art of the Aztecs—will have a clear comprehension of the designs usually seen upon a modern Mexican *serape*. Both have evidently sprung from the same mental fount, and are the product of the same intellectual process. Clearly the *serape* is not Spanish, but Aztec—perhaps Toltec.

Every one who has read a book of Mexican travels knows that the *serape* has a slit in the centre, through which the head is passed, leaving the garment to drape down over the shoulders, loosely like a cape, and so protecting the person from rain. The rain is thrown off even by the cheaper sorts, unless under a long-continued pour; but the costlier kinds are woven waterproof—as any cloth of caoutchouc preparation.

The *manga* differs from any kind of *serape*. It is made of broadcloth, very fine, and uniform in colour—this sometimes of the gayest, as sky-blue, scarlet, and purple. Its shape is a circle, with an embroidery of silk braid, velvet, gold cord, or lace, around the central slit through which the head is passed. The brodered work of itself forms an inner circle, usually extending to the turn of the shoulders.

The *manga* is one of the most beautiful, as also the most graceful, of garments; and a Mexican cavalier with one over his shoulders, and otherwise dressed to correspond, presents a costume picture not easily matched. When one side is thrown up towards the throat, so as to give freedom to the arm, and the skirt falls low on the opposite side, the draping is as graceful as that of a Roman toga.

The *poncho* of South America differs from the Mexican *serape*, both in texture and arrangement of colours; and it may be further stated that the garment of this name, worn by the Guacho of the *Pampas* has some points of dissimilarity to that which covers the shoulders of the Chilian “Guaso.” The central slit in the Guacho blanket is diagonal to the line of the sides, while that of the Guaso, as also the Mexican *serape* is parallel—of course causing a different arrangement in the hang of the edges and angles. The *cobija* worn by the Venezuelans is another kind of poncho.

THE GLANCE OF THE “GREEN-EYED MONSTER.”

My companion in passing the group of idlers was saluted by all, except the man in the sky-blue *manga*. I might have supposed him unacquainted with the latter, but for an exchanged glance which told that they knew one another, and still more, that there was some unpleasantness between them. A thought came uppermost in my mind—a beautiful face was recalled—that of Ña Rafaela: might it be the cause?

“Who is he with the sky-blue *manga*?” I inquired, as we rode onward.

“His name is Valdez.”

The Jarocho gave the reply with a gruff curtness, as if not over-satisfied at my taking notice of this individual.

“Valdez,” I said, remembering this to be the name of the guide recommended by Don Hilario. “Might it be the Señor Joaquín Valdez?” I inquired farther.

“A *lepero* like that to be styled señor, would be doing him too much honour. His name is Joaquín Valdez.”

“In that case,” I said, without heeding the remark, evidently made in bitterness, “he must be the very man I am in search of. Is there any other of the name around here?”

“Not that I know of.”

I drew bridle, half resolved to go back and make Joaquín Valdez acquainted with my intentions towards him. I had a letter to him from Don Hilario, of whom he was a sort of retainer—being a *vaquero* on my friend’s estate—a large *ganadería*, or cattle-run. The letter contained directions—almost in the shape of commands—for Valdez to act as my guide and travelling attendant so far, and for so long, as I might wish to avail myself of his services.

I was hesitating whether to return and perfect the engagement, or leave it till I had fulfilled that entered into with Don Hermengildo.

Six words from the Jarocho decided me. They were in the shape of a proverb—a mode of expressing thought common to the people of Spain, and equally so to their Mexican descendants. “*Caballero, un clavo saca otro clavo* (one nail drives out another)” he said, significantly adding, “*Una hora un amigo; otra otro* (one friend at a time).”

I understood the application, once more loosened rein, and rode on by the side of Don Hermengildo—leaving Valdez to be looked up at a later time.

“No doubt you’ll see him at Cacahuatl to-morrow,” continued the Jarocho. “Whether he be able to accompany you *all over Mexico*, is not so certain. That will depend upon circumstances.”

“He may be otherwise engaged?”

“*Quien sabe?*”

This phrase, as well as the tone in which it was spoken, told that my travelling companion desired to close the conversation—at least, upon the subject of Señor Valdez. The man in the sky-blue *manga* was evidently his *bête noir*; and it was almost equally evident, that the green-eyed monster was at the bottom of the business.

TWO CLASSES OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

I forbore pressing for an explanation; any curiosity I had upon the subject was likely to be satisfied at the *fiesta* of Cacahuatl. Till then I could well wait, surrounded by sublime scenes of nature, and in the contemplation of pictures that were sufficient to enchain and absorb the attention of the most indifferent traveller. The scenes were continually changing, while vying with each other in grandeur and beauty.

Soon after leaving Santa Fé we parted from the public road, and once more plunged into the tropical forest. We were again under the shadow of luxuriant vegetation; the path at times completely arched over by creeping plants, and but passable where the *machete* had been at work to clear space sufficient for a single horseman. Beyond the edges of this vegetable arcade, the parasites formed an impenetrable trellis-work, where only lizards, serpents, or small quadrupeds like the *sorrilla*, could crawl through. Even the large Mexican wolf is here compelled to keep along the trails made by tapirs, or straying cattle.

Sometimes the creeping plants trended horizontally from tree to tree; at times killing the standards that supported them, as if jealous of other foliage spreading above, and spiteful at its having hindered them from receiving the free full kiss of the sunlight. Masses of *Paullinias* and *Aristolochias* were thus arranged; and where the sun poured down upon them I observed swarms of humming-birds flitting about, or poised on whirring wings in front of their flowers. Although otherwise

ignorant enough about matters of Mexican natural history, my companion was wonderfully observant. In a conversation about these birds he told me, in his own peculiar way, that there are two very distinct classes of them—distinct in regard to their food, as well as general habits; one frequenting foliage, the other seeking its food in flowers. It was but a confirmation of the interesting fact discovered, and first made known to science by Mr. Bates, in his charming work, "The Naturalist on the Amazons"—a work which for scientific research (I here claim permission to say) is not surpassed by any other, and only equalled by the "South American Journey" of Humboldt and the "Naturalist's Voyage" of Darwin.

A FRIAR IN THE FOREST.

Speaking lately of costumes, I soon after saw one, again reminding me that I was in Mexico. It was that of a monk, the wearer himself suddenly becoming disclosed to our view, as we came out into a glade or open space in the forest. With a background of broad-leaved vegetation—there were palms and plantains before our eyes—the apparition was as singular as unexpected; for it is not often that the gentry with cowl and shaven crown are seen in the tropical coastland. They affect rather the higher and healthier region of the *tierra templada*, where the climate is more congenial to personal comfort, and the larger cities offer a better opportunity to practise their peculiar craft and calling.

I was the more surprised at the presence of this solitary specimen of the brotherhood, on perceiving a little hut in the background, which had all the appearance of being his place of abode!

My travelling companion gave me a clue to the enigma, by saying that Fray Manuel, as he called the monk, was a sort of eccentric character, who had strayed from some monastery in one of the great cities of the interior, and taken up his abode *en el monte*, where we saw him. He lived in the little hovel which he had himself constructed, hermit fashion, though occasionally paying a visit to the *ranchos* around, and at times extending his peregrinations as far as Vera Cruz. He belonged to the order of San Diego (that I could tell from the texture and colour of his cloth—a coarse brown woollen stuff), and was reputed very pious.

Don Hermengildo was not so certain about this. He had several times met the monk at the domicile of Ña Rafaela's father, and believed him to be something of a cheat; "*un picaro*" was the expression. The Jarochos are less under hierarchical influence than most others of the lower orders of Mexico; and he with whom I had just made acquaintance seemed to care not a fig for friar or priest.

Notwithstanding, he took off his hat to the *padre*; who, as we passed him, gave his benediction, with the customary parting speech:—"Va con Dios."

A "JACAL" AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Leaving the hermit monk behind, I soon ceased to think of him. The splendid scenes once more claimed my attention. Nature—beautiful Nature—far more beautiful than art—lovelier even than woman—that is, to the philosophic mind—she was before my eyes, spreading her treasures around me. Like one who, after a long absence in foreign lands, again revisits home, I was charmed with everything I saw—the birds, the leaves, the flowers. Only the order was reversed. In my own land,

annually chilled by boreal blasts, all these were comparatively of sombre colour and meagre outline. Here, in the torrid *tierra caliente* of Mexico, all was bright, broad, magnificently expanded. The very weeds were showy flowers; and where man had made his mark, in the shape of a slight industry, cultivation seemed only intended for ornament.

The dwelling of the Jarochos, which soon after came in sight, was itself something to challenge scrutiny, and cause pleasurable wonder. Though only a humble *jacal*, it and its surroundings would have gladdened the eye and heart of a scene-painter—one given to the limning of tropical landscapes. The background was a forest in which fig-trees predominated, their smooth glossy leaves presenting that stellated arrangement peculiar to the tribe, as also to tropical vegetation. Mingled with these were other arborescent forms, with foliage green, golden, or glaucous. A botanist, wedded to his special proclivity—and what botanist is not?—would have gazed long and lovingly on the smooth silvery trunks and peltate leaves of the *Cecropias*, the pinnate foliage of the *Ingas* with other leguminous trees, and the fan-like, or feather-like, fronds of the palms—for there were both kinds within view—their tufted crowns supported upon slender cylindrical stems, that towered above the spray of the surrounding forest.

In front and around the dwelling were plants and trees of those kinds cultivated within the tropics; conspicuously the *Musas* (banana and plantain) with their glossy leaves of light yellowish green, full twenty feet in length, by thirty inches in breadth; the manioc (*Jatropha manihot* and *utilissima*) with their radiating leaf-crowns; several fruit-trees of the family *Zapotado*; others of the orange tribe; and in a spot of garden-ground under the shade of these arborescent forms, the pineapple (*Bromelia ananas*) with many staple articles of the Mexican cuisine—the sweet potato (*Batatas edulis*), the tomato (*Solanum esculentum*), frijoles (*Phaseolus Hernandezii*), and several species of chilé (*Capsicum annuum*); while an attached enclosure of some acres in extent, bristling with beautiful maize plants, told that Don Hermengildo grew sufficient corn for feeding his horse, and keeping his house in *atole*, *tamalé*, and *tortillas*.

It was a picture of tropical plenty, requiring but slight care or trouble to produce. As it first broke upon the view I instinctively checked up my horse, and sat in the saddle surveying it. My host, without knowing what had halted me, nevertheless courteously awaited my advance, saying not a word.

It was the house itself that chiefly claimed my attention. I had seen such before—more or less perfect in kind and construction. That of Don Hermengildo was a type of the country cottage—indifferently called *ranchos*, *ranchitos*, or *jacal*, to be met with in the hot lowlands of Mexico.

A gigantic birdcage of peeled osier rods, with the reeds set rather closely together, will give some idea of the structure. The corner posts were smooth trunks of the *corozo* palm (*Cocos butyracea*), one of the most beautiful of the *Palmaceæ*, from whose nuts, of the size of pool-balls, a fine oil is extracted. Cross-beams of the same united these uprights, also forming rafters for the roof, which was high-pitched, and thatched with the fan-shaped fronds of another palm, laid on so as to shed the rain like slates or shingles. The walls were of the *caña vaquera*, a species of *Bambusa* which grows plentifully in the lowlands of Mexico, its stems shooting up to a height of

fifty or sixty feet. These cut to the proper length and set closely together, stockade-fashion, constituted the walls. The door, swinging on hide hinges, was of split cane; while windows were not needed, the interstices between the stems giving all the light required within the dwelling. The sun was shaded off by the projection of the roof; while to keep out cold—a rare requirement in the tropics—a thin matting of plaited palm-leaf, rolled up like a window-blind under the eaves, could be let down all around the house. This is done when rain-storms strike slantingly, more especially during a *norté*; for then the interior requires protection from dust, as well as cold.

A JAROCHO AT HOME.

As we approached the *jacal* of Don Hermengildo, the palm curtain was rolled up, and I could see several forms moving about inside the dwelling, like birds within their cage. Two of them were pretty birds, although neither so prepossessing as Ña Rafaela. They were the sisters of my host, while a third individual, also of the feminine gender, was his mother.

If the Jarochos have Moorish blood in their veins, their manners are not altogether of Morocco, and I was at once introduced to the intimacy of the family circle.

As we entered the house, the two younger women had their *rebosos* over their heads, and half *tapado*—that is, half concealing their faces. As soon as it became known that I was their brother's invited guest, the scarf was permitted to drop down to their shoulders, and their faces beamed with the bright smiles of a free and friendly hospitality.

"*Andate, niñas!*" cried the Jaracho. "Quick, get us something to eat; the caballero is half famished."

The *niñas* threw off their scarf *impedimenta*, and passing

through a back door that led to a sort of kitchen, commenced culinary operations, while their mother remained to set out the table. Two or three broad green leaves freshly chopped from one of the plantain-trees growing near, were placed side by side on a rude slab table—making a spread that looked both clean and cool. The plates, cups, and dishes consisted of carved cocoa-nut shells, and calabashes of various shapes and

dimensions. There were neither knives, forks, nor spoons—these being almost unknown to the cottage *ménage* of Mexico.

Three or four trestle-fashioned chairs with cow-hide seats, were the only other articles of furniture in the *jacal*. On the walls were some small pictures, that of Santa Guadalupe, the patroness saint of Mexico, being most conspicuous.

There were two apartments in the dwelling; and a glance into the inner one disclosed the beds belonging to the female occupants. They were bedsteads rather than beds; a mere *grille* of bamboo canes set upon short foot posts, with a piece of palm matting—*petaté*—to serve for palliasse, mattress, and everything; while a cotton



A MONK TURNED HERMIT.

sheet upon each was all of bed clothing required in the climate of the *tierra caliente*.

While my host went out to look after the horses, I was made free to inspect the interior of his house—even to its kitchen. The girls good-naturedly allowed me to be a witness of their culinary skill, their brother telling them that I was a traveller desirous of familiarising myself with the customs of their country.

TORTILLAS AND TORTILLERAS.

In Mexico there is no meal without maize bread baked in the shape of *tortillas*; and I had here an excellent opportunity of seeing how these celebrated cakes are made,

and became acquainted with the whole process from beginning to end.

As the *tortilla* is an article of daily consumption by many millions of people—in fact, the chief care and concern of a Mexican cottage household—a bread baked by the ancient Aztecs before the keels of Cortez grated upon the coral strands of Vera Cruz—a bread the baking or making of which has not, I believe, ever been correctly described in books—it is worthy of more than a word. I shall, therefore, give a detailed description of it, although in the strictest laconism the subject will permit of.

The Indian corn, or maize, out of which *tortillas* are made, is first submitted to the process of boiling—in an earthenware pot, or *olla*, usually urn shaped. A little slack lime is thrown in as an alkaloid to soften the grain, and cause the white albuminous substance to separate from the outer cuticle or shell. Washing in cold water, with a slight rubbing between the hands, completes the separation. Then the maize is ready for kneading, the shells being thrown out or given to hogs.

The implements employed in tortilla-making are now brought into play. These are: first, the *metatle*—a stone of about two feet in length by eighteen inches in breadth, with a smooth upper surface, slightly concave. It has four feet, two shorter and two longer; so that when set upon them the upper surface will have a slanting incline towards the horizon. The stone of which the *metatle* is made is usually basalt, easily obtainable among the volcanic mountains of Mexico. There are districts specially noted for the manufacture of *tortilla* stones: as at Allotonileo el Grande, near the mines of Real del Monte. The *metatle* may be looked upon as the Mexican “baking-board.”

After it, comes the *metlapile*; which represents the rolling-pin of the English housewife; but instead of wood, it is also a stone—usually basalt—shaped like a “bar” of French bread, or the scythe-stone of a mower. Its purpose is to crush the maize grains, converting them into a paste. This is done by pressing the boiled corn upon the *metatle*, and with repeated pressures, forcing it down the slanting surface till it falls into an earthen pan placed at the lower end. It is now of the consistency of soft dough, ready to be shaped into cakes. The *tortillera* or tortilla-maker, who does this kneading, performs the operation on her knees, with the *metatle* in front, and the *metlapile* held in both hands. But there are two *tortilleras* engaged in the work, the business of the second one being to shape the dough into cakes, fling them on the *comalé*, whip them off again, and place them on the plate or dish intended for taking them to the table. The *comalé*, above mentioned, is a flat earthenware pan that will stand fire; sometimes a thin slab of stone, or a plate of iron. The “pikelet stone” of England and the “griddle” of Scotland will give some idea of it—being utensils employed for a similar purpose. In conformation the tortilla resembles an ordinary pancake, and is much of the same dimensions. It is circular, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and six or eight inches in diameter. The *tortillera* gives it these proportions without any measuring. With an adroitness drawn from practice, she takes up an exact quantity of the paste; and, by a dexterous clapping between the palms of her hands, flattens it into a circular cake, with a circumference as clean and perfect as if cut with a mould, or traced by compasses. When shaped and smoothed to her satisfaction, she flings it on the *comalé*, leaving it there only for a moment. The

hot stone, or iron, soon gives it the necessary browning. It needs no cooking; for, it is to be remembered, that the maize has been already boiled. Almost instantly is it turned on the *comalé*, and then transferred to the plate or dish; where it is placed on the top of others that have preceded it—thence to be transported to the table.

The *tortilla* must be eaten while hot, and fresh from the *comalé*. Then it is soft, and only then palatable. When allowed to stand over and get cold, it becomes hard as ship's biscuit, and is barely edible. A dry *tortilla* is only tolerable on a journey, or in the haversack of a soldier, where it is often found; though there is a kind called *tortopostle* or *tortoposte*, made for this special purpose, differing slightly from the ordinary *tortilla*. The *tortoposte* is, perhaps, the lightest bread-stuff that can be carried by a traveller.

When brought to the table, the *tortilla* not only serves as bread, but for knife, fork, and spoon. It is rare that these utensils are kept in a Mexican cottage. Of the three the spoon would seem most needed; since the national *cuisine* is chiefly composed of soups and stews. But for both, the *tortilla* is found sufficient. Soft and supple as leather it admits of being torn into segments, each to be folded spoon or scoop-shape—thus answering the purpose required. The stew, or *potage*, is carried to the mouth by the piece of *tortilla*, and both are swallowed together—a fresh spoon being constructed for the next mouthful.

MORE OF THE “COCINA MEXICANA.”

While the national bread was being baked, another item of the Mexican *cocina*, equally national, was observed simmering on the fire. This was a stew of brown beans—*frijoles*—without which no dinner is eaten in Mexico. They are first boiled, and then fried in lard, with a seasoning of onions—perhaps a little garlic and *chile*. In the higher region of the table-lands the juice of the *maguay* plant—*pulque*—is the daily, almost hourly, drink; and this cool, sparkling beverage is a fine antidote to the burning bite of the capsicums. In the *tierra caliente* there is no *pulque*; but its place is well supplied by the sap of another tree—a palm of the genus *Acrocomia*—having the taste, *bouquet*, and other good qualities of new-made wine. To obtain it, the tree is cut down; a trough hollowed out in its trunk; into which the sap gradually oozes, until there is sufficient of it for the dinner-table, or, if need be, for a grand carousal. When drawn off, the trough soon refills; and the supply is thus renewed for several weeks, before becoming exhausted.

My host returning into the house, brought along with him a *cantaro* of this splendid tippie, inviting me to partake. It was, as he informed me, in the right condition—the tree having been cut down, and “tapped,” the day before. I could believe him. It had all the coolness and effervescence of champagne, and tasted much better than that we are accustomed to drink in our English hotels—to say nothing of some private houses.

In fine, our dinner consisted of a stew of *tasajo*, or jerked beef, pungent with *chile*; the aforesaid *frijoles*, similarly spiced; some ears of young maize corn roasted in the husk under ashes of a wood fire; sweet potatoes; and the never-absent *tortillas*.

After the dinner came a dessert such as Lucullus might have coveted. Pomona never spread such a plenty on the banks of the Tiber. Surely the gardens of the Hesperides must have been in New Spain?

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—VI.

PAGODAS AND CAVE TEMPLES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BOMBAY. In the Jainic temples, as in the Buddhist *chaitiyas*, a huge niche may be perceived placed opposite to the wall, and there may be seen seated the statue of the last of the Tirthankars. These temples have a portico, surmounted by a dome, which dome stands on eight columns. Under the colonnade which surrounds them are eight other niches, intended to hold the statues of saints.

The domes and cupolas of these temples, as Mr. Fergusson has suggested, were probably constructed by horizontal layers of stone, and not by stones cut into shapes to form an arch of the modern kind. There is no danger of horizontal thrust in this style of construction.

The Jainic funeral rites resemble those of the Buddhists and of the Hindoos. The bodies are burnt, and rice, flowers, and water offered them, in order that the soul may be enabled to wait for the moment of transmigration. This ceremony goes by the name of "shraddh." But no ulterior offerings are made, as is the case with the Hindoos, who believe that they can thus buy back from purgatory the souls of their relatives. According to the Hindoo notion, the soul of the departed invariably passes into this intermediate state before it is possible for them to enter into the heavenly abode of the Yitris or forefathers of the human race.

The island of Shahsi, or Salsette, is situated to the north of Bombay, to which it is united by a narrow causeway. It is eighteen miles long by thirteen broad. Its principal town, Thannah, is prettily situated, but Ghora Bandhar is still more picturesque. In this place are the ruins of the ancient Portuguese church built in 1605. These ruins are situated on the summit of a hill covered with undergrowth.

Many cavern temples exist in the island of Salsette. The most important of all is that of Kanheri, on the left side of those hills, to the right of which Tannah lies. The railway conveys one in an hour and a half to the Bhandoup Station, seven miles from these subterranean passages; but no conveyances are to be obtained from the station.

A great many excavations have been made on both sides of the descent of the hill of Kanha. Most of the temples and monasteries date from the beginning of our era; many remind the traveller of Cuttack and Udaya-Ghiri. These consist of simple square cells dug out of the rock, the entrance being by a kind of level, sometimes with and sometimes without supporting columns. The result of investigations made by some Orientalists who have attempted to decipher the fragments of inscriptions sculptured on the walls of these dwellings, lead to the conclusion that a Grecian architect of the name of Xénocratus built one of the most ancient of them, in the year 65 B.C., and that it was intended to contain one of the teeth of Buddha. This same tooth, two centuries and a half later, was placed in a dagoba by a monarch of the dynasty of Andhra.

Two *chaitiyas*—a sort of Buddhist cathedral—are worth notice. One of them is unfinished, and its façade is the only part that approaches completion. The two columns of the portico resemble those of Ellora and Elephanta, and doubtless served as models, not only for them, but for all that were afterwards erected in the same style. They are fluted, but

have only sixteen grooves instead of thirty-two, and they are capped by a turbaned capital ornamented with mouldings. In the original construction of these subterranean temples, the works were carried on at the same time both from above and below, until a thin layer of rock only was left, and this easily fell through. This can be corroborated by a visit to the temple now under consideration, which was indeed one of the most recently erected of the group.

The great chaitiya of Kanheri is of earlier date than the preceding one, and was built during the first centuries of the Christian era, at which epoch Buddhism first became corrupt. A low wall shuts out the temple from the courtyard. On each side of the door is a sculptured figure serving as guardian of the temple. This figure has a lotus-flower in its hand, and the sacred serpent on its head. A little sanctuary to the left of the entrance, with a square roof, contains a dagoba.

In the courtyard, two pillars stand out from the rock, that on the right-hand side is surmounted by four squatting figures, that on the left by four lions; these sculptures are only roughly chiselled on the stone which finishes off the column. To the right, sculptured in bas-relief, may be also seen in the rock two dagobas, and on them are inscriptions in ancient Sanscrit characters.

The front wall is pierced by a square door and by two windows of the same shape, and, higher up, by five other apertures, also square. A very elevated portico forms the entrance of the temple. On each side of the entrance, standing with their backs to the wall, are colossal figures, representing disciples of Buddha. The palm of the right hand of each figure is turned towards the spectator, and he holds in his left the folds of his robe. The left-hand sides of the doors giving ingress into the chaitiya are adorned by a bas-relief representing two slaves, a man and a woman, armed with the symbol of dignity called *chahuari*. These different sculptures represent Hindoos wearing a garment of the same kind as that still in use in the presidency of Bombay; the same *languti* may also be noticed passing between the knees, and bringing into relief every part of the body. The earrings resemble those of the savage tribes of India; they consist of cubes or parallelopipeds, surmounted by carvings of animals, or more frequently of large discs. The hair of the women is taken off the brow by means of a metal diadem, and falls in a thick mass over the neck. The heads of the male figures are covered by a turban of remarkable shape.

Above, and in front of the bearers of the chahuari, a series of bas-reliefs may be remarked, representing Buddha and his disciples; some of these are represented on seats according to Cingalese usages, others are cross-legged, according to the ordinary Oriental fashion. One of them, of larger proportions than the others, represents Buddha in a standing posture. An inscription engraved at the foot of the statue informs us—if we may venture to accept as correct that which is considered to be the best translation—that the statue is an indication of the munificence of Buddhagoshā, who translated into Cingalese some of the sacred books.

Above the principal door of entrance a large opening has been constructed, which lights the chaitiya; the form of the

arch is remarkable, as it consists of a segment of circle larger than the semicircle, somewhat resembling the Moorish arch, or horseshoe in the Iberian Peninsula. The vault of the temple is of the same design. It is easy to see that, with the exception of the bas-reliefs of the portico, and the interior columns, this chaitiya has undergone little change since it was first erected.

The arch is supported by thirty columns; eleven to the left and six to the right are sculptured, the other thirteen are octagonal, without capital or base. It is not improbable that these latter alone were finished when the building was constructed, and that when a long while afterwards the general construction was resumed, the seventeen columns that had been left in a rough state, or simply fined down, were chiselled, as we now see them. The plinth consists of three stone slabs, whose dimensions gradually diminish, the uppermost being the smallest, and the lower one shaped like a *chattie*, a vessel with a large opening, used by the Hindoos to fetch water from the well.

The central dagoba is extremely simple. On entering the building from the portico there is seen a kind of tribune constructed of stone, preventing the visitor from discovering the opening by which light is introduced, not indeed into the temple, but to the dagoba, the rest of the building remaining in semi-obscurity. This was done in order to concentrate the attention of the faithful on the idol to which they addressed their prayers.

Ghora-Bandhaz is situated not far from the mountains of Kanha, and the traveller should not fail to visit this little village, if only to enjoy the picturesque scenery of which it forms part. On the other side of the little arm of the sea is the old fort of Bassein, celebrated in the history of India. This place was abandoned to the Portuguese by the Kings of Gujerat

in 1534, and fell under the sway of the Mahrattas in 1739. Only the ruins now left in the jungle remind one of the great importance of this place in olden times, and even now streets, churches, and palaces may be distinguished in the midst of briars which overrun them, and the ruins of the cathedral and the remains of a college of Jesuits may be distinctly traced.

When the Mahrattas attacked the fort of Bassein, there was but a small garrison, and it only held out from the valour of its defenders. The Mahratta chief, Chinnajee Appa, would accept of no conditions but those of the complete surrender of the town and all its inhabitants. When on the verge of defeat, the Portuguese commandant sent several special messengers to implore help from the English authorities in Bombay. These requests were, however, at first refused, and they declined to stretch forth a helping hand to these unfortunates in danger of their lives. At length, however, they acceded to the reiterated requests of the Portuguese, and lent the besieged £1,500 though not without security in the shape of a lien on the precious goldsmiths'



GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

work to be found in the churches, as also on some brass cannon which guarded the bastions of the fort. "I do not trust to these arms," said the commandant of Bassein, when sending these treasures, "so much as I do to the valour of my soldiers."

The Portuguese were, however, unable to prolong much longer their heroic defence, and they were forced to capitulate. Out of regard to the courage of the besieged, the Mahrattas granted them honourable conditions. It was agreed that no inhabitant of the district, whether European or native, should be molested by the conquerors, and that liberty of worship should be granted them.



A Visit to the Danubian Principalities.—V.

BY NELSON BOYD, F.G.S., ETC.

DOWN THE CARPATHIANS — ROUMANIA AND THE WALLACHIANS —
BUCHAREST—THE DANUBE, AND PESTH.

We had now spent several days on the Carpathians, and had had ample time to study the topography and geology of the district, as well as admire the beauties of the scenery. The time had come for us to descend the southern slope of the range, and enter into Wallachia proper. The great plain below us, though magnificent in extent as seen from our point of view, offered little inviting to the traveller, and we had the prospect before us of a monotonous ride over flat and dusty roads. We left, with regret, the charming scenery of the heights and the fascinations of the bush life we had been enjoying for some time. We were sorry also to part with good Pedro, who had been our trusty guide and pleasant companion during our rambles. But he could not spare any more time from his home, where the care of his cattle and his garden required him; and so Pedro turned his light step towards the Szill, while we prepared to descend into the great Roumanian plain, and make our way to Bucharest.

We had been wandering for some days on the frontier of the country, and had even crossed it several times, but now we were about to enter it and travel into its very centre. We had before us the prospect of exploring a country new to us; for although we had been for some weeks among Wallachians resembling those of the plain in manners, customs, and language, yet we had not seen them at home under their own laws and government. It would, however, be difficult to define what is to be understood by the government of the Wallachians. The inhabitants of the Danubian Principalities have had many masters, and are now still under the protection of the Turkish Empire, and a sort of friendly supervision of Prussia, through their present Hospodar, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who now reigns over the Danubian Principalities, united under the name of Roumania. Previous to this amalgamation of Wallachia and Moldavia, the government of these provinces was vested in Hospodars appointed by the Sultan, and their history during that period is one uninterrupted sequence of intrigues at court and lawlessness in the country. The constant efforts of Russia to obtain a footing in the country tended greatly to the bad government which prevailed, as the Czar neglected no means, however unscrupulous, to create discontent and stimulate intrigue, in the hopes that in the end he would acquire the protectorate, and eventually the possession of the provinces. His efforts were sufficiently successful to render the allegiance of the provinces to the Porte very doubtful; and had the result of the Crimean War been otherwise than it was, the Cossack would most probably be at the present day watching the frontier of the Russian Empire on the banks of the Danube. As it was, the Danubian Principality question was settled by the Sultan relinquishing all direct authority over the provinces, and retaining only the tribute which was then, and is now, paid by them to the Porte. The two Principalities were then united under the name of Roumania, with a constitutional government, presided over by a Hospodar elected by the people. Their choice of a sovereign fell first on Colonel Couza, who was proclaimed at Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, and Jassy,

the capital of Moldavia, on the 23rd of December, 1861, under the title of Prince Alexander John I. But a revolution breaking out in February, 1866, Prince Couza had to resign power to a provisional government; and the next choice of a sovereign fell on Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, then an officer in the Prussian army, and he was proclaimed in May, 1866. Since then the government has been carried on without interruption. It consists of two Chambers, one elected by the people, the other nominated by the reigning prince, and a Cabinet of five responsible ministers, through whom the prince rules. The first meeting of the Chambers took place on the 5th of November, 1862. The constitutional government, which has thus existed for only a few years, has not had, indeed, cannot have had, time to become thoroughly understood by the mass of the inhabitants of those remote provinces.

However, despite the difficulties arising from ignorance on the part of the electors, and want of refinement and cultivation among the elected, the government has managed to advance on the fair constitutional road. Hitches have occurred, which have not been smoothed over easily, but still no irremedial difficulty has supervened so far, and the Hohenzollern prince still sits on his throne. Not very long ago he threatened to leave it, or, rather, expressed a very strong desire to be allowed to abandon his position, preferring the easy retirement of a Prussian prince to the anxious duty of governing a turbulent population. The Wallachian character is restless and uncertain. The people are impetuous and excitable, and, above all, fond of change; they are also devoid of education, and, as compared with Western Europe, may without injustice be termed almost semi-civilised. Hence it is not surprising that their government is a matter of some difficulty, and that the stranger who now occupies the position of ruler among them finds his task a difficult one. Indeed, his position would be untenable, were he not supported in it by the governments of Russia and Prussia; and the influence of the former amongst all classes in Roumania is unquestionably very great. For years Russia has been increasing her influence among these people, and in this she has been powerfully aided by the Greek Church, to which religion the great bulk of the people belong. Roumania numbers 4,500,000 inhabitants, and of these only 125,000 are Roman Catholics, and 28,000 Protestants; nearly the whole of the remaining population belongs to the Greek Church. There are certainly a good number of Jews and Armenians, but their sympathies tend quite as much, if not more, towards the Eastern than the Western Church. The deep game which Russia has been and is still playing in this part of Europe for her aggrandisement will some day come to a solution, and we may possibly see in the Danubian Principalities the battle-field on which the question of her supremacy will be fought out. At any rate, Roumania forms one of the complex interests which make up the Eastern difficulty; and although at the present time peaceful and comparatively tranquil, it would not be surprising to find the first match which is to light up the flame of Eastern revolution and set Europe in a blaze struck on the banks of the Danube.

As long as things remain as they now are, the independence of Roumania is guaranteed by her geographical position, surrounded as she is by great powers, each of whom would willingly become her master, but dare not grasp at what his neighbours are watching. She finds her safety in the dangers around her, and remains like an Eastern Switzerland, independent, but not so happy or prosperous as the little Alpine Republic.

If the position of Roumania is politically interesting and geographically important, it is peculiar in a social point. She forms the link between the Germanised Hungarians, and the Eastern Mohammedans who now inhabit Turkey; and it is strange to find this dividing territory inhabited by a race of an origin quite apart from the Magyars of Hungary, or the Mohammedans of Turkey. The strong evidence of the language shows a Latin descent, which, if not pure, is at least sufficiently direct to stamp the people with the characteristic of the old Western nationality.

The origin of the inhabitants of the Principalities has given rise to, and does still excite, a good deal of discussion. The Roumanians themselves stoutly affirm that they are the descendants of a colony of Romans; and they point to the numerous Roman remains discovered in various parts of Transylvania, and in the Danubian plains, and, above all, to the incontestable Latinity of the language. With reference to this point, nothing is more striking than in the transition from the Hungarian to the Turkish to pass through this land of Latin-speaking people, wedged in as it were between two Eastern dialects. It is undeniable that the Romans have left indelible traces of their residence in these provinces; we find them in the numerous remains of ancient buildings, in the buried cairns and ornaments, in the old mineral workings, and in the Latin words and expressions of the language. But it is equally evident that the present race is a very mixed one, and the difficulty seems to be in deciding which nationality is most represented.

According to the German version of the origin of the Wallachs, they would be descended from a mixed population of slaves, formerly in the train of the Roman legions, and allowed to settle in these provinces on the departure of the Romans, who found them an encumbrance. Another view, and one probably nearer the truth, is to ascribe the Latin element so visible in the present day to the effects of the lengthened occupation of the country by the Romans, after the signal and complete defeat of the Dacians, who formerly inhabited it, by the Emperor Trajan. The Romans completely destroyed the Dacian nation, levelled their cities to the ground, forced the people into bondage, and established themselves and their manners and customs on the soil, with the determination and powerful organisation which were the main causes of their successes. Of their residence and great influence no trace now remains in the manners and customs of the population, but the Latin element in the language is still present.

The Wallachs in Transylvania are the drudges of the population in the districts they inhabit, and show none of the independence of spirit and energy of disposition which might be expected in descendants of the old Roman warriors. In the border-land on the Carpathians, they are primitive and nomadic in their habits and modes of life; and in Roumania the bulk of the population are but patient drudges, labouring in the fields of the petty *boyards*, or gentry of the country: and they are all highly superstitious, and fervent to a fanatical

degree in their devotion to the Greek Church. They are, however, proud of their supposed Roman descent, and insist on being called *Roumans*, a title they have but lately adopted, and which, according to some, will some day be transformed into *Romans*. As an instance of the language now in use by the people, I may here repeat a phrase used by a labourer who was engaged in knocking stones about on the road of the Valkan Pass. He was asked by signs what he was doing, and the answer was "*Domine, face le drum.*" The first words were completely understood; and as we suspected he was endeavouring to mend the road, we presumed that *drum* signifies "road" in Roumanian, but this word clearly has no Roman origin. Other phrases which we heard repeated are distinctly Latin, such as "*Diacono di foco,*" or "fiend of fire;" "*Mulera mia*" (my wife); "*Popas*" (priest); and others: but the Latin is much corrupted and intermixed with strange words of Dacian or Servian origin, although the language is generally comprehensible to a Latin or Italian scholar. The Wallach, as a rule, speaks no language but his own. In Hungary, German is taught in the schools, and most people speak, or, at any rate, understand that language; but in Roumania the German influence ceases, and no language but that of the country will help the traveller. The upper classes affect to speak French much more than German, and in the large towns the French language and Parisian fashions are patronised by the wealthy, at least it is so at Bucharest. However, we are not yet in the capital, and I must now return to my travelling companions, left to find their way down the southern slope of the Carpathians while I have been making this perhaps tedious digression into Roumania. We found the descent of the mountain easy, winding along along a very fair path, through fine forests. It was pleasant and cool, and very enjoyable.

We reached Tyngosil, a small town not far from the mountain base, in due time, and halted there for the night. Here we exchanged our free and easy way of travelling for the more expeditious and business-like mode of pushing on along the dusty road in a *birdj*, drawn by two smart horses. It was with a pang of regret that I patted my little horse's neck for the last time, and took my place in the *birdj*, or cart of the country, the only kind of conveyance at the command of travellers. This sort of carriage very much resembles that in use in Transylvania, and is remarkable for the absence of springs or seats. It has, however, a covering of loose leather, somewhat after the manner of one of our pleasure-vans, which affords some shelter against the heat of the sun and the suffocating dust of the roads.

Our journey was performed over the level roads of the great Danubian plain, without encountering any incident worthy of record, or inconvenience beyond the great fatigue of the constant jolting in a springless cart, and the sufferings caused by countless vermin of various kinds. At last, on a fine summer's afternoon, we reached Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, and the seat of the Roumanian government. We were glad to leave the inconvenience and closeness of the springless carriage in which we had been shaken about like pills in a box, the more so as the Wallachian postillion considers it a matter of duty to drive at a hard gallop, no matter what the state of the road may be. These drivers are a noisy set, urging their horses forward with never-ceasing shouts and cracks of their long whips. They seem to be a special class, and some of them presented a decidedly peculiar appearance, both as regards dress and physiognomy. We found them civil and obliging, though

sometimes rather impetuous, not to say rash, in their style of driving.

Bucharest is a widely-scattered town, with broad, dusty streets, running at all possible angles. It possesses one fine quarter, where most of the public buildings are situated, and all the good shops. Here the fashion of Bucharest is found, lounging *à la mode de Paris*; and the wares in the shops are so elegant, the people so well dressed, and the activity and movement so great, that the visitor almost forgets that he is in one of the most remote towns of European civilisation.

But this nucleus of civilisation and refinement is surrounded by a wide margin of utter barbarism. Once out of the small inner circle, the streets become hideous with dirt and odours, a wretched, starved-looking population is seen lounging about the doors of the miserable cabins, and everything betokens utter neglect and ignorance. The contrast between the Western neatness and cleanliness and Oriental indifference and dirt is nowhere to be seen more clearly and strongly than in Bucharest; the more so as within the last five years such vigorous efforts have been made to introduce and foster Western manners and customs. It will take years, however, before the stolid indifference to comfort and neatness which is so characteristic of the lower Orientals can be overcome by the spirit of Western advancement and improvement.

It is worthy of remark that the tinge of Western customs the town at present possesses is derived more from France than any other country. Unlike Pesth, where the shops display so many English goods, and England is looked to as the model to be followed as regards government and commerce, Bucharest imports goods from France, follows the Paris fashions, and speaks, or rather tries to adopt, the French language. The *modiste de Paris* reigns supreme among the ladies of Bucharest, and the newest bonnet from the boulevards finds its way to the capital of Roumania before it reaches many other and more important towns of Europe. The upper classes exhibit more extravagance than elegance or good taste; and beneath the film of French polish, you find the crudeness of the serf, even among the better classes. Still, it is remarkable to see even so good an attempt made at better things; and if the town enjoys some peaceful years, free from political commotion much will be done in the way of improvement—and, indeed, a great deal remains to be effected towards needful sanitary and judicial reforms. The buildings of the city are not remarkable. The Turks have left but small traces of their former occupation, and the modern buildings have nothing interesting about them. The churches are distributed in all parts of the

town, and are discovered only after peregrinations through some of the nastiest streets. The façades of the churches are mostly highly decorated, but the roofs are low, and the spire almost always absent. The worship, which is strictly observed, is one more of form than prayer, and the services lack the seriousness of true devotion. The people flock, however, to their churches, to receive the benediction of the *papa*, and burn lamps before the numerous images of saints which decorate the walls. The amusements of the town consist in driving through the principal streets, and promenades in the evening in the public gardens; besides the numerous *cafés* where coffee and other refreshments are obtained, and the *chibouk* smoked.

To a stranger the place is exceedingly dull; and I was glad when the time came for my departure from a town not rich in records of antiquity or monuments of the present, with a modern civilisation just struggling into existence through the barbarism which is the only inheritance handed down from the past.

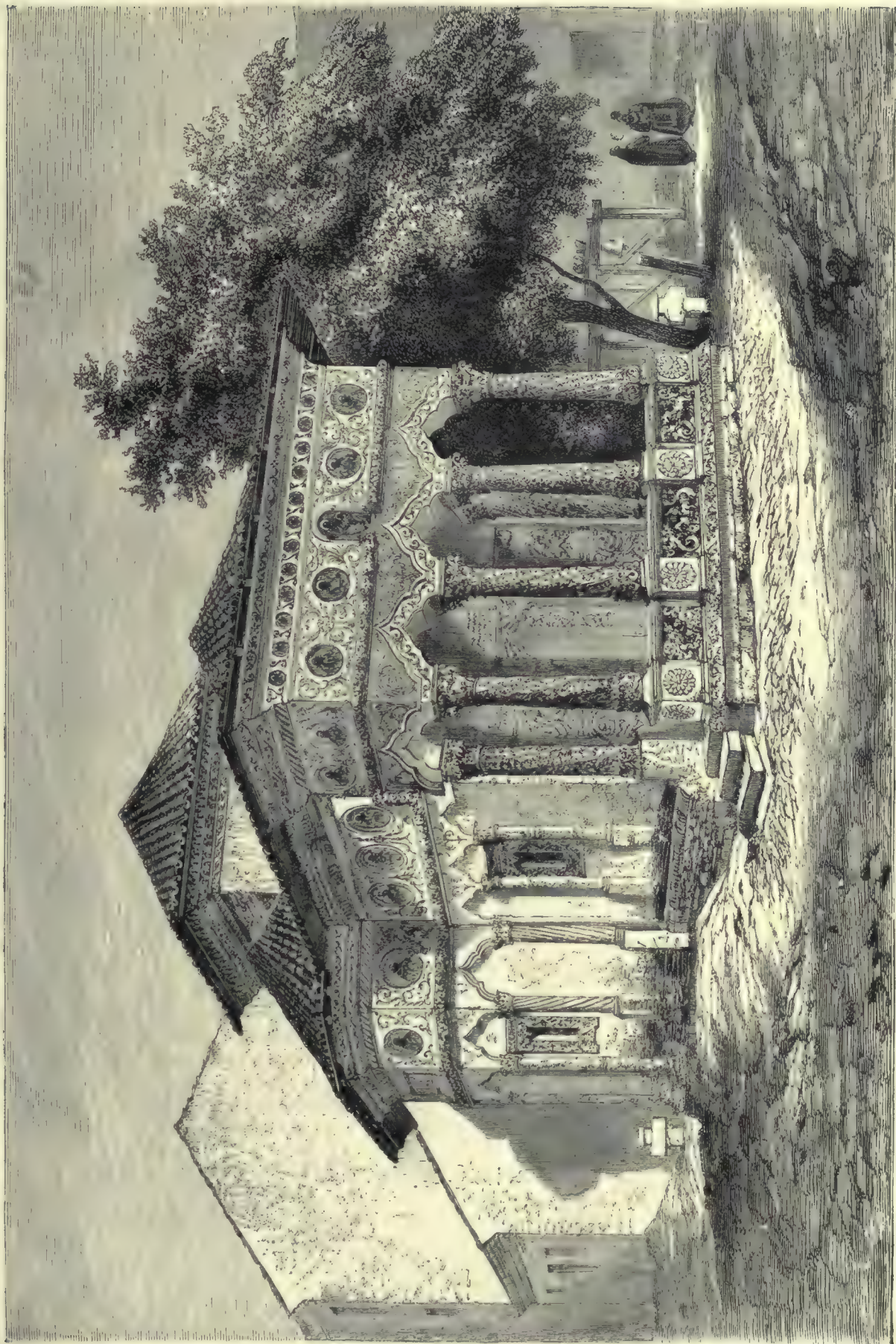
We went by railway to Rustchuck, the only line now open in the Principality, and thence took a steamer on the Danube as far as Pesth.

Nothing can be more interesting or much more pleasant than travelling on these large and comfortable boats. The crowd on board, composed of various nationalities, in peculiar costumes, and speaking different languages, gives an opportunity for a study of European races seldom to be found. Almost every European nation is here represented—English and French tourists from Constantinople, German and Hungarian merchants, traders, and peasants from all the Principalities along the banks of



WALLACHIAN POSTILLION.

the Danube, coming in or landing at the different stations, with never-ceasing movement. The boats are provided with every necessity and comfort, and the commissariat is remarkably good. Unfortunately, they are sometimes so overcrowded that scarcely sitting room is to be found in the cabin, and then the nights are wearying to pass. The steamers always anchor at night, as the navigation of the Danube is too dangerous to enable them to proceed after dark. The passengers then kill the time according to their tastes. The Turks and Serbs generally play cards or dice, and keep up a continual and loud conversation; Germans lie down grumbling and growling at the noise that disturbs their rest; and the contented traveller smokes his cigar in a corner, snatching an occasional instalment of rest, until the sun rises over the great plain, and the ship begins to move again. Life on board the steamer was a great contrast to that we had been lately enjoying on the Carpathians; we had to exchange the vast expanse of mountain range for the narrow limits of a crowded steamer deck, and we



CHURCH AT BUCHAREST.

had not even the diversion of being jolted in a *birdj*, along a dusty road, but almost imperceptibly we were moving up the splendid river, with its banks of alternating grandeur and flatness. As we approached Pesth, the banks on either side became more and more uninteresting, and nothing was to be seen on the wide flat plain around us but an occasional lonely *pusta*, or farm-house, until the rugged cliff of Buda came within sight, crested with its old fortress, and frowning on the Servian town at its feet. Then we saw the graceful chain-bridge swing over the river before us, and soon we were moored to the fine stone quays of modern Pesth.

The outline given in these pages of a visit to the Danubian Principalities is unavoidably defective in many ways. The

traveller was burdened with an object, which tied him to time and direction. This caused him to miss seeing much that was worthy of observation and record, and compelled him to be satisfied with what lay on his road, instead of arranging his movements to include all that might have been interesting. Moreover, the journey at times was performed at such speed as to preclude the possibility of observation; in fact, a traveller in a hurry, and with an object in view, can never gather together sufficient information to interest a reader or satisfy himself. But perhaps sufficient may have been said to induce others to visit this interesting country, and explore it more perfectly. In that case, however feeble the description, it will be productive of a good result.

In Pawn in an Indian Village.—III.

THAT night I slept in the chief's lodge, but I could see that I was being closely watched. It was in vain that I asked for a canoe and men, offering to pay at the highest rate when I got to Alberni. They could not leave—they were afraid to pass near the Hashquaht village; they would be sure to meet them, and be all killed. In a word, there was nothing but to stay where I was until the trader came. That I was determined not to do, but to escape south to some other village, where I might be more successful. An irresistible longing seized me to be off and clear of the wretched village where my life had been one of such anxiety; and the very thought of the possibility of it filled me with veritable "pleasures of hope." I felt in better spirits than for days past; I even showed exhilaration which, luckily for me, put them somewhat off their guard. On the second night in the chief's house I could not sleep much; the place was close, and my mind was too busy; so at dawn I shook myself out of my blanket and slipped out. Almost mechanically I took the beach *south* of the village, and wandered along a few hundred yards, until in a sandy cove I sat down on a fallen tree. Nobody seemed to be around. Should I take advantage of the next few hours, and put some miles between me and the village, trusting to berries, shell-fish, and my revolver for food? If I met any Indians, I could not be much worse than I was. At worst, *I could only die*; and when a man philosophically thinks thus, it is wonderful what courage and determination he gets. It is this miserable petty fear of death that makes cowards of us all. In another moment I would have been off, when ping! a bullet whistled past my ear, and struck the beach a few feet ahead of me. A glance at the place showed that it had been aimed at me. In a moment I was in the wood. I knew the sharp, clear sound of that shot; I had fired too often with that rifle not to know it. I had only gone a few paces in the direction from which the sound came, before I saw a blanketed figure skulking off amid the bushes. In a few bounds I was on him, but quicker than me he plumped down on the ground, covering something with the ample folds of his scarlet blanket. It was Apollyon, and that he was attempting to shoot me with my own rifle I had no need to be told. In another moment my hand was on my revolver, and was it not that I was afraid to

alarm the village a bullet would have been through his flattened skull. I had other designs, however. "*Ikta mika mamook?*" (what are you doing?) I indignantly asked.

He gave one of his demoniacal sniggers as he looked up into my face and replied, "*Cultus!*" (nothing in particular!)

"*Cultus!*" and I looked at him, and he at me. I saw that he had a knife under his blanket. I could also see the butt of my rifle peeping out. The sight roused my fury, and I rushed on him, catching him a tremendous blow in the eye with my fist, sending him "heels over head;" not, however, before he had given me a slight cut in the arm while aiming at my heart.

He was up immediately, but I had already seized the rifle, and as he rushed on me, knife in hand, I caught him a blow with the butt-end which laid him senseless among the bushes. I gave a hurried look at him. His forehead was deeply cut and swollen, and though he still breathed, I had little doubt but that I had finished his earthly career. In another minute I was off bounding through the woods in a southerly direction, keeping a little way into the interior.

It was yet early dawn, and flushed with the morning's work, I ran through the thick fir woods with a speed of which I did not think myself capable. Stumbling over fallen logs and through bushes, I still kept on, in the open places running as hard as I could, until, when breathless I made a halt, I must have been several miles from the Indian village. Though a moment's consideration would have shown me that I was perfectly safe from pursuit in this direction, I was so much afraid of losing my dear freedom that I only stopped to reload again from the powder-flask and bullets which I had never parted with. Again I fled southward, at a distance probably of more than a mile from the shore, until in the course of the afternoon I halted by the banks of a little stream to pick some salmon berries, for I was getting hungry. In the hurried course of my flight I had determined to sleep during the day, not only for safety, but for warmth, and travel by the moonlight nights which were now in all their beauty. Accordingly I lay down to sleep among the bushes, and wearied, I slept soundly for some hours. It was not yet dark, but the moon was beginning to appear over the trees.

I lingered to eat a few more berries, and while I lingered I heard a rustling among the bushes. So alarmed was I at pursuit that I would again have hid, but I was too late to escape observation. It was the half-breed girl that had alarmed me. She had a basket of berries on her back, and was apparently returning home to some camp in the neighbourhood. I knew that in prospect of the village being attacked, most of the younger women had been sent off, as being too valuable chattels to be exposed to the risk of capture by the invader; so that after the first startle at her unexpected appearance, I was not surprised to see her, even so far from home. Before I had time to speak to her another woman pushed through among the bushes, also with a large basket of berries on her back. Both stood motionless in an attitude of astonishment, with their fingers on their lips, uncertain in the fading twilight whether to believe me real or only a *tomanwo*—or a ghost. Assured by the flesh-and-blood laughter with which I greeted the astonished damsels, they inquired where I had come from. Scotchman fashion, I answered by asking another, where they came from and who were with them. They were camped in a little brush hut, a few minutes' walk (*tenass oikyout*) from here, they said, and there was nobody with them except a few women and children, "all of them" they assured me, as with womanly acuteness they saw the half-dubious expression of my face, "*koneway tilli-cum copa mika*" (all of them friends to you).

I told them in return as much as I cared to tell, concealing the fact of the little manslaughtering transaction of the morning in which I had been engaged, though it was no use denying that I had escaped from the village and was going southward. To all of this they only answered "*Etsina !*"* and begged of me to come to their camp and get some *muckamuck* (food) before going further.

Under even hungrier circumstances I might have declined this, but the kindly expression of the poor girl's face showed me that I had nothing to fear. But as I came near enough to their camp to see the smoke curling up, they beckoned me to stop. Could it be that these two damsels were afraid of their reputation being lost by escorting a young man through the forest? Oh! no, it was a much more prosaic reason. They were afraid of the other women telling, when they went back to the village, that they had more than the rest helped me to escape, and so they charged me to come to the camp, some time after them, just as if I stumbled over it myself. I obeyed them exactly, and though again much astonishment greeted my sudden appearance, by no one was it more shown in reality than it was feigned by my two friends of not many minutes before. Nothing could have shown me Indian guile and duplicity more thoroughly than this, and it in no way made me more comfortable while they pressed food on me. I was always afraid of some treachery, even while feeling ashamed to have so low an opinion of those who so kindly treated one whom they well knew would probably never repay them. Out from under the eye of the lords of their creation, these Indian women were quite a different set of people from what they had hitherto presented themselves to me. Jocular, kind, and really unselfish now that they saw my need, they pressed on me roasted trout which they had caught with grasshoppers in a little lake not far off, berries and *gamass*.† I saw

them several times looking at my rifle, but though all of them knew well the circumstances of my losing it, none of them ever referred to it. The fire was burning bright, and my rifle was lying over my knee with the brass-hilted butt fully exposed to the light. I noticed a glance exchanged between two or three of them, and finally one of them remarked, "Oh! you must have killed a deer coming along, look at the blood on your musket."

I immediately examined it, and reddened to find what I had not hitherto noticed, blood and hair on the brass butt. I evaded the remark, and the women were for the moment attracted by something else. Then the half-breed girl whispered into my ear, "*Mika mem-aloose yaka ?*" (did you kill him?) I saw that my secret was out, and that it was as well to tell the whole story with an air of gaiety, and this I did. I found that all along I might have told it, for from the moment they saw the rifle again in my possession, and me in flight, they took it for granted.

I was horror-stricken to see how calmly these women, who had been so kind to me, heard the story of the death of one with whom they had been familiar from childhood! Absolutely they did not seem to care anything about the matter, unless it was that they looked upon me with more respect than before. One woman whispered to another something about "buying his body"—a universal custom among these people—but she was silenced for her greed. No feeling of sympathy for the dead man, or horror at me his slayer, seemed to enter their souls, hardened by long familiarity with such incidents as these. After this I felt uneasy in their company, for if they looked so lightly on the death of a fellow-tribesman as this, how much less might they not consider the murder of me, a stranger, a white man, and the slayer of one of their own people!

The full risen moon, which now shed its light over the forest, afforded me an excuse for being off. They would have pressed food on me had I chosen to diminish their not over-large supply, but I contented myself by learning from them the distance to the Hashquaht village, and as near as they could the lay of the intervening coast. It was "not far," they assured me. There were, however, no villages between, and the village I had escaped from was the most southerly one of the Muchlahts.

As I had intended to keep the sea on my right hand as a guide, I started off in its direction, through among the now ghost-like trees, and once more was a *free* man, though the forest did seem silent and lonely after the gossiping, chatting group I had left. Lightly equipped, and now more familiar with the difficulties of woodland travel, I passed quickly along in a south-west direction. In my excited condition every trifle alarmed me. The hooting of an owl made me start as if a war-cry had rung in my ears, and even the rustling among the branches of some animal aroused from its slumber by the crackling of the branches, gave my nerves a greater shock than in ordinary circumstances the growl of a bear at my side would have caused. After I had travelled an hour or so I sat down to rest, and was so wearied that, quite against my will, I dropped asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but when I woke up I was so provoked at having lost valuable time that I started up at once and hurried off with greater speed than ever.

Hurrying on at this pace I soon reached the sea, and

* A common form of exclamation when astonished.

† The bulbs of the *Gamassia esculentea* (Lindl.), a blue lily.

cautiously I approached from the shelter of the forest to survey the line of coast. I had come out near a little headland, up which I climbed so as to get a more commanding view. It was a calm warm summer night, and as I reviewed the eventful day that it had closed I congratulated myself that I had done a good day's work for myself. Still the thought of having the blood of a man—even of my would-be murderer—on my head, disturbed my satisfaction, and I got more nervous than ever.

South of the little cove at my feet stretched a long sandy beach, which, now that the tide was ebbing, afforded much better transit than the forest. I was thinking that I might safely attempt it, when I happened to look northward. Surely I had seen that reef of rock, and that cliff before! I could have dropped down with the shock I received, when I recognised the stunning fact that I was not over a mile from the village I had left in the morning! Either during the time I had slept, or before, I had mistaken the direction and had gone in the opposite direction to the one I ought to have taken.

I was so alarmed at thus losing my day's labour that I would again have started off into the woods to make good my loss, had not, just at that moment, a something struck my ear which made me insensibly sink down among the thick fir-scrub. Plash! plash! There was no mistaking it. It was the steady dip of paddles into the still, glassy water. So still was it that I

could even hear the water rippling against the bows of the canoes. Cautiously peering out, I saw a sight which made the perspiration stand on my brow in cold drops. There they were! I could count them—one, two, three, five—nine large war-canoes, full of men, paddling into the little bay I was overlooking. What could they be about? And for a time my curiosity overcame my alarm. One after another they ground the canoes gently on the sandy beach, and by the light of the moon I could see their hideous black war-paint as they whispered together on the beach. Finally, one man drew out a knife, and made a plan of something on the smooth wet sand of the beach. Then, as he pointed here and there, he repeated certain names, which made me prick my

ears, for, from the time I had stayed in the Muchlaht village, I knew these to be the names of the heads of families in each lodge. The scoundrel seems to know the village well. He is drawing a rude plan of it, and telling who lives in this house and who in that. It is a plan of attack, and that the aboriginal Von Moltke, who is giving directions to his men, each to creep up under darkness, and while the village is fired, to secure their victims. It is the Hashquaht warriors on their

way to the Muchlaht village, to revenge the slaughter of their fishing village, and I breathed more easily.

The moon was now getting down, and daylight was yet some hours distant. They were waiting for that, and soon again they were into their canoes and creeping cautiously along the coast under the shadow of the rocks and trees. I was inclined to watch until I saw the village in a flame, and hear the yells of the night attack. But all curiosity had left me. I was fleeing for my life. The beach afforded me excellent travel, and along it I ran for an hour, and then rested. But so unnerved was I with the many startling events of the day, that I would run for some time and then bolt into the woods; then peeping out again to see that no one was watching me, would again run for half an hour and so again, and so on. I need not have troubled myself, for all who were likely to have any interest in me were too busy with other matters.



HASHQUAHT.

When the sun got up I was more calm, for I then saw that I had got several miles from the Muchlaht village, and if what the Indian women told me was true, I might reach the Hashquaht village next morning. I was foolish not to have known better how vague were the *siyahs* (far) and *wakesiyahs* (near) of the Indians; but in my circumstances, and with my hopeful disposition, I was only too eager to snatch at any crumbs of comfort. Invigorated by the presence of daylight, I walked until about noon, though latterly I had frequently to take to the woods and climb some difficult rocks, which interrupted my progress. At last, when the heat of the sun became somewhat oppressive, I crept into the woods again and fell asleep.

When it was about time to set off again on my travels, I was so weary that, after making a vain attempt to find something to eat, I collected a quantity of moss, and lay down among some bushes to sleep. I was afraid to light a fire, though the warmth of it would have been grateful, for the night was chilly. What with this and what with hunger, I was up betimes in the morning and searching the rocks for shell-fish. In vain I searched; the rocks were bare. At last, when I was giving up the search in despair, to my immense joy I lighted on quite a patch of "abelones," or ear-shells.*

I do not suppose gourmands will sympathise with me when I tell them that I never remember in my life being more overjoyed at anything. Careless of Indians, and of anybody and everything else, I kindled a fire on the beach, and commenced cooking my shell-fish, Indian fashion. After my fire had burnt for some time, I scattered the embers and laid the mollusks all carefully on the now hot stones beneath. I then ran down to the sea, and filling my hat full of water, threw it on the heap; instantly covering them with my coat, the steam was kept in, and in a moment or two they were beauti-

fully steamed, cooked, and ready to eat! In a less enthusiastic mood I should have been ready to confess that they were tough as leather, and not cooked after the most approved method of the rough-and-ready cuisine I had adopted; but this I know, that though I had before eaten dinners at Verrey's and the Trois Frères, and since then at the Maison Dorée, Delmonico's, and many other places famous in the annals of cookery, that never, either before or since, remembering that savage meal in the light of those hungry days, do I ever remember eating anything half so good, or enjoying it a thousandth part as well! I have been longer without food

than the six-and-thirty hours I had then been, but by too long a fast one's appetite gets weakened; I was just then hungry enough to eat with an appetite, and didn't I eat! I even went down to see if I could find any more, but there was no such luck in store for me. So, invigorated and in better spirits, I trudged along. It never rains but it pours. That night I slept in the woods again, after feasting royally on huckleberries,* and next morning—a bright warm sunshiny morning—I trudged on quite lively. I knew that I was now

out of all danger from pursuit by the Muchlahts, and as for any other Indians, I was tolerably safe. Besides, was I not in search of Indians, and something I must risk? So I determined to travel during the cooler part of the day, and sleep among the moss at night.

That morning I had not gone far before I was stopped by a deep narrow inlet of the sea. Whilst chafing under the annoyance of the long détour I should have, I sighted an Indian mat tent on the other side, and almost simultaneously a canoe lying on the shore along which I had come. It was a small canoe, and while I was examining it, an old man and a woman came out



HASHQUAH CHIEF, IN WAR-DESS.

of the woods. They had been looking at their martin-traps and their salmon-weir on a little creek, while the old woman was laden with the roots of the bracken,† which are boiled and eaten by these people. They were both very old, and almost stupid. Stolid and impassionable, they expressed no surprise at seeing me, after the first hasty start. They could speak no Chinook, but I had picked up enough of their language to make myself understood. They were Hashquahts, they told me, but seemed to have little or no curiosity as to where I had come from. The old woman, as they ferried me across, sitting on my haunches in their wet, leaky canoe, merely asked if I had come *wiklyt unnahhis-*

* *Heliotis nutkaensis* of zoologists, I suppose, but I was too hungry to attend to their identification.

* *Vaccinium ovatifolium*.

† *Pteris aquilina*.

siyah (far). "Yes, I had come *siyah*," I replied; "*siyah*"—and I waved my hand in a vague manner to the north—"and was going to see my friends at the Hashquahts' great house." She merely nodded her head and said nothing more. At their lodge the old couple feasted me with boiled salmon-trout and gamass, until I cried enough, and were made passing glad when I presented them with my silk necktie and a couple of charges of powder and ball. It was in vain, however, that I could persuade them to escort me, in their canoe, on my way a little. They only cried, "*Wiklyt! wiklyt!*" (no! no!) and made a pantomimic gesture as of heads cutting off. As for the Hashquaht village, they could only tell me it was *siyah! siyah!* (far, far), and moved away into their lodge to doze away the noon, as I again took up my weary travel.

Once more my luck took a turn, and for the worse. The coast was now high and rocky, and I had to go far back into the woods in order to get room to walk. My stomach was full, fuller than it had been for some time past, but I was depressed by the information just given me. I hoped, however, to find more Indians soon, and in the meantime stumbled along over logs, and through bush and stream and swamp. A brown bear that day crossed my track, but I had neither time nor inclination to pursue him as he ran to the mountains, which now dipped down close to the water's edge. I saw no berries of any kind, and that night slept very cold and supperless among some rocks, having lit a fire with my pistol and some powder, for my matches were now all gone.

Next day I again made the shore, a long sandy beach, which presented no hope of anything edible, so that I had again to take to the woods to seek for berries, but in vain. The travel in the woods was so laborious that I took to the shore again, and travelled along all night.

Next morning I was seized with what I had all along dreaded, a severe attack of dysentery, caused by my irregular diet, and bad food when I had any. How I got along the next two days I scarcely know. In my note-book there is hardly an entry to guide me. All I remember is dragging my steps wearily along, almost caring for nothing, and all but in despair, sometimes sitting to rest and dozing away into an uneasy dream-disturbed sleep for a few minutes or a few hours, and then hastily starting up again and making for the south. The only thing I had not lost interest for was food, but sharp as I looked out for berries I could find none. The "common objects of the sea-shore," so long as they were not edible, scarcely attracted my attention. Even a dead seal, of an unknown species, was mainly interesting to me because it promised something to eat. It was putrid, however, and in vain I attempted to swallow a bit of the raw, stinking flesh; my dry, swollen throat refused to pass it. I attempted, with an eye to the delectation of Dr. Gray of the British Museum, to carry the skull with me, but what in ordinary times would have been to me only a feather-weight, now weighed like a load of lead, and sadly I was forced to disburden myself of it! Once I shot at a grouse drumming in the bush, but to my chagrin missed it. I had better luck with a guillemot swimming in the sea; but after trying to swim out after it, I found myself too weak, and had to abandon it, and again drag my weary way along. Then, to add to my troubles, it began to rain. To avoid the shower I crept into the thick umbrageous woods again. Three

weeks ago I was creeping through this great forest, but with very different feelings. Then I wearied for an Indian village, now a hunted man, I was escaping from one and trying to reach another. But yet I would not have gone back again, even if I had the opportunity; and I determined, if I could not procure a canoe at the Hashquahts' village, after satisfying my hunger, to take the first opportunity of continuing my travel south.

But was I ever going to reach it? was the fatal question which presented itself to me as I felt the dead and yet gnawing pangs of hunger, and the terrible weakness superinduced by this famine. My clothes were in rags, and my boots were beginning to give way. When they were gone, what was to become of me? Thus I sat cogitating until it was quite dark; but I had formed my plans. I determined to start off for a ridge of rocks I saw about two miles ahead of me, and there remain if I could find shell-fish and one of the numerous streams of water on this coast, until some passing canoe should take me off. I felt half ashamed of coming to such a dastard resolution after all my fine plans. I was in such a faint condition that, for some time, I seemed to have lost all my old prompt resolution, and sat wavering which course I should adopt. I even went so far as to draw out one of the few half-dollars I happened to have in my pocket, and commenced to toss for it, after the manner of a street-boy, "tails" for rocks, "eagle" for village. "Tails" won, and now that the rain was over, I crept out of my leafy shelter, and again trudged along the shore in the darkness. The rest had—as I have more than once noticed under similar circumstances—instead of recruiting my energies, rather added to my weakness, and for the first hour my walk in and out of the woods, and among the rocks, was wearisome in the extreme. Perfectly exhausted, I sat down to rest, half uncertain whether I should ever reach the long-looked-for rocks, sorry compromise as they were with the village. As usual, I nodded in my weariness and fell asleep in half-stolen "forty winks" at intervals. I have often tried to recollect when it was that I first saw what I am about to describe, but have failed to make out. It must have been when I woke up from a longer doze than usual, that I rubbed my sleepy eyes, as *I saw a light not half a mile ahead, seemingly as if among the trees!* Could it be the rising moon? No! it could not be that, for the moon was beginning to appear at intervals among the clouds. It was a camp-fire of Indians, no doubt. Though a few minutes ago I would have hailed any human being with joy who could have given me food, yet now that my wish seemed about to be gratified, the suspicion and caution misfortune had taught me, made me backward in approaching the fire too abruptly. It was so dark that I knew well that the party round the fire, whoever they were, could not see me before I saw them, so that I need not conceal myself for some time yet. Instinctively I looked to my pistol, and re-capped my rifle, so as to be prepared for any emergency. New spirit was now in me, and my whole frame, shaken as was my nervous system, was in a tremor of excitement. Cautiously I crept along under the shadow of the trees which grew almost down to the water's edge, until I was within a couple of hundred yards. I now silently stepped into the forest, and from behind a tree watched the object of my interest. That it was a camp-fire there was no doubt, but there were no canoes, that I could see, drawn up on the beach. Surely it could not be

white men! I could scarcely keep from indulging in a glad-some shout at the thought, but I restrained my joy, for I had not been the vagabond I had been so long, without learning "not to halloo until out of the wood."

It was certainly a white man's fire; an Indian would never make such a pile. He is too lazy and too wise to build one so large that he can't get near it for the heat. On tiptoe I approached, halting instantly and grasping my rifle firmer if a twig crackled under my feet. I was now close on them, and I could see, by the light of the fire, a Rembrandt-like group—one, two, three, four, and surely there was a fifth—tending the side of a deer roasting by the fire. They were talking loudly as free men talking in No Man's Land, or in any man's, friend or foe. I approached still nearer, until from behind a fir-tree I could hear their voices, and even scan their faces as the lights and shadows of the flame played on them. They spoke, and spoke with English tongues. I listened eagerly, and I could catch a word or two. Good heavens! could it be? I heard my own name, and I thought that the voice ought to be familiar to me. *It was old Parleyvoo, I was certain*—a name so long ago since I had heard it that it seemed ages. Again I listened; it was Jim B—who was talking, and he was swearing at Parleyvoo for burning the deer. There was no mistaking the oath of British Commerce, as employed to bless the eyes of the son of France! Were my eyes not deceiving me? Were my ears not mocking me? Was my brain not reeling in my misery? Was it not all a dream? It seemed years since I had eaten my haliotis mollusks—ages since I killed Apollyon—and the time when I hunted beaver by the lake looked like some remote period you read of in ancient history.

I would have rushed forward, but something seemed to restrain me. Western men are apt, when alarmed in the woods at night, to shoot *by way of precaution*, and I knew my quondam companions were not less ready with the rifle than their neighbours. I do not know well *what* tempted me, but I remember having a notion that I would go back into the woods and sleep until daylight. Again I listened; it was Sol H—who was talking, apparently pretty freely swearing at old Parleyvoo, who was taking, I could hear, too sanguine a view of some subject (Sol was always the desponding man of our party).

"Oh, dry up, man! What's the good of talkin' that way? Poor B——'s a gone coon long ago! You and he were always about a pair on ye in the bush together—better at eatin' than trackin'. I never did, for all the talk about him, think much o' B—— as a bushman; never a think!"

Then ensued more talk. I could see them, and hear their voices as if wrangling, but I could make no sense out of it. My eyes began to swim—I gave a low scream—I grasped the tree—I could see men starting up from the fire in alarm—all swimming before my eyes for a second, and then all was blank. When I next came to consciousness I was lying alongside the fire with old Parleyvoo and Sol dashing water in my face, while attending on me with a steaming pannikin of tea.

In the intervals of eating and tea-drinking (unsweetened as it was, it was as nectar to me) they told their story and I told mine. Next day after my loss, on my not returning to camp, they had gone out in the rain, and fired shots far and near, but hearing none in response, they presumed that I had either been killed over a precipice, or made for the opposite coast. They waited at the

camp two days longer, still signalling, but, as the reader knows, without avail. They then put their furs and all their heavier baggage in the canoe, which they dispatched to Victoria with the Indians, while, lightly equipped, they took their journey for the west coast. Like me, they had struck the narrow lake, but lower down, and had, unluckily, taken the route by its southern end. They soon got entangled among mountains, range after range, and though they found deer and elk there in abundance, they were almost in despair of ever reaching the coast. Finally, only two days before I had fallen in with them so opportunely, they reached the sea here, and had been waiting to recruit themselves before going in search of an Indian village. They had no idea where they were, and thought of going north; luckily, I could warn them against *that*. When I told them of my troubles, of course old Parleyvoo insisted on our tramping up to the village to exterminate the Indians, root and branch; and finding that there was not the slightest likelihood of our going, he was hard to pacify. He had more than once to be reminded that Mrs. P. might not exactly be pleased if—she knew that her kinsfolk had been so badly used before—in Western parlance, he would "dry up." Then after I had eaten and drunk to repletion, they threw more wood on the fire, and each man opened his pack; out of one were produced my spare breeches, out of another a shirt, and so on, until once more I was decently clad, in place of the rags I had been gradually getting reduced to. It was almost morning before I could get to sleep, and even then I sometimes woke in fright at the blue-blanketed mummy-like figures around me, thinking that I was again in the hated Muchlaht village.

We stayed here all the next day, and then by easy marches we moved on. In two days we came to the Hashquaht village, where we were received with all the respect usually accorded to six armed white men. Here we also found the trader I had so long waited for, who supplied all our wants, and enjoyed a good laugh at the way I had been treated. He was astonished that I had ever expected anything else. He was not so pleased, however, when he heard of Apollyon's death; that sinister savage being deeply in his debt. Indeed, the only thing which really damped my happiness now was the thought of having this rascal's blood on my head. But I need not have been so anxious; I did not appreciate the thickness of Indian skulls so accurately as I had reason to do shortly afterwards.

In a day or two the Hashquahts returned victorious, with many heads and much plunder, from the different Muchlaht villages which they had attacked. They had, however, only one prisoner, and that was my quondam friend Apollyon, whom I had no difficulty in recognising, in spite of the contused forehead and beautiful black eye! He seemed almost stupefied at seeing me; but immediately, true to his instincts now that he was in trouble, began to "toady" me, and had even the impudence to wish me to buy him. Old Parleyvoo thought it rather a good idea, if we could get him cheap, and "work him too, like sin!" but we determined to leave him in durance vile to repent of his iniquities. I had no curiosity to inquire how he had recovered, or whether it was owing to the slight obfuscation of his limited intellect caused by my rifle-butt, or to his innate cowardice, that he had been captured. At all events he had my "papers" safe enough, and even presented them to the trader. He, by my order, got pay for a fair share, while the trader was directed to whom to pay the rest, and particularly to the women who had so kindly

assisted me in my flight. The trader himself soon ran north to the Muchlahts' village, rightly calculating that they would be short of powder. I told him that if he could persuade the half-breed girl to come to Victoria, I might, I thought, interest some charitable people on her behalf. He was, however, drowned on his return voyage, and as I shortly afterwards left that part of the country, I could never learn what became of her. We soon obtained a large canoe, and with comparatively few adventures reached civilisation in the course of a few days.

Several years have now elapsed since then, and amid the rush of civilised life, the salient features of the adventures I have attempted as faithfully as possible to record pass before me as shadowy phantasms. Sometimes the whole looks like a dream; and the beaver-camp, the wolves at the lake, the Indian village, the escape, and the happy meeting, seem to me unreal, and like something I have read in a story-book years ago. But when I turn up my sleeve, and look at a scar on my arm, I am again reminded how veritably, once in my life, I was "in pawn in an Indian village."



THE PORT OF EL ARAISH.

Visit to the Sultan of Morocco, at Fez, in the Spring of 1871.—III.

BY TROVEY BLACKMORE.

DEPARTURE FROM FEZ—JOURNEY TO THE WAD SEBOU—NIGHT RIDE TO EL ARAISH—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—REMAINS OF THE ROMAN CITY OF LIXUS—DRUIDICAL OBELISK OF EL UED—AIN DALIA—RETURN TO TANGIER.

On the 7th of June we commenced our homeward journey to Tangier. Our baggage was so much increased in weight and bulk by the various purchases which we had made, and by the many articles which we were bringing from Fez, that, instead of the eighteen mules which were sufficient to transport our tents and luggage thither, we were obliged to swell our cortège by the addition of six other animals, each under the charge of an attendant muleteer. We left about midday, being accompanied outside the city gates by a small body of the Sultan's infantry, and by many Moors whose acquaintance we had made during our stay. We departed by the gates called the Bab-Maharoc and the Bab-Sāgāna, the former of which is usually ornamented with the heads of malefactors. We were, however, fortunate in being spared the sight of any decoration of this kind, a number of heads having been removed previous to our arrival, apparently much to the inconvenience of a large family of flies, who appeared in such prodigious quantities as quite to startle and frighten some of our horses. Having arrived at the outer gates, we bade good-bye to our friends; and, after taking a last look at the "City of Muley Idris," we proceeded on our way, under the escort of the Caid of Loudana, to our former resting-

place at the Wad Miques. The men who had disobeyed the summons of the caid to join our escort on the occasion of our journey to Fez, and had incurred the penalty of a flogging for their disobedience, were not this time so inattentive to the orders of their chief, and some sixty of them were in waiting to form a cordon of sentries round our tents. This precaution was deemed to be advisable in consequence of the presence in the neighbourhood of a great many characters of very doubtful honesty, who would have been likely to annex a horse or two from our troop were a chance to present itself. These guards, however, were of little practical service, beyond that of teaching us the necessity of keeping a strict watch over our own goods and chattels, for during the night some clever rogue managed not only to escape the observation of our ragged sentries, but actually contrived to steal the gun of one of the guards, who had fallen asleep in the interval between the rounds of the caid; the latter occasionally visited his pickets armed with a thick stick, for the purpose of administering a chastisement to any whom he might find napping.

Our next day's ride brought us to the spot near the Wad Erdom where we had camped on our journey to Fez. During the day's ride we observed that the wheat and barley crops, which are this year exceedingly abundant and very fine in quality, were being reaped. The straw is cut close to the ear of the corn, leaving a high stubble standing. We noticed also

that, although it was yet early in the month of June, the vegetation presented a very brown and parched appearance, and the beds of the mountain streams which we crossed were in many places quite dry, so that we had some difficulty in obtaining drinking water that was not stagnant and dirty. During the day, being informed that a fine spring existed among some limestone hills about a mile out of our path, several of our party rode out to it to obtain a supply. At the fountain we surprised a bevy of young ladies washing clothes, who were much frightened at the apparition of a party of Christians, and commenced bundling their linen together. They were making off as fast as possible, until being addressed in Arabic, they took courage and returned, and being assured that they had no occasion to fear us, they commenced a conversation; and with true feminine curiosity they began to put a number of questions to us, as—from whence we came?—were we rich?—were we married?—had any of us more than one wife?—how did we treat our wives?—had they to wash clothes? &c. The arrival of a man from the neighbouring *douar*, who seemed much annoyed that the faces of these unveiled beauties should have been gazed upon by the "Nazarene," put a stop to all further conversation, and we rejoined our comrades.

At one of our resting-places, at a bend of the Wad Miques, we found a chameleon, which we made captive, intending to take it back with us to Tangier, but after we had kept it for several days it succeeded in making its escape. These creatures occur abundantly in the southern provinces of Morocco, but are not often to be met with in the north. This day's journey brought us across the mountains, and as we approached the plain we were met by a guard sent by the Caid of Cherarda,

the district in which our camp was situated. These men were mostly well mounted, an exception to the generality of the horsemen we had met; indeed, we were altogether disappointed with the specimens of horseflesh which we encountered during our journey. We had hoped to have been able to buy one or two good horses at Fez, and for that purpose had attended a horse-fair which was held there during our visit, but we found

very few presentable animals for sale, the only ones of any account being those possessed by the Sultan and his officers. We were informed that the finest barbs are only to be obtained in the district of Abda, lying between the city of Morocco and Saffi, on the western coast.

On the following morning we started early, and during the day rode through the province of Beni-Hassan, reaching the ferry over the Wad Sebou in the afternoon. Our passage across occupied several hours, and on the northern bank we were met by the Caid of Abessi, the southern district of the province of El Gharb, with whom we rode for several miles through well-cultivated land, which, however, was becoming a



MOORISH PEASANT WOMAN AT A WELL.

prey to the attacks of the young larvæ of the locust. Great numbers of these creatures were being destroyed by women and children armed with wisps of straw. Near the Karia, or residence of the caid, the land was planted with water-melons, for which this district is famous.

During our homeward route from Fez we had hitherto retraced almost the same ground as that passed in our journey thither. It was now, however, necessary for us to deviate from the former track, in order to fulfil our intention of visiting the town of El Araish; and on leaving the Karia of Abessi, instead of pursuing our course due north, we struck off a little to the west. At Oulad-ben-Hamet, close to which the market

El Arba Sidi Eisa is held, we were met by the son of the Caid of Ben Aouda, an intelligent lad of sixteen, who, in the absence of his father, came with about fifty of the horse-men of his tribe to meet us at the boundary of the district governed by the Caid of Abessi. With this escort we rode over some gently-undulating ground for several hours, and reached the place appointed for our halt, the village of Djuma-Lalla-Maimouna Saguenouts, early in the afternoon. Near this spot several artificial tumuli or barrows were observed. Such remains, as well as Druid circles, are not uncommonly to be met with in Northern Barbary, but I could never hear of any tradition concerning the people by whom they are likely to have been formed. Notwithstanding the imposing name of our halting-place, the village was a very small one, consisting only of about a dozen huts. It possessed, however, a diminutive mosque, near to which was a spring of clear and icy-cold water. Fine gardens of orange-trees surrounded the village.

Our day's march having been a very short one (fifteen miles only), it was decided that we should rest in the afternoon and evening, and start during the night for El Araish, so that we might reach that town early the next morning, and enjoy a day of repose there. By eleven o'clock, therefore, we struck our tents, and commenced loading our mules, and at midnight we started, headed by Sidi Ben Aouda's escort, and accompanied by several men from the village, bearing lanterns, who were to guide us across the marshes to the frontier of the province of El Araish. The guard of honour who had been ordered to meet us here had not expected that we should arrive till the middle of the day, and were not at the boundary of the province to receive us; so, as it wanted several hours to daylight, the villagers from a neighbouring *douar* were aroused by our soldiers, and had to leave their beds in order to accompany us. We waited for some time before they were ready to start with us, when we took leave of the Ben Aouda escort, and continued our journey headed by the villagers, who, not possessing horses, made the best apology for the powder-play with which we had always before been honoured, by creeping stealthily into our cavalcade, and startling us at unexpected moments by firing blank charges close to our ears. At daylight we arrived at the border of the forest of El Araish, where we stopped and breakfasted. The forest is some miles in extent, and is composed of fine large cork-trees, on the rugged branches of which we observed many specimens of a little owl (*Strix noctua meridionalis*) common in Morocco as well as in Southern Europe. The ground is clothed with a thick undergrowth of bracken and palmetto. We reached El Araish at half-past six in the morning, and pitched our tents on some rising ground close to the south wall of the town.

El Araish (which is sometimes known by the Spanish name of Larache) is situated on a rocky promontory on the southern bank of the river El Kous, and at the point of the entrance of that river into the Atlantic. It was formerly a place of some commercial importance, but its trade has now much declined, owing chiefly to the formation of a bar of sand across the mouth of the river, which hinders the entrance into it of ships of any large size. It was captured from the Moors by the Spaniards, in the year 1610, and was held by the latter till it was recovered in 1689 by Muley Ismael. During the time of their occupation it was almost entirely rebuilt by them, and was strongly fortified, and a jetty constructed for the convenience of landing goods and passengers from the many

vessels which formerly thronged the port. Even now, although much of the place is in ruins, it has the appearance rather of a European than of a Moorish town. In the centre of the town is a large market-place, surrounded on three sides by a well-built stone piazza, the intervals between each column of which is occupied by the shop or stall of a tradesman of some kind. Here, too, are many of the houses of the great Dons who made El Araish their residence during the Spanish occupation, several of which edifices still retain sculptured coats of arms above the doorways. A very conspicuous building is the old Dutch consulate, now dismantled and in ruins. Many of the houses here have sloping, tiled roofs, unlike those in the other Moorish towns which I have visited, and where flat roofs are universal. We made a tour of the fortifications on the north-east and north sides of the town. We learnt from an inscription on a stone inserted over the sea-gate that the wall on that side of the fortress was built in 1618, eight years after the place came into possession of the Spanish. The northern forts, facing the sea, are very strongly constructed, but having been built upon rock which has been undermined for obtaining millstones, probably by the Romans, the foundations have in many places fallen in, bringing the superstructure with them, so that the forts are now in a most ruinous condition. Some of them are mounted with ornamental bronze ordnance of heavy calibre, cast, as we were made aware by inscriptions upon them, at the royal foundry at Seville. These ancient pieces, some of which we noticed bore the dates 1614, 1619, 1683, &c., are still made use of for the purpose of saluting any foreign men-of-war which may visit the place.

The trade of El Araish had received a great impetus just at the time of our visit, owing to the temporary suspension of the prohibition of the exportation of grain which prevails in the conservative empire of Morocco. The licence to export grain was, however, to expire in the course of a few days, so that the merchants were making the best of the time by shipping immense quantities (of beans especially) to European ports. Several small brigs were being loaded in the river, and others were at its mouth waiting for an opportunity to cross the bar. We were given to understand that some of the large holders of these beans had managed to realise considerable fortunes in the course of the few months that the licence to export had been in force.

Here, as at Alcazar, every ruined building was occupied by storks, with their half-fledged broods. Another bird haunting the same localities was the beautiful roller (*Coracias garrula*), which we found to be very abundant; while kestrels and other small hawks hovered in great numbers in the air above us.

Having observed all that was worthy of notice in El Araish, we left early in the morning of the day following that of our arrival. We were ferried across the El Kous in some lighters, manned by strong crews of noisy natives. Arrived at the opposite side of the river we had an opportunity of inspecting the "navy" of the Empire of Morocco, consisting at the present time of the rotting hulks of a couple of brigs, stuck fast in the mud by the river brink. Two weird-looking skeletons, overgrown with rank weeds, are now all the vestiges of the once powerful fleet of "Barbary rovers," who formerly ruled these seas, and exacted tribute from every merchantman which passed the Straits of Gibraltar.

We made a short détour in order to visit the ruins of the ancient city of Lixus, which still exist on a hill about a mile

from the mouth of the river, and on its northern bank. This city was founded early in the first century of our era by the Romans, but probably upon the site of one far older—one of the Phœnician colonies, which were thickly scattered about this part of Africa and the southern coasts of Spain. The remains of the Roman city are still very extensive, and consist of the ruins of its walls, and of the houses which were formerly contained within their circuit. The wall at the south side, overlooking the river, is composed of masonry formed of blocks of stone of Cyclopean proportions, and is still of great height and strength, but the walls on the other sides, towards the land, and which are evidently of more recent construction, are in a far more ruinous state. Unfortunately, the place is so overgrown with trees and bushes that it is almost impossible to trace out the plan of the streets, or to discover the remains of any public edifices. We only discovered one roofed-in building, a lofty, vaulted chamber, in which we noticed the capital of a stone column which had been coloured white, with a finely-painted red fillet round one of the mouldings. The ruins have for ages formed a kind of quarry, whence the lime-burners in the neighbourhood obtain a supply of marble, so that no carved or inscribed stones were to be seen. We were told, however, that such are still occasionally to be met with. In one place we found a small piece of coarse mosaic pavement, and great quantities of broken pottery, amongst which were fragments of the finest Samian ware. Doubtless, if clearances and excavations were to be made in this spot, many objects of interest would be brought to light. It is a matter of some surprise that so little attention has been bestowed on this part of the Roman dominions; an archæological research into the antiquities of ancient Mauritania could hardly fail to be rewarded with most interesting results. In the neighbouring province of Beni Hassan (the colony of Valentia Banasa of the Romans) there existed so recently as the middle of the last century, when Barbary was more frequently visited than it now is, the extensive ruins of a large city, possessing a fine triumphal archway, and other important remains, which may be those of the city of Volubilis mentioned by Pliny. No doubt these and other vestiges of the former Roman occupation of the country are still in existence, and only require to be brought to notice by the antiquarian investigator.

At Lixus, say the old historians, reigned the mighty Antæus. Here was the scene of his conflict with Hercules, and here was the grave of the giant son of Neptune. Near here, too, says tradition, were the gardens of the Hesperides, the story of the watchful dragon who kept guard over them having been interpreted to signify the serpentine and dangerous river channel by which the spot was approached. Of the celebrated altar and cave of Hercules no remains now exist, but the latter may probably have been situated in the cliff at El Araish, which is now covered with Spanish-built fortifications.

We spent an hour or two very agreeably in investigating this classic spot, and were then again *en route*. Our day's ride was over some rocky and well-wooded highland country, bearing a striking resemblance in its general character to the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. The wild flowers here were in extreme abundance and variety, and the district would form a fine collecting-ground for a botanist.

We pitched our tents in the afternoon, on an elevated plain at a short distance south-west of Arzyla. Hence we obtained

a view of the Atlantic, with Cape Spartel on the northern horizon. Near here are some Druidical remains, consisting of a tumulus surrounded by a circle of stones, and having a roughly-formed obelisk of large size, known to the Arabs as El Uted. This we passed at a distance on the following day, but we were unable to spare time to visit it. During that day's journey we also passed the Koubah, or shrine of Sidi Mohammed-ben-Ali, where members of our party unwittingly horrified our Moorish attendants by cutting walking-sticks from some of the splendid olive-trees of which the sacred grove surrounding the grave of the saint is composed. The day's march was a short one. After passing the river Lorifa (almost dry at the place where we forded it) and noticing the country market-place of El-Had-Gharbeea, we got into the track by which we had travelled from Tangier, near the river Mechra-el-Achef, where the water was also very low, the hot weather which had prevailed during the last few days having dried up most of its tributary streams. Hence we rode for some miles across a plain, divided from that watered by the river M'haha by the Dar-a-Clow hills, which we passed over in the afternoon, arriving shortly before sunset at the halting-place of Ain Dalia, where we fixed our last camp, by the side of a clump of palm-trees, close to the fine spring from which the spot derived its name ("The Fountain of the Vine"). But the appellation is now a misnomer, as vines no longer exist here; in fact, owing I presume to the prohibition of the use of wine to the followers of the Prophet, grapes are not nearly so freely cultivated in Morocco as are many other fruits, though the climate is admirably suited for them. Indeed, in former times an abundance of grapes were no doubt produced here, as would appear by the ancient name Ampelusia ("vine-clad") applied to Cape Spartel, which forms the termination of the ridge of hills on which Ain Dalia is situated.

In the evening a messenger was sent forward to Tangier to announce our safe arrival in the neighbourhood, and soon after starting from our camp on the following morning we were met by a large number of friends. As we approached the town we were welcomed by the pacha of the place, the Caid Abbas-em-Kishet, who came out with his principal officers and a retinue of cavalry to escort the party to the United States consular residence, where we arrived on the fourteenth of June, having been absent twenty-six days from Tangier.

During our journey we had all enjoyed good health, and we were favoured with remarkably fine and temperate weather. The expedition was one which I believe was the means of affording much satisfaction to all who took part in it. The United States Consul-General had such a reception accorded to him in Fez as must have been highly gratifying to him, both personally and as the envoy of the great nation which he so ably represents; while every other member of the party had reason to be pleased with the hospitality, courtesy, and attention which were invariably rendered by the Moors, both officially and in private.

To those hitherto unaccustomed to travelling in this unfrequented quarter of Africa, the journey to and from Fez was one of peculiar interest. The delight of travelling through a rich and picturesque country, the primitive manners of the wild people, the insight to be obtained into their quaint Arab life, and the excitement afforded by the continual change of scene and of persons, all possessed the charms of constantly recurring novelty and unwearying interest; and I feel sure that

none of those who accompanied the American legation in 1871 to the Royal city of the "Sultan of the West" will ever have cause to regret having sacrificed some slight personal comfort, so amply was every inconvenience recompensed by the pleasure

derived from so interesting an expedition, while for years to come the members of our party will recall with delight many an incident of the journey which I have attempted to describe in the foregoing narrative.

Some Account of New Caledonia.—VIII.

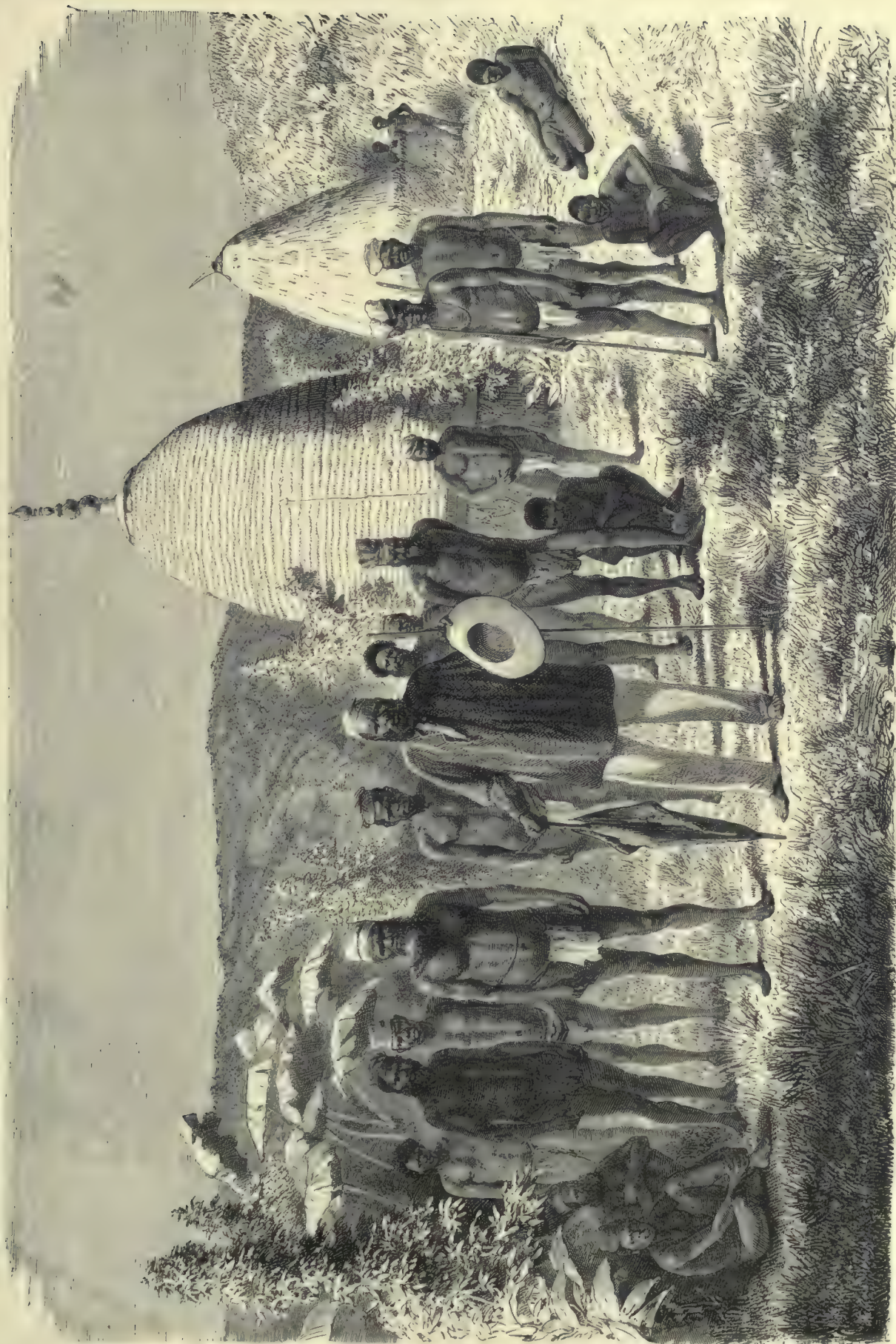
AT daybreak the next morning, when M. Garnier went on deck, he was met by the captain, who said in a troubled tone, with a look of great anxiety, "Something must have happened to the *Secret*—I could see no trace of her when I first came out this morning. I sent a man to the masthead with a glass, and he made her out instantly, lying in the same place, high and dry on the sand, but her masts, he says, are gone, and the Kanaks are swarming about her." This looked suspicious. M. Garnier, more sanguine than M. Banaré, suggested the possibility that the masts might have been taken down by the crew themselves to shore her up whilst they waited for the rising tide, but not one of the men on *La Fine* could banish the thought of what had happened to the *Reine des Iles*, and all were filled with the gravest apprehensions. It was the work of but a few minutes to get out the boat, and eight men, with Peterson as pilot, rowed off to discover what was amiss—a service of considerable peril, for the boat drew a good deal of water, and was likely enough to come to grief itself on a bank of sand or a reef, and they were but a small handful of men.

As the boat flew over the water, the look-out man reported a sudden commotion as taking place among the Kanaks who surrounded the *Secret*. With his glass he could see them leaving her in great haste, making their way back to the shore, all with loads on their shoulders; it was plain that they must have received warning from their sentinels on the heights of the approach of the boat. This precipitate departure was felt to be a very ominous sign by those who stood on the deck of *La Fine*, straining their eyes to follow the boat's course, until it passed out of their sight. When, after a few hours, the watch announced its arrival alongside the *Secret*, M. Banaré could remain inactive no longer, and went ashore in the yawl, with M. Garnier and two of the crew, determining to get hold of Mango, and make him say whether he had sent the letter to Captain Gérard, and what had happened to the *Secret*. When they landed, the crowd that had been stationary on the beach since the preceding day, instead of coming towards them as they had then done, retreated to a little distance, many even concealing themselves in the thick brushwood which grew at the base of the hills. In the absence of Peterson, M. Garnier had to be spokesman, and do the best he could to make himself intelligible. Ti, one of the chief's sons, seemed to understand what he wanted, for he went and fetched his father, that he might give an account in person of what he had done with the letter entrusted to him. Mango came out of some bushes where he had hidden himself, followed by a troop of warriors bristling with tomahawks, clubs, and assagays, who looked most formidable. One circumstance to which M. Garnier called the captain's attention, as a reason for extreme caution, was that

not a single child was to be seen anywhere in that large crowd. He knew that with the Kanaks the presence of children invariably means peace, and their absence war, and his forebodings consequently grew more and more gloomy. During a few moments Mango made no answer to the questions put to him about the letter, then suddenly going to a niaouli-tree close to which M. Garnier was standing, he raised a bit of the bark, pulled out the letter from underneath it, and gave it to M. Banaré. M. Garnier asked him why he had put it there—why he had not sent it to the *Secret*, as he undertook to do; why he had deceived M. Banaré, &c.—a string of questions, not one of which, however, Mango answered, save by an ironical laugh, which was echoed by his followers. Meanwhile the crowd was every moment increasing, and pressed closer and closer, as if with the intention of intercepting the way to the boat. Becoming suddenly aware of this, M. Banaré and M. Garnier laid hold of their revolvers, which they carried concealed in their flannel shirts, and retreated without speaking a word to the water's edge, keeping off the most forward and obtrusive by friendly pushes. When they regained the boat a few vigorous strokes took them out of danger, but they neither spoke nor breathed freely until a wide reach of water lay between them and the shore.

The next attempt they made to obtain tidings of the *Secret* was even more hazardous and perilous, and resulted in the positive confirmation of their worst fears with respect to the fate of her crew. They rowed some distance along the coast, as they hoped, out of reach of Mango and his tribe, and landing, climbed to the top of a headland which juts out into the sea, whence they had a wider range of view than from the masthead of *La Fine*. With a glass they at once descried the *Secret* afloat, and making her way slowly out to sea. Their delight at this first discovery was, however, greatly damped by finding, on more careful observation, that she carried one very short mast, and one little sail hoisted in a most peculiar and incorrect manner. There were but two ways of accounting for this—either the ship was manned by Kanaks, and in that case what had become of the unfortunate crew? or, and to that hope they tried to cling, the crew had succeeded in rescuing the ship from both the rocks and the savages, and in spite of all difficulties were doing their utmost to get away from the unfriendly land.

M. Banaré and his companions had made their observations very rapidly, and flattered themselves that they had escaped detection, but a vigilant watch was kept over all their movements by the inhabitants of the coast, and just when they were preparing to return to their boat, which they had left below in charge of two of their party, they saw Mango and his



THE CHIEF, MANGO AND PORTION OF HIS TRIBE.

followers close upon them. To show their alarm by a precipitate flight would have been fatal, and there was no time to retreat, as they had done before in a deliberate and becoming manner, so they quietly stood their ground. Up they came, in alarming numbers, five or six hundred of them, with Mango walking unarmed at their head; and the little band of resolute men, who felt pretty certain that their last moment had come, looked on with calm indifference. The savage troop stopped within a short distance of them, and Mango advanced alone. Uttering a succession of prolonged groans and wailing cries, such as rend the air at the funeral feasts of the Kanaks, he pointed with one hand to the *Secret*, and holding up the other with all the five fingers outstretched, he said, "*All same man oui oui belong boat mate mate, kai kai*" ("as many Frenchmen as that belonging to the boat are dead and eaten"). A shudder ran through M. Garnier's frame as he heard these words; he was the only one of his party who understood their meaning, and when he interpreted them to M. Banaré, the latter seemed as if he could not believe his ears; he shook Mango by the arm to make him repeat the horrible statement. The timid old chief, again holding up his outstretched fingers, said, this time with a trembling voice, "The Kanaks of Pouangué have eaten just so many Frenchmen." Those words extinguished the last faint glimmer of hope M. Banaré had until then been cherishing, that his fellow-countrymen had escaped the horrid fate that had befallen the crew of the *Reine des Iles*. He and his companions were at once tacitly agreed about the immediate necessity of controlling their fury and indignation if they wished to get back alive to the ship, and felt that it would also be more diplomatic on their part to avoid, for the time at least, an open rupture with Mango, so they went down to their boat without testifying any ill-will towards the crowd, that followed closely on their heels brandishing their assagays and grinning at them in a truly fiendish manner.

When they reached the ship a general council was held to consider the most advisable course to adopt, for matters were beginning to look serious. All were unanimous in advocating that until the return of the boat sent to ascertain the condition of the *Secret*, and the fate of her crew, it was inadvisable to risk taking the offensive. The long absence of this boat gave rise to all kinds of horrible fears. They hung out all the lights the ship could muster, for night had come on, and waited—there was nothing to do now but wait. And what a night it was! one of the most indescribably beautiful of tropical nights. A soft and scarcely perceptible breeze was blowing off shore, bringing sweet heavy perfumes from the plants it had been gently kissing by the way. The stillness was unbroken, save by the lapping of the water about the keel as the ship moved with the slight swell, for, though all hands were assembled on the deck, they formed a silent group; each was filled with vague forebodings of what had happened, and might yet happen to some and any of them, and for a long while not a word was spoken.

At last, in the far distance, a sound became audible, and as it came nearer it resolved itself into the measured beat of oars striking the water and creaking in the rowlocks. It was the anxiously-expected boat, that was certain, and all eyes now peered through the darkness to catch the first glimpse of those who sat in her, and to count them. Not one missing! but, alas! not even one added to their number. A moment more they were on deck, and the mate gave a report of their

expedition to M. Banaré as follows:—"On nearing the *Secret* we were obliged to keep close to the coast for a while, so as to escape the reefs, and the Kanaks, who were hiding in some mangrove swamps we passed, took advantage of our position and threw stones at us with their slings; but it was rather a long range for them, and as their aim was unsteady, fortunately none of us were hit. We could not resist sending a few balls whizzing into the mangroves on speculation; whether they did any execution or not we had no chance of ascertaining, as no living creature showed itself, and the mangroves made an impenetrable screen. The tide was low when we got alongside the cutter, and she was still on her side. We scrambled on board with our guns ready loaded in case of surprise, but found neither friends nor enemies there. Everywhere traces of blood, the mast hacked to pieces, the deck stove in, a large hole in her weather-boarding just above the copper plating, so that at the first attempt to float her she would have filled with water; every single thing that could be taken away was gone, rigging, hammocks, ship's compass, &c., and everything else had been destroyed and broken to pieces. Meanwhile the tide was running up fast, so we heaved the anchor, bunged up the hole with our blankets, and fixed our own mast and sail as best we could to the jagged stump of the broken mast. Fortunately the pump had escaped injury, so that we were able to pump out the water in the hold, which had already risen to a considerable height. I think the first thing that made us at all realise what must have been the horrible fate of the crew was the red water which came out of the hold as we worked the pump."

The immediate effect produced by this relation on all who heard it, was a burning desire to be off at once to the shore, and execute summary vengeance on everybody they could lay hands on. But they knew well that to act on that first impulse would have been simple madness, for, considering the darkness, the difficulty of landing, their ignorance of the country, and their small numbers, not a man of them could hope to return alive. So they took no further steps that night, and in the morning they had somewhat calmed down, and were able to judge things more wisely. Feeling the great importance of keeping on good terms with Mango, and strengthening, if possible, the hold, slight as it was, they had obtained over him, M. Banaré and Peterson returned to the shore. The sight of the latter brought Mango at once out of his hiding-place, and a little persuasion induced him to go back with them to the ship. Once there, M. Banaré assured him that he and his tribe were still regarded by him as friends and allies, and that they would have nothing to fear from the French Government as long as they showed no treachery in their dealings towards them. His words had the effect of drawing from Mango all the circumstances of the bloody drama which had been played out on board the *Secret*, which were as follows:—

As soon as the men of Pouangué saw that a vessel had stranded on the coral-bank, they went off to take possession. Their successful enterprise against the *Reine des Iles* had made them bold, and some men of the tribe of Pouanloitché, dwelling among the inland hills, who had been watching the vessel from the heights, hastened down to the shore to join them. It was night, and the tide was low when they all went trooping over the rocks to the place where the ship lay, and climbed on board without meeting with any resistance. They were fully armed, but apparently the captain and the three sailors who

were watching on deck did not feel the least alarmed. They knew, probably, that a Kanak, however peaceable his intentions may be, never goes anywhere without his arms, and so fancied that these men who were approaching, surrounding, and finally boarding their ship, were coming on a friendly visit. A moment sufficed to undeceive them. At a given signal, each of them received a terrible blow from a tomahawk, and two fell dead at once. The captain, a big, strong man, managed to elude the first attack, and fought for his life with all the energy of desperation. But neither courage nor strength could save him; flight was hopeless, and he fought against terrible odds. Just as he had shaken off two assailants and was preparing to fire, his head was cleft in two by a blow from behind. The third sailor, a bright clever fellow of seventeen, named Bonnin, and a general favourite with his companions, had managed to get up into the rigging; but neither for him was there any hope of escape. His cries for mercy, his tears, and his youth made no impression on such demons, and their assagays soon brought him down to their feet, a bleeding, mangled corpse. There was one other sailor on board; he was below, asleep in his hammock, and passed without any awakening from sleep to death: certainly, in that, his fate was preferable to that of his companions. Through the night the Kanaks continued their work of destruction, and carried everything that was transportable to the shore—the sails, the clothes of the men, all the utensils of the ship, and the dead bodies of their victims.

At last a thread of smoke on the horizon foretold the steamer's approach, and *La Fine* went out to meet her and pilot her into the bay. The governor himself was on board, and the *Bonite*, laden with troops, accompanied her. As soon as all three had cast anchor in the Bay of Chasseloup, M. Banaré went to make his report to the governor, and the fatal occurrences he had to communicate soon spread among the new-comers. Uppermost in every man's mind was the thought of the barbarous feast by which those murders must have been followed, and that thought made them burn for revenge. They would have rushed off at once to the shore, and killed every native they met, in their desperate determination to avenge the death of their countrymen. But without caution and foresight nothing would be accomplished, and this none knew better than the captain of *La Fine*, who by this time had come to appreciate the difficulties of the situation. A regular plan of campaign must be organised, their forces carefully distributed, and each step must be duly considered, and a precipitate course of action guarded against.

Before setting out in the *Fulton*, the governor had dispatched a body of troops from Houagap, charged with the punishment and subjection of the chief of Poindi-Patchili, one of whose tribe had a short while ago murdered the colonist Taillard. This chief, and a turbulent ally of his, named Gondou, were objects of terror and detestation to all the country round; the neighbouring tribes were never safe from their depredations. Gondou was especially noted for his ferocity. These redoubted chiefs thought themselves quite safe in their mountain fastnesses, and strong enough to set the French at defiance, so that they took no notice of the orders transmitted to them through Mango to come down and acknowledge the governor's authority. Great was their consternation, therefore, when they saw their territories invaded by a force against which they at once felt any resistance they could offer would be vain. Captain Billés left Houagap on the 5th

of September, with sixty seamen and a contingent of two hundred Kanaks, marched straight into the heart of the hostile country, and destroyed the village of Gaté, Gondou's capital. The *Fulton* had meanwhile landed her troops in the Bay of Chasseloup, and these, under the command of M. Matthieu, one of the governor's staff-officers, joined them at Koué. M. Garnier was persuaded to head the undisciplined band of allies, an honour he would gladly have declined. He had joined the expedition, and applied for a passage on board *La Fine*, in the capacity of a geologist and naturalist, desirous of availing himself of so good an opportunity of extending his knowledge of the country and its productions. Fighting was not exactly in his line; the massacre on board the *Secret* had, however, roused his usually peaceable spirit, and he did not feel by any means so well-disposed towards the Kanak race as he had done when he landed for the first time at Nouméa.

Two days were spent in devastating the Koué district and burning the huts of the inhabitants, who scarcely made even a show of resistance. They ran away at their approach, and, hiding in the heights above the village, contented themselves with throwing stones down upon their invaders. At Toono, whither they next marched, and which their guides told them was one of Gondou's favourite residences, a startling effect was produced upon them by the peculiar appearance of the royal palace. A high palisade enclosed it on all sides, which was formed of huge trunks of trees, set side by side, rudely carved to represent gigantic men in different and most grotesque attitudes. The faces and bodies were coloured with red chalk, and delicate lianas and fibrous creepers of all kinds, looking not unlike hair, were wreathed and turned all about the heads. For a moment one might almost have fancied that a group of real giants of horrible and ferocious aspect were holding a council of war down in the valley among the trees, who, if they found themselves observed, would rush up the hill, and soon make an end of any number of ordinary mortals. Within this formidable wall, round the palace itself, were stuck long poles, and a ghastly grinning head was fixed on the top of each, but living inhabitants there were none, and the whole place seemed deserted. Soon, however, seven men made their appearance on the top of a neighbouring hill, waving a white *tapa* in token of peace. The guides pronounced them to be Gondou's most valiant warriors, and some soldiers were dispatched to bring them into M. Garnier's presence. They came down and laid their tomahawks and assagays at his feet. Their white lips and the perspiration which streamed from their faces showed the terror they felt at seeing themselves surrounded by such a formidable force. Unfortunately, Kanaks, who looked upon them as their direst enemies, had to act as interpreters in the interview, and it was impossible to know whether their sense of honour was strong enough to make them adhere strictly to truth. They spoke in the mountain dialect, and M. Garnier could not understand one word of what was said. It ended in Captain Billés retaining six as hostages, and ordering one to return to his tribe with the message that Gondou must be delivered up to the governor, "for on that condition only the soldiers who had laid waste Gaté and the village of Koué would consent to live at peace with the Kanaks of those districts." This decision filled them with dismay; doubt and hesitation were visible on their faces as they drew close together and held a muttered consultation. One, apparently the youngest, was fixed upon

to be the bearer of the message. He took his tomahawk from the heap, and singling out with some care the straightest and most flexible of the seven assagays, he moved slowly away. M. Garnier, struck by the deliberation and calm assurance of his demeanour, could not resist following him unperceived, to discover whether his indifference and coolness were real or assumed. The man sauntered along to a little distance, then casting a rapid glance backwards, and finding himself unobserved,

whirled his lance above his head, started forward with a tremendous bound, dashed down the hill, and plunged into the river below. To swim across it and gain the opposite bank was the work of a few moments, and then the long grass effectually hid him from M. Garnier's sight. No Gondou appeared in answer to the message with which he was charged; and so the work of devastation had to be continued, and a campaign was entered on which was to last no less than sixty days.



A STREAM IN THE SAVANNA REGION.

A Zigzag Journey through Mexico.—V.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

THE VOICES OF THE TROPICAL FOREST.

I PASSED the night in a hammock swung inside the *jacal*. My host slept upon a *petaté*, laid along the floor, the females of the family occupying the inner apartment.

The *petaté* is seen everywhere in the houses of the poor. It is a palm-leaf mat, of about six feet in length by four or five in breadth. On the higher *plateaux*, where there are lakes that produce the *tula*, or bulrush—as in the valleys of Mexico and Toluca—*petatés* are made of this material. By day they serve as carpets and chairs, the feminine members of the household sitting, or rather “squatting,” upon them when engaged in sewing, knitting, or other domestic duties. By night the *petaté* becomes a bed, and is often the only thing of the kind used in a Mexican cottage. Usually there is a raised bank, or platform, upon

which the *petaté* is spread, though not always, the hard earthen floor being often deemed sufficient. In the Tierra Caliente, the platform is a staging of bamboos, the stems split and laid parallel upon a frame with short feet. The elasticity of the cane, and the coolness imparted by a free circulation of air between the slats, make this a suitable kind of couch for the natives.

The hammock, however, is the correct thing in a hot climate; and to one accustomed to this a bedstead appears but a clumsy contrivance. In the hammock you are less exposed to being crawled over by insects and *reptilia*; though a scorpion, centipede, or climbing snake may sometimes drop into it from the thatch above. Lizards, too, can go anywhere, along a joist or ceiling, back downward. When encamped in the desert



AGAVES IN BLOOM.

isle of Lobos, off Tuxpan, I remember one of these reptiles taking its station inside my hut, just under the ridge-pole, with its back downward, and neck slightly craned to one side. As it was a beautiful *Anolis* I did not disturb it, and it remained three whole days and nights, not only in the same position, but without in the least changing the attitude it had assumed. During all that time—and I was most of it inside my tent—I did not observe the slightest movement either of limbs or body. It was finally removed by a brother officer who was a keen herpetologist. I could then understand the popular belief as to the chameleon living upon air.

The voices of the tropical forest awakened me at the earliest hour of dawn. Coming freely through the interstices of the eaves, along with the first rays of Aurora, they fell upon my ear as if I had been sleeping *sub Jove*. It was a strident though not unpleasing chorus—shrill cries mingled with sweet warblings. I could distinguish the jabbering of parrots and the cackling of the penelope. This is the loudest and most discordant note heard in the tropical forest, at times resembling the cry of some one in mortal agony. Its usual call is represented by the name which the natives have given to the bird. It is allied to the curassow birds, belonging to the order of the *Gallinaceæ*, and family *Cracidae*, of which there are several genera and species but little known to naturalists.

Taking part in the sylvan concert were jays and cardinals, whose harsh cries were but half-neutralised by the softer voices of the *Fringellide* and warblers. Afar off I could hear the lugubrious wail of the *Aluates* or howling monkeys—the red species (*ursinus*?) being common enough in the Vera Cruz coast-land. Several times during the night a wolf had bayed the moon close to my sleeping quarters. It was the large Mexican variety—a formidable creature, very different from the *coyoté*, or jackal, and dreaded by the *Ganaderos*, especially in calf-time. Once the midnight stillness was interrupted by a sound that interested me more than all. It was that of the tiger (*tigré*), for by this misnomer is the jaguar (*Felis onça*) known throughout Spanish America, the puma or cougar being equally misnamed lion (*leon*). Don Hermengildo told me that neither was common around his habitation, though occasionally met with. Several spotted and yellow skins hanging against the wall, with others converted into articles of furniture, proved the truth of at least the latter part of his statement.

We sprang from our hammocks, and were out at first glimpse of daylight. The early matutinal hour is that most enjoyable in the torrid zone. Then the atmosphere is delightfully cool, and the tropical flora gives out its sweetest fragrance. Fortunate if the *zorilla*, or skunk (*Mephitis Americana*), has not been straying near, and engaged in combat with some enemy. If it has, there will be no balm upon the breeze, but instead an odour almost unendurable.

DESAYUNO Y ALMUERZO.

The girls were up before us, and occupied in the *cocina*, from which soon came forth the fruit of their first culinary labour. It was chocolate, served in a little urn-shaped cup of red earthenware—the liquid thick and frothing—the froth produced by a “whisk” similar to that used in making light creams or “trifles.” This, with a piece of biscuit or sponge-cake, is the universal *desayuno* (*déjeuner*) of the Mexicans, taken at the moment of getting out of bed. The *almuerzo*, or breakfast, is a very different affair and served at a later hour—usually about

eleven o'clock. It is a substantial meal, with eggs, meats, and wine—in short, a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. As we intended making a well-timed start, we had breakfast at an earlier hour, the eggs being those of the *iguana*; the meats, a steak taken from the ribs of the same reptile, with some stewed *tasajo*, frijoles, and hot tortillas; while the wine was again the delicious juice of the *Acrocomia* palm.

After breakfast we set out for Cacahuatl, my host having already looked to the grooming and saddling of our horses. His sisters seemed as if they would have liked to go also. What Mexican *muchacha* can resist the attractions of a *fiesta*? But Don Hermengildo discouraged them by pointing out the distance to Cacahuatl—over ten miles. He did not think it too far for Ña Rafaela; I noticed that he said nothing to his sisters about her going.

He was habited in his best habiliments—the complete costume of a Jarocho, shining in all the splendour of purple and gold. His horse was alike richly caparisoned, both saddle and bridle ornamented with silver studs, tags, and tassels. His *cortante*, lying along the saddle-flap, had received a fresh sharpening. Something he said led me to the belief that before the *fiesta* was over its bright blade might be dimmed with blood.

A RUSTIC BALL-ROOM.

We reached Cacahuatl a little after the hour of noon. All around were *ventorillos*, or booths, where drinks were dealt out to those who had the coin to pay for them—*chia* water, orangeade, and *tapichi* (a fermented liquor made from the juice of the pine-apple) with several other beverages. There were also French and Catalonian brandies—the latter a clear liquid resembling whisky, common in the towns of Mexico. Some of the *ventorillos* or drinking-stalls were tasty affairs, and curious in the eyes of a traveller. They were little enclosures of four or five feet diameter, made of fine soft sand, banked up and wetted to keep it in place. The surface of the sand was covered and completely hidden with green leaves and flowers, arranged in varied pattern-work, as stars, crosses, and crescents—the whole being kept cool and fresh by occasional sprinkling from a water-can. Inside stands the dispenser of the drinks—often a young and very pretty girl, surrounded by her *cantaros* and painted calabashes, while her smiles, directed upon the passer-by, are designed to tempt him to the tasting of some beverage, which not unfrequently she also recommends with most beguiling speeches.

The most remarkable structure was one standing in the centre of the plaza, which, from fresh work, I could see was recently erected, while its frailty told that it was intended to be temporary—in fact, only for the *fiesta*. It was simply a shed, or canopy, with a horizontal roof supported upon up-rights set at equal distances apart. These were the trunks of palm-trees, their smooth straight columns being entwined with garlands of flowers strung upon *sipos*, or forest creepers, while festoons of the same were suspended from one to the other. The roof was covered in with the broad green leaves of the banana, laid on sufficiently thick to exclude every ray of the sun, while the absence of walls permitted the breeze to circulate freely through the space underneath. Inside, a portion of the floor—its central part—was of earth trodden smooth, and raised several inches above the surrounding level. It was carpeted with the broad glossy leaves of the plantain laid side by side, their midribs having been removed. I might have

guessed the purpose of this sylvan temple, had my guide, Don Hermengildo, not made it known to me. It was the *improvised* village ball-room, where I was soon to see a Mexican *fandango* in all its varied phases.

In most other countries dancing waits for the night, and is carried on under the light of oil lamps or jets of gas. In the *tierra caliente* of Mexico the sun often shines on the worshippers of Terpsichore, who, in their devotion to the goddess, are ardent as his beams. At the *fiesta* of Cacahuatl the dancing commenced in the early afternoon, and was soon at its height. Three or four guitars of the *bandolon* and *jaranca* kind composed the orchestra, their music occasionally supplemented by the voices of the players, with words frequently improvised, and not unfrequently expressing sentiments that in polite society might have been deemed rather *bizarre*.

As soon as the music had struck up, groups of young girls were trooping towards the arboreal ball-room, each house in the village contributing its quota. Among them I saw Ña Rafaela and her sister, both conspicuous by their beauty, though in this respect there were many others remarkable.

TERPSICHORE AMONG THE JAROSCHOS.

The dancing commenced, and was carried on with the ardour and zest peculiar to country people, especially of Spanish race. Several kinds of dances were executed recognisable as those common to old Spain, among them the *bolero* and *zapateador*. There was also a *contradanza*, a sort of quadrille with several couples; after which a comical fellow gave the dance styled *La Garotta*, in which he imitated the twisting contortions of a malefactor suffering the Spanish mode of capital punishment. The exhibition, to me somewhat disgusting, drew from the Jarochos loud *vivas* and screams of delight.

To this succeeded the *pretenera*, a dance somewhat similar, but to a different *son*, or tune. These the musicians changed, either of their own accord or by the command of the spectators.

When tired of the *pretenera*, there was a murmur among the crowd as if denoting expectation. Something especially attractive was evidently looked for. Then came the cry, "*Chamarra y macheté!*" (sash and sword). Though I had heard of this dance, I had never before witnessed it. I therefore watched with all eyes for the event.

The *estrada*, or raised floor, had been for the moment unoccupied, as the stage of a theatre between two pieces. And just as the *première danseuse* comes on, amid the universal applaud of pit, boxes, and gallery, so was a young girl saluted by the encircling crowd of Jarochos. It was Ña Rafaela.

Don Hermengildo, standing by my side—so close that I could hear and feel the beatings of his heart—seemed the only one in the assemblage that did not applaud. His admiration was too strong, too passionate, to admit of any idle exhibition.

Beyond all question the girl looked lovely—I might say, superbly so. The excitement of the occasion had called the carmine into her cheeks, till it vied with the crimson flowers of the grenadine wreathed coquettishly around her head; while in her jet-black eyes burned a wild voluptuous fire. It seemed to flame up as proudly and coquettishly she glanced at the spectators. She evidently felt her power—the gift of great beauty—that among the gallant and passionate Jarochos made her the peer of a queen.

Up to this time, and during all the day, I had been looking for Joaquín Valdez, the guide who was to accompany me on

my projected journey. Don Hermengildo's assurance, or intimation, that he would be at the *fiesta*, seemed doubtful of fulfilment, and I began to think I should have to return to Santa Fé and make fresh search for him. But just as the guitar-players commenced striking up the *son* for the dance of the "sash and sword," another sound caused distraction from the spectacle, at the same time creating a movement among the spectators.

It was the tramping of a horse—a horse coming at quick gallop into the village. In another moment a horseman appeared in the plaza. Reining up, he dismounted, and advanced towards the dancing place.

The Jarochos made way, several crying out, "*Viva Valdez!*" I did not need hearing the name to recognise in the newcomer the man who was to have guided me all over Mexico.

Passing through the outer circle he took stand close to the dancing stage, just opposite to where I was myself placed beside Don Hermengildo.

A look at my late host's rival, coupled with a glance I saw given him by Ña Rafaela, convinced me that the amber beads had been bestowed in vain. In comparing the two men, and taking personal appearance for the standard, the advantages were all on the side of Valdez, and I knew that this would outweigh everything else in the estimation of a Jarocha. In her eyes intellect, morality, sobriety, even honesty, are as nothing compared with personal beauty, where courage is conjoined.

"CHAMARRA Y MACHETÉ."

As soon as the guitar-players had got fairly into the tune, the young girl began the measure of the dance. It went at first with a slow tranquil step, the music having in it something of melancholy. Gradually it became livelier and quicker. The eyes of Ña Rafaela, hitherto bent upon the floor, were raised, and wandered around the circle of spectators in a glance half coquettish, half inquiring. It seemed to ask, "Who is to be my partner?"

At least half a score of young fellows, thus interpreting it, sprang out upon the *estrada*; but Don Hermengildo, watching the chance, had been foremost. A slight inclination of Ña Rafaela's head told him he was accepted. Perhaps the amber beads did something to obtain for him the preference.

Having got the floor thus conceded, he placed himself *vis-à-vis* with the girl, when a dance succeeded, in movements bearing some resemblance to those of the opposite lady and gentleman in the figure of a quadrille. It was, however, much more expressive, representing the different phases of courtship and coquetry, with a passionate *abandon* that would scarcely have been tolerated in a fashionable ball-room.

It ended in Don Hermengildo unwinding the China crape sash from his waist, and flinging it over the shoulders of the fair *danseuse*; then, gracefully bending and bowing, he retired back into the circle of spectators.

She permitting the scarf to remain there, signified her acceptance of him until some other should show a better claim to her preference. The affair was, in fact, neither more nor less than a challenge, and I expected to see Joaquín Valdez next take the floor. In this I was disappointed: another young fellow claiming precedence, which was by common assent accorded to him. The girl was still dancing on, the music having continued without interruption.

The new partner went through a series of jigs and pirouettes

somewhat similar to those executed by Don Hermengildo, and terminating in a similar manner, with the exception that, instead of presenting his scarf to the lady, the second partner offered her his *sombrero*, with its garniture of gold bullion.

This she accepted, placing it coquettishly upon her head, and so slanted that her magnificent *chevelure* of sable hue appeared advantageously beneath the bordering of gold.

For an instant she paused in *pirouette*, while adjusting the hat, and then continued dancing as before.

The act, gracefully done, drew a chorus of "vivas" and "bravos" from the spectators; and now all was silence around the circle, the musicians alone keeping up the noise, and even increasing it by a more vigorous twanging of guitar-strings. These fellows appeared to improvise the music, suiting the strains to the dances. Experience told them that the occasion had now arrived, calling for notes of a warlike nature, and their instruments responded in tone.

Among the crowd arose the cry, "*Macheté! macheté!*" I knew what it meant, and was not surprised when I saw Valdez spring up to the *estrada*, and with a graceful bow present himself to the *danseuse*. She was still moving to the music, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt her Terpsichorean enjoyment, and only returned his salutation by a slight nod, which, however, told him that he too was welcome to the honour of bestowing his favours. A new *pas de deux* commenced, which was carried on as before, though with voluntary variations; in fact, many of the figures appeared to be extemporised, and although not a word was spoken, the dancers seemed to converse in a language perfectly comprehended by those standing around. Every now and then bravos resounded on the air.

It ended in Valdez drawing his *macheté* from its sheath; and with a blue ribbon which was knotted round its hilt suspending it from the right shoulder of the girl, her left already carrying the scarf of Don Hermengildo.

The dance was at an end. Ña Rafaela, ceasing her salutations, stood in the centre of the *estrada*, palpitating, proud. Loud *vivas* rang through the palm-thatched shed.

Like one standing in the lobby of a theatre, I watched for the next incident on the stage.

It came in due course. Don Hermengildo, leaving my side, stepped out and redeemed his scarf by pouring a handful of silver coins into the palm of Ña Rafaela, who received the *douceur* with drooping eyelids and lips quite motionless. Thanks were not needed. It was simply the redeeming of a pledge.

The young fellow who had pawned his hat, took back his property with a less profuse expenditure; while Valdez, on regaining his sword, gave only a smile. The girl smiled as he took the weapon from her hand. The spectators saw it, and said, "Don Hermengildo has no chance; Valdez is her man. There must be a fight for it."

They said this gleefully, anticipating a sport better than bull-taming, cock-fighting, or even an *albur* at monté.

A JAROCHO DUEL.

Nothing could have been more clear than what was to succeed—a combat between the two men—perhaps a duel to the death.

At all events, there would be a drawing of blood. The *Jarochos* awaited it as a matter of course—a thing of ordinary occurrence at the *fiesta* and *fandango*.

The dancing was for a time suspended, the girls scattering off to the houses, leaving the men in possession of the palm-screened pavilion. So late the scene of gaiety and pleasance, it was now to be the arena of a contest that would surely end in bloodshed.

I saw that nothing could stay the encounter. It was in the heart of Jarcho-land, and its customs and habits were law. The *alcalde* of the village, with his *alguazils*, was present, but they could not have prevented the strife. Even the *cura* did not interfere. It would have served no purpose, for the fight would have come off all the same, beyond his jurisdiction, in the forest shade—sunshine—anywhere. It was a difficulty not to be adjusted without the letting of blood.

It was not my business to interfere in it; and, thus reflecting, I became a silent spectator of a combat strange as it was serious.

For a duel it was one of the shortest it has been my ill luck to assist at. It did not occupy ten minutes of time. In even less the whole thing was over, quicker than could have been any affair with pistols.

The antagonists took their stand, each with his *macheté* drawn, their left arms enrolled in their *mangas* by way of shield. Their fencing was far from dexterous. It was evident that neither had ever taken lessons from a *maître d'escrime*. On both sides it was simply a succession of rash thrusts and clumsy parrying, which ended, as might be expected, in the mutual drawing of blood, with a considerable hacking of flesh. So successful were they in this, that both combatants came to the ground, and were carried off by their respective *amigos*.

To myself the result was so far disastrous, that I had to leave Cacahuatl alone, and seek a new *companion* for my ZIG-ZAG JOURNEY THROUGH MEXICO.

It was several months after when this journey was completed, and I returned to the land of the Jarcho.

I then learnt that both combatants had recovered from their wounds, and were still competitors for the hand of Ña Rafaela.

During an interview I had with this fair damsel, curiosity tempted me to ask which was to be the favoured one.

She answered me with a significant smile and a coquettish toss of the head, that burst her coiled hair, and sent the jetty plaits scattering over her shoulders:

"*Ñi uno, ni otro!*"





ZUMMATE INDIANS OF THE UPPER TROMBETAS

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.



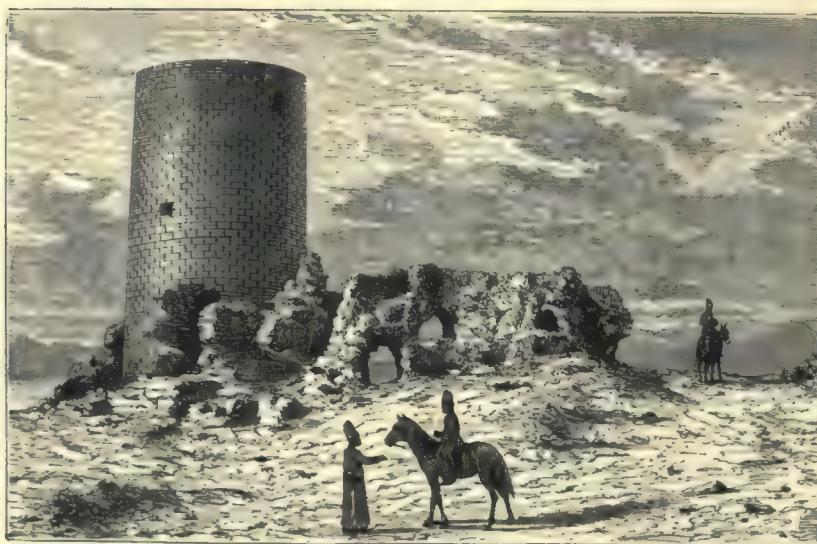
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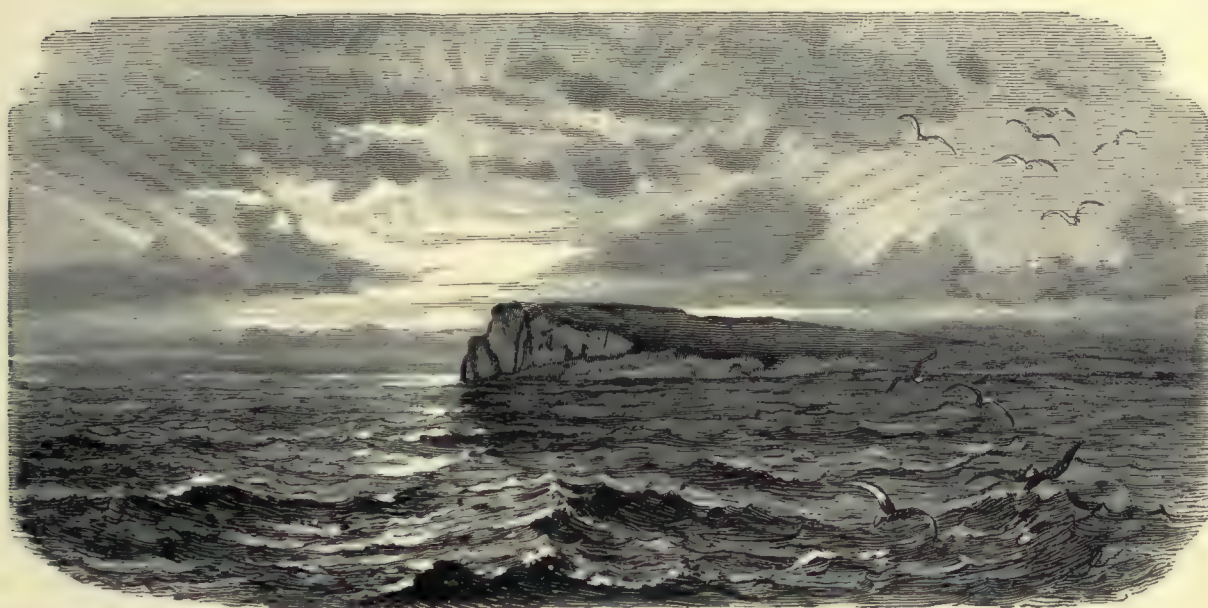
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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



AMELIA ISLAND, FLORIDA.

A Flying Visit to Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

A CHAPTER HISTORIC.

THERE is certainly no part of the United States—perhaps not of all North America—to which a more romantic interest attaches, than to the peninsula jutting out like a spur towards the Antilles, and known by the name of “Florida.” The very title bespeaks something fair. It has in it the perfume of flowers and the ring of romance. Nor does history record a more romantic chapter than the expedition of the Spanish chieftain who bestowed it, coupled with the aim that lured him to the Floridian shores—a search after the “fountain of youth,” a crystal stream, gushing forth amid grottoes, and garlanded with flowers, whose waters would not only restore the vigour of manhood, but bring back youth and beauty.

The modern world may smile at the credulity of poor old Juan Ponce and his fellow-expeditionists. It forgets that Galileo was persecuted for believing the earth to be a revolving sphere; and that, but a few years antecedent to Ponce’s time, Columbus had discovered a new world, never before thought of, or only in a sort of clairvoyant vision.

Finding fertile and flowery lands—cities filled with gold, silver, and precious stones—inhabited by people whose

customs, as their physiognomy, was of a new type—all this unknown, and unsuspected, throughout long centuries—no wonder the *descubridores* and *conquistadores* were credulous. Events of similar character occurring now would, beyond doubt, be followed by a somewhat similar effect. Science is not yet so sure. It has made many mistakes; and if to the modern world some one should convey a new revelation, like that made manifest by the Genoese navigator, or equal to it in consequences, one might almost be excused for believing in the possibility of mortals yet reaching the moon.

After all, the “fountain of youth” was not a fancy originating with the Spanish discoverers. It was found among the Carib and other Indians of the Antilles. Among them the myth had existence long before the caravels of Columbus came in sight of Guanahani.

Among their other strange discoveries, the Spaniards came upon this—not so much more remarkable than the rest; and it had a powerful effect upon their imaginations, especially such of them as were “withered, and wrinkled, and old.”

Of these last was Juan Ponce—better known as “Ponce de Leon”—Leon being the city of his nativity. He was a

gentleman by birth and a sailor-soldier by profession—in those days the two callings were combined. His king had named him an *adelantado*, as also governor of an island. But he was aged before these honours accumulated, and he would have given them all to be young again. The “fountain of youth” promised the desired restoration; and, having organised a powerful expedition—one of the grandest ever got up by a conquistador—those of Cortez and Pizarro not excepted—he set forth in search of the wonderful waters.

In the event of failing to find the reputed elixir, he had an eye towards jewellery and gold. For the Indians, who told him of the “leafy Bimini”—the land of the youth-giving fountain—also spoke of precious stones and rare metallic treasures. Without thought of youth or health, this story of riches was enough to excite the cupidity of a conquistador; and yielding to it, Juan Ponce set sail from St. Domingo, turning his prow northward.

On Easter Sunday, of the year 1513, he came in sight of the peninsula—the first-sighted land being near the bay of Espiritu Santo, on its western or Gulf side.

Among historians there is a question about the exact date of this event. All agree to its having been upon Easter Sunday—the “Pascua Florida” of the Spaniards. Confirmatory of this, is the name he bestowed upon the country; though it is also alleged, that its blooming appearance had something to do with the baptism.

He landed at a season of the year when the flowers were in full bloom; when the magnolias, liquid-ambers, *sabal* palms, and other flowering trees had expanded their magnificent corollas, filling the air with fragrance. It promised well for the object of his expedition. The forest was fresh; its glades verdant and vocal with the music of birds. Everything bid fair for rejuvenescence; and Juan Ponce was joyous. It is just possible, as he stepped ashore, to take possession of the country in the name of his king, and unfurled the old flag of Castile, that two thoughts were before his mind—the floral beauty of the land, and the Catholic Christian date. Hence the appellation that occurred to him—“Florida.”

The disputed historical question is about the year—whether Ponce’s landing was in 1512 or 1513. There would have been no difficulty in determining this, had the month not also been mentioned. The event is recorded as occurring in March. If, then, it was in the former year—as most chronicles have it—and on the 27th of March, as stated, it could not have been Easter Sunday, since in the year 1512 the “Pascua Florida” fell on the 20th of April. It is more probable there should be a mistake about the month than the year, and that Ponce de Leon first saw the shores of Florida on the Easter Sunday of 1512.

It is not necessary here to give the details of this absurd expedition; nor speak of its lamentably ridiculous results. What else could be expected of men who went forth seeking rejuvenescence? Equally unnecessary to dwell on the expedition of Panfilo de Narvaez, another ambitious gold-seeker, whose hopes were wrecked, along with his ships, upon the same promising but perilous coast. A long interval of inaction was allowed to elapse, before Florida again tempted the cupidity of a conquistador. Then, in 1539, Hernando de Soto sought the flowery land, still unconquered, still unexplored.

This attempt was one that, for boldness of design and long-continued endurance in execution—though at length

ending in failure—has, perhaps, not its equal recorded in the annals of history. Beside it the *Cyropædia*—the “Retreat of the Ten Thousand”—may seem pale. De Soto left his bones on the banks of the Mississippi; and Florida remained unsubdued.

It was not till 1562 that any attempt was made to colonise it. From the first discovery of America, gold had been the guiding-star that attracted every expedition. As this precious metal was not found in Florida, the youth-restoring fountain having proved a burst bubble, the country ceased to attract even aged adventurers; and for a time no one thought of it, otherwise than as a country inhabited by hostile savages. The expeditions of Ponce, Narvaez, and De Soto had given many a melancholy proof of this. Still was there a belief, or a general impression, that Juan Ponce had bestowed upon it an appropriate name; and that, despite some drawbacks, Florida was a land of fertility and flowers.

This, at length, attracted colonisation to its shores—colonists who came not in search of gold, or to drink from rejuvenating springs; but men persecuted for conscience’ sake, who were seeking an asylum, anywhere, to escape from the curse of Roman Catholic tyranny. These were the Huguenots of France—the great Coligny being their patron and protector.

And under the gentle René de Laudonnière—the brave Jean Ribaut having pioneered the way—they crossed the Atlantic, and made settlement in Florida, a little way up the river May, so called by them from the month in which their ships entered its estuary. It was the Spanish Rio San Mateo—a name they afterwards changed to San Juan—the present St. John’s—by far the largest river in Florida. Excepting in Mexico, this was the first attempt at European colonisation on the North American continent. It occurred in 1553.

The French colony was destroyed two years after; and the Spanish officer who destroyed it—Pedro de Menendez—founded, in 1565, the city of San Augustine—the oldest existing city in what is now the United States.

Menendez, a soldier of great enterprise, but cruel and unscrupulous, succeeded in the colonisation of the country; and the Spaniards soon spread themselves over the peninsula, forming several other permanent settlements. For nearly a century and a half these enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity, the mild Yamasse and Taloota Indians yielding to their sway. These, however, were in time subdued by a branch of the great Muscogee nation, called “Lower Creek” or Seminoles—a more warlike people, who entered the Floridian peninsula from the north-west. It was their ancestors who had harassed De Soto, on his famous, or infamous, expedition. Instigated by the English, who had meantime colonised the Carolinas, they waged a destructive warfare against the Spaniards settled in Florida. During the first half of the eighteenth century, the strife was carried on without cessation, the result being that the Spanish outlying settlements and plantations had to be abandoned, and the planters were compelled to take refuge in the towns. The whole western portion of the peninsula once more went into possession of the aborigines, its eastern side alone remaining under Spanish rule.

This state of things continued up till 1763, when the English obtained possession of East Florida, and there commenced active attempts at colonisation. But in a few years after these were abruptly brought to a close, a treaty, dated 1783, restoring the peninsula to Spain.

The Seminoles were still in the ascendant; and the Spanish power—at that time entering on its decadence throughout all its American colonial possessions—was alike decadent in Florida. It maintained a sort of languishing authority until 1819, when the energetic General Jackson put a termination to it, forcing the Spaniards out of Florida by a sort of conquest-purchase, and annexing this territory to the United States.

Notwithstanding its fine natural resources, and the stable government then secured to it, Florida did not become populated as rapidly as was expected, but enough new colonists entered to claim for it, in 1845, the title and privileges of a State. But the American settlers were in turn harassed by the Seminole Indians; and, perhaps, hampered still more by the curse of slavery. As both have been at length got rid of, a new era of colonisation has commenced, and civilisation is now spreading itself over the “flowery land.”

It was partly to witness this progress—partly to look upon historic scenes, to me of romantic interest—and partly to study Nature—with an eye also to the chase—that some months ago I made a “flying visit” to Florida, the incidents of which are here recorded.

HOW TO REACH THE PENINSULA.

He who wishes to enter Florida, from the Atlantic side, may take his choice of land or water travel. The traveller who prefers the former, starting from any of the great seaboard cities of the North, can go by rail across Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia—entering the peninsula at its northern extremity. It is a somewhat circuitous route, partially due to the geological character of the Georgian coast, which is intersected by creeks and swamps, unfavourable to thick settlement, and forcing the railway traffic far inland.

The alternative is a steamship passage from New York—Philadelphia, if he chance to be there—to Charleston, or Savannah. This he may obtain once or twice every week. Then from either of the last-mentioned places he may re-ship into a smaller craft—still a steamer—that will carry him into the St. John's River, of Florida, and over a hundred and fifty miles up the stream—into the very heart of the peninsula.

For those who do not mind the discomforts of the sea, and are equally regardless of its dangers, the water-route is certainly preferable. I, for one, preferred it.

I was, perhaps, a little influenced in the choice by what I had been told of Carolinian and Georgian railroads—as they have been *since the war*. A friend, who had travelled upon them, amused me with an account of his adventures; that to him, however, had been anything but amusing. How that, upon arriving at certain stations by night, it was not uncommon for the train to be “shunted,” and lie up till daylight before proceeding on its way; the reason being, that there were certain places where the rails had got so worn during the war, the engineers did not deem it safe to attempt running over them in the darkness!

In any case, I would have preferred the water-route—having traversed the briny deep sufficiently to get used to it.

SURROUNDED BY SALLOW COMPLEXIONS.

It is not worth while describing a sea-voyage by steam from New York to Savannah. It only differed from other trips I had made over the same ocean, by some peculiarities in the facial appearance of my fellow-passengers. The gradual rise of the

mercury in the thermometer, with the corresponding increase of heat, as we steamed towards the equator, was nothing new to me. I had gone over the ground before—almost the same track, in a troop-ship, from Fort Hamilton in the harbour of New York, to Vera Cruz in the Mexican Gulf. Then I was surrounded by soldiers; most of them stalwart fellows, young, and of healthy hue. Very different were the faces and figures that met my gaze, on board the steam-packet for Savannah. The former were of all shades of pallor, and the latter every degree of emaciation. Instead of being aboard a steamship, I might have fancied myself walking the wards of an hospital.

I had no difficulty in accounting for these hollow cheeks and sallow complexions. Most of my fellow-passengers were invalids—a large number of them consumptives—who were going South to seek restoration of their health.

Like myself, though with different intent, most of them were bound for Florida; which in the United States enjoys a reputation for the cure of pulmonary complaints, similar to the European belief in the climate of Madeira.

My fellow-passengers were not all invalids. There were others with constitutions strong enough to stand up twenty times a day, before the drinking-bar of the steamer, and each time toss off a glass of some potent mixture—smash, julep, or cocktail. These were either intending colonists, land speculators, or men in the commercial line—the latter going “down South” with their samples, in the hope of scattering their wares, and extending their “firm's” connection throughout the new-found settlement of the peninsula.

There was a fair sprinkling of “sportsmen” too—that is, in the American sense—gamblers. Also a few sportsmen in the more genuine English acceptation; who were *en route* for the “flowery land,” lured thither by the attractions of the chase.

Hitherto most American amateur hunters have taken their way towards the West; as also the Nimrods of Great Britain, who occasionally cross the Atlantic. The buffalo and grizzly bear draw them in that direction. But, leaving these two quadrupeds out, the hunter will find as much, if not more, sport in Florida—with an equal, or even greater, variety of animals for his “bag.” And if he have the proclivities of a hunter-naturalist, he will find in the peninsula, with its grand tropical vegetation, a feast spread before him, in vain to be sought for on the prairies.

A few of my fellow-passengers had this idea in their heads, as I discovered in conversation. The consequence was a fraternity of feeling, arising from similar tastes; so that, before reaching Savannah, I could form a pretty good guess who were to be the companions of my “flying visit to Florida.”

ANOTHER CHOICE OF ROUTE.

After four days of ocean navigation, we entered the Savannah river; and steamed up to the town of this same name, situated seven miles from the river's mouth. As it is not in Florida, I shall not task the reader's time by any account of the famed Georgian city. We are yet within the limits of a refined, luxurious civilisation, as also the boundaries of the guide-books. To a certain degree, we step beyond both, by going aboard one of the little steamers, that make tri-weekly trips down the Georgian coast, and up the St. John's River. In his fresh start from Savannah, the tourist has, again, a choice of routes. He can still enter the peninsula by rail; but, if he chance to prefer water-travel, he may

take one of the small steamers that trade along the "inside passage:" that is, the series of continuous channels lying between the "sea-islands" and the mainland.

On this kind of craft, however, he will have but poor fare and scant accommodation—to say nothing of the delay incidental to frequent stoppages at the different plantation landings. Still the scenery, with an opportunity of observing Georgian coast customs—some of them sufficiently curious—may attract him. But he can see something similar on his arrival in Florida; and, assured of this, he will choose the more commodious passenger-packet, plying direct from Savannah to Jacksonville on the *St. John's*. Not wishing either to be discomforted or delayed, I did this; and was once more carried out into the Atlantic.

With few exceptions, I found my fellow-passengers the same as had accompanied me from New York—in slightly diminished number. Most of the invalids still continued their journey—

the restoration of their youth. Was it the old dream of nearly four centuries ago come back again? It seemed a parallel—almost a repetition. No doubt to many of my fellow-voyagers

it would end in the same way as with the old Spanish sailor-soldier—in a disappointed dream—perhaps in death, as with him, though not so sadly tragical.

THE "SEA-ISLAND" COAST.

Going south from Savannah, you are once more carried beyond sight of land. The coast of the Southern Atlantic States is all low-lying territory—the Appalachian chain being too far inland to be seen from the sea. This is also the character of the United States coast all along the Mexican Gulf. One may sail near shore from Carolina to the mouth of the Rio Grande without once seeing aught

that might be called a mountain. Beyond this point, the eye may yet be gladdened by a distant view of the grand Cordilleras—the "Sierra Madre" of Mexico.



FLYING-FISH AND THEIR FOES.



SCISSOR-BILLS IN PURSUIT OF PREY.

Florida being evidently their goal. I reflected—how could I help it?—on what had been taking place more than three centuries before in this same quarter of the globe; when Juan Ponce and his followers had spread their sails, and turned their prows towards the same coast, seeking rejuvenescence. There were hundreds, thousands, with faces now set in the same direction—with thoughts bent upon the resuscitation of their health, if not

We first caught sight of Florida on passing Amelia Island; which is politically a portion of the State, forming its northeastern extremity. This low-lying strip, chiefly composed of white sterile sand-dunes, gives but poor promise of a land of fertility and flowers. Amelia is one of the "sea-islands" so celebrated for the quality of their cotton. In an almost continuous chain these stretch along the coast from the Chesapeake to Cape



HAZARD LIGHTHOUSE, FLORIDA.

Sable—indeed, we may as well say to the Rio Grande—since the Gulf shore is furnished with a similar alignment. They are usually oblong in shape, of no great breadth, and separated from the mainland by a channel several miles in width—most of it a marsh overgrown with aquatic grasses. These constantly encroach on the clear-water channel, which in some places is narrowed to the dimensions of an ordinary stream. It is, however, wide and deep enough to admit of navigation by schooners, and other small craft—as also steamers of light draught. Along the Georgian coast it is called the “inside passage.” At intervals a break in the insular series gives place to a transverse channel or “sound,” which gives communication with the outside ocean, the break usually occurring opposite the mouths of rivers.

Geographers need not be told that much of the coast of the Caribbean Sea is of a similar character; and going still farther to the south, we find the same peculiarity along a large portion of the seaboard of Brazil.

Amelia Island has its town and harbour—Fernandina—near its northern end. It was but a fishing village, of a few wooden houses, with a plank wharf for the embarkation of the cotton-bales, tobacco and sugar hogsheads, raised upon the island. An era of prosperity is now promised it, Fernandina having become the terminus of a railroad which runs thence to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf shore of the peninsula.

The town stands on the inland side of the island—directly opposite the mouth of the St. Mary's River, on the mainland, which forms the boundary between the States of Florida and Georgia. It is the more likely to become a place of importance, from having water of twelve feet depth against its wharf—a rare thing along this coast. The shoalness of its shores, and the absence of good anchorage, perhaps more than aught else, has hindered the prosperity of Florida. An effort, as we shall have occasion to show, is now being made to remedy these defects, and, no doubt, enterprise, combined with the power of steam, will in due time accomplish the desired end.

THE SIGNS OF THE TROPICS.

In the latitude of Amelia Island, although still above 30° N., you know that you are approaching the tropics. Out at sea, the rising thermometer warns you; and you feel it in the constantly increasing heat of the atmosphere. You also observe its signs in sea and sky. In the latter now frequently appears the frigate-bird (*Phaeton aethereus*), with its two long tail-feathers streaming gracefully behind, as it swoops from on high to pick up some small fish swimming too near the surface. A true child of the sun is this bird, never straying far outside the torrid zone. In the water new forms of fish, of far more brilliant hues than those frequenting the Northern seas, tell also of the tropics—*bonitos*, *albacores*, and *dorados*, in the translucent deep, appearing of a pure turquoise colour, as they disport themselves along the vessel's side, or cross before her cutwater.

A still surer indication of proximity to the tropics is in the frequency of flying-fish, and the increasing numbers observed. Along the Florida coast they are often seen in shoals. It may be more appropriate to say in flocks, since their spring or pitch has a resemblance to the flight of birds. One might easily mistake them for gulls.

In this part of the Atlantic, there are two distinct species—also distinct in genus. One is the *Exocoetus volitans* of Linnæus;

the other the *Trigla volitans* of Cuvier. They are very different, both in habits and appearance. The latter resemble red gurnets, and it is believed that they prey upon the other species. They have a stronger flight, and can sustain themselves for a longer time in the air.

The *Exocoetus volitans* feeds upon larvæ and small mollusks, found upon the floating seaweed. Besides being eaten up by their own kind, they are preyed upon by a variety of devourers—by the different kinds of dolphins, as also several seabirds. Off the Florida coast, and all through the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, “schools” of flying-fish, pursued by their plumed as well as scale-covered enemies, is no uncommon sight.

We saw several such chases while on our way to the St. John's. In one instance an immense flock of the *Exoceti* were above water at the same time. As their bright scales and fins shimmered under the sunlight, it looked as if the air was filled with fragments of broken glass. It is said that their flights are more frequent during the season of spawning.

Another interesting spectacle afforded us was the black scissor-bills (*Rynchops nigra*), engaged in their piscatory pursuits. It is well known that these birds have beaks with the upper mandible much longer than the lower. Cuvier has made a mistake in describing the bill as compressed; it is not so; the superior mandible has a deep gutter, or groove, into which the sharp knife-like edge of the inferior exactly fits.

The scissor-bill skims the sea, beak agape. In this way it picks up small fishes, or mollusks, that swim near the surface. To prevent the water from entering the bird's throat, nature has provided it with a gullet of the smallest dimensions. Fishing after this fashion, its diet would seem precarious; and the wonder is, how the scissor-bills keep, as they are always found, in good condition. An explanation offered is, that they frequent the seashore on the outgoing of the tide, and there finding shell-fish that have opened their valves to the sun, they insert the longer mandible of their beaks, so as to prevent the bivalves from shutting up again, then raising the latter aloft, and striking them down upon a stone, they shatter the shells and afterwards devour their contents. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the scissor-bills are seen ranged along the strand, close to the water's edge, at each outgoing of the tide.

A LIGHTHOUSE ROMANCE.

For some reason, unknown to me, our steamer had departed from its usual track in sighting Amelia Island. Perhaps it was the fine weather, making it safe enough to keep in shore, or some caprice of our skipper. Otherwise, on leaving the Savannah river we should have stood out to sea—not to sight land again until approaching the estuary of the St. John's.

We saw this land, the day after leaving Savannah—the same low-lying coast of sand-dune formation, with a spare vegetation but partially covering the drift. Another of the sea-islands, named “Talbot,” forms the northern lip of the embouchure of the St. John's. It is a sterile spot, little else growing upon it save a species of phloxwort (*Æglochoa*), that even goats will not eat.

As the main mouth of the river has a bar too shallow for the Savannah steamers, they are compelled to make entrance by a narrower arm, that opens into the sea farther south. Entering through this, you observe a lighthouse on the left, placed upon a projecting spit or islet, and known as the

"Hazard" Light. The name is taken from a small settlement on the mainland. The lighthouse is a quadrangular tower, sixty-five feet in height, topped by the usual cage and canopy.

A man named Brandt, an old sergeant of marines, had a fair daughter, called Fanny. Her father, being stationed at one of the U.S. naval arsenals, Fanny became a great favourite with captains, lieutenants, midshipsmen—in short, with officers of every rank and grade. Even commodores were not above paying court to Fanny Brandt.

It ended in a young officer of the irresistible sort compromising her character—at least, so rumour said, and so feared her father.

To the old sergeant the thing was not only a scandal, but a terrible chagrin; and all at once he disappeared from the arsenal, taking his daughter along with him. Save a confidential friend or two, no one knew where they had gone, or what had become of them; and in time the employés of the arsenal ceased to talk of them.

But, simultaneous with their departure, or very shortly after it, a new keeper was appointed to the Hazard Lighthouse, at the mouth of the river St. John's. This man had an only daughter, who entered the lighthouse along with him—not willingly, it may be presumed. Had she known what was in store for her, she would have made protest before submitting to such a fate. To end the mystery, it was the *ci-devant* sergeant of marines and his fair daughter Fanny who became tenants of the sea-washed tower. An old faithful servant of the Government, he had easily got appointed to the post, by a favourable chance just then vacant. He had been transported to the place—Fanny, *penates*, and all—by an old comrade, who commanded the revenue cutter upon the Florida coast, and who was acquainted with his secret.

When the cutter's boat returned aboard, after "dumping" the new lighthouse-keeper and his daughter on the steps of their

sea-surrounded tenement, they were left alone; their only companion being a negro, named Peter, whose duty it was to trim the lamps, and otherwise act as lighthouse attendant. The ex-sergeant of marines had determined that his erring daughter should have a long spell of repentance; and, as the tale goes, to this she was actually treated.

For months was she kept immured in the wave-washed tower, without seeing a soul except her own father, and the sable-skinned Peter—a very gruff of an old negro. When these two left the lighthouse, either to go fishing, or get provisions from the village on the mainland, they, of course, took the lighthouse boat along with them. At other times it was hauled up on davits, beyond reach of the tidal wash. Fanny was, in fact, a prisoner, as securely kept as if Bluebeard had been her gaoler. The only pastime the poor girl was allowed during her protracted captivity, was reading some newspaper, which her father received through the post, and cultivating a few plants in pots—*convulvi* and other creepers, the seeds of which old Peter had conveyed to her from the mainland.

It would spoil this pretty tale, were we not to give it an appropriate ending. Fortunately, the facts enable us to do this; and to say that the dénouement of Fanny Brandt's love-affair was in keeping with the other chapters of the story.

What actually did occur was, that the crime, for which she had done such bitter penance, was in due time condoned, the young officer making her his bride, with full consent of the old sergeant.

While listening to this little romance, absorbed in its interest, I took no note of what was passing beside me. Freed from the romantic spell, and once more recalled to reality, I looked up.

The steamer had crossed the bar, and was cleaving the chocolate-coloured waters of the St. John's.

The "Land of Flowers" was around me!

The Newly-conquered Russian Province of Dzungaria.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

THE country over which the Russian eagle has quite recently succeeded in spreading its ominous wings is so little known, that it will be serving the British public to give a brief account of it in the widely-circulated ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS. Such a description, from a geographical as well as from an ethnographical point of view, cannot be complete, but shall be, as far as I am able, accurate.

Dzungaria, in the north-west corner of the Chinese Empire, as it existed before recent changes, extends to the north of Eastern Turkestan, and to the east of the Russian frontier in the Alatau Mountains, from 42° to nearly 48° N. latitude. Notwithstanding its hilly features, it is favourable to agriculture, owing partly to the fat loamy soil, partly to the facility of irrigation provided by the Ili river, as well as by its affluents, which, pouring down from the north, swell the river itself, and irrigate the country in all directions.

Dr. W. Radloff, a distinguished German philologist, who was the first European who visited this part of the world, in

1862, names among the other affluents the Kash, whose course is mostly over rocky and rugged soil; the Pilitchy, which pours into the Ili, near the capital town of Kuldja; the Iklík, the Korgas, and finally, or the most westerly, the Ussug. Considering that between these various rivers there are minor rivulets, and the southern banks of the Ili are also more or less well irrigated, we may sum up by saying that the soil of Dzungaria, not inferior to the plains of Eastern Turkestan, belongs to the most fertile spots of Asia. Nor is the climate a despicable one. The winter is less severe than on the adjacent plains of Southern Siberia. It lasts only for about three months, and the lowest point reached by the thermometer is 24° below freezing. The summer is sometimes very sultry; the thermometer rises from 113° to 117½° Fahr. in the shade; so that the climatal conditions of the country may be called generally healthy, and malaria and other diseases met with in Chinese towns are but very seldom experienced.

The population amounts to something more than a million,

and consists (1) of Kalmucks and (2) of Tartars. The former, estimated by Dr. Radloff at from 18,000 to 20,000 men, are according to my information nearly twice as many. They are the aborigines of the country, and "Dzungaria" means in their language *the left arm*, in designation of their forming the western branch of the Mongols, while the eastern is generally called the right arm. And at the time when the

air, to be soaked by rain and frozen by cold, than to take shelter under the tent of a Kalmuck." But this opinion was that of a Mohammedan, who by principle of faith will always be a declared enemy of the Buddhist Kalmuck—who, on his part, is not less fanatic than his Moslem countryman. They have two temples—one on the river Takas and another on the right bank of the river Ili, which latter is the winter residence of



CAMEL OF A TARTAR EMIGRANT.

Chinese Emperor Kien-Lung broke the formerly mighty power of the Kalmucks, a great part of them emigrated to the west and north-west; but twenty years ago they returned to their former habitations, and girdle, so to say, with their camps and cattle, the valley of Dzungaria. In the south we meet the Durgow, Arban, and Durbun hordes; whilst in the north the Khorun tribe is to be met with. As far as regards their nomadic occupation and life, they differ but little from their neighbours the Kara-Kirghiz and the Kasak, except by their more striking feature of uncleanness and poverty. I often heard one of my fellow-travellers say, "Better to spend a night in the open

their high priest, known under the title Kham Da Lama, who is generally accompanied by a large suite of priests, who teach the people to read and write—a circumstance which is not the case with the Mohammedan priests roaming over the steppes. It is to this winter residence that the wealthier people used to resort during the cold season, where are also to be found the Buddhist pilgrims, and a good many Chinese merchants who offer sundry wares to sell; so that their dreary life becomes, for a time, much animated.

Formerly they were governed by Manchu officers sent from Peking, but since 1864, when they threw off the yoke of the

"Flowery Empire of the Middle," they stand under their own Yaisang (chief of the tribe), to whom they pay, as annual tribute, a certain number of sheep and camels, and are obliged to serve in time of war.

The Tartar population, otherwise called "Tarandji" (Ploughers), are mostly, as their name indicates, an agricultural people, and are the offspring of those Tartars whom the Chinese Government banished hither, in consequence of their revolutionary movements, instigated and led by fanatic Khodjas (*soi-disant* descendants of the Prophet) from Khokand. Dr. Radloff, the above-mentioned German philologist, estimates

In their physical features, the Tarandjis differ but little from the northern inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan. I say northern on purpose, as the southern population bears too frequently the mark of intermixture with the Mohammedans of Khokand, of Kashmir, and of Northern India. They are a stout, well-built people, adapted to all hardships of life, and proof against all inclemencies of weather. Their broad forehead, protruding cheek-bone, small eyes, and thin lips are not very attractive to Europeans, whose eyes are accustomed only to Iranian or to Semitic features. The Tarandji is a plain-looking man, but not without qualities which raise him far



CHINESE IMPERIAL ROAD, DZUNGARIA.

their total number at from 7,000 to 8,000 families, each of which received from the Government a certain portion of arable country, and had to pay for it annually thirty-two *kho* (a Chinese hundredweight) of different cereals; a quantity which was doubled in time of war, when the poor Tarandji was compelled besides to serve also with his cattle. Notwithstanding these heavy oppressions, we are told that the Tartars were generally the wealthiest inhabitants of Dzungaria—which may be principally attributed to the extraordinary care they bestow on their fields and irrigation channels, as well as to the patience and perseverance which characterise all the inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan. The Tartar settlements are to be met with on the other side of the river Ili, where their villages are scattered on the banks of the Kash, and other affluents of the river Ili, as well as on the irrigation channels, which by their industry are spread over the country.

above his Chinese and Kalmuck countrymen. Of his assiduity we have already spoken; we may add his intense and true religious feelings, his love for family life, and above all, his poetical propensities. On my journey from Khiva to Bokhara, I happened to be several days in the company of one of these Tarandjis, who, animated by the desire of pilgrimage, undertook the troublesome journey from the banks of the Ili to the distant tomb of Mahomet. What dreary deserts, what rapacious and cruel populations had he not to pass, in order to attain his aim! Twice he was robbed on his way. He lived on alms, and succeeded in providing himself with the necessary funds for the journey across Persia and Arabia, where pilgrims have no prospect of charitable aid. He had been twice robbed, as I have stated, and was then in fear of further pillage at the hands of the avaricious Turkomans. Still the good man was happy and serene, when thinking of the holy service he was

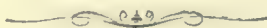
performing; and the glittering tears in his eyes while speaking of his family used to impress me deeply. To his dwelling so much on family souvenirs I owe the sight of an interesting letter, written by his wife, which was interesting as showing (1) that Mohammedan ladies in that distant part of the Moslem world are able to write; and (2) that their style is not less soft and flowery than the epistolary compositions of the much-renowned ladies of Western Asia.

As far as regards personal valour, the Tarandji may be described, in company with his brothers in Eastern Turkestan, as the most timid and feeble of the Mohammedans of Asia—which is mainly to be ascribed to the long and hard servitude under Chinese rule: and had it not been for his Chinese co-religionists in Yunan, he would still be suffering under the oppression of his Buddhist masters. In 1864, as the reader may be aware, a certain religious movement began in Tali-Fu, the capital of the aforesaid Chinese province, in order to overthrow the Peking Government, and to institute a new Mohammedan rule. This, as we know, succeeded. The revolution spread still further over the provinces Kan-Su and Shan-Si, finding its way to Dzungaria, and affecting at the same time the southern slopes of the Thian-Shan mountains. By occasional reports from the last-named countries—partly, also, by English travellers who have since visited Khoten, Yarkand, and Kashgar—we know that the country of the *six towns*, as the Mohammedans used to call Eastern Turkestan, still clings firmly to her independence, and is ruled by Jakooob Kushbegi, who was wise enough to enter into friendly relations with the Anglo-Indian Government—nay, to ask the good advice of the Viceroy, in order to make his people happy. We have further learned that beyond the mountains of Eastern Turkestan—namely, in the Ili district, or Dzungaria, the government rested in three different hands: (1) The Kalmucks, who retired in the beginning of the revolution beyond the mountains, have since returned to their pasturing-grounds on the banks of the Ili. They are ruled by an elderly woman, whose hair hangs in long tresses down her back, which are so heavily laden with golden coins and other precious ornaments, that they have to be supported by two men as she walks. Being cut off from their co-religionists, and continually exposed to the hatred of the Mohammedans, these Kalmucks, we are told, eagerly looked for Russian protection, and had free access to Fort Vernooë, the most easterly outpost of the Russians. (2) The Tarandjis, who are united under the leadership of a Khodja, and entertain friendly relations with Jakooob Kushbegi,

upon whom they look as their protector against all evils. (3) The Dzungans, or Mohammedan Chinese, whose prince resides at Urumtsi, and who have been always in continual enmity with all their neighbours.

So matters stood until the last year, when the Tarandjis from Kuldja came into collision with Russians in consequence of the protection they afforded to a party of Kirghiz who committed some outrage on Russian officers, and tried to escape Muscovite punishment by retiring to the territory of Dzungaria. General Kolpakovsky, the commanding officer on the Issik-Kul, summoned at once the Kuldja authorities to send back the fugitive Kirghiz, threatening at the same time that the refusal of the demand would involve the wrath of the Czar, or the *White Khan*, as the Tartars call him. Havil-Oglan, as the military chief in Kuldja is called—and not Abel-Oglan, as the Russian reports erroneously state—gave an evasive answer, the consequence of which was that the Russians passed, in the beginning of May, with several detachments of troops, the river Borokhudsir, which forms the frontier between the two countries. After numberless battles, in which several hundreds of Tartars were slain by the fire of the needle-guns, the total loss of the Russians amounting scarcely to fifty men, the Russians succeeded in entering Kuldja, the capital of Dzungaria, where a considerable booty was taken: 359 heavy guns, 57 field guns, 13 falconets, 2 mortars, 1,681 match-lock rifles, 675 lances, &c., fell into their hands.

Kuldja is situated on the right bank of the Ili. The chief street is the bazaar, where, in former times, Chinese merchants had their magazines, when the trade in silk stuffs, printed calicoes, chintzes, and other wares imported from China, Eastern Turkestan, and Khokand was considerable. Dr. Radloff, speaking of the bazaar, says:—"A wild confusion reigns. Merchants invite customers by praising with loud voice their wares; hundreds of ambulating traders offer meat, fruits, and drugs for sale, deafening the visitor by their cries." Add to this the motley crowds of officers, soldiers, rich private men, Kalmucks, Tartars, half-naked beggars, and old matrons clothed in rags, but not without fine roses in the neatly-dressed hair—and you will have some idea of the public life in Kuldja. By the new political arrangements, Semipalatinsk will probably gain great commercial importance, and will very likely become the great emporium of a new route of trade from the north-western provinces of China to Europe, especially to Russia.



Mauch's Journey on the Vaal River in Southern Africa.

If we turn to a map of South Africa, we observe that Cape Colony is bounded on the north by a great river with numerous tributaries, which runs nearly across the continent from east to west, and is called the Orange River. The great Kalahari Desert occupies the centre of the continent, north of the Orange River, while to the east, the principal states north of Cape Colony are Caffraria and Natal on the coast, bounded to the west by the mountains in which the Orange River rises; then Basuto-land, enclosed on three sides by the different states just mentioned, and on the north-west bounded by one of the

main head-waters of the river. In the angle between the Orange River on the south, and the Vaal River or Gariep on the north, which is one of its largest tributaries, lies the Orange River Free State; and north of the Vaal River again, the Trans-Vaal Republic. It is in the western part of these latter territories, along the course of the Vaal River, that so many diamonds have recently been discovered.

The great Kalahari Desert has long been encroaching on the more fertile country to the east, which is attributable, in Dr. Livingstone's opinion, to the gradual upheaval of the land

and to the consequent drainage of the great lakes which formerly occupied this part of Africa. But Mr. James Fox Wilson, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society in 1865, argues that the diminution of water and fertility is owing partly to the arid character of the country itself, and partly to the pernicious custom of the natives, who burn and destroy the vegetation which alone could mitigate it.

On the east coast lies a fertile zone, well supplied with rain by the prevailing north-east winds from the Indian Ocean; but after passing over the mountains, the clouds have already parted with much of their moisture; and as they continue their course over more and more barren districts, with little vegetation to check evaporation from the heated ground, rain becomes more and more rare till we arrive at the desert, where rain never occurs except when casually and very locally distributed by terrific thunderstorms.

The discovery of diamonds in abundance along the Vaal River has rendered a knowledge of the upper waters of the Orange River, and especially the Vaal River, not merely interesting, but of great practical importance, as all the necessities of life must be procured for the Diamond District either from the more fertile country to the east, or from Cape Colony; and the latter route is considerably longer, and would be much the more difficult, if the Vaal River could be rendered navigable. Influenced by the foregoing considerations, Karl Mauch, a German explorer who happened to be staying at Potchefstroom, the capital of the Trans-Vaal Republic, in December, 1870, undertook to descend the Vaal River as far as Hebron (a town in the Diamond District), a distance of about 350 English miles. Potchefstroom is situated on the Mooi River, a small and unnavigable stream which falls into the Vaal on the north bank, a few miles below the town.

The only vessel Mauch could procure was a crazy flat-bottomed boat, which leaked so much as to require constant baling out to keep it afloat at all.

On the 16th of December, 1870, Mauch started on his voyage of discovery in this wretched boat, from the mouth of the Mooi River, a point where the Vaal is about 200 paces broad. Next day his difficulties commenced. The river was divided into narrow channels by numerous islands overgrown with willows, the current running six knots an hour; and this obstacle was followed by a rapid, formed by great masses of rock standing up in all directions. It was impossible to steer, and Mauch was obliged to keep his balance standing, expecting the boat to strike every moment. It did strike once, fortunately against a willow-stump half concealed by the water, instead of a rock; and a sudden spring to the other end of the boat saved the traveller from being thrown overboard. Next day he had some difficulty in escaping from a sort of whirlpool, formed, he supposes, by the precipitous limestone of the south bank of the stream being hollowed out by subterranean streams. The water was covered with scum, and a number of fish, called "barbs" in the neighbourhood, were sporting about in it.

For eighty miles above the town of Bloemhof, Mauch was much impeded by contrary winds; the river being here very broad and the current very slow, he could make no progress in the daytime, and was obliged to endeavour to catch the light breeze in the early morning hours with his large umbrella, to continue his voyage at all.

A little below this place, the river again divided into so

many small channels, that Mauch was obliged to lever his boat over the boulders and rushes with his rudder.

The last twenty-five miles of the voyage were one continual succession of rapids and waterfalls; and three miles above Hebron, Mauch encountered a cataract twenty feet high and forty feet broad at the base. Tying the rope round his wrist, he endeavoured to guide the boat by leaping from rock to rock, but he lost his footing on the wet and slippery stones, and was dragged along with the boat, and rather badly bruised. This adventure terminated his voyage, which had lasted for three weeks and two days.

In spite of the numerous obstacles which impede the navigation of the Vaal River, Mauch considers that it could easily be rendered navigable for the whole distance which he traversed at a comparatively moderate expense.

Although the river flows through a barren undulating country, the river scenery itself is very pretty. An almost continuous succession of willows (*Salix gariensis*) fringe both banks, letting their slender, waving branches play in the water, the light green of their foliage forming a pleasing contrast to the darker green rhus and acacia bushes standing behind them, higher on the bank. The rays of the setting sun sparkling on the water lend a peculiar charm to the scene.

The boat continually drives out birds of various kinds from their places of concealment; now it is a family of wild geese which rush out into the stream from under the willows, or a pair of wild ducks; next a flock of guinea-fowls run from the bushes to a more open place. Sometimes a covey of partridges fly away over the bushes, or a family of owls (*Bubo Verreauxii*) disturbed from their place of concealment, fly a short distance, and presently plunge again into the thickest shade of the bushes. On the dead willows overhanging the water sit dark-coloured cormorants, stretching their necks stiffly out and looking down. Sometimes a great grey Caffrarian crane will fly on before the boat for a short distance, and on its nearer approach fly a little further, and allow himself to be thus disturbed for several hours together. At a greater distance a pair of ospreys are sitting on a willow stump, preening their snow-white plumage, and kingfishers are diving after fish in their usual manner.

At some places, well-fed cows are cropping the tenderest grass under the bushes on the banks, and nimble goats nibble the ends of the twigs; while the little herd-boys try to hide themselves in the bushes, or run to carry the news of an approaching boat to their father, who generally appears on the bank attended by his numerous family, to question the traveller about his journey and destination.

A little further on, the scenery is less agreeable, where the river flows between high crumbling sandstone cliffs. Here baboons climb up the steep rocks, and brown sand-martins, which build under the overhanging banks, are continually flying up and down. The small black-faced monkey so common on the Limpopo, and the much-hunted reed-buck, are but rarely met with on the Vaal River.

Motion and life are thus everywhere present, and tend to dispel the inevitable feeling of loneliness which besets a solitary traveller; but, as Mauch well observes, "where the river has a rapid fall, and presents a constant succession of cataracts, rocky banks, and steep cliffs, all attention must be concentrated on these, and the traveller must cease to observe the 'struggle for existence' among other creatures, and confine himself to his own struggle with the elements."

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.

BY Ulick Ralph Burke.

INTRODUCTORY—LONDON TO MADRID—MADRID.

IN the latter end of the month of August, 1871, I found myself with my wife at Madrid. It would be idle nowadays to give any account of how we got there. A capital express

night. When in the country parts, the ever-watchful bandit picturesquely attired, with coloured ribbons tied round his calves, carries you off to his lair in the mountains; or in the town a casual passer-by, jealous of a glance you may have



PEASANTS IN THE VINEYARDS OF VAL DE PENAS.

train whirled you from Paris to the centre of Spain in less than thirty-six hours, with plenty of stoppages for refreshment by the way. Of course all our friends were very much shocked at our visiting the Peninsula in August. Conventionally, every one knows it is a mistake to go to Spain at all. You are starved, as a matter of course; you are eaten up with vermin of every description; and even should you travel with a few cans of preserved meat and biscuits, and a keg of insect-destroying powder, it is simply impossible to find any means of conveyance. Such is conventional Spain at all times and seasons—but in August! It is impossible to have your room protected by closed shutters except at

cast at his *querida*, sticks two or three feet of an Albacete knife into your back.

However, we determined to brave all these dangers and discomforts. So, after a few days' stay at Paris and Bordeaux, a dip into the soft, warm sea water at San Sebastian, and a peep at the archives of Spain in the dreary old castle of Simancas, near Valladolid, we found ourselves, as I have said, towards the end of August, in that extraordinary compound of an old Spanish and a new French town—in that strange, dull, out-of-the-way collection of civilisation and barbarism, where the nineteenth century is at home with the seventeenth—which is called Madrid. The traveller who arrives by rail



AN ACCIDENT.

is struck at once, and most forcibly, that he has not come to an ordinary European capital. The wretched shed which serves as a terminus to the Great Northern Railway of Spain; the strange omnibus-diligences, with long teams of horses or mules, which are awaiting the arrival of the train; and the noisy throng, good-humoured though rude, whose strange and picturesque costumes enliven the dreary streets, all convince the stranger that he has at last really got away from London, or Paris, or Vienna, or wherever he may happen to come from. There are two or three very good hotels in Madrid, but we had an introduction to a *casa de huéspedes*, Anglicised into that dreadful word "boarding-house;" so we jumped into one of those exceedingly nicely turned-out little broughams which ply in the streets of Madrid, and drove away. These little carriages, by the way, are among the most civilised things in Madrid. They only hold two, but they are clean and smart, something like the *voitures de remise* in Paris. The fares are very low, about a franc the course, and two francs the hour, *pourboire* included. They are all fitted with a little clock, the dial of which is placed in front of the passengers. As soon as a carriage is engaged, the driver immediately puts down an iron flag, on which *se alquila* ("for hire") is inscribed, which sets this clock going, the hands of which point to twelve o'clock as zero, so that not only is there no possibility of a dispute at the end of the drive as to the length of the hiring, but the passengers are able at all times to see "how the time is going." In some instances a second dial in the clock, telling the correct time, is placed side by side with this "indicator."

SPANISH MONEY.

Madrid has been so often described that I will not enter into any details of our stay there. Suffice it to say that the weather was rather cold and occasionally rainy, that the pictures were as beautiful, and the *Puerta del Sol* as animated as ever, though, indeed, August is as much the dead season in Madrid as it is in London, if it be not absurd to compare two such places. There is one subject, however, upon which a few words had better be said before leaving Madrid, and that is the money. The original mode of counting Spanish money was in *reals*, or royals, a real being worth about 2½d. of our money; there were also two and four real pieces, which were worth respectively a trifle over the half-franc and the franc piece of France, and various other coins, both silver and gold, up to the *onza*, worth about £3 15s. sterling. Between three and four years ago, however, Isabel II., or her finance minister, introduced a new coin as the unit of value, the *escudo*, or crown, worth ten reals. The old dollar (or *duro*) of twenty reals was called a two-escudo piece, and half and quarter escudo pieces were coined, unpleasantly like the old eight real and four real pieces. The escudo system was a decimal one, and small sums were computed in so many hundredths or thousandths of an escudo. At the revolution, again, an entirely new system, also decimal, was introduced, on the model of the French, and the piece which before was inscribed four reals, or 40-100ths of an escudo, was christened a *peseta*. At the present day all these systems are in force, and coin of every conceivable value and bearing every possible inscription are current; consequently, in every payment you make each coin is examined with the greatest suspicion, and often bitten and scratched,

and otherwise tested, in a way very hurtful to your *amour-propre*. By way of helping matters, French five-franc pieces are legally current, being worth nineteen reals. Into the copper coinage we will not even attempt to enter, for four or five different systems, each with coins similar in size and appearance but differing widely in value, prevail. We will take care, therefore, in the present narrative, never to allude to a less sum than a real.

The best way of taking out money from England is in bankers' circular notes, which may usually be changed at from ninety-four to ninety-five reals for each pound sterling. Those who enter Spain after any stay in France had better change their French money at San Sebastian, where they will get ninety-six reals for the twenty-franc piece. It is difficult to get so much, or indeed to change foreign gold at all, in the south of Spain.

PREPARATIONS FOR STARTING—VAL DE PENAS.

Before leaving England we had provided ourselves with a pair of saddle-bags, somewhat larger than the ordinary Spanish *alforjas*, and into them we stuffed a few changes of linen, a sketch-book, a revolver, a few bottles of medicine, and two or three books, and took our places about six o'clock one morning in the Cordova train, which was to take us as far as Mengibar on our way to Granada. There were only two first-class passengers in the train, and they were a Spanish lady and gentleman with a tame or, rather, wild sheep, whose determined objection to get into a dog-box, or even to walk along the platform in the same direction as his master and mistress, was a source of considerable amusement to the assembled passengers. One of the most striking points in the Spanish character is their fondness for laughing at everything that may not be exactly *regular*, or what they are accustomed to, while they have an almost childish dread of ridicule themselves. After the usual Spanish delays, at the last minute our train started, and wound its slow and tortuous course through the hilly country near Madrid. The view of the capital at sunrise from this railroad is about the best that can be obtained. This strange city, standing in the midst of the mountains, surrounded with walls, and absolutely without suburbs, as the surrounding country is absolutely without trees, shows a different face, as each bend of the road brings its huge palaces and barracks into view, and is only lost to sight when the grove of Aranjuez, an oasis in this Castilian desert, relieves for a moment the monotonous barrenness of the scenery.

After passing the mountains of Toledo, the rail enters upon a very flat country, which is for the most part entirely uncultivated, and grazed by sheep or swine, who must have hard work enough to get a living off those stony plains, whose vegetation probably contributes more to sinew than to fat. Not far from Manzanares, however, we saw most flourishing vineyards on either side of the railroad, and were informed by one of our fellow-passengers, as a matter of some curiosity, that the land had been taken and reclaimed by a French gentleman, who had come with his son to reside on his estate. The land had been five years ago exactly in a similar condition to the stony plains by which it was surrounded; but, as my friend informed me, no Spaniard would ever have enterprise or capital enough to attempt to reclaim any of this land. So we passed on, with a shrug of the shoulders,

and the land lies there waiting for the foreigner to develop its undoubted fertility. The Rhine wine grape has been planted on part of the reclaimed land, and is said to thrive wonderfully. On reaching Val de Peñas ("valley of rocks"), however, we have entered a country in which the Burgundy grape has for some time been extensively cultivated, and whose produce is the wine so universally esteemed throughout Spain under the name of Val de Peñas. The engraving on page 12 represents a scene in the vintage, when the fresh-plucked grapes are being carried to the winepress. As soon as the wine is made it is stored away in huge *tinajas*, or earthenware jars of a pale yellow colour. I should be thought guilty of exaggeration were I to give my own estimate of the size of these *tinajas*, but for the guidance of others I may say that not more than one can be placed upon a large open railway truck.

It may be remarked *en passant* that it is extremely difficult to get Val de Peñas wine pure, except at the place where it is made—nor indeed always there. In the time before railways and casks, this impurity was always accounted for by the fact that the wine acquired something of the taste of the skins in which it was carried, and it was also suggested that the muleteers, not being by any means bad judges of wine, preferred drawing upon their cargo than upon their private *botes* or *botellas* during the journey, making up the deficit before arriving at their destination, by filling up the skins with inferior wine and water. The railways, by introducing casks and the means of transporting them, have no doubt done away with the former of these reasons; but as to the latter, we imagine the wine merchants have kept up the old traditions, and followed the course which was formerly pursued by the muleteers with an unvarying constancy which leaves nothing to be desired. Pure Val de Peñas wine is said to be exceedingly good, but, in spite of all our endeavours, I was unable to taste any. The best "mixtures" that are to be had vary from one to three pesetas a bottle.

After leaving Val de Peñas, which is rather a dreary town, with a bad inn, we had a few hours' taste of La Mancha scenery; and, certainly, if anything could make one better appreciate the power of Cervantes' genius, it would be that he has been able to invest such a perfectly dreary and uninteresting wilderness with the interest with which every educated man regards La Mancha—at least, from a distance. At length, and happily before dusk, we entered upon the magnificent scenery of the Sierra Morena.

SIERRA MORENA—ROAD TO JAEN.

The pass of the Despeñaperros, viewed from the railway, is grand in the extreme; altogether, the scenery struck us as being finer than that of the justly celebrated passage of the Pyrenees between San Sebastian and Vittoria, and the old diligence road, as it winds through the defiles, is continually coming in sight, as the train continues its more direct course. More than once we wished that it were possible to perform just that part of the journey by diligence. A friend of ours who had been by road before the opening of the railway, as well as since, afterwards told me that the old drive was incomparably more magnificent, though you might be exposed to accidents similar to that which M. Doré has conceived, in the accompanying spirited sketch, which gives a good idea of some of the scenery of this part of the Sierra Morena.

Two or three of the stations bear names associated with Don Quixote; but night came on apace, and passing by the intermediate stations in rather a gaping condition, we were very glad when the train—not more than an hour and a half late—stopped at Mengibar. It was just ten o'clock, the night was clear, but decidedly cold, and we were glad of those warm wraps for which we had so often to be thankful during our tour, and without which I recommend no one to travel in Spain at any season of the year. The station at Mengibar was, of course, only a shed; all side stations in Spain are the same, and there was no light, save that of the stars and the mayoral's lantern, by which we saw or made our way into the *cupé* of the diligence which was to take us on that night to Jaen. Some travelling acquaintances who were going on to Granada pressed us to accompany them to the end, but in an evil hour I refused. My wife was tired, and we had heard that Jaen was an interesting place, so we duly inscribed ourselves as passengers to Jaen, and after a vast amount of writing by the aid of the solitary lantern, we were handed a "ticket" about the size of a weekly newspaper. A lamp and a great many cigars were lighted on the box of the diligence; and, after a little preliminary shouting, a terrific shock, which felt as if the entire vehicle was coming to pieces, announced that we were off. By the weird and fitful light of our coach-lantern, I could distinguish ten horses, stretching out two-and-two in a long line before us, and far, far away in the distance a spectral figure was seen in the darkness above the leading horse, whose wild cries and the sparks which fell from his cigar inspired us with a sort of awe, which in other countries and under other circumstances is rarely felt for a postillion. But however interesting or novel Spanish diligence travelling may have been to us, it will not be so to the reader of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS for the year 1869, where this subject along with many others is treated with great spirit, and with a fidelity to nature to which I have great pleasure in bearing witness. It will be enough for me, therefore, to conclude this paragraph by saying that we arrived safely at Jaen about one o'clock a.m.; and a very few minutes after we were sleeping profoundly on comfortable iron beds in the *Fonda de Europa*.

JAEN—DIFFICULTIES OF GETTING AWAY.

We awoke the next morning quite rested, and paid a visit to the cathedral, which is the great sight of Jaen. It is indeed a noble pile of Græco-Roman architecture, simple and imposing in the interior, while the singularly elegant and harmonious arrangement of the whole renders it, as seen from the outside, as graceful as it is massive. The town appeared very small and deserted, and a ramble through its narrow and tortuous streets discovered no new beauties, nor even objects of local interest in the way of shops; so before returning to breakfast at the *fonda* at eleven o'clock, I thought we might as well go to the diligence office, and take our places for Granada in that night's coach. On arriving at the office, however, the man in authority informed us that places could never be secured at Jaen, only at Mengibar; so we should have to wait until the diligence arrived at half-past eleven p.m., and be in readiness at the office with our equipage, on the chance of there being two places vacant.

In order, however, to be permitted this pleasure and advantage, it was necessary to "inscribe your name" in advance; and as on the occasion in question no less than eight persons

had so qualified themselves, the man in authority strongly but very quietly recommended us to stay in bed. As we were very anxious to get on to Granada, being pressed for time, and being but too well assured that there was nothing to see at Jaen, we spent the day in fruitless endeavours to break our thralldom, and our numerous reverses, unpleasant as they were at the time, gave us a very good insight into certain points of Spanish, or rather, Andalusian life and character; for let it be here remarked, once for all, that the Andalusian bears very little more resemblance to the Castilian, or inhabitant of the northern provinces of Spain, than he does to an Englishman. But to return. Our first proceeding was to inscribe our names, first on the list as it happened, for the next day's diligence, by which we incurred no further liability, and we then set to work vigorously to endeavour to get away that day. Could we have a private carriage? No. Saddle-horses? After much pushing, Yes; but they would take two days to get to Granada, whereas the diligence took but eight hours. We should have had to pay the return journey of the horses and man; and as there was not even a village at which we could sleep, on the desolate road between Jaen and Granada, we hesitated. Was there no other public conveyance but the diligence? Yes; the *galera*, which started every day at

five a.m. The full title of the conveyance was *galera acelerada* (accelerated galera), but on further inquiry we learnt that it took twenty-four hours to perform the stage. Now as the distance from Jaen to Granada is exactly fifty-three and a quarter English miles, our readers can calculate for themselves how much over two miles an hour is the speed of this "accelerated galera." A contemplation of these figures almost made me think of walking to Granada, but, unfortunately, although our luggage was not very heavy, we could not quite carry even our saddle-bags, and we could not manage fifty-three miles at a stretch, so that scheme had to be abandoned.

But something must really be done. Was there no connection with Mengibar? I would willingly pay the excess fare in order to secure seats. Oh yes; there was the return diligence every morning, but that had just passed. I thought

of walking, and should have just had time. The distance was certainly not so great as to Granada—only seventeen miles, but even this would have been a long four hours' work; and suppose there was not a vacant place when I got to Mengibar, I should simply have had to walk back for my pains, in the middle of the night, through one of the wildest countries in Spain. It could not be done. I never felt so utterly powerless in my life, and the extreme calmness and immobility of every one to whom I applied rendered my situation more aggravating.

At length an idea struck me—the telegraph; I had seen the wires along the roadside leading to Mengibar. The thing was done! I marched off to the post-office, wrote out my message—only ten words allowed—to the *administrador* at Mengibar to secure two places of any description. And now to send it off. The telegraph clerk was asleep, and on his being aroused, after much expostulation on my part, by another official, I learnt that although there was a line to Mengibar, the public was not permitted to make use of it! He told me this, not only calmly, but with the air of a man who confers a favour upon you, speaking very slowly, and using many long and noble-sounding words. This final blow crushed me, and the clerk returned to his siesta, and I to my despair, from which I did not recover until



NATIVES OF JAEN.

about thirty-six hours afterwards, when, at half-past eleven p.m., we took our seats upon our saddle-bags in the midst of the *plaza* through which the diligence would pass; and after only two hours' waiting under those interesting circumstances, we heard the horn and the clatter of the approaching team. My heart beats high at the bare recollection of that anxious moment, just before we learnt, to our inexpressible joy, that there were two vacant places in the *cupé*.

We took summary possession of our seats, and stirred not till about eleven o'clock the next morning, when the diligence stopped in the principal square of that city so eagerly looked forward to—the prime object of every visitor to Andalusia, if not indeed to Spain, and in our own case rendered doubly welcome by our late struggles to reach it.

In spite of our wraps, we had been bitterly cold during our

mountain drive, and the knowledge that we were in Andalusia, strange to say, did not in the least tend to keep us warm. The country through which the road passed was one of the most deserted that I have ever seen, and we wondered where the people could be who cultivated the ground, or, at all events, gathered in the produce; for agriculture is not much practised in the south of Spain, where Nature is so bountiful that you can reap almost without the trouble of sowing. However, the only signs that the fifty-three miles of road from Jaen to Granada passed through an inhabited country were to be found in two very small villages, half-a-dozen stations or barracks of the *guardia civil*, and two or three wretched *ventas*. We may take occasion to remark in this place that this *guardia civil*, or country *gendarmerie*, is one of the best institutions in Spain, or, indeed, in any other country. The men are certainly the only officials in the Peninsula who are always at their post—watchful, civil, well armed, mounted, and equipped, and apparently almost ubiquitous. Their exertions, or perhaps only their presence, has rendered brigandage, even in the most mountainous and out-of-the-way parts of Spain, quite a thing of the past.

When we arrived within a few miles of Granada, however, the whole face of the country underwent a striking and most agreeable change. The barren and rocky mountains gave place to more fertile and cultivated fields; and while trees, absolute trees, gave a furnished look to the foreground of the landscape, a broad green valley stretching out in every direction as far as the eye could reach, verdant with vegetation, dotted all over with villages and hamlets, and watered by a thousand streams, proclaimed the long-celebrated *vega* of Granada. Every spot upon which the eye can rest is the scene of some action celebrated in the romantic history of the Moorish dominion in Spain, and the charm of the now "happy valley," is enhanced by the splendid traditions of which it is the scene.

Of all the cities of Spain, the most original, the most strikingly different from other cities of the world, is Granada. Inaccessible, even in these days of universal railways, except by

diligence, the town and the surrounding *vega* seem shut out from the rest of Europe by the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada—snowy even after a Spanish summer, and producing a deliciously cool breeze, to cheer the inhabitants of the valley. But, in spite of all the moral and physical isolation of which Granada may perhaps boast, no one, unless speaking in bitter sarcasm, could call it an essentially Spanish town. Nature, indeed, has richly endowed it, but beyond the blue sky, the green valley, and the ever-varying effects of light and shade on the surrounding mountains, everything that is beautiful and interesting at Granada is a remnant of the old Moorish civilisation. In spite of four centuries of destruction and neglect, enough remains of Moorish magnificence and Moorish taste to render Granada one of the most interesting cities in Europe. But, oh! *quantum mutatus ab illo*, when Mohammed III. held his court in the halls of the Alhambra, when marble fountains played crystal water, and dusky sentinels mounted guard at the gorgeous gateways. The gateways have been disfigured with Spanish additions, the fountains are broken, most of the old Moorish houses have been pulled down, the Generalife has been *whitewashed*, and the Alhambra remains only as a standing miracle of resistance to destruction. Much of it was pulled down by the Spaniards, much blown up by the French; it has been sacked *en gros et en detail*, both by governors and conquerors, and the remainder has been carefully whitewashed by successive generations of Granadese: and yet it remains the Alhambra, and one of the most interesting, if not one of the most beautiful monuments of Moslem magnificence in Europe. It makes the heart sick to contemplate the universal decay of the palace of the Moorish kings. The whitewashed walls are cracked, the mosaic ceilings of the choicest woods are damp and decaying away, the exquisite pictures in one of the rooms are almost obliterated with names scribbled over them, the courts are shorn of their marble pavement, and the fishponds of their marble balustrades, and a few clumsy beams that prop up the tottering arches alone mark the hand of the Spaniard.

An Ascent of the Cofre de Perote, Mexico.

AFTER Orizava, the Cofre de Perote is the most remarkable mountain seen from the Vera Cruz coast-land. The two are in the same chain—the eastern *cordillera* of the Sierra Madre—and almost in the same longitude, their summits towering up nearly thirty miles apart, though their extended bases are connected by the *cordillera* depressed between them.

The peak of Perote is a little below the tropical snow-line, and snow is never seen upon its summit except after a winter shower—then only remaining for a few hours. Like other mountains in this range, its sides are clothed with a verdant mantle of the long-leaved and other species of pines, forming a dense forest, that is continued far up the slope, almost to the summit. Beyond this appears the black porphyritic rock, terminating in that singularly-shaped peak bearing the name of Cofre. Instead of the usual conical or dome shape, the top of Perote is almost a regular parallele-

pipedon, bearing resemblance to a gigantic box or chest. Hence the Spanish name *Cofre*, which it has borne from the time of the conquest. The Indians called, and still call it, *Nauchampa-tepetl*, a word of similar signification.

I had long desired to set my feet upon the lid of this grand porphyritic chest. I had passed it repeatedly on my way to and from the city of Mexico, as the Jalapa and Perote road, running through the "*mal pais*," flanks it on the northern side. Many have made the ascent of Popocatepec and Orizava; but Perote, a mountain as remarkable as either—of perhaps greater interest—seems to have been neglected by mountain-climbers. For this reason, as much as any other, was I desirous of scaling it.

The opportunity had at length arrived. I was on my way from the coast to the upper country, my *compagnons du voyage* being an officer of the Mexican army and a German

botanist, who was making himself acquainted with the flora of Mexico.

Having plenty of time to spare, we did not go direct to Perote. Some remarkable scenery, to the south of the National Road, caused us to diverge from this usual route of travel.

It cost us a week's extra journeying, with much fatigue. We were repaid for it—more especially the botanist—for if there be scenery in the world worth undergoing hardship to see, it is to be found along the eastern slope of the great *cordillera* of Mexico.

After parting from the Gulf coast, the traveller passes over a belt of low-lying land, thickly covered with a purely tropical vegetation. Palms are generally found interspersed among other species of trees; though upon the banks of streams, and like favourable situations, the palm is sometimes seen forming groves or large forest tracts of itself.

This low-lying strip of coast-land is the true *tierra caliente*, and is of a varying width of from twenty to thirty miles.

THE REGION OF THE SAVANNAS.

On the second day of our journey, we began to enter upon the region of the Savannas; where the low coast-lands gradually lose their champaign character, and the country becomes more "rolling;" hill and dale succeeding one another, with now and then sharply-defined bluffs overhanging the water-courses. We are among the far-extended fingers, or rather toes, of the *Sierra Madre*, whose *piedmont*, or "foot hills," are still further on.

The Mexicans give the name *Sierra Madre* to the main mountain chain which traverses the two continents from Tierra del Fuego to its termination in what is now called Alaska, formerly Russian America. In South America, as is well known, it has the double appellation of Andes and Cordillera, while all through the territory belonging to the United States it is the "Rocky Mountains"—the "Stony Mountains" of Lewis and Clarke. In Mexico, as in South America, this grand mountain chain occasionally splits into two, and sometimes three, ramifications, all running on in a general longitudinal trend, with level plains, or *vallés*, between, and again coming together in "knots." These separate *sierras* and their transverse spurs, receive many local names; but geography can have no difficulty in distinguishing the ranges that belong to the *Sierra Madre*, and they are perfectly recognisable by the people who dwell among them.

On entering the region of the savannas the forest became more open. At first appeared glades, and then wide expanses, free of timber, and carpeted with coarse grasses. The trees, too, belonged to different orders of the vegetable kingdom. Mimosas of many kinds predominated; and the increase in the species of *Cactaceæ* and aloes (*Bromeliaceæ*) told that although these plants are tropical in habit, their true home is not the humid and shady forest, but the sun-exposed sides of the ridges.

As we passed along, we saw many of the wild bromelias in full bloom, their tall flower-stalks shooting up like a boat's mast, loaded with lily-like blossoms. These, though closely allied to the *magüey* plant (*Agave Americana*)—in fact, only differing from it in species—are nevertheless quite distinct in many respects. The latter has fewer leaves, though they are much larger, and the whole plant is of far greater size than any

of the wild woodland varieties. The *magüey* is only to be met with on the table-lands of the *tierra templada*, and is a cultivated species. It is rarely seen with the flower-spike rising over it, though travellers often so describe it. To permit the inflorescence would be to its owner a loss of at least a couple of guineas. No *pulque* can be had from the *magüey* that has once bloomed, as the blossom takes all the sap to sustain it.

The bromelias we observed on our journey were uncultivated kinds, of which there are several distinct species. They all produce a fibre from their great succulent leaves, capable of being converted into thread, or cordage, and from which coarse cloth is woven. A spirit resembling whisky, known by the name of *mezcal*, is also distilled from one of the species; and the stem, or rather core of another, by a process of cooking—baking in an underground oven of heated stones—affords a curious kind of sweetmeat, much relished among many Indian tribes, especially some of the Apaches in the north; who, from their habitually eating it, have been termed *Mescaleros*.

The fibre derived from these plants is called *pita*; and a particular species that furnishes it, has been named by botanists *Bromelia pita*. Another species called *ichtli*, or *ixtli* (*Bromelia sylvestris*), furnishes the "Sisal hemp," well known to the commerce of Campeachy. In the southern Mexican provinces this species is cultivated; large tracts being planted under the shade of the tropical forest, without clearing the ground, except of its undergrowth.

AN ABORIGINAL IN DANGER.

As we were not hunting, but on a journey tending to a direct end, we were not thinking of sport. Still, I had my double-barreled piece ready for any emergency; and as our route lay away from any public road, along silent and little trodden forest-paths, a deer or other game might at any moment tempt to the pulling of a trigger.

A shout caused me surprise, as I saw it also did my companions. It was a cry evidently put forth in distress.

Spurring our horses, we galloped towards the spot whence the noise seemed to proceed. There could be no chance to mistake the direction, for the cries were still continued. We had been riding along what in American parlance is called a "river bottom," a plain with a stream winding about between bluffs. Rounding a projection of these, we came in sight of the individual who had made such piteous appeals, and at the same time discovered the cause of his crying out. An Indian was clinging to the branch of a tree, up the trunk of which he was retreating. He had been driven to this asylum by a host of assailants seen upon the ground below. It was a swarm of little quadupeds not much bigger than bull-dogs; but with an aspect of bristling fierceness that collectively rendered them formidable enough.

Neither my companions nor myself were puzzled by what we saw. The Mexican, no doubt many a time, and I more than once, had encountered a drove of wild hogs or *peccaries*—there called *javalí*. It was these that had driven the Indian to the tree.

There are two kinds of these wild swine in the forests of tropical America, the *white-lipped* and *collared*. It was the latter species (*Dicotyles collaris*) that was now before us, besieging the aboriginal. The man, as we afterwards learnt from him, had done something to raise their bile, and set their bristles on end.

It was fortunate for him we arrived in time to effect his rescue, else he might have been compelled to stand a siege of indefinite duration. These little brutes, when incensed, show the most implacable disposition, coupled with true porcine obstinacy, and will remain for many hours by the tree into which their insulter may have retreated.

A volley of shots from my companions and myself, but more the presence of our horses and the noise made by our charging upon them, sent the drove scampering off into the forest, leaving three or four of their number upon the ground, that had been pierced by our bullets.

A MEXICAN VILLAGE "EN FIESTA."

While passing through the savanna region, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of those scenes characteristic of Mexican rural life—a *pueblita*, or village, in full enjoyment of a *día de fiesta*.

As we rode up to the place we saw that there was a crowd there before us—composed of the *rancheros* and *rancheras* for ten miles around, with the people of the *pueblita* itself. The sports had already commenced, the scene being an open tract of savanna or pasture-land outside the village. As we came upon the ground there was a *coleo de toros* in full career. The pastime is a favourite one among the country people in all parts of Mexico. It is a sort of substitute for the bull-fight, where there is no regular *arena* or amphitheatre for the latter sport. A bull is let loose, which a horseman pursuing, seizes by the tail; and, whipping the caudal appendage under his thigh, with a sudden jerk flings the animal to the earth. If the horseman succeed in performing the feat adroitly, he is greeted with cheers; if he fail, or bungle, he receives a salutation of groans and hisses. To gain the popular applause in this national pastime, *rancheros* often risk breaking their necks; for not unfrequently both horse and bull go over together, and the bull getting first upon his feet, turns his horns upon the horseman.

A chapter of horse-taming came after the *coleo de toros*; and in this we witnessed an exhibition of daring and skill far greater than the throwing of a bull. Several colts that had not only never felt the pressure of a saddle, but up to that hour had roamed over the savannas uncaught, were to be bitted and broken upon the spot, so that a lady might afterwards ride them without fear or danger.

I need not describe the conquering process—a cruel one. It has been recounted by scores of travellers on South American *pampa*, and North American prairie. Enough here to say, that in feats of equestrianism the *guacho* of the La Plata plains is in no way superior to the *ranchero* of the Mexican savannas. Indeed, with some trifling exceptions in costume, in which the latter shows superiority, they are the same type of humanity—alike in independence of spirit and fondness for display; alike in their propensity for gambling; in their loves, gallantries, and proneness to quarrelling; both people differing from what may be termed the peasantry of any other part of the world.

To the feats of horse-taming succeeded the *correr el gallo*, or running the cock, another well-known Mexican amusement.

This in turn gave place to real cock-fighting, which, perhaps more than any other, deserves to be termed the national sport of Spanish America; since not only laymen, rich and poor, but clergymen and other ecclesiastics take part in it. It is no uncommon sight to see the parish priest, or *cura* of a

village, leave his church after administering the sacrament, and go direct to the cockpit—there to bet on his own *gallo*, or that of some parishioner! I have myself, more than once, seen the devotee kneeling before the altar, with a fighting-cock scarcely concealed under his *serape*; and on one occasion heard Chanticleer crow in clear loud challenge during the administration of the service! What made the thing more ludicrous to me was, that I was the only one in the whole worshipping congregation who seemed at all astonished at the circumstance. My co-worshippers were evidently accustomed to this vocal "voluntary."

The celebrated Santa Anna, for more than a quarter of a century the intermittent ruler of Mexico, was the most noted of her cock-fighters. He always kept scores of the best game breed in his *basse-cour*, and spent much time in witnessing their sanguinary contests. Fit pastime for this truculent tyrant.

The cock-fighting at length came to an end, ceasing to be attractive. A readier mode of winning or losing money was found in the game of cards called *monté*. In Mexico, old and young, rich and poor, priest and layman, all play *monté*. Go where you may, to public gathering or private *réunion*, you will see the *monté* table laid out, with a cover of green baize, or it may be only a blanket spread upon the ground. Two cards, the queen and knave (*caballo* and *soto*), lie with their faces upward—the bets being made upon one or the other. The pack is then dealt off until another queen or knave turns up, deciding the winner or loser. You will hear the dealer calling out, in long-drawn monotone, such phrases as—"Soto en la puerta!" "*Caballo mozo!*" ("The knave in the door!" "The queen wins!"); and then the croupier pays the stakes of the winner, raking in those of the loser. In Spanish cards there is the figure of a horse upon that representing the queen; hence the substitution of *caballo* for *reina*. The spades are represented by swords—*espadas*; whence undoubtedly, by corruption and misapprehension, our designation of "spades."

"In the plaza or village green were set out several *monté* tables, each with its surrounding of gamblers. A large piece of palm-leaf matting spread upon a frame, and elevated on a post or tripod, screened the table as well as the gamblers from the sun; while the chinking of coin—gold *onzas*, and silver *pesos*, *pesetas*, and *reales*—could be heard, as the cash changed owners, the metallic sound mingling with shouts of joy or exclamations of chagrin, when some player saw his last *peseta* swept from the cloth, and added to the constantly accumulating pile of the banker.

THE REGION OF THE BARRANCAS.

Soon after parting from the jovial assemblage, we began to ascend towards higher and more hilly ground.

The country through which we were now passing presented many diversifying aspects. The plains were occasionally interrupted by abrupt ridges, over which the road was a mere mule-track or bridle-path. At intervals this was intersected by streams of crystal purity, their water being of icy coolness, coming direct from the snows of Orizava. As our horses plunged through, beautiful silver fish could be seen darting off under the spray cast up by their hoofs; while the cerulean wings of the great kingfisher, disturbed from his perch, would be spread over the surface as he flitted off to some safer post of observation.

Although upon the crests of the ridges the vegetation had changed from that of the lower coast-land—being apparently of a less tropical character—this was not true of the whole district of country through which we were journeying. On the banks of the water-courses there was still the same luxuriance of leaf—with plants and trees of those species that characterise the true torrid zone; such as the *pothos*, arums, and wild plantain, with palms and cecropias. The eye never tires gazing upon these graceful members of the Mexican *Sylva*.

One of the peculiarities of this region is its grand chasms, called *cañons* and *barrancas*; though, indeed, these may be observed in almost every district of Mexico, south and north—on the high table plains, as among the foot-hills of the mountains. It is in the *piedmont* of the eastern *cordillera* where they are seen to greatest perfection, and most frequently

of all, or nearly all of them, there is a stream sweeping rapidly on, at times a noisy torrent or a roaring cascade. In the southern section of Mexico, where a tropical climate calls forth vigorous vegetation, the sides of the cañon cliffs, as also their crests, are adorned with many species of plants—some of a peculiar kind, as yuccas, cycas, cactus, fan-palms, and bromelias. These take root in the crevices of the rocks; sometimes standing erect upon the ledges, and sometimes projected horizontally—giving a strange, fantastic character to the landscape.

On the high table-lands, where animal life is less exuberant, as also in the more northern provinces of the Republic, the cliffs enclosing the barrancas are often quite bald and bare of vegetation. They may then be mistaken for walls of mason-work—the rock stratification giving semblance to an artificial



A PALM GROVE IN THE TIERRA CALIENTE.

met with. In this district, travelling longitudinally from north to south, or *vice versa*, you cannot go three miles without finding your way interrupted by one of these grim gorges. As they all tend in a general east and west direction, they are of course transverse to the route of your journey; often impeding it for hours, or, it may be, causing it to deviate for miles. An object is seen not five hundred yards off—a goal you intend to reach. It may be necessary to make a march of many miles—a fatiguing one, *cuesta arriba*, *cuesta abajo* ("up hill and down dale"), before you attain it.

They are frequently narrow clefts, not more than 100 feet wide, with a bare rocky wall rising on both sides to the height of 300 yards. Sometimes they are wider at the top, narrowing downwards, not by a sloping inclination, as with most European valleys, but by perpendicular steps with horizontal ledges between. They are of many different varieties, and due evidently to different geological causes. Some show clearly the traces of neptunic agency, evinced by the horizontal deposits of conglomerate rocks; others are as clearly volcanic; while still others, and perhaps the greatest number of them, are due to disintegration and erosion by water. In the body

origin. The appended illustration will give a very good idea of a cañon of this kind, with a stream sweeping the base of its cliffs as it debouches into the plain.

THE APPROACH TO PEROTE.

After a week spent in journeying through the savannas and foot-hills of the mountains, we made our way back to the National Road, striking it at *San Miguel el Soldado*—a village picturesquely set upon a platform of the mountains, commanding a noble view of the coast-land with the sea in the distance.

We stayed a night in its humble *venta*, our fellow-guests being *arrieros*, who, with a *récu* of pack-mules, loaded with ingots of silver from the mines of Rio del Monte, were on their way to Vera Cruz.

Next morning we continued the ascent of the steep mountain road, passing through La Hoya, and soon after, Las Vigas—two villages that in point of picturesqueness cannot be excelled, if even matched, among the mountains of Switzerland.

In a few hours after leaving Las Vigas we rode into Perote, a town celebrated as the rendezvous of robbers; and justly,

too, as we could tell by the slouched hats, scowling faces, and other indications around us.

We did not much fear them. All three of us were well armed, as were also our attendants; and Don Ruperto Moro—the name of my military travelling companion—sporting a reputation among these gentlemen of the road, which, he assured me, would keep us free of being molested by them. I had reason afterwards to know that he spoke the truth.

Having arrived in Perote, we took immediate steps towards our ascent of the Cofre. Notwithstanding its isolation and

broke, gave promise of being fair, so far as appearances went. But the barometer told a different story—a marked change in the height of the mercury being perceptible from that of the night before. Under such circumstances, little dependence could be placed on it for determining the altitude of the mountain with anything like accuracy.

Above the level of the plain on which Perote stands we estimated it to be between four and five thousand feet. Its sides presented a terribly rugged aspect; but, as there was no snow to encounter, we felt confident of accomplishing the



AN ABORIGINAL IN DANGER.

poverty, in Perote there is a comfortable hotel—the Casa de Diligencias—established and kept by the company that runs the stages between Vera Cruz and the capital.

The landlord was civil; and, becoming acquainted with our intention to climb up to the Cofre, told us of a noted guide, who lived in a little hamlet nearer the foot of the mountain.

In fine, the man was sent for; and soon after made his appearance at the inn. He was a tall, gaunt, wild-looking specimen of humanity, evidently a pure-blooded Indian.

A bargain was struck; and the guide, having given us directions how to reach his *rancheria*, took his departure.

Next morning, before the sun had shone above the horizon, we were on our way to the mountain village where the Indian lived.

True to his word, he was ready on our arrival; and without making much stop, we commenced the ascent. The day, as it

ascended in time to get back to Perote before dark; where our host of the Casa de Diligencias had promised us a repast, to provide which, he declared, he would lay the whole town under contribution. Its cooking, he averred, should be not only worthy of the hotel, but of its distinguished guests.

We were now on foot, having left our horses at the Indian village, by direction of the guide, who, instead of taking the broader path that lay before us, commenced chopping the underbrush to one side of it, sweeping the shrubs with his long *machete*, and acting in a strangely excited manner.

He cut nearly a quarter of a mile in this way, almost as fast as we could follow him, until he came to an open space, disclosing a beaten path between the rocks. This he followed as long as there was a trace of it visible. When it failed, he still pursued his way unflinching, guided by signs visible only to himself.

Muscular, but gaunt almost to emaciation; naked, save a strip of cotton cloth round his loins—he had left his clothes at his hut in the village—his large and deep-sunken eyes glaring wildly about him, or casting on us glances of fierce curiosity, he presented a picture of one in whom few would voluntarily place confidence. As I watched his eccentric behaviour, the thought occurred to me that he did little credit to the judgment of our landlord in selecting him as guide; in fact, his eye betrayed such evident signs of insanity that I lost no time in communicating my suspicions to the German botanist, whom I knew to be also a physician of some skill.

"You are right," replied he; "this little fellow" (referring to an Indian lad who, unbidden, had followed us) "tells me Mateo" (such was the guide's name) "had his skull fractured some years ago by a fall he got in saving the life of a companion. In consequence he occasionally shows symptoms of madness. The boy says it does not last long; and that he is quite harmless, besides being a favourite with every one in his village."

"Pleasant," added Don Ruperto, laughing; "up here among the crags, under the *guidance of a madman!*"

"No fear, señores," broke in the lad; "I know the way well enough. There's no danger; Mateo will guide you all right."

"What made him climb over that dangerous ledge just now, when he could as easily have gone round it?" asked the officer.

"Well, he acts a little wild to-day," replied the boy, "though the weather is fair enough too," he added, casting a glance towards the sky.

"What has the weather got to do with it?" inquired the doctor-botanist.

"Mateo is always flighty when there's a storm brewing, señor. And, if there be thunder and lightning, it makes him much worse."

"Perhaps it was during a storm that he met with the accident?"

"Just so, señor; a terrible storm. I remember the time," continued the young Indian, evidently eager to tell all he knew. "It's four years ago next San Francisco's day. We were all standing at the door, looking up at the lightning as it played over the rocks and through the ravines. Mother began to pray for Mateo and Domingo, who had gone up the mountain in the morning—Domingo is my uncle, señores—and father began to laugh, and said the two were safe enough wherever they were. By-and-by, torrents of water were seen pouring down the slopes and over the precipices, so that there was danger of their being washed over some of them. Then father didn't laugh any more, but said he wished they were back. It was about two hours after, just as we were sitting down to dinner, we heard the people of the village crying out, 'Mateo! Mateo!' and when we ran to the door, what should we see but Domingo carrying Mateo on his shoulders, just as if he was dead. When he brought him into his own house, across the road, we saw that his head was split open. Uncle did not speak a word all the time; but the tears were rolling down his cheeks like rain, for the two were great friends, and always together. As soon as he laid Mateo on the bed, he rushed out for his horse, and was off to Perote for a doctor before any one could speak a word to him. When he brought back the doctor, and Mateo's head was sewed up, he then told us how it

happened. When Mateo and uncle saw the storm was going to be a big one, they made haste down the mountain as fast as they could; but the water came rushing after them so rapidly they were in great danger of being swept from the rocks and dashed to pieces. They got nearly to the bottom in safety; and were making their way across that barranca you see there to the right, señores" (the lad pointed to a deep ravine that cut diagonally down the mountain, and was conspicuous from where we stood). "The barranca had a big stream of water running in it then, though 'tis dry enough now. They were helping one another to cross this, when my uncle's foot slipped, and he was whirled away in a minute. Then Mateo—who was a very strong man, though he is not so strong now—dashed after uncle, and helped him until he caught hold of a rock; but poor Mateo was carried away by the water, and swept over the cataract. They say there was so much water in the ravine that day that it broke his fall, or he would have been broken to pieces among the rocks below. As soon as uncle got safe out of the torrent, he went round to the bottom of the fall, where he found Mateo lying senseless, wedged in between two great stones. He drew him out, and then carried him home on his back all the way to the village. That's why poor Mateo acts as he does," concluded the young Indian; "but he's quite harmless, señores—he never hurts anybody."

This was probably true enough. That he was a favourite was evident from the manner in which he was treated by his people whom we had seen in the village. Every one of them had a kind word and smile for him; and as we halted at the door of his humble dwelling, the look of love and affection with which he greeted the tall Indian girl, his only child—she kissing him fondly as he parted with her—proved that however the fall might have injured his head, it had not impaired the emotions that spring from an affectionate heart.

While talking, we had stopped to rest. The hot weather, as well as the rapid manner in which we had been moving in order to keep up with our guide, had rendered this absolutely necessary.

Mateo did not stop, however, but kept on upward, entirely regardless of our party—bounding from rock to rock, and looking, as the distance increased between us, more like a wild animal than anything human. His guidance was of no more service, and we were obliged to rely on the boy's knowledge of the intricacies of the route. This seemed to raise the young Indian's pride not a little. He was pleased at being invested with so important an office; but young as he was, he proved himself competent to the task.

We were drawing near the immense square-shaped summit that forms the apex of the mountain, when we saw our strange guide at last seeming to await us. He stood poised on a projecting point of rock, gesticulating wildly as ever.

"Ho, ho! Ho, ho!" we could hear him shout as we drew near. "You are coming, are you?—coming up to rob the Cofre de Moctezuma's gold? But the Spirit of the Mountain is awake, and so is his brother the Spirit of the Air. Ha, ha! I see them coming, coming, coming in their black mantles fringed with fire. They will burn the robbers. They will wreak vengeance on them. Ho, ho! Ho, ho! They come! they come—on—on—on!"

His talk became more excited and his gestures more violent as we approached. When we were within a few yards of where he stood, he again rushed off up the steep, with such

recklessness that we expected every moment to see him dashed to pieces.

"Can you not devise some means of pacifying him, doctor?" I asked of the botanist. "He will certainly be killed if something be not done to control him."

"Perhaps the lad can give us some information regarding the manner in which he is treated at such times," replied the doctor. "Say, my little man, when Mateo gets into one of those wild fits, is there any way his friends take to get him out of them?"

"He does not have them often, señor," said the boy. "I never saw him so bad as he is to-day. Lucinda, if she were here, could quiet him in a minute."

"Who is Lucinda?" I asked.

"She is his daughter, señor, and he loves her very dearly, as she loves him. I heard him tell my mother—my mother is Domingo's sister, señor—that Lucinda was an angel sent to him from heaven to comfort him in his affliction. He wasn't out of his mind either when he said it, but was as sensible as any one. Wasn't that queer? She's not an angel, is she, señor?" innocently inquired the young Indian.

"How do you know she's not?" said I, smiling.

"Because she's not dressed out all in gold, like the angels; and she eats and drinks like anybody else. The only time she looks like an angel is when she goes to church on Sunday, dressed up in her fine clothes and ribbons, and kneels at the foot of the cross, and casts her eyes up to Jesus. That she looks like an angel then, señor, there's no denying. She has elegant clothes; better than any one in the village. Every *claco* her father gets, he lays out in rich dresses for Lucinda. But she's not angel for all that, is she, señores?" again asked the lad, as if he were still doubtful.

"Well," replied the doctor, humouring the boy, "if she's good, and loves her father as you say, I don't know but she may be an angel, without being robed in gold. Understand me, my little man," continued he, observing the mystified look of the boy, "I don't mean an angel that has been in heaven, but one that is to go there. And you may be one too, if you will love and obey your father and mother, and be a good boy."

"I'll try to, señor," answered the young Indian, meekly.

The lad's simple narrative naturally excited our sympathies in favour of the poor afflicted Mateo, who, it appeared, owed his misfortune to the generous impulses of his heart. Still, we were at a loss for some plan by which we might hinder him from further injuring himself.

"Follow him," said the doctor to the boy, "and if you get near enough, tell him we want to speak to him. Do you think he will wait for you?"

"He will stay for me, señor; but if he do not return here, you must come to where we are. I will talk to him about Lucinda until you can get up. That will be sure to keep him quiet."

Saying this the young Indian started off, and was soon seen to join the mad guide.

The name of Lucinda evidently had the desired effect, for his shouts were no longer heard; and in a short time we had the satisfaction of seeing the boy take this gaunt, powerful maniac by the hand, and lead him back towards us as if he had been a child. Such is the influence of affection, more potent than aught else, even on those who are "outlaws of human reason."

"I know what you want," cried the maniac, as soon as he caught sight of us—we had been hidden from his view behind a rock, and he did not see us until within a few feet of the spot. "You want the key of the Cofre. I know where it's hid. But it's of no use; the Spirit of the Air will be upon you before you can turn round. Ha, ha! I see him coming, coming, coming!"

The whole of our party had now surrounded him, hemming him in, so that he could not well get away from us.

"Mateo," said the Mexican officer, "you know you undertook to guide us up the mountain of your own free choice; and the money you will get for doing so will buy a great many ribbons and nice things for Lucinda. Now, if you leave us again, you will not get any money; and Lucinda will have to go without her gifts. You would not rob poor Lucinda, would you?"

"Señor!" exclaimed the guide, his countenance suddenly changing from the wild look to one of softness and entreaty.

"Surely," repeated the officer, "you would not rob Lucinda? If you leave us again she will get no ribbons. We have no intention of robbing the Cofre. Do you think Lucinda would have let you guide us up here, if we were going to take Moctezuma's gold?"

"That's true," answered the madman. "I wonder I never thought of that."

"Well, if you promise not to part from us again, you will get for Lucinda the prettiest presents to be bought in Perote."

"Then I'll take you on to the Cofre; but you musn't remain long, or the Spirit of the Mountain will be angry."

As he said this, his countenance assumed a look of fear, and he glanced suspiciously around.

"Come along quick!" he added, "before the Spirit of the Air catches us. If he does we are lost."

As we could not conveniently detain him by force, we allowed him to have his way, and keeping as close as we could, followed him up the mountain.

He was comparatively quiet during the remainder of the ascent, save an occasional wild shout, or some incoherent mutterings to the Spirit of the Air. The afflicted creature had mixed up in his madness a legend I had heard related—how Moctezuma, when he learnt that the Spaniards were coming, prayed to the Spirit of the Air to show him some safe place in which he could conceal his treasure; that the Spirit told him to go to a particular part of the forest, at the base of Popocatepec, to which he accordingly repaired; that, on reaching the appointed rendezvous—a deep, dark glen—the Spirit had met him in a car drawn by eight immense jaguars; this he gave to Moctezuma, telling him to load the car with his treasure, which he accordingly did; that the vast ingots of gold were no sooner in the car than the jaguars started off over mountain and valley, never pausing until they arrived at the mountain of Nauchampa-tepetl, up the sides of which they ran with marvellous swiftness until they stood on the Cofre, the lid of which was wide open; that Moctezuma, taking the hint, lost no time in depositing his gold in the great porphyritic chest, the lid of which instantly closed with a sound that was heard from sea to sea; that the jaguars again started off, carrying their royal passenger back to the door of his own palace in Mexico, when they instantly disappeared. There the treasure is, and there it will remain, says the legend, until a descendant of the Moctezumas shall proclaim himself Emperor of Mexico,



A RIVER CAÑON.

when the Cofre will again open during a great storm of thunder and lightning, and the treasure be delivered to the young monarch, who, restored from the condition of a *peon* slave to be Emperor of Mexico, will apply it to the purpose to which it should originally have been put, namely, driving the Spaniards from the land of Anahuac.

Legend as the foregoing is, it nevertheless has attached to it a prophetic moral, the fulfilment of which may be said in a certain sense to have been realised, even to the opening of the Cofre; taking this as an emblem of the rich gold deposits which have been found among the mountains of Mexico.

But by far the strangest fact is the realisation of the former part of the prophecy, in the person of the noble Juarez, the present ruler of Mexico, who is a pure-blooded Aztec or Zapotec Indian, and in this wise a descendant of Moctezuma.

It was so intensely hot, and the atmosphere so oppressive, we were quite exhausted on gaining the summit of Perote. Standing on the lid of this mighty chest, it presented a tolerably even surface. Though the action of the atmosphere has somewhat eroded it, and rounded off its corners, this is not perceptible unless closely examined. Seen from the plain below—the angles appear sharply defined.

The view from Popocatepec, grand and impressive as it is, is not half so pleasing as that presented to the gaze from the summit of Perote. Having ascended on the west side of the mountain, where it rises from the elevated table-plain, the view on that side was not particularly striking. We were, therefore, not prepared for the exquisite scene spread out before us, on turning our gaze eastward.

Looking in this direction, and below, the city of Jalapa appeared as if we could pitch a stone into its *plaza*; while, far away, beyond the heights of Cerro Gordo, the line of sea-coast, distinguishable by its thin ribbon of snow-white strand, could be traced for upwards of a hundred miles.

Owing to the fluctuation of the mercury in the barometer during the previous night and morning, I placed no reliance on it for determining the altitude of the peak. Nevertheless, I took a note of the figure it indicated; and, on subsequently making my calculation, I found that it showed the height of 14,050 feet. This is several hundred feet higher than any estimate I have ever seen of the altitude of Perote, the highest of which gives but 13,500 feet. Don Miguel Lerda de Tejada estimates it at 4,089 metres, which is equivalent to 13,416 feet. Little reliance, however, can be placed on the barometer in

measuring mountain altitudes when the state of the atmosphere is unfavourable.

To avoid the intense heat, which was becoming more and more oppressive, our party descended from the summit, and ensconced themselves within a recess formed by an overhanging rock on its eastern side. Here seated, we gazed on an attractive panorama, such as but few spots in the world afford, either in range of vision or sublimity. The situation allowed only the view eastward; and in order to observe the opposite side, I proposed moving to a situation favourable for this purpose. I saw that a storm was brewing. The thermometer

indicated a degree of heat that seemed extraordinary when the altitude was taken into consideration. It marked 88° Fahrenheit.

As we were about moving around the base of the Cofre, we were startled by a wild cry from above, sounding strange and fearful as it broke the intense stillness around us. It came from the demented guide, whom we had forgotten while absorbed in gazing upon the scene below. He was still up on the Cofre, perched on a projecting angle of the rock.

"Ho, ho!" he shouted, flinging his arms wildly over his head; "the Spirit of the Air is upon us. Ho, ho, ho! do you hear? That is his first warning!"

As he spoke, the low rumbling sound of distant thunder became audible. This made me still more anxious to get a view of the western horizon; but before it could be obtained, a scramble over sharp rough rocks was necessary.

At this moment we were warned by the Indian lad, who, nimble as a mountain, goat,

had scampered some distance ahead of us.

"Hurry down, hurry down, señores!" cried he. "There's a storm coming on. It's raining now on the plain!"

This was sufficiently alarming. A heavy rain-storm on the steep naked sides of such a mountain, over two thousand feet of which has neither tree, shrub, nor soil to absorb the moisture, was not pleasant to think of. The steep, smooth slopes will on such occasions send the water down in torrents, with a force sufficient to sweep everything before it.

With the utmost speed we made our way to the western side. Here the sky presented a black mass of gathering clouds, fortunately yet low in the horizon. But they were rolling towards a common centre, where they soon commingled in conflict, as the forked lightning darting from beneath them plainly indicated.

"*Carrambo!*" exclaimed the Mexican officer. "It was



ANCIENT AZTEC IDOL.

not all imagination with our mad guide. The Spirit of the Air is coming upon us, sure enough, and with a vengeance. If we don't hurry down with the speed of antelopes, we'll be swept away like so many chips. Now, my lad," he continued, turning to the boy, "you must use your skill in guiding us the shortest way you know of. Do that, and I promise you a present when we get back to the village."

Following the young Indian, we started down the mountain as fast as the rugged nature of the descent would permit. In the meantime, the clouds were increasing in volume, and rolling towards us with greater rapidity; while our crazy guide above was still shouting and gesticulating more frantically than ever. Then, leaving the summit, he came after us, bounding from rock to rock, sometimes before, sometimes behind, shaking his clenched hands at the clouds or at us, with looks of fierce menace. He presented a picture which, coupled with the wild and savage scenery around, the reader may paint much more vividly in his mind's eye, than I can in words. From the utter recklessness he displayed, we firmly believed that every moment would be his last; that poor Lucinda would wait in vain for the return of her insane father; and that, instead of the kindly smile and fond embrace, a bruised corpse would be all that would meet her gaze.

We had got about half-way down the mountain, when the tempest broke upon us with such fury as I have rarely witnessed elsewhere. Fortunately, a projecting rock happened to be near, at the moment we encountered its first shock. This afforded shelter, else, in all probability, some of us would have been blown from our foothold, and dashed down the steep.

The ravine to which the boy had alluded was now in sight, and we made every effort to reach it before the waters could swell it into an impassable barrier. Already we could see the white foam surging along its rocky bed.

Before arriving at its edge, another torrent had to be crossed, which ran laterally into the great barranca. Though the water in this was barely knee-deep, I believe I should have been carried away if the Indian boy had not come to my aid, in a novel, but nevertheless effectual, manner. Seeing me struggling against the force of the current, he cried out, "Steady a moment, señor!" Then, laying his hands on my shoulders, with a bound he sprang upon my back.

I was nearly thrown off my balance, as much by surprise as by the unexpected shock; but, with the assistance of a staff, I succeeded in steadying myself.

The object of this strange manœuvre on the part of the young Indian was evident enough. My gravity was increased, and I was less likely to succumb to the force of the water. Thus weighted, I crossed with ease, and deposited my burden on the opposite side, amid shouts of laughter from my astonished companions, who, nevertheless, did not fail to profit by the lesson.

The storm was at its height when we arrived at the barranca, through which poured a formidable body of water. On its brink we found Mateo still raving, but at last stationary, as if some gleam of true thought, remaining even in madness, told him there was danger in the flood. Perhaps some faint glimmering of the terrible catastrophe which had cost him his reason was permitted to enter his disordered brain. If such was the case, it had but a brief abiding. A blinding flash of lightning at this moment flamed before us, which seemed to

set the fountain on fire. Its forked tongues played around us, darting in every direction, and actually sounding in our ears with a snapping, clicking noise, that denoted its fearful proximity.

The thunder-clap had scarcely pealed out, when, with a shriek of terror, the madman dashed into the torrent, and in two or three bounds was across. In an instant he was up the steep on the opposite side, and then out of sight. We saw him no more upon the mountain.

I did not fail to notice as he crossed that the water was not so deep as we had supposed; but the inclination of the ravine was great, giving the current such velocity that to ford it would be an undertaking of considerable risk. Besides, every moment increased the volume of water, and added to the danger.

"Now or never!" cried the officer, as he prepared to cross. "Let us follow the young Indian's plan. Let every other man carry his neighbour."

The idea was instantly adopted; and we not only got over in safety, but soon after reached the place of shelter of which the lad had spoken. Here we remained until the storm was over, though not without thinking of our crazy Indian guide. Various were the speculations and conjectures hazarded as to his fate. Most believed that he had made his last ascent of the mountain; and I must say I felt rather uncomfortable at the thought of meeting the angel Lucinda without bringing her father back to her, for it was I who had more particularly engaged him as a guide.

As we drew near the door of his dwelling, a crowd of villagers was seen around it. This indicated that something unusual had occurred; and we were not long in doubt. On entering the dwelling, the first sight that presented itself was the bruised body of the Indian, lying as if in his last hour, between life and death. He had been found in a gully not far from the village, by a party of woodcutters, who had carried him home, in the belief that he was dead. His daughter, however, discovering that life was not extinct, had sent off a messenger to the neighbouring convent for assistance. The messenger had not yet returned.

Our doctor, having examined him, pronounced that, saving dreadfully lacerated hands and feet, and an ugly cut down his back, he was otherwise uninjured. None of his bones were broken; though his exhaustion was so great there was danger of his not rallying unless a stimulant of some kind should be administered. To procure this was the difficulty; we had none with us. Our brandy, which would have answered the purpose, had all been consumed in the ascent of the mountain; and the miserable village afforded nothing as a substitute. Fortunately, at this crisis the messenger arrived, accompanied by a monk, who was both priest and physician, and who brought with him the required stimulant. This, as soon as administered, had the desired effect.

He had not the slightest recollection of anything that had occurred after commencing the ascent. He remembered leaving his own door, but all else was a blank. His astonishment was great when told that he had been to the top of the mountain, and of the fearful perils he had passed through.

No persuasion would induce this strange man to accept the money we had agreed to pay him for his services. It was accordingly handed to the Indian lad, who so well deserved it, and who was wild with delight at so unexpectedly finding himself in possession of so much wealth.

Notes on Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—I.

BY LIEUTENANT C. B. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

BOMBAY—MALABAR HILL—BENDY BAZAAR—THE FORT—INDIAN BUNGALOWS AND SERVANTS—PARELL—WALKESHWUR—A DRIVE IN THE ENVIRONS OF BOMBAY—FLYING FOXES.

THOSE of my readers who have made their first visit to Bombay from the sea, and have formed their impressions of the city from this point of view, will retain a pleasing recollection of the grandeur of its situation and the beauty of its harbour. Seated on an island boldly jutting out into the sea, with the magnificent ghâts of the mainland for a background, and with its noble port studded with picturesque-looking islands and filled with shipping from all parts of the world, the Queen of Western India must impress the traveller, even though he may have journeyed round the world. However distasteful the change may be to succeeding governors-general and secretaries of state, there can be little doubt that though inferior to Calcutta, that "city of palaces," in her public and private buildings, yet at no distant time the viceregal seat of government must be transferred from the tortuous passages of the Hooghly to this sea-washed island, the population of which is at the present day only second to London in Her Majesty's widespread dominions; while as regards commerce, her position as the emporium of the East is almost equally high.

The island of Bombay is some eight miles long, with an average breadth of three miles, and a circumference of twenty miles; the harbour is twelve or fourteen miles in length, with a breadth varying from four to six miles. Originally the island is said to have been a barren rock, or rather two lines of whinstone, running parallel to each other, which, united by two belts of sand, and rising a few feet above the level of the sea, became in time covered with vegetable mould. These formerly admitted the sea in various places, and the rank vegetation of the marshy ground in the interior rendered Bombay at one time notorious for its unhealthiness. Now, however, the cocoa-nuts have been cut down, the marshes drained, and the climate of the island of Bombay is certainly one of the most salubrious in India, as evidenced by the returns of the registrar.

Bishop Heber describes the island "as apparently little more than a cluster of small detached rocks, which have been joined together by the gradual progress of coral reefs, aided by sand thrown up by the sea, and covered with the vegetable mould occasioned by the falling leaves of the sea-loving cocoa. The interior consists of a long but narrow tract of low ground, which has evidently been in the first instance a salt lagoon, gradually filled up by the progress which I have mentioned, and from which the high tides are still excluded only by artificial embankments."

The fort of Bombay, which forms as it were the nucleus of the city, is situated on the south-eastern extremity of the island, on a narrow neck of land, washed by Back Bay on the western, and by the harbour on the eastern side. Colaba, which adjoins it, and encloses Back Bay on one side, was originally a distinct island, but was united to Bombay by a raised causeway, and by the filling up of the shallow estuaries

which formerly separated them. At the extremity of Colaba is the lighthouse.

Malabar Point forms the south-western headland, and is about five miles from the fort. The drive to Malabar Hill is very delightful. The carriage skirts Back Bay, and passes by numerous bungalows embosomed in trees, and inhabited chiefly by the European and native merchants. At the Point are the ruins of a very ancient black stone temple, and a variety of images are sculptured on some of the fragments. Major More, who states that this temple was dedicated to the Hindoo Trinity, found, some feet below the ground, a triform head, well-formed, the front face being that of Brahma, with the face of Siva on his right and Vishnoo on his left. This stone now forms a portion of the collection in the India Museum in London.

Among the rocks below the Point is a cleft, esteemed very sacred among the natives. The Hindoo, after passing through this cleft, is considered to be regenerated and his sins forgiven. It need scarcely be said, therefore, that the spot is a place of pilgrimage.

Major More relates that when the Peishwa Rugonath Rao was exiled from Poona in 1776, he fixed his residence at Malabar Hill, and "was in the habit of passing through the cleft in question, and being a Brahmin of considerable piety, was doubtless much benefited by such regeneration!" The same Peishwa sent Brahmins to England on an embassy, and as they were adjudged to be defiled by reason of having come in contact with unbelievers, they were compelled to pass through this sacred cleft. It is said that Sivajee, the great founder of the Mahratta power, visited this place secretly for the same pious purposes.

In Fryer's account of his travels between the years 1672—1681, there is a description of Bombay as it was two centuries ago; and he remarks the various nationalities who may be seen in the town, "in which confusedly live English, Portuguese, Topazes, Gentoos, Moors, Cooly, and Christians." And these and representatives of many more races, the traveller will see in the Bendy Bazaar, which is so crowded in the cool evenings that you could almost walk on the heads of the people.

Driving from the fashionable esplanade to the Bendy Bazaar, your *gorah-wallahs*, or grooms, who act as running footmen, have to keep constantly calling out to the pedestrians who throng the road, to clear the way. On all sides jostling and passing each other, are Persian dyers attired in long flowing robes, and having a handsome and oftentimes majestic face, surmounted with the high, black, lambswool hat. The Parsee gentleman or shopkeeper, generally wholesale and always well-to-do, in his clean white dress, with perhaps a shawl over his shoulders, and that ugly stiff, high turban, which, together with the sallow complexion and Jewish-looking face, always distinguishes the race.

Your attention is now attracted by a jingling of bells, and presently passes you, a *hackery*, or small cart, drawn by two mild-looking bullocks, and overflowing with women and children. How many of these there may be in the vehicle

you cannot say, but the light hackery creaks under the burden, and the bullocks look as if they required the exercise of all their proverbial gentleness and long-suffering to put up with the grievous load they are compelled to draw by the almost nude driver, who pokes at them viciously with a stick, the while objurgating them to proceed with a torrent of oaths and abuse and coarse allusions to their ancestry, which, curiously enough, do not appear to call up a blush or remonstrance from the

The women make a practice of wearing a profusion of gold and silver *bangles* round their ankles and arms, and rings on their toes and ears. This is not unbecoming, which cannot be said for the practice of piercing the nostrils, and inserting rings studded with pearls and precious stones. The custom of having on their persons so much jewellery, and gold and silver bangles, arose from the circumstance of there formerly being no savings-banks in the country, and to prevent the possibility of



PARSEE LADY.

dark beauties behind him, or crowding the footways. Such is the force of custom. The native women inside the hackery are Hindoos, as you can see by the *sarree*, or long piece of cloth twisted round their persons, so as to fall in graceful folds to their feet, and which, after forming a petticoat, is brought over the right shoulder and is drawn over the head like a veil. This ample garment, with a small bodice, constitutes the whole of their costume, and, though scanty, it is certainly most becoming, setting off a good figure to admiration. That many of the Hindoo women have forms equal in beauty and lithe gracefulness to anything antique sculpture can show, no one who has seen them at sunset, bearing large vessels full of water from the tanks to their homes, will seek to gainsay.

their being robbed by the adroit thieves of the Peninsula, they turned all their money into armlets and anklets. Frequently, however, this practice has given rise to the commission of horrible mutilations by robbers, who could not possess themselves of the gold without first depriving the wretched owners of life or limb.

Groups of women on foot also pass you, dressed in the *sarree*, and carrying their children astride on the hip, or balancing on their heads the copper water-vessels, or *lotas*, without even steadying them by the hand while passing through the dense crowd. Now would whirl past a light *buggy*, and seated in it a young officer in full uniform, going somewhere on duty; or a dashing, gaily-painted carriage filled with Parsees,



PARSEES OF BOMBAY.

driving at a furious rate. Presently, a line is again made in the seething mass of humanity by some running footmen; in this case gorah-wallahs, who, armed with painted *chowries*, or switches of horsehair fastened to wooden handles, and used to keep the flies away from the horses, shout to the crowd to clear the way. Another moment, and there sweeps along an unexceptionable equipage, clearly from Long Acre, with cattle to match, and seated or lolling within it a lady in solitary grandeur. She is doubtless the wife of some *burra sahib* in the Government military or civil service, and, passing the greater portion of the day in sleep or idleness, is on her way to the band-stand, where she will languidly talk scandal, or discuss the good looks, the social position, and dress of the last batch of young ladies who may have arrived from England, and made their début overnight at the Government ball at Parell.

Besides natives from all parts of India, your attention will be attracted by the Chinamen with their long pigtailed and flat, yellow faces; the lordly-looking Arab, with his striped cloak and picturesque head-dress, who has come from Mocha—or more likely from Bussorah—in charge of some horses of the world-famous breed named after his own country; Armenians are there, with their flowing robes; the magnificent but effeminate Turk, in his richly-coloured dress of the finest material; also Abyssinian boys, and the coal-black negro, with his woolly head and glittering white teeth, from the same continent. Among representatives of the different races of India itself, you will rub shoulders with the greasy, fat Bengalee baboo; the Banian shopkeeper, with his red turban, who sits most of the day cross-legged in his shop, and like the spider in the well-known poem, impartially cheats all who may come within the sweep of his net; here you have the wild-looking Beloochee; the Scindian, with his square hat, which, owing to the advancing tide of civilisation, is now fast yielding to a less national description of head-covering; the fakir—one of a peculiar sect of the followers of Bhooth, who may be recognised by his lofty turban, and a straight mark of sandal-wood powder drawn from the roots of the hair to a point in line with the eyes. Following in the footsteps—literally, not metaphorically—of the Brahmin priest, who, in his white, spotless robes, is passing from out one of his temples, comes daintily along the Portuguese, who thinks himself a European, and clings to the English dress, although his slender, undersized form, his cringing manners and black face, denote that many generations have passed since the blood of his white progenitor was mingled with that of a dusky beauty of the country of his birth.

There are, besides, in the motley crowd, Mussulmans of creeds as hostile to one another as anything Christendom can show—the Persian Sheeah hating his Turkish Soonic brother, and cursing him—particularly at the Mohurrim, when the death of Ali's two sons, Hassan and Hossein, is annually lamented—as heartily as we anathematise certain sects in the Athanasian creed. You have also Hindoos of numberless castes, and Buddhists, all inspired with a belief in the accuracy of the well-known definition of *orthodoxy* as “my doxy,” and *heterodoxy* as “everybody else's doxy.” Malays are here too, with their sinister-looking faces, having the expression of a perpetual readiness—after the administration of a little arrack—to “run amuck,” and dispatch as many folk, regardless of colour or religion, as may come across their path. Jews of course there are, in long tunics and mantles—we need not say anything regarding

their physiognomies, which are simply Jewish; and Borars, who are said to be Jews converted to Mohammedanism, and who travel over the country as pedlars with wares of every description, from macassar ointment and Rimmel's vinegar, to tapes, ribbons, and all the et cæteras of female toilet.

The Fort of Bombay, notwithstanding that the designation of the locality smacks of war, may be regarded as occupying the place of the City to our overgrown capital, and is full of the offices and warehouses of a great mercantile community. In the Fort also is Government House, the cathedral, the mint, the dockyard, and the arsenal. The dockyard is extensive, and possesses every appliance for building and repairing ships; indeed, the *Meanee*, of ninety guns, and other ships, have been built here for the Home Government. The town-hall is an extensive and very fine building, and many of the apartments are used as public offices. The entrance-hall is beautiful, and there is an admirable library and a good museum. The building also contains some statues by Chantrey of Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, one of the most able and enlightened governors and gifted men that India has yet produced; of Sir John Malcolm, a great soldier and friend of Wellington, and scarcely inferior to Elphinstone as a sagacious statesman; of Sir James Carnac, also a governor of Bombay; of Sir Charles Forbes, an eminent merchant; and of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well-known Parsee merchant and philanthropist.

Outside the Fort, one of the most interesting public buildings is an hospital, called after its founder, the Parsee baronet. This princely benefactor to his native town commenced life in a most humble capacity, and not only amassed vast wealth without compromising his character for integrity and uprightness, but expended £16,500 in erecting the hospital that bears his name, and made himself conspicuous for his active benevolence up to the day of his death. A life of this remarkable man has been written by Mr. Ramsay, who has done justice to his catholic-spirited charity. Without the walls of the Fort also is the Elphinstone College, which was built as a memorial of the governor already alluded to. It has been in existence about forty years, and affords an excellent English education to several hundred native students, whose studies are directed by professors, many of whom have distinguished themselves at our universities. Attached to the Jamsetjee Hospital is an excellent medical school, called the Grant College, which was built and endowed as a memorial to Sir Robert Grant, who died when governor of Bombay.

The Parsees are alive to the advantage of affording a good education to their children; and among the largest seminaries in the city are those belonging to this community. A Parsee school affords an interesting sight. The children are decidedly pretty; and as they sit in rows, with glittering, many-coloured dresses, and caps, and jewels, they look like a gay parterre of flowers.

The Governor has two Residences—one at the extremity of Malabar Hill, which consists of several good-sized bungalows, and within sight and sound of the sea, and a second at Parell. The Indian bungalow is a barn-like building, surrounded by numerous offices which are scattered over the enclosure or “compound.” Bungalows are generally of one storey—few having a second floor—with heavy projecting eaves, like those of the Swiss chalets, which are useful in carrying off the rain during the monsoons, and in affording protection from the rays of the sun. The chief means, however, by which the latter is

effected is by the verandah, without which no house in India would be complete, or, indeed, habitable. The verandah, unlike the anomalous structure we see in seaside places or suburban villas, is a spacious gallery running round the house, forming an almost integral portion of the rooms which lead into it, and generally fitted with Venetian blinds, or *tatties* of *kus-kus*, which, kept constantly wetted, keep out the hot winds, and at the same time give greater privacy to the inmates.

However plain the bungalow may look from the outside, within it is the picture of comfort, and even of luxury. The floors of the apartments are seldom carpeted, for carpets, though indispensable to an English drawing-room, would be insupportable in India; but their place is well supplied with the matting so highly prized at home. The spacious rooms, which are lighted by oil-lamps depending from the beams overhead, are each hung with a punkah, which may be described as a frame of wood about twelve feet long, three or four feet wide, and two inches thick, covered with canvas, and suspended by ropes from the ceiling. This huge fan is hung over the centre of the room, and is kept in motion by a servant called a *punkah-wallah*, who sits in an adjoining apartment or the verandah, and pulls a cord attached to the punkah, and passed through a hole in the wall. The punkahs are brought into play on all, even public, occasions; and the "griffin," as the fresh arrival is called during his first two years' residence in India, will be surprised to find on his attending Divine service in a church, that the punkahs, numbers of which hang all over the building, are continually kept going.

Oftentimes, while dinner is in progress, the punkah-wallah begins to nod over the task, which is clearly denoted by the gradual decrease in the strength of the current of air overhead; and should you go out to quicken his energies, you will perhaps find that, overcome by the heat, he is fast asleep, but still mechanically continuing his work. As the usual thing, especially among young officers, the unlucky "nigger" will be aroused by a sharp kick, accompanied by an opprobrious epithet.

Before the monsoons—especially in the month of May, so pleasant to us in England—the heat is insupportable, and punkahs are absolutely essential for comfort and to keep the mosquitoes away.

At Bombay, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the sea-breeze, eagerly watched for during the last two hours, sets in, and life becomes again endurable; people dress for the band or a ride, and languid ladies order their carriages, and after listening to selections from the last new opera, performed by a very fair military band, return home to dinner about eight.

In June the south-west monsoons begin, and are generally ushered in by a tremendous thunderstorm. Up to the month of September the rain pours almost incessantly, and vegetable life revives from the pressure of the season of drought. The dry flats become swamps, and paddy, or rice-fields (which to raise crops must be flooded), the fruit-trees, and every green thing, attain the luxuriance of tropical foliage, while after each heavy downpour countless multitudes of huge frogs are heard croaking in deafening concert. During the monsoon, the tanks, or reservoirs, upon which the natives were wont to depend entirely for their water, become filled, and the steps with which some of the larger among them are surrounded, are a favourite resort of mendicants, as well as of the native *flâneurs*, who resort to the spot to ogle the dark beauties who come for water.

In the fine weather, people live on the Bombay Esplanade,

in tents, or temporary bungalows; and there are sites set apart for officers of the Government services, the army, navy, and civilians each having their own lines. The temporary bungalows are made of lath and plaster, with wood or calico ceilings.

The number and variety of servants which residents, even of moderate means, are obliged to keep, have always been a subject of wonderment to new arrivals from England. This is due chiefly to the exigencies of caste, and in a smaller measure to the requirements of our position as the conquering race. This custom must exercise an evil effect on indolent or arbitrary natures, for it naturally tends to make the former do nothing for themselves that can possibly be performed by the agency of others; for the same reason, it must be owned that India is also a bad school for men of dictatorial disposition, who upon their return home, are too often overbearing in their manner towards menials.

With an ordinary income, an English gentleman retains in his service, among other men-servants, the *khansamah* (or butler), one or more *khitmutgarhs* (or footmen), at least four *palkee-wallahs*, one or two *mussaals*, who clean the lamps and act as kitchen-maids, besides "bearers" or personal attendants for each individual; the *bhawowchy* (or cook), the *mater* (or sweeper), of very low caste, who performs the most menial offices, and the *dhurgie* (or tailor), at least one of which trade is a necessary unit in most establishments. Then, if you are a Government official, there are always attached to you two or three *peons* (or messengers), who are generally to be found lounging about the verandah, ready to go any distance upon an errand. The men whose duties are similar to those discharged at home by housemaids are called *hamauls*, and the washerwomen are also represented by the rougher sex, and go by the name of *dhobeys*. They have, to English eyes, a curious method of washing linen, taking it down to the river or tank, and beating it, when wet, on a large flat stone. If you have dogs, or other animals, you must have separate keepers for them; and one man would never dream of doing the work of a fellow-servant during his temporary absence. Then, of course, there are the outdoor servants—the gardener, the man who looks after the fowls and quails, the butcher, the coachman, the *syces* (or grooms), and up country, the grass-cutters, who procure fodder for your horses. As to the women-servants, their number is legion; each lady and child of your family has her or its own *ayah*.

Parell, the residence of the Governor during the greater part of the year—that is, when he is not at Malabar Point, or in the hills at Mahableshwur—is about six miles from the Fort, and is a *pucka*-built house—that is, it is substantially constructed of stone or bricks and lime cement, and has a tiled roof.*

Parell stands in a small park, and has a well-laid-out garden and paddocks. The interior of the house, which is spacious and handsome, contains a fine staircase, and two noble apartments, one over the other. The upper one is the drawing-room, and that on the ground floor the dining-room, which is said to have been an old church belonging to a Jesuit college, which fell into the hands of a Parsee, from whom it was purchased by Government.

* This word *pucka* is, from its expressiveness, much used in conversation in India. Thus, if a man asks if Captain So-and-so is *pucka*, he means, has the appointment he holds been made permanent. Its literal meaning is "cooked" or "ripened," and it is the opposite of *cutchka*, which signifies "raw," "inexpedient," or "temporary."

If we are disposed now to take a drive—"eat the air," as the natives call out-door exercise—we will start from one of the handsome hotels in the Fort, and proceed first to the village of Walkeshwur. When driving through the Fort, the visitor's attention will be attracted by the singular construction of the houses crowded within its confined precincts and narrow streets. These houses, which are of considerable age, are generally three

lounge about and listen to the pleasant murmur of the restless ocean.

The view from Malabar Point is very striking. A foreground of fantastic black rocks, draped with rich festoons of verdure and of strange bright flowers, among which your attention is riveted by the brilliant red blossoms of the coral-trees:—

"Droops the heavy-blossomed bower ; hangs the heavy-fruited tree."



COTTON-STORE AND COOLIES, BOMBAY.

or four storeys in height, having wooden verandahs, supported by wooden pillars, projecting one above another, the latter often covered with elaborate carvings. The general effect is something like that of the "rows" in the old city of Chester, though the streets are much narrower, and the houses one or two storeys higher. Walkeshwur is a large village near Malabar Point, on the right-hand side as you drive towards the compound of the Governor's bungalow, which from this approach looks like a number of barns brought together under one long, chimneyless roof ; but, as we have said, it contains airy chambers, replete with every comfort, and pleasant verandahs, wherein to

Under our feet calmly slumber the waters of the Indian Ocean, with the white-winged *fattemars* dotting its surface in the far distance, and the sea-birds glancing and soaring high above in mid-air. Far to the left, enclosing Back Bay, which lies below us, stretches Colaba, with the lighthouse at the extremity. To the rear of Colaba lies the Fort, a city of Bombay, with the noble harbour whose southern extremity is bounded by high land. You can see Apollo Bunder, the chief landing-pier between the Fort and Colaba, and numerous small boats, with their lateen-shaped sails, lie at anchor or ply about the harbour.

Notes on Albania.

BY F. A. LYONS.

SALONICA—ITS GENERAL ASPECT—ITS POPULATION.

THE Austrian Lloyd's keeps up a branch line between Constantinople, Salonica, and Volo. The steamers on this line leave the Golden Horn twice a week, carrying to and fro crowds of Albanians, Bulgarians, Zinzars, in a word, Rumeliot

I say *our* course, intending by that mode of expression that I was one amongst a party bound for Albania; as to our pursuits, or, in other words, the object of our journey, I must make use of that diplomatic virtue called reticence, and hold my tongue on the subject. However, as the reader may



JEW OF SALONICA.

of all creeds and nationalities. These people belong generally to the lower classes, they are all deck passengers, and they all travel in search of lucre. Their peregrinations are periodical, as periodical as the migration of storks from north to south, and *vice versa*, is known to be; the South Pole for the Rumeliot is Stamboul, the North Pole is their respective homes. Before the winter sets in they hasten towards the metropolis, where during the cold season they get many jobs in petty trading, serving in the baths, or as servants in private houses. With the arrival of spring off they fly to their native land, where their earnings are sure to procure them a hearty welcome.

It was with one of these caravans, bound homewards, that in the spring of 1868 we directed our course towards Salonica.

be led to suppose that the writer was either a smuggler or a bandit, who joined a party in order to set up a brisk business in that primitive region, I must, for my character's sake, inform him that myself and companions belonged to that description of highwaymen who in Turkey are legal plunderers, and whose means of coercion are grape, shrapnel, and gun-cotton. In short, we were military men; our business on this journey was that of forming a camp in Upper Albania, because we had received orders to frighten every one out of his wits by some device or other, and the establishment of a camp was just as a good a means for obtaining that end as any other.

The steamer which conveyed us had a very classical name,

the *Elleno*, but a very shabby appearance; that is often the case even with men, many of whom are known to have grand names but shabby hearts—why should it not be so also with ships? Yes, our *Elleno* was a shabby craft, in spite of its name, and a lazy one in the bargain, for it took twenty-eight hours, instead of twenty-four, to bring us up inside the Bay of Salonica. The panorama which unfolded itself before us while looking from the steamer on the town and its environs had neither grand features nor a striking *tout ensemble* with which to entrance the senses of the traveller, yet the scenery was not without its charms, and pleasing to the eye.

In the centre stood the town, built on the side of a hill; while a girdle of old Venetian towers and walls, intermingled with cypresses and other evergreens, encompassed it on all sides, giving to the whole a picturesque and pleasant aspect. To the right one could see the promontory which shuts in the bay to the east; while on the distant horizon to the west the eye could detect the mouth of the Vardar, and the marshy downs on which flourished once Pellæ, the birthplace of Alexander.

As the boatmen rowed us to the shore the charms of the panorama which we had been contemplating gradually disappeared; instead of the whitewashed walls, the towers, and the evergreens, we were struck with amazement at the desolate aspect of this once famous town, and the miserable appearance of its inhabitants. The two colossal towers which stand on the beach are queer specimens of military architecture; their bases are of cyclopean proportions, but their casemates are made of a strange composition of broken columns, stones, bricks, and mortar, all hashed up together. Their embrasures, and the guns inside them, were very shabby indeed; they looked as tame and harmless as the jaws of an old lion who has not a tooth left to bite with would be.

So much for the towers, and the walls or curtains were not much better; as for the generality of houses, they were about on a par with the walls of the town, and the only difference one could perceive was that instead of a framework of mutilated columns they had one of rotten wood. The tolerably decent houses we could see were few, but even those were made up of a mingled construction of bricks, mud, and wood; a coating of plaster and some paint was enough to make them look swell places. The streets we had to pass through while going in search of our quarters were as bad as any one can meet with in the East. If pashas could only get the truth into their heads, "That no pavement at all is by far better than a bad one," then they might have a claim to the gratitude of mankind. Husny Pasha, the then Governor of Salonica, was not a pasha of that sort; he was one of those reformers, so numerous nowadays in Turkey, who wish to do too much, and end by doing nothing. Thus Husny, who had wished to reconstruct Salonica, ended by turning topsy-turvy streets, houses, and everything.

However, as far as we were concerned, we could hardly complain of his excellency's administration, for on our arrival the pasha sent to us some of his officers and guards, to take the necessary steps in order that we might be comfortably quartered. Instead of having to consult "Bradshaw" and see whether the "Hôtel de l'Europe" was better than the "Hôtel d'Angleterre," we had nothing to do but allow ourselves to be hoisted up with luggage and all to a place of rest, where everything, from sleeping to smoking, was provided for us gratis.

The house on which we were billeted was the mansion of a Salonica aristocrat, named Izet Bey. On seeing the whole of our caravan entering his courtyard, the bey rushed downstairs to give us a welcome and place a suite of rooms at our disposal. During the three days we were sheltered under his roof, the good-hearted Izet did the honours of his household as behoved a man of his standing. At dinner he used to preside at table, encouraging every one to give no quarter to the niceties he put before us. His notions as to the duties of hospitality were such, that on our taking leave he prevented his servants from accepting any sort of *bakhshish* which we might offer them. Thus it will be seen that, after all, Salonica has some good points; if its streets are dirty, and its houses crumble down, yet Salonica can boast of possessing some good-hearted and hospitable citizens.

The population of Salonica consists of Jews, Jewish converts to Mohammedanism, Greeks, Turks, and a small number of other Europeans. The Jews are so numerous that Salonica might be termed a new Palestine; these Jews, however, do not come directly from the old territory of Israel; they form part of that Jewish population which was expelled from Spain some two centuries and a half ago. This accounts for their speaking the Spanish idiom, which has ever since been their mother tongue. The Salonica Jews are the filthiest sons of Moses anywhere to be met with; to enter their dwellings and quarters is almost impossible, both on account of the wretched state of their houses and lanes, and the disgust which one experiences on approaching such miserable specimens of humanity. As usurers and traders the Jews of Salonica are on the top of the ladder; they are crafty, mean, and sneaky. The swell whose portrait we have taken is a Señor Bramico (Abraham), who may be considered as representing the generic type of the trading Jew of Salonica. Bramico is a Jew of the clean denomination, he is rather a *petit maître* dandy, but the three principal characteristics of his race, *i.e.*, sharpness, conceitedness, and cynicism, are vividly portrayed in his face.

On the whole the condition of the Jews of Salonica is deplorable; it is to be hoped that their co-religionists throughout Europe will exert themselves on their behalf by trying to raise them from the degradation in which they are sunk. If Sir Moses Montefiore does not do something on their behalf, many of them will have become Turks, that being the best way of getting cleansed from their filthy habits. Whatever the merits of the two creeds may be, Mohammedanism is by far more palatable and less obnoxious in a hygienic point of view. Converts to Mohammedanism form now a caste, some three or four thousand in number; they are generally known by the name of *Donmés*, *viz.*, those who have turned; socially, they live apart from either Jews or Mussulmans, but, of course, with the latter they are more or less on a footing of intimacy, as is natural between co-religionists. These *Donmés* generally remove to Constantinople, where they set up in business by opening little shops and stalls at the Great Bazaar. As a rule, the converts are much superior either to Jews or Mohammedans; some of them are remarkably handsome.

Numerically, the Greeks come next to the Jews; they are on the whole a well-to-do people, both as merchants and as proprietors. Little else can be said of the Greek population, and that because the Greeks of Salonica offer no peculiarity whatever which would make it worth the while to describe them

more in detail. As to the Europeans proper, it may be said that they constitute a small colony, at the head of which shine conspicuously the consuls of all the potentates of the earth, beginning from the Czar down to the Emperor Soultouque. On fair-days the consular residences are adorned with the flags of their respective nations, around which gather their subjects and protégés. If one of the consuls succeeds in bringing together two of the former and six of the latter, that is the utmost he can do. On the whole, the European colony does not exceed one hundred families. The Europeans at Salonica are all addicted to trading, and through their political immunities they manage to carry on a brisk business. The wealthiest amongst them is an English Levantine, belonging to the Greek persuasion. He began business as a seller of lemons and oranges; after that he took upon himself the monopoly of the leech trade, a profitable speculation, out of which he realised a million or two of francs. With such a capital he was enabled to set up as money-lender, and managed to lay under obligation all the landed proprietors of Macedonia. This successful Levantine now owns not less than twenty-two estates, the fruits of a high per-centage.

The Mussulmans of Salonica are of the same class of people as may be seen anywhere in Roumelia. The rich are landed proprietors, who live on what they get from their tenants; it is only the small proprietors who take to farming. Besides these, there is a large middle class of shop-keepers and artisans, whose labours are pretty handsomely recompensed. On the whole, the Salonica Mussulmans show more aptitude for business than the rest of their co-religionists throughout the empire, and this fact explains clearly the cause of their relative welfare. Those amongst them who are the worst off are the beys or aristocrats; these people are fond of getting into debt, a taste which makes them run through their fortunes in quick time, and reduces them to beggary.

Salonica counts a population of about 60,000 souls. The three days we remained in the city were more than enough to do the whole place and see what there is worth seeing. Salonica has one principal thoroughfare which runs from east to west. It is in this main street, and in another at right angles to it, that commercial transactions and city life are carried on. The cross street, which leads to the landing-place, is the centre of commerce; while the shops on the other main streets are chiefly occupied with retail business. It is in this part of the town that are to be found the carpets which are known throughout the East as Salonica carpets; here also are the warehouses where they sell the towels and silk aprons for the bath. These articles constitute the chief industry of the population of Salonica.

The cafés and cook-shops of Salonica are not worth noticing; the only peculiarity which strikes the traveller who comes from Constantinople is that in those places there is a great profusion of ice. Ice is very plentiful in Salonica, so much so that it constitutes an article of trade; in summer it is shipped to Constantinople for the supply of the wealthy. Many of the Salonica people who have friends and protectors in the capital try to conciliate their favour by providing them with cargoes of ice.

Salonica possesses several remarkable edifices and ruins. I shall not attempt here to enter into any archæological details, as that is beyond my purpose. What I want to say, however, is that there is scarcely a place in Turkey which can boast

of so many and such well-preserved ruins as those which are to be seen at Salonica. The principal mosques are all ex-temples or ex-churches, which have been dedicated to the worship of Allah. The principal mosque was formerly dedicated to St. Demetrius, the metropolitan church of Salonica; it is in the form of a cross, and on each side it has a double row of wide antique pillars. The mosque of Aja Sophia, or church of Saint Sophia, is renowned as being the place in which St. Paul preached to the people of Thessalonica.

JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR.

On the morning of our departure from Salonica, the courtyard of Izet Bey's residence was filled with horses and drivers. From what I can recollect, our caravan comprised something like fifteen individuals, our orderlies and servants included. On the arrival of the horses, we all naturally rushed down in order to choose the strongest and most prepossessing quadruped that could be had. The bustle which ensued from our struggle did not, however, last longer than a few seconds; to our great indignation, we soon found out that all motive for competition between us was superfluous, as the horses which had been brought for us were a set of wretched screws, on whose backs very few people would be willing to trust their lives. But what could be done? was the question which in the midst of our vexation suggested itself to us all. Go we must, that was pretty clear, but how?—a question which many of us would have solved by insisting that the authorities should, at any price, supply us with decent quadrupeds. Reason, however, did not fail to show us that the French adage, "*A la guerre comme à la guerre*," is for military men the best rule through life. In English that proverb ought to be conveyed by the following sentence, "Get what you can, and go ahead;" and that's just what we did. Perched, therefore, on a selected troop of half-lame and half-dead chargers, we defiled along the streets and bazaars of Salonica at an hour when the peaceful citizens were fast asleep. The direction we took was westward, as the route we were to take ran parallel with the main direction of the valley of the Vardar. On emerging from the Vardar-kapu (gate) and the adjoining cemetery, the country all around, from the hills to the shore, appeared dreary and barren, while nearer to the Vardar the eye could detect in the plain several farms and buildings, surmounted by slender poplars.

Our first day's journey consisted of a six hours' ride, which we accomplished in strange style, rather as pedestrians than horsemen; the condition our horses were in was such as to recommend them to the special attention of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Though neither myself nor any of us had any particular claim to high sensitiveness or tenderness to animals, yet when the poor brutes used to turn to us with a pitiful expression, just as if they were saying, "Look at my skin, look at my bones, look at my legs, and be merciful," none of us could help answering the appeal, and down we came to our feet, bridle in hand, trying to drag along the miserable, wretched-looking beasts that ought to have dragged us.

Such are the means of conveyance existing through Roumelia, and the reasons for it are the following: First, that the country itself does not possess a breed of horses suitable for hard work; and, next, because the transport service is the monopoly of a sort of roving Bohemians, called the Zinzars or

Kutchu-vlaks. These fellows hold all the khans or inns throughout Roumelia, and make contracts for providing horses for caravans and travellers; these duties are fulfilled by them on a compulsory system, equally destructive for man and beast.

The condition on which the transport service is granted to these Zinzars is that they shall keep to a tariff of sixpence per hour for Government service, while the trade tariff is to be tenpence for the same distance. In order to understand how vexatious and aggressive this system is, one must know that in Turkey the only people who trot along the highways are

cut through the mountainous region lying behind Salonica. Our itinerary was therefore traced out in the following way :—Avrat-Hissari, 6 hours; Doiran, 8 hours; Ostrundjse, 7 hours; Istip, 7 hours; Uskup, 8 hours. Avrat-Hissari is a large village, situated in the midst of an arable country, which produces grain; topographically it dominates the surrounding country. The castle, which gives its name to it, is on an eminence situated a little to the right of the village. The house before which we alighted belonged to the *kodja-bashi*, the chief of the Christian community, who placed the whole of his establishment at our disposal. He could hardly have done otherwise,



TRAVELLERS REPOSING ON THE BANKS OF LAKE DOIRAN.

the officials who hunt after lucre from one end of the empire to the other. Now, as among these officials there are some who pay cash while others pay with the horsewhip, the poor contractors are always losers; if the sixpence per hour tariff is not sufficient to defray the expenses, the case becomes infinitely worse when half the customers pay by dint of the whip. As for the tenpence tariff, the contractors have seldom the opportunity of enforcing it—tradesmen generally prefer avoiding a journey through difficult and unsafe regions. The only source of profit which remains open is the transport of imported goods; as regards produce for exportation it finds its way to the sea through the medium of private vehicles.

Avrat-Hissari (the Castle of the Woman) was our first halting-place; it lies north-west of Salonica, at a distance of six hours. Instead of following the route parallel to the course of the Vardar, so as to reach Uskup by the way of Keupruli, we

as his lordship's mansion consisted only of three rooms and a sort of verandah. The verandah was by far the best part of the building, and there it was that we all stretched our legs at night. Avrat-Hissari has somewhere about three hundred houses, of which the majority belong to Bulgarians and the minority to Mussulmans.

The fact of a large Bulgarian community finding itself established within six hours' distance of Salonica is a fact of great importance, as it seems to settle a point which has been much discussed both by ethnologists and politicians. It has been of late years a matter of debate or, rather, altercation between Panslavists and Pan-hellenics as to whether Macedonia is at present a Slavonic or a Hellenic province.

The friends of Greece set it down as sheer nonsense to pretend that "Makedhonia," the fatherland of Alexander the

Great, should be anything else but Greek. The Panslavists, on their side, maintain that what may have been Macedonia twenty-three centuries ago is a question which cannot in the least influence the present, as the Bulgarian or, what is the same, the Slavonic race is the predominant element throughout Macedonia; they conclude, therefore, that the province is Slavonian and not Hellenic.

Judging from what I have seen in Macedonia and Albania, I must say that the assertion of the Slave is fully maintained by the irresistible logic of facts. Beginning from Avrat-Hissari, a

established there were in ancient times few in number, merely sufficient to hold it as a province of Greece, or, latterly, as a province of the Byzantine Empire. Like all maritime nations, the Greeks seldom occupied the interior, but kept themselves concentrated on the sea-coast. This theory would lead to a conclusion which is logical enough, and this is that in ancient as well as in modern times, Salonica and the coast were Greek, while the interior was and is occupied by an indigenous race, whom the ancients called barbarians. Nowadays it is the Slaves who have taken their place.



YOUNG JEWESS OF SALONICA.

line of demarcation may be drawn, defining the limits between the Slave and Greek elements. To the south of this line, that is, along the coast, the Greeks have the majority; while in the interior, viz., at a distance only of eighteen miles from Salonica, there is not one Greek to be found. Besides Avrat-Hissari, at Doiran and Istip, for instance, the population is composed of Bulgarians, Mussulmans, and Jews; while in the rural districts there are none but Bulgarians and Zinzars to be found. The sons of the earth, those who till it and possess it, being Slaves, it is difficult to account for the claims brought forward by the Greeks. The claims which have historical recollections or souvenirs as a basis cannot stand against the evidence of facts. Besides, from the total disappearance of the Greek element from Macedonia, it must be inferred that the Greeks

According to my observations, these modern barbarians who occupy the interior of Macedonia are an honest, peaceable, and hard-working race, endowed with moral and physical qualities of a high standard.

The world is for him who can win it by labour and pluck; the assertion of mere claims is of no use.

A cup of coffee and some bread and cheese are more than enough in order to put a fellow in a riding humour. I have always found garlic a good specific to stir up one's energy, and it should be taken in doses of a handful at a time. Garlic at any time of the day while *en route* is everything to a horseman; it serves to give him an appetite, quench his thirst, sharpen his scent, and has a dozen other marvellous effects. The Turks attribute to it another most

valuable quality, that of counteracting the ill effects which the sudden changes of climate produce on the constitution. Thus in the East garlic does not labour under the weight of excommunication it does in the British Islands; every one there considers it an indispensable *vade mecum*, and on setting off on a journey fills his pockets with it. Thus, with garlic and arrack as revivers, with cigarettes as comforters, we began our advance over plains, ridges, and defiles, on our way to Doiran. Between our halting-place and Doiran the country offers no remarkable feature, as the route lies across an undulating country covered with crops of wheat and grain. Two hours before reaching Doiran we came to a mountainous and rocky district which borders the lake of Doiran. It is while crossing those defiles that the traveller catches sight at intervals of the distant lake, and of the lofty range which separates the valley of Serès from the basin of Doiran.

The town of Doiran is picturesquely situated on the lake of that name. It has a mixed population of Bulgarians and Mussulmans; the former thriving, the latter in a declining condition. On the whole, Doiran may count some 800 houses, and somewhere about 4,000 inhabitants. All around Doiran there are extensive plantations of mulberry and other fruit trees. The most important buildings are two mosques, a church, and a silk factory. This factory is an establishment on a large scale, which affords means of subsistence to fifty or sixty girls of the lower class.

It may be here remarked throughout the East, wherever a factory is established and the manual work of females required, the workwomen are exclusively Christians. Mussulman women will work at home by themselves, but will never go to a place where their virtue might be compromised by the sight which a manager could get of them.

The silk factory, which is, as I said, one of the chief buildings

of the place, is close by the shore of the lake. In front of the factory there is a sort of a promenade adorned with weeping-willows, which skirts the lake for something like a mile. The lake has a circumference of eighteen miles; it is deep, and its waters are sweet. Lake Doiran is full of fish, a sort of carp, which attains here an enormous size. The fishery of this lake is farmed out by the Treasury at £1,000 per annum. When the wind is high the waters become agitated and violent, and that was just the case the day we were at Doiran. The view of the lake and of the mountains on the eastern side is grand.

On the morning we took leave of the proprietors of the house where we had spent the night. They were Bulgarians; but it was with the females of the establishment alone that we had direct dealings. The old and young women of the house seemed to rival each other in their praiseworthy efforts to make us comfortable, and treat us with the niceties their culinary art could devise. The style of the houses and of their furniture was very simple, but neat and comfortable, while the very appearance of their barn and kitchen was enough to show that ease and abundance were here the reward of labour. I have always found that in country places, and especially in the houses of well-to-do farmers, it is highly tempting and gratifying to the senses to contemplate their barns nicely fitted up, and their store-rooms and larders richly provided with all that nature produces for our support. That sight is far more gratifying than any other that may entice the eye, let it be even the sight of a heap of pounds sterling. Another thing which did not escape my observation was a little sanctuary with lighted lamps burning before it. The women are orthodox and highly attached to their madonnas and saints; but this feeling, though it gives rise to a certain amount of superstition, yet has its advantageous side in steadying the conduct through life.

A Visit to Upper Silesia.—I.

BY GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S.

THE baths of Königsdorff Jastrzemb in Upper Silesia, though far superior to many with which the English public are familiar, may be said to be altogether unknown on this side of the Channel. Having seen a brief notice of the place and its waters in a work recently published in Berlin, we determined to seek it out and try their efficacy, though not a map could be found in London which indicated the situation of the village.

The direct postal route lies through Berlin and Breslau. The former city is generally reached, of course, by the main line of railway through Belgium and Cologne; but it is a long ride, and those who enjoy the sea will prefer to go *viâ* Hamburg, though they will be nearly twelve hours longer on the journey, even if fortunate enough to have a rapid passage. In this respect we were specially favoured, the *Virgo*, from London, arriving at Hamburg, after a very quick run of thirty-seven hours, in time for us to get the night mail to Berlin. A train in correspondence with this will carry the traveller at once to Breslau, if pressed for time; and as Berlin and every place on

this side of it are already known ground, we will take this as our starting-point.

The line from Berlin to Breslau is one of the state railways, and the accommodation is very superior; the second-class carriages greatly excelling both in roominess and comfort the first-class carriages on English lines. They are entered from a platform at each end, which arrangement affords additional facilities for regulating the ventilation—no slight advantage in such hot weather as we experienced during the day. The principal towns passed *en route* are Frankfurt on the Oder, and Liegnitz; little, however, is seen of them from the railway. The country possesses the same general features as are characteristic of all North Germany: a sandy plain, interspersed with wood and cultivated land, without a hill to vary the line of the horizon. The only novelty was caused by the late war. The train in which we travelled conveyed sundry officers and soldiers who were *en route* to various baths, having free passes from the Government, seeking recovery from the rheumatism

and other complaints which they had contracted in France. Occasionally we saw at the stations a whole military or hospital train which had brought back some regiments to their headquarters; and at another place a part of the railway platform had been appropriated as a lazaretto, the temporary boarding which served to separate it being decorated with the now familiar red cross on a white field. Many, too, of the engines and carriages still wore the laurel wreaths with which they had been decorated on the occasion of the return of the warriors.

Breslau is an interesting city. It combines much of the modern life and activity of the German capital, with the quaintness of one of the old cities of the Empire. The numerous factories and large new houses remind one of Berlin, while the churches and other public buildings, together with most of the houses in the centre of the town, carry one back in thought to Nuremberg. The costumes and manners of the lower orders are in keeping with the latter, though there is an air of business-like activity and prosperity about the place, which is only to be seen in the principal commercial centres.

The old Rathhaus, situated in the Ring—the principal square—is a fine specimen of mediæval architecture; several of the churches, too, are remarkable for the height of their roofs and spires, and for the extramural monuments with which they are decorated. There is indeed a rich field of research here for the antiquarian. In the early morning a great part of the Ring, and several of the adjoining streets, are occupied by market people and their stalls: poultry of all kinds, meat, butter, flowers, fruit, vegetables, domestic utensils, articles of dress, and almost everything else that is in general use, may be purchased here. In the evening the townspeople betake themselves to the gardens which enrich the town, occupying the space which was formerly devoted to works of defence: coffee, ices, and beer are now peacefully consumed where the bastions with their armament previously stood.

The Oder is navigable from here to the Baltic, entering that sea at Swinemunde; but it is shallow, and in many places encumbered with sand-banks. The river communication gives Breslau great trading facilities, as an instance of which Scotch pig-iron finds its way here, and is able to compete with the home product, though the celebrated iron-works of Silesia are only about 100 miles distant. Its principal drawback consists in lying so near the Russian frontier, having thus a jealous neighbour, whose commercial restrictions and protectionist tariffs greatly impede the mutual intercourse between the two nations.

From Breslau there are two routes to Königsdorff Jastrzemb; the one by Petrowitz, and the other by Czernitz or Rybnick. The former has the advantage of bringing the traveller within a shorter drive of his destination, but, on the other hand, it necessitates his crossing the Austrian frontier, which involves an examination of one's baggage by the Customs officers. The mail is conveyed *via* Czernitz, thus keeping within the Prussian boundary. In either case the road is the same as far as Nendza; here the route to the two latter places diverges, while the main line continues through Ratibor to Oderberg. During this ride indications are seen of an approach to the hill country. The outline of the Riesengebirge can be discerned on the south-western horizon; and presently the Carpathians may also be traced in the south-east. The sandy plain has also given place to a deposit of Jura limestone, which is here very largely quarried and burnt for lime. Lime-kilns abound in the

neighbourhood of the line of railway; they are much larger than those usually seen in England, and are built more upon the model of blast-furnaces. They are furnished with an inclined plane or a lift for raising the stone to the charging door, above which a chimney is carried up some distance for the purpose of carrying off the fumes.

Oderberg is little else than a large railway station, together with the Austrian customs establishment. It is the junction of the great lines of railway which connect Breslau, Warsaw, Cracow, and Vienna. As may be expected, therefore, a great many nationalities are represented, and the platform furnishes quite a study of costumes, on the arrival of each train. Most conspicuous of all are the Jews, who abound here; many have their hair twisted in long ringlets, a black coat extending to their ankles, high boots, and their walking-stick graduated as a yard measure—highly suggestive of the nature of their business. Some few Magyars are to be seen in a large dress of white cloth, with trousers reaching but little below the knee, and terminating with a fringe. Women in bright-coloured bodices, a handkerchief over their head, but neither shoes nor stockings on their feet; soldiers in Austrian uniform; and travellers in general from all parts, in all the varieties of dress common to them.

The first station on the line towards Warsaw is Petrowitz, the nearest point to our destination. On descending we had sufficient evidence that we were now out of the ordinary track of tourists, for there were no vehicles awaiting the arrival of the train—no agreeable prospect for us, as the rain was descending in torrents, and we were encumbered also with our baggage. A Berliner, indeed, thinks it quite an adventure to penetrate into Upper Silesia, and many Germans at the baths would scarcely believe our solemn assurance that we had come expressly from London, even though some unknown contributor to a Breslau newspaper had considered it an event of sufficient importance to record. Some conveyance was absolutely necessary, and as it was Hobson's choice, we sent a lad to the nearest farmhouse, and hired a small four-wheeled cart with a pair of ponies. With a truss of straw to sit upon, and our luggage forming a back to lean against, we drove off in the pitiless rain along one of the most execrable roads that can be imagined. About an hour's drive, fortunately without an upset, which sometimes seemed almost more than probable, brought us to the baths, and our spirits were not a little revived when we saw the beautiful avenue of birch-trees which leads to the little village. Our first inquiry for lodgings did not elicit an encouraging response. "Quite full" has been the general answer to visitors on their arrival this season, and our case was no exception; so after trying the most likely places, and being asked whether we had brought beds with us, we were glad to find for that night, at least, a small room in which there was a bed as well as a bedstead.

The first impressions of Jastrzemb, especially as the next day was damp and drizzly, were not altogether favourable, but it is a place which improves greatly on acquaintance. The visitors to these baths come for the benefit of their health, and not for fashion or dissipation, as at Homburg or Baden-Baden; and for certain classes of ailments it would be hard to make a better choice.

The mineral waters here are of especial value on account of the quantity of iodine they contain; besides which, bromine is also present. In respect of the latter element they much

resemble the well-known waters of Kreuznach ; but in iodine they are about four times as strong. They contain rather less common salt, and are, consequently, more agreeable to the taste. Some of the guests do not drink their morning portion very willingly at first, but they soon get so accustomed to it that the duty becomes rather pleasing than otherwise. The usual programme is to rise about six, and take two or three draughts of water at the Brunnen between that hour and eight o'clock, walking between times in the park, which is prettily laid out, and where a good band plays for two hours every morning, and for the same length of time in the afternoon, when many of the visitors drink also a second portion of water. In point of quantity much more moderation is shown than at many other baths, two full-sized tumblers being rarely exceeded at the morning promenade.

Bathing, which in one form or another is generally prescribed, occupies one of the morning hours, though, in consequence of the annual increase of visitors, some are compelled to take their baths in the afternoon. At present the bath-houses contain twenty-six rooms for that purpose, independently of those for douches and inhaling ; and according to their fittings are divided into two classes. For the cheaper ones there is a very brisk demand, and they are in constant requisition, from four o'clock in the morning until the same hour in the afternoon. The bath usually consists of the water in the same condition as it rises from the spring, except that it is warmed to such temperature as may be desired.

Both in house and bathing accommodation the present has been an exceptional year at Bad Königsdorff. In April, the largest hotel in the place (containing forty bedrooms) was accidentally burnt down, which has thrown an extra pressure upon the lodging-houses ; and on the return of the troops from France the Government has sent the invalids to the various baths of Germany to take the benefit of the waters. Jastrzemb

has had from twenty-five to thirty rank and file at a time, for whom one of the houses has been specially appropriated as a military hospital—in addition to a good many officers. These two circumstances combined have created an unexpected demand, without the inhabitants having sufficient time to provide for it. Plans are already being prepared for supplying both these deficiencies before next season.

The dinner hour, as is usual in Germany, is one o'clock. From five to seven the visitors are generally to be found in the park, either drinking the waters and promenading, or sitting near the orchestra chatting and listening to the music. After the latter hour an adjournment often takes place to the Kurhaus for an early supper, in the open air whenever the state of the weather will admit of it.

The spring itself, which has made the reputation of the place, rises, at a depth of 700 feet below the surface, in the tertiary strata, which here abound in coal ; borings in the immediate neighbourhood having proved the existence of deposits at least thirty feet in thickness. The coal is highly bituminous, rather approaching cannel in its character, and emitting carburetted hydrogen gas, which bubbles up through the water. The gas has all passed off before it reaches the drinking hall, and is purposely allowed to escape, in order to avoid the risk of explosion. A pretty little experiment might be made by applying a lighted taper at night, as the gas would take fire, and a pale blue flame would then be seen playing upon the surface of the water. At a second well, about a quarter of a mile distant from the first, the escape of the gas can be conveniently watched ; and a certain periodicity is observed, the action being greatest at intervals of two hours, and accompanied by a rise in the level of the water. This one, about 600 feet deep, is unused at present, as the principal spring yields about 6,500 cubic feet of water daily, which is more than sufficient for the wants of the place, and the present export demand.

Notes on Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—II.

BY LIEUTENANT C. B. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

WALKESHWUR—MALABAR POINT—FLYING FOXES—HOW BOMBAY CAME TO BE A BRITISH DEPENDENCY—THE SHRUBS AND TREES OF BOMBAY—ITS CHIEF FRUITS AND FISH—THE PARSEES : THEIR RELIGION, DRESS, AND CUSTOMS—THE TEMPLES OF SILENCE—THE PARSEES AT PRAYER.

A WALL surrounds Walkeshwur* on three sides, and it is only open towards the sea. We must therefore alight from our carriage, and on passing through one of the entrances, will find ourselves in the narrow streets of this singular out-of-the-way nook of the busy island of Bombay. This hotbed of Brahminism, during the season of the native festivals, is thronged with all the Hindoos of the great neighbouring city. In the middle of a large square is a sacred—and very dirty—tank

* Walkeshwur means the "Lord of the Sand." Rama came to Malabar Point, in the course of his travels, tired and thirsty, and found no water ; so he shot an arrow into the sand on the sea-shore, and water immediately appeared on the spot where stands the present tank.

of water, in which the pilgrims bathe by thousands, after which another dip in the sea completes the ceremony. Native houses surround us, with walls painted yellow and blue, while be vies of women pass, carrying *chatties* balanced on their heads, or children perched astraddle on their hips, all chatting and laughing pleasantly enough ; small covered carriages go by, brimming over with Hindoos wearing large red turbans ; and *shigrams*, in various stages of dilapidation, rattle along, equally full of Parsees, or perhaps of a cargo of sailors, who having come on shore for twenty-four hours' "liberty," are mostly in that semi-intoxicated condition which they themselves would style "half seas over."

Tall obelisk-shaped pillars, called *deepmals*, painted in parts red and yellow and green, and suspended with lamps on festive occasions, form a feature of the town of Walkeshwur. Temples of all sizes and forms are seen : there a lofty one, shaped like a sugar-loaf ; here one with a domed roof, on its pinnacle and

turret, with similar ones at each corner ; and a third elaborately carved, in which are small images of gods in niches placed in the numerous turrets on the roof. Then there are flat-roofed temples, and little square ones, standing about four feet high, with pointed roofs, and built under trees. It is a village of temples, full of busy Brahmins and lazy fakirs, who sit on the ground, under a dirty bit of canvas stretched on four poles,

god) would creep out from one of them, and Gunputty (the elephant-god), with his trunk, grin at you through an open, carved window in a temple. Every now and then, a Brahmin, in white drapery, flits by like a ghost, and religious mendicants slink along the walls looking like spirits from the nether world.

From Malabar Point we will drive to Chowpatty and Girgaum, by the road below the bank. As it gets dark, and you



CHRISTIAN CONVERTS, BOMBAY.

with a *hubble-bubble* (a pipe, the smoke of which is made to pass through a cocoa-nut filled with water, being a humble imitation of a hookah), with their long hair twisted round their heads, and covered with ashes and dirt. A wall surrounds this little corner of the island of Bombay on three sides ; towards the west it is open to the sea. The narrow passages (for streets they cannot be called) are dark and gloomy ; on each side are temples, houses, and dingy walls, with the foliage of tall trees overshadowing the way, and nearly obscuring the daylight ; and on all sides there are numbers of mysterious corners ; little barred windows in walls ; small dark inlets here and outlets there, so that one almost expects Hunooman (the monkey-

are whirled past the thick groves of the cocoa-nut trees, you will notice the effect of the lights gleaming among the foliage from the large, and in some instances handsome, Parsee houses, which are thickly clustered about this neighbourhood. The drive from Malabar Hill to Chowpatty along the foot of the cliffs is very pretty. The steep banks are covered with foliage, conspicuous among which are the date-trees of various species, perched on the red and black rocks, and the graceful casuarina, which waves its feathery boughs in the breeze. Among the basaltic masses of rock above the road is domesticated a colony of coolies, who, having few wants, are quite happy in their miserable huts. As twilight has set in, and quickly given way

to night, a fine effect is produced by the moon shining through the dark masses of trees, and here and there, as you emerge from out their shade, the long, drooping branches or leaves of the cocoa-nut trees, with their tall upright stems, are clearly marked in the pure light of the vault of heaven.

Your attention will be attracted by the flight overhead of curious-looking creatures, somewhat resembling large crows. They are called flying-foxes, and from sunrise to sunset may be seen hanging in clusters from the branches of the peepul-tree head downwards, and suspended apparently by one leg. At twilight they arouse themselves from this dormant state, and fly among the trees, and even over the houses in the Fort, with their heavy, silent, and mysterious flight. The flying-fox has the wings, body, and legs of a bat, and a beautiful, delicately-formed head, resembling alike in colour and fur that of a fox. The body is nearly a foot in length, and the extreme breadth between the wings when extended measures from three to four feet.

On these quiet still nights, sounds can be heard a long way off; the singing of the natives, and the monotonous drumming of the tomtoms, are distinguishable from the extremity of Malabar Point or Colaba, and are not unpleasing, when mellowed by distance. In the harbour itself, the notes of the band playing on board the guardship can be heard everywhere, as can also the chorus of the sailors' songs, as the honest fellows enliven the evenings by ditties, chiefly to the memory of sweet-hearts in distant England.

A further detailed description of Bombay and its people may be well prefaced by a few words as to the somewhat remarkable manner in which the island came to be a possession of the British crown.

The word Bombay is said to be derived from the Portuguese *Bom Bahia*, or "good bay;" though some think that it is so-called from the Hindoo goddess, Bomba Devi. Bombay was formerly comprehended in the Mogul province of Aurnagabad, and at the time of its cession to the Portuguese, in A.D. 1530, it was a dependency on a chieftain residing at Tannah, in Salsette; but its new masters never valued it, on account of its unhealthiness and its proximity to Goa, their capital. As part of the dowry of the Infanta Catherine of Portugal, on the occasion of her marriage with Charles II., it became, in 1661, an appanage of the British crown; and a British fleet and armament were dispatched in the following year to take possession of the island. The Portuguese evaded the cession for some time, and it was not until February, 1665, that Mr. Cooke, the first English governor, took possession of the island with the remnant of the troops, who had been decimated with sickness.

Charles II., finding that he had an unprofitable bargain in Bombay, listened to the complaints of the East India Company, regarding the injury done to their trade; and by letters patent, dated 27th March, 1668, transferred the island from the crown to the company, "in free and common soccage, as the manor of East Greenwich, on the payment of the annual rent of ten pounds in gold, on the 30th September of each year."

On the 23rd September following, the island, whose revenues were almost £2,823 per annum, was taken possession of by Sir George Oxenden, the company's governor, and its troops, arms, and stores were transferred to that officer. In 1683 or 1684 Bombay was constituted an independent English settlement, the factory at Surat having been hitherto the only seat of government in Western India. After the year 1686, when the chief governor removed from Surat to Bombay, the settlement

continued in a very weakly state for some time, liable to invasion from the Mahrattas and Portuguese, and its prosperity was adversely affected by the quarrels between the old and new East India Companies. In 1692, and again in 1703, it was nearly depopulated by the plague; but, in spite of all these adverse circumstances, so advantageous was the position of the island for purposes of commerce, that it steadily continued to progress from the state of prostration to which it had been reduced, until it came to occupy its present position as the emporium of Eastern trade. Thus, though England has nothing for which to be grateful to the "merry" but dissolute monarch, who indeed brought the country to the lowest ebb of disgrace, yet the fact that through Charles II. the city of Bombay, with its unrivalled harbour, came to be British property should be taken into consideration, when we execrate him for reducing our fleet to a point of weakness that enabled De Ruyter to sail up the Thames and burn Sheerness.

Among the trees which flourish in the island of Bombay is the teak, with its peculiar-shaped large leaves. For ship-building purposes the teak is declared to be superior to the oak, and I think there can be little doubt that it is more lasting, owing, perhaps, to its closer grain. There is also the jack-tree, from out the trunk of which grows a large-sized fruit. Chief among the denizens of the forest stands the majestic cocoa-nut, or palm-tree, which the Hindoos may be almost excused for regarding as sacred, as it gives an ingredient for their curries, as well as shade and drink; also oil for their lamps, thatch for their huts, coir for cordage, as well as fibre for clothing and matting. As you walk or drive in the environs of Bombay among the *topes*, or clusters of trees, it is curious to watch the natives climbing up the palm-trees for the purpose of extracting the juice, which is converted into "toddy," a spirituous liquor in high favour among the natives. The toddy-drawer ascends the tall stem of the palm-tree by the following ingenious method. Taking the dry stem of a creeping plant, he forms it into a circle about a foot in diameter, into which he puts his feet. He then raises himself up a little on the stem of the tree by means of his hands, draws up his legs, and, subsequently, supports his whole weight upon his feet and the connecting ligature which is round the stem of the tree; then stretches up his arms again; and so, by the alternate motion of his arms and feet, he reaches the top. The ordinary implements of a toddy-drawer are the shell of a large gourd, capable of containing several pints of the sweet juice, and a broad knife, which he suspends to a belt tied round his waist. In Bombay the stem is sometimes notched on each side, to enable the toddy-drawer to ascend the tree; and often have we stood under its shadow, and watched the nimble fellow crawling cat-like up the tall stem. The more common mode of ascent is there performed by putting a belt—which fastens with a kind of button at one end and eye at the other—loosely round the body of the toddy-drawer and the trunk of the tree; leaning back against the belt, he presses the soles of the feet close to the stem, while he at the same time raises the encircling band; so, alternately stretching upwards and then leaning back against the belt and drawing up his feet, ascends a foot or two at a time.*

Another species of this elegant tribe of trees is the traveller's palm, from which a watery juice is extracted, and the broad leaves of which grow in a fan-like form. The late Mr. Graham,

* Rhind's "Vegetable Kingdom."

author of a catalogue of the plants growing in Bombay and its vicinity, remarks that this tree is the most ornamental of the whole tribe, with its long, pendulous clusters of dark red, succulent, acrid berries. The pith of this tree yields a species of sago; and the sap, or toddy, is in common use in the Deccan for the purpose of yeast for raising and fermenting bread. Mr. Graham died at an early age in India, and is buried at Khandallah, in the Deccan.

Among shrubs cultivated in Bombay are the golden mohur, with its light acacia-like leaves and gaudy blossoms, and the oleander, or almond-tree, one of the commonest of shrubs here. There are also the Indian fig, with its prickly leaves; the neem, somewhat resembling a young acacia, or mountain ash, and bearing a profusion of flowers; the yellow-tufted baubool, from which a highly nutritious gum is extracted; and the tulip-tree, with its massive foliage and purple and gold blossoms. There are also the asoka, sacred to Siva, with its beautiful red blossoms, and casuarinas, with their light and graceful foliage.

Most famous and certainly most delicious of all Indian fruits—though perhaps this is a matter of taste, as some people cannot eat the fruit—is the mango, which, however, is only in season between the months of April and June. The flavour is very fine, and may be described as a combination of the melon, apricot, and strawberry. On peeling off the skin the fruit is discovered, with its rich golden colour, which does not belie the juicy richness of the taste. A lady authoress, dilating on the fruit as perfection, winds up with the affirmation, "It must have been the fruit which tempted Eve, and that weak man, Adam, who afterwards threw all the blame on his poor wife." The mango of Mozagong—which now forms part of Bombay—is famed throughout the East; and in the reign of Shah Jehan—who flourished about the time of our James I.—an abundant and fresh supply of this fruit was ensured for his use by couriers, who were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast. The fruit will also be familiar to every reader of Moore's poetical romance of "Lalla Rookh," as its absence from the royal table caused poignant regret to the philosophic chamberlain, Fadladeen.*

The mango-tree has been described as not unlike an ilex in appearance, and its leaves are of the deepest green. The tops of this tree form a pleasing feature in Indian landscapes; and as it is considered an act of philanthropy to plant them, benevolent Hindoos frequently perform the charitable task.

The tamarind is a beautiful tree; its fruit, which is of a darker colour and drier than the West Indian tamarind, has pods twice as long, which, as seen hanging on the tree, are not unlike those of the bean in appearance. The areca palm furnishes the nut which, mixed with *paun*, forms the composition Hindoos are so fond of chewing. The plantain or banana fruit is well known in England. The broad leaves, which hang so gracefully from the trees, form a pleasant shade, and the memory of the rustling sound, as the wind gently sets them in motion, will recall to old Indians many happy hours passed

during the pleasant evenings of the long years of exile in that much-abused, yet often subsequently regretted country.

Passing by the famous banyan-tree, with its widely-spreading branches, which in their umbrageous luxuriance could shelter a troop of cavalry, we must not omit some mention of the peepul, a tree sacred to Vishnoo, and held in high veneration by all Hindoos, who consider it a duty to plant them. One of the most delicious fruits, always after the mango, and perhaps the plantain, is the guava, which has a very delicate flavour; the custard apple, a round soft fruit, the inside of which much resembles a custard in taste, is also very choice. Other fruits are the shaddock, sweet lime, pomegranate, water-melon, which grows to an enormous size, sometimes being three feet high, and another highly-prized description, called the musk-melon, which has a very delicate flavour. The chief vegetables peculiar to the country are *brinjals*, which have small seeds enclosed within a dark-coloured rind, and are served up cut in two, and with the inside mixed with butter; also the *bindy*, a pod three or four inches in length, of a green colour, and, when boiled, presenting a peculiar slimy appearance, but which is thought a delicacy when served up on toast. Neither of these vegetables are very highly thought of by Europeans, and do not supersede those in use in England. Before quitting the subject of fruits and vegetables, it should be recorded that the onions of Bombay have a deserved celebrity for their size, mildness, and agreeable flavour.

No place is better supplied with fish than Bombay, and that, too, of a description not met with elsewhere. To our taste no fish in European waters can be compared to the pomfret, the delicacy and superior flavour of which are undeniable. It is said that the epicure Quin seriously projected a visit to Bombay to eat the pomfret; and we can quite believe that had he been a well-qualified judge in the gastronomic art, of which he was so great an enthusiast, he would never have quitted Bombay after enjoying his first dish of the incomparable delicacy.

Prawns here are of a remarkable size, and prawn curry, as it used to be served up at the Indian Navy and Byculla Clubs, is certainly choicer than any we know of, being even superior to that made of oysters. Scarcely less palatable than pomfret is the *bummelow mutchee*, which is peculiar to this coast. The bummelow is a sort of eel, which is eaten both in a fresh and dried state, and usually appears at breakfast, with a dish of rice, butter, and split-peas, which from being coloured with turmeric, is perfectly yellow, and is termed *kedgaree*. Great quantities are annually dried both for home and foreign consumption, and in this state it forms an agreeable adjunct to curry and rice. One of the most delightful amusements that can be enjoyed at Bombay is a sail in a Bombay fishing-boat, a description of craft which for speed, due to their peculiar construction, are perhaps unequalled by the coasting-vessels of any other part of the world. Within soundings a great number of sea-snakes, some over a foot in length, will be seen swimming about on the surface of the water.

The most enterprising, in a commercial point of view, of the various races of Bombay are the Parsees, some of whom are even more wealthy than the most successful of the European merchants. Great numbers of their poorer brethren are clerks in the government offices, a species of service for which they are peculiarly fitted, on account of their attention to business, industry, and general intelligence. Their inclinations are essentially pacific, and such a phenomenon as a Parsee soldier

* The late Sir Thomas Metcalfe, an incorrigible punster, was once guilty of the following verbal quip on the name of this fruit, which was narrated to the writer by a mutual friend present on the occasion. Sir Thomas, at one of his hospitable dinner-parties, rolled a mango across the table to one of his guests, and the fruit brought up against a plate of raisins, called in Hindustanee, *kismis*. "Ah!" exclaimed the delighted punster, improving the occasion after the manner of those afflicted with his amiable weakness; "Ah! see how naturally *man goes to kiss miss*."

in the ranks of a native regiment is, I should suppose, unknown in the chronicles of the Bombay army. Even during the stirring times of the Indian Mutiny, not one individual of the nationality had the manliness to join even a volunteer corps for local service, and share with their white fellow-subjects the duties of self-defence, and that although the condition of affairs at Bombay was at one time in a most alarming state; and in the event of an outbreak, they, the Parsees, would have been subjected by Mussulman and Hindoo fanatics to massacre with an animosity equal to that entertained against the proud islanders, whose martial qualities at least commanded respect, while contempt was mingled with the hatred entertained for the effeminate money-mongering Parsee. Certainly, no one could in the present day recognise in this unwarlike race the descendants of the princes of the "Arabian Nights," or of that romantic Hafed whose heroic deeds are immortalised by Moore.

The Parsees are supposed to be descendants of the ancient Persians, who, after the defeat of their king Yezdezerd, the last of the dynasty of Sassan, by the followers of Mohammed, fled to the mountains of Khorasan. On the death of Yezdezerd, they quitted their native land, and putting to sea, were permitted to settle at Sanjan, a place near the sea-coast, between Bombay and Surat, about

twenty-four miles south of Damaun. There is a curious poem descriptive of the arrival and settlement of the Parsees in India, written about A.D. 1599; this poem, called "Kissan-i-Sanjan," after the place in which the race first settled, has been translated by Mr. Eastwick. As is well known, the founder of their peculiar religious tenets was Zoroaster, who flourished in the reign of Darius

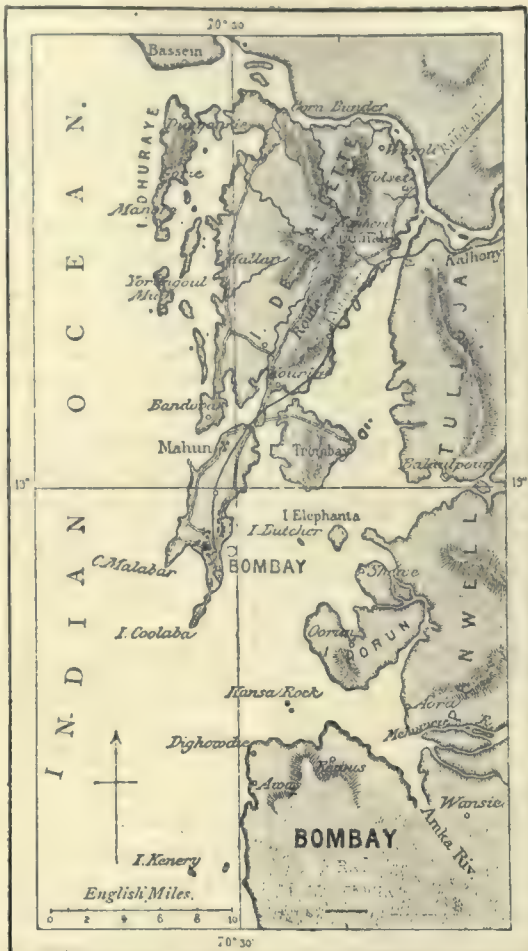
caused himself to be enrolled the Archimagus, or chief of the magi. The Zendavesta has been ascribed to Zoroaster, but

Mr. Erskine, in a paper which appears in Vol. II. of the *Bombay Literary Transactions*, is of opinion that if any part of them was really the work of that philosopher, they were reduced to their present shape by another compiler, as there are numerous addresses to Zoroaster. Parsees believe in the existence of two opposing principles—Ormuzd, the superior, is a benevolent being; and Ahriman, the inferior and malignant agency. They address their prayers to time without bounds, or eternity, which is *the Word*, and to Ormuzd; they adore also the sun, moon, and stars, and the whole of nature, and they ascribe peculiar sanctity to the element of fire. M. de Perron, in his work on the "Theological and Ceremonial System of Zoroaster," translated by the Rev. J. M. Mitchell, says that this prophet, "regarding fire as the purest symbol of the ever-acting Deity, was led naturally to recommend the special worship of that element; and as of all elements fire is the only one which is not perceptible unless when kindled, the legislator ordered the erection of altars or fire-places in which it might be kept up. In this manner fire be-

came the most useful and striking object in the Persian worship."

The Parsees pay reverence to two kinds of fire—the

Adaran, lawful for vulgar eyes to behold; and the Behram, which must be seen by none but the chief Dusstoor, or priest, and must be screened from the rays of the sun. When required for a new temple, a portion of the sacred fire is procured in a golden censer from Mount Elbourg, near Yezd, where resides the chief pontiff, and where the holy flame is perpetually maintained. The Beh-



HINDOO TEMPLE AT WALKESHWAR, ON MALABAR HILL.

Hystaspes, about 525 B.C., and that monarch so ardently espoused his principles that, at the death of Zoroaster, he

ram fire is said to have had its origin from the natural bituminous fires on the shores of the Caspian, and to have never

been extinguished. It is supposed to be fed with sandal and other precious and aromatic woods, and is kept burning on a silver grating. Mr. Erskine, in the paper previously alluded to, states "that the Behram fire is found only in three *ats/khanchs*, or temples, in all India, namely, at Odipur, a town near Damaun, at Nausari, and at Bombay; the Adaran fires are much more numerous, there being five or six in Bombay alone, and many in other places."

When a Parsee dies, a dog must be present, as it is supposed to drive away evil spirits who are on the alert to seize upon the dying man's soul; this precaution is called the *sagdad*, or dog

meal. These Temples of Silence are common round towers without roofs, their exterior bearing a general resemblance to the martello towers to be seen on the Sussex coast. The interior is fitted up with stages or storeys of stone pavement, slanting down to a circular opening, like a well, covered with a grating, into which the bones are swept after the birds have cleared them of every particle of flesh. On the upper tier are placed the bodies of men, on the second those of women, on the lowest those of children. At Poona and other towns where the Parsee community is not so numerously represented, the towers have usually but one stage or storey, the pavement of which is divided



PARSEE CHILDREN, BOMBAY.

gaze. One of the chief reasons for the great veneration in which dogs are held by Parsees arises from the tradition that in their emigration from Persia to India their ancestors were, during a dark night, nearly driven upon the shores of Guzerat, and that they were aroused and first warned of their impending danger by the barking of the dogs on board their ships.

As soon as the man is dead, the body is dressed in clean, but old clothes, and conveyed to its last resting-place on an iron bier; meat and drink are placed at hand for three days, as during that time the soul is supposed to hover around in the hope of being reunited to its late earthly tenement.

The Parsee sepulchres are of so peculiar a character as to merit particular notice. Should any of my readers ever go to Bombay, he will find two of these *dakhmas*, or Temples of Silence, in a secluded part of Malabar Hill, though admittance is denied within the walls enclosing the melancholy structures to aught but Parsees, and the vultures which hover around in silent flight, or whet their beaks preparatory to their disgusting

into three compartments by low stone walls running from the outer wall of the tower to the edge of the well-like aperture, and separately appropriated to men, women, and children, whose bodies are deposited loosely wrapped in cloth.* The vultures are always on the alert, and no sooner has the funeral party retired from the building, and left the body of their deceased friend to the horrors of this novel description of charnel-house, than the filthy birds are first seen hovering over, and then descending upon the scarcely cold body. Should they first attack the eye it is considered a favourable omen for the soul; but one would think this rending and devouring of the flesh, loved and cherished during life, must revolt the feelings of those among the fire-worshippers who have not wholly surrendered themselves to the necessities of their religion. After a certain time the bones are thrown into the well, with which subterranean passages communicate, and by which they are occasionally removed, in order to prevent the sepulchre from being too full

* Lady Falkland's "Journal in India."

The Parsees assign as their reason for not burying their dead that, having received many benefits from the earth during their life-time, they consider it defiled by placing dead bodies in it. Similarly, they do not adopt the Hindoo custom of burning their dead, as another element, fire, would be rendered impure.

The chief distinctive feature of the Parsee dress is the hat, to which the community cling with a pertinacity that would be extraordinary were it not common; even the Parsee representative of "young Bombay," dressed from top to toe in European costume, including a pair of shiny boots, cannot be induced to discard the abominable *toppe*, or hat, distinctive of his race: though, perhaps, after all, we who live in glass houses should not throw stones, for what can be more hideous than the chimney-pot hat of our boasted civilisation? The Parsee head-dress, which contests the palm of ugliness with its English rival, is constructed on a strong but light framework, covered with highly-glazed, dark-coloured chintz. The priests, who dress like the laity, wear a hat of much the same shape as the former, but white instead of a dark colour. On occasions of ceremony, the ordinary tight-fitting narrow garment is exchanged for one with very full skirts like a petticoat, and a shawl is usually worn round the waist, which is at other times omitted.

The costume of the women is a combination of that of the Hindoos and Mussulmans, consisting of the short body and *sarra* of the former, with the full trousers of the latter. Both

sexes endue themselves at seven years of age with the sacred shirt, which is worn over the trousers; the *sadra*, as it is called, is made of a thin transparent muslin, and is meant to represent the coat-of-mail the men wore when they arrived in India, and with which they believe they can resist the spiritual assaults of Ahriman, the evil principle. The hair of the women is concealed by linen skull-caps, fitting tight to the head.

Parsee females are fair in comparison with the other women of Bombay; some, indeed, are handsome, but, like the generality of Eastern ladies, they lose their good looks early in life, and, as a consequence of the idle listless lives they lead, soon become *emboupoint*.

It is a singular and interesting sight to watch the Parsees assembled on the sea-shore, and, as the sun sinks below the horizon, to mark them prostrating themselves, and offering up their orisons to the great giver of light and heat, which they regard as representing the Deity. Their prayers are uttered, it is said, in an unknown tongue; and after the fiery face of the orb of day has disappeared in his ocean bed, and the wondrous pillars of light shooting aslant the sky proclaim that the "day is done" and the night is at hand, they raise themselves from their knees and turn silently away from the beach, which is left once more to twilight and the murmur or, if in angry mood, the roar of the sea as it breaks on the shore.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—II.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE

GRANADA—GUIDES.

WE wound up our last section with a few words on the present state of the Alhambra; and however tempting it may be to dilate upon its various beauties in detail, this has been so fully and so ably done by previous writers upon the subject, that it would be out of place in a sketch like the present to do more than touch *en passant* upon so seductive a theme. For those who desire to study the architecture and decorations of the Alhambra at home, the magnificent volume, the joint production of Owen Jones and Don Pascual Gayangos, is as accurate as it is interesting; while the little handbook published by the former for the use of visitors to the "Court of the Lions" at the Crystal Palace, gives a faithful reproduction of almost everything but the colours. Mr. Murphy's great work, also, although the plates are not coloured, is even more accurate than these more recent publications. A few years ago the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada could only be visited at certain hours, and even then many of the chambers were not shown; but at the present day the entire building is open all day long to visitors; and the attendants or guardians earn a small gratuity by an amount of civility, which, under the old *régime*, was certainly not to be met with. A necessary and most proper surveillance is, however, kept over all visitors, and it is only by obtaining a special permission, as we did, that any one is permitted to wander *unattended* through the palace of the Moorish kings. The wanton destructiveness of

former visitors has, alas! left its mark upon the walls, and the elegant *tocador*, from having been the glory of Moorish architecture and Italian decoration, is now only a standing monument of their disgraceful conduct. The exquisitely-painted walls are rudely scribbled over with the names of travellers, who should rather blush thus to perpetuate their vandalism; and the carvings and arabesque work on the windows and doors are chipped away, so as to leave but little of the original design remaining. Our engraving represents a countryman—we have a bad reputation abroad for such matters—in the act of pillage and destruction, while the guardian, well fed, no doubt, by the *milord*, turns his face in the opposite direction. We are happy to say that under the new *régime* such things do not occur; but M. Doré's sketch appears to us too good to be lost.

But the Alhambra, although the most interesting, is by no means the only interesting building at Granada. The Generalife, the Cartuja, the Cathedral, with its numerous interesting chapels, and many architectural remains of the Moorish dominion, have claims upon the time and attention of the traveller. Of these, the Generalife, the villa or pleasure house of the Moorish kings of Granada, is situated close to the Alhambra; and, having indulged in the doubtful luxury of a guide on our first day at Granada, we were shown over the Generalife in the regular "round." Manuel Lara, our cicerone, although he spoke no language but his own, proved a very pleasant and intelligent guide. He did not make a mono-

tonous oration on reaching every object of interest, as is the custom of his tribe, but knew when to hold his tongue, and only gave information when we seemed to desire it, which was exceedingly pleasant. I have a general prejudice, when travelling, against every native who speaks any language but his own; and, certainly, in the case of guides, if you can get hold of a man otherwise intelligent, the fewer languages he speaks the more agreeable and the more reliable will he usually be.

THE GENERALIFE.

The interior of the Generalife, which appears to have been ornamented in the same style as the Alhambra, has been entirely whitewashed, and that so thickly, that not only the colour, but even the patterns in relief have been almost completely obliterated. There is a small picture-gallery, but the great charm of the place is the delightful view which it commands of the surrounding scenery. The gardens are laid out in the same taste, intersected at every turn with bubbling rivulets, and fresh with hundreds of ever-playing fountains, and the plants and parterres seem remarkably well attended, which, considering the present owner, the Marquis of Campo-tejar, has never even visited it, speaks well for some one on the spot. The flowers and shrubs are of countless varieties, and would delight the heart of a horticulturist; but as I unfortunately did not come under that denomination, I was obliged to content myself with noting down some of the Spanish names, and remarking some exceedingly fine specimens of that universally familiar plant, the cabbage, which were growing in small pots on the top of an ornamental wall in the centre of the garden. Fancy a country where the pigs feed on the fruit of the cactus, and green cabbages are grown in pots for ornament!

THE CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral disappointed me very much. Its ill-proportioned Græco-Roman structure could hardly please any one who had been so lately initiated in Arabic elegance; but the interior is not even rich. A general white and cold tone prevails. The centre nave is entirely blocked up by the choir; a profusion of statues and churriguesque ornamentation do not improve matters. There are some good pictures, especially by Alonso Cano; but the light is bad, and white and gold is not the best background in the world to show off paintings under any circumstances. The chapels are, however, interesting, especially the *Capilla de los Reyes*, containing the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, of which M. Doré's admirable sketch gives a faithful picture. The tomb is of alabaster, and the effigies of the king and queen of white marble; the details which may be remarked in the woodcut are exquisitely finished, the work of a Genoese of the name of Peralta. The tomb of Philip of Burgundy and *Juana la Loca*, about whom there has been so much discussion of late, stands close beside that of the Catholic sovereigns, and is somewhat similar in design and execution. But, beautiful as these tombs are, perhaps a more remarkable relic in the *Capilla de los Reyes* is the pair of painted carvings which adorn the walls. One of them represents the triumphal entry of Ferdinand and Isabella, accompanied by Cardinal Mendoza, into the city of Granada; and the other the baptism of the converted Moors *en masse* by some Spanish monks. These strange carvings are well preserved, and the costumes, the faces, and, indeed, the

subjects which they represent are of the highest interest. Some standards used at the conquest, some swords, the queen's private missal, and many objects of interest in the sacristy of the chapel are shown by the verger before conducting you into the *Sagrario*, which is, to use Ford's happy antithesis, "costly in material and poor in design."

LA CARTUJA.

About a mile from the town, on the north-east road, stands the suppressed convent—La Cartuja. We started out to walk by the Puerta de Elvira, mentioned in the old Moorish romance, "*Ay de mi Alhama*," and passing through the Plaza del Triunfo, easily found our way without the assistance of Manuel Lara, to the convent. A crowd of ragged children besieged us at the entrance, and one of them having rung a huge bell, a very old and infirm porter made his appearance, who appeared to be the only inhabitant of the deserted cloisters, and by him we were shown round the entire building, and every object was described with great minuteness and an attention to detail, which were most amusing. If we did not appear to pay sufficient attention to any particular marble or painting he would seize me by the arm, and, placing me forcibly into the *exact spot* from which the best view was to be obtained, would watch our faces with the greatest attention to see the effect produced. The old man was so evidently proud of his treasures, and so pleased at having some one to whom he could show them, that we submitted to everything he chose to put upon us, even to the discovery of fanciful resemblances to men and things in the veining of the beautiful Granada marble with which the chapel is adorned. In the Cartuja there are also the largest pieces of solid tortoise-shell and precious agate in Spain, and a cabinet of ebony inlaid with silver, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise-shell; an exquisite little statue of St. Bruno, the founder of the convent; some other good painted statues, and a quantity of second-rate pictures, depicting, with harrowing detail, the persecution of the Roman Catholics by Queen Elizabeth in England. Spain is a strange place to find religious persecution condemned; but "*Bien se está San Pedro á Roma*" (St. Peter is good at Rome), as Sancho Panza says; and while we are in the way of borrowing from Cervantes, let us again quote what ought never to be lost sight of for a moment by a Spanish traveller, "*No pida peras al olmo*" (you must not look for pears on a elm-tree). You must not expect to find any fairness in religious matters, nor, indeed, liberality of sentiment on any subject. You must content yourself with looking for the marble, the agate, and the tortoise-shell; you came to see, and you will not be disappointed.

The resources of this Carthusian convent, or, rather, monastery, before its dissolution were enormous, and were chiefly derived from an estate given to the order by Gonzalvo de Cordova. On the way back to Granada we looked at the old convent of San Geronimo, which has been converted into a military barrack, in the chapel of which the great captain lies buried. His effigy, with that of his wife, kneel on each side of the high altar, and the place of their burial is marked by a brief and simple Latin epitaph. The memory of *el gran capitan* is much respected at Granada; but as a general rule the Andalusians have as little of what may be called antiquarian veneration as it is possible to conceive of people whose whole country is but a rich mine of antiquarian wealth, unworked,

alas! and neglected, like so many of their other mines, and only enjoyed in its decay by the foreigner.

ENVIRONS OF GRANADA—EXCURSIONS—BATHS.

The country in the neighbourhood of Granada is, as we have before remarked, not only very beautiful, but very interesting; and a great many exceedingly pleasant excursions can be made on horseback into the Sierra Nevada or along the Vega. The kingdom of Granada is very rich in marble, and a visit may be paid to the great serpentine quarry, on the banks of the Xenil, about seven miles from the city, from whence were brought the fine columns of the church of Salesas at Madrid. The most characteristic marble of Granada is of a rich red colour, of a very clear grain, and taking a very fine polish. But, in addition to serpentine, there are marbles of almost every colour—jasper, and a great variety of alabaster, white, coloured, and veined, transparent and opaque. The mineral wealth of Andalusia is quite marvellous, for, although the gold and silver mines are exhausted, or at all events no longer worked, iron, copper, lead, and coal abound in various districts. Emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, and cornelians are also found in small quantities in the neighbourhood of Granada; but in this instance, as in so many others, it is impossible to say whether Nature or the apathy of the Andalusians is to blame for the scantiness of the yield. The kingdom of Granada possesses mineral wealth of a very different nature to that which we have been speaking of, in her numerous and valuable thermal springs. Of them Alhama is the most celebrated, and this ancient Moorish key to Granada, so celebrated in tradition and in song, is now becoming, as fast as bad roads and general insolation will permit, a fashionable watering-place. Do not, pray, let the word suggest Scarborough or Homburg, but picture to yourself a little old-fashioned town, picturesquely situated on a rocky eminence in the midst of the Sierra Nevada, approachable only on horseback or by diligence, over one of the most execrable roads in Andalusia. Before we leave the subject of excursions from Granada, we may

remark that good saddle-horses are to be had in the town at five or six shillings (twenty to thirty reals) a day, though the saddles may possibly not satisfy a fastidious critic. We did not go to Sota de Roma, the Duke of Wellington's Spanish estate, about nine miles from Granada, although we heard it was well worth seeing, and one of the regular horseback excursions, as we were only able to stay a week at Granada; neither had we time to do any mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.

Indeed, I imagine that the latter would be rather difficult to accomplish, as the Spaniards can hardly understand any one travelling from home to see beautiful Granada, and they certainly would have no sympathy with any one who should leave his comfortable quarters in the city to rough it in the Sierra—for mere pleasure! And, under these circumstances, I am sure we should have had a great deal of difficulty in obtaining the guides, horses, and correct information necessary for such an expedition. The thing, however, is sometimes done by enterprising Englishmen, among others, by the well-known Pyrenean mountaineer, Mr. Charles Packe.

“EL ULTIMO SUSPIRO DEL MORO.”

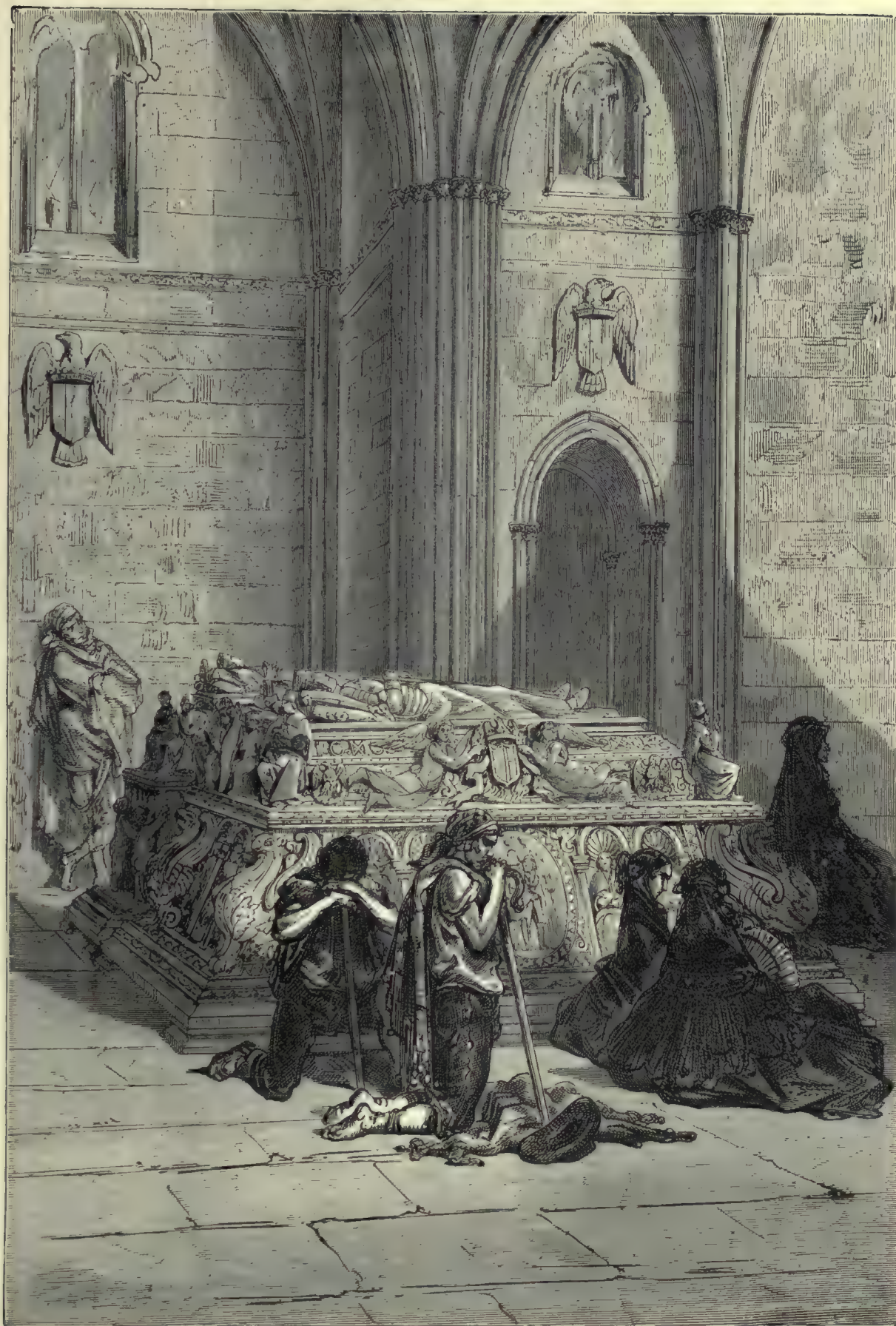
From an historical point of view one of the most interesting excursions to be made from Granada is to a spot called *El ultimo suspiro del Moro* (the last sigh of the Moor). It was here, according to tradition, that the ill-fated Boabdil turned round to take a last look at the



MODERN CHRISTIANS IN THE PALACE OF THE ANCIENT MOORISH KINGS, ALHAMBRA.

beautiful capital alas! no longer his.

Then the hated banner of Santiago floated over the red tower of his beloved Alhambra, and all was lost for ever. He could not, indeed, have foreseen all the dark deeds of treachery and persecution which were to disgrace the banner of the Cross, and show the world the fiendish intolerance of mediæval Spanish *Christianity*; but he knew that he was a king without a kingdom, a chief without a people, a man without hope: and he gave vent to a passionate burst of tears, which drew upon him the well-known reproof of his high-souled mother, Ayxa la Horra, “Thou dost well to weep as a woman for what thou hast not defended like a man!”



TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA IN THE CATHEDRAL, GRANADA.

RIDICULE OF STRANGERS.

We have before taken occasion to remark that the people of Granada are morally as well as materially isolated and cut off from the rest of the world; and accordingly there is a peculiarity in Spanish character which we have never seen sufficiently noticed, and certainly never explained, in the works of the various travellers who have written about the Peninsula; and that is, the ridicule of foreigners. North of Madrid indeed this characteristic defect can hardly be said to exist, certainly not in an offensive form. You may be noticed, stared at, remarked on; but that is all. So perhaps we should say that the thing is Andalusian rather than Spanish; and every Spanish traveller knows what a wide difference there is between the two. To turn our attention therefore to the south, there is no doubt that the people, even many of what we should call the more educated classes, firmly believe that every stranger who takes the trouble to leave his own country merely to come to see theirs, or of course any other, is neither more nor less than *loco*, or mad; and every little difference in dress or manner, as well as in speech, tends most strongly to confirm this idea. We all know that our countrymen in Switzerland, and other parts of the Continent nearer home, are not very particular as to their dress. Let us warn them solemnly not to visit Granada, for the smallest deviation from Granada fashion proclaims the foreigner. In more frequented parts of the town this merely entails being stared at by every human being you pass, or who passes you until you are out of sight. People will walk past you for the amusement of turning round and laughing in your face; and if you are sitting down they will walk up to you, and stand opposite you for some minutes, staring you full in the face. And this does not happen only in the case of strangers in outlandish dresses, such as Miss Eyre wore when she was here—and was consequently so mobbed whenever she went out that she was at last unable to leave her hotel—but in the case of strangers in the most unobtrusive and even Spanish costumes. But woe betide the visitor who ventures into any of the out-of-the-way parts of the town. A crowd of boys and youths soon collect; and the intruders, *even in the case of ladies*, are lucky if they escape without stones or blows. These Granadese *gamins* must have a wonderful eye for dress. A friend of ours made himself known as a stranger by the presence of two superabundant buttons on his coat. A noble lord from England, who wore his hat at the back of his head, was so persecuted by little boys, that he gave chase; and, having singled out one urchin, followed him even to the cathedral, where he took refuge in his flight, and gave him a sound thrashing on the very steps of the altar. A well-known English commoner was not so successful in his revenge, for being one day similarly tormented, he turned round and gave the foremost of his tormentors a good box on the ear. The boy's father set the authorities in motion, and Mr. — paid for his blow with fifteen days in a Spanish prison. It is therefore just as well to keep your temper, if you cannot wear your hat or button your coat to the fancy of the people.

ESPARTO GRASS.

One of the most important branches of industry in Granada is the manufacture of *esparto* grass. This most valuable and interesting fibrous plant (*Stipa tenacissima*) is grown in most parts of the south-east of the peninsula, and was known to trade as far back as the time of the Romans. Things do not

change rapidly in Spain; and it is interesting to see the grass worked up by the manufacturers of the present day into precisely the same articles as are mentioned by Pliny. Within the last twenty years, however, the French have discovered a new use for *esparto* grass in the manufacture of paper; and it has met with so much favour in England that over 2,000,000 quintals or 100,000 tons are exported annually to that country. The paper upon which many of the English newspapers are printed is now made of this valuable fibre. Long strings of mules, laden with grass, may be seen every day on their way to the coast; and this foreign consumption has made the picking and carrying of *esparto* an important branch of industry in the south of Spain. It need hardly be remarked that in this country the long troops of mules and donkeys, which seem positively to line every road, replace the conventional "luggage train" of the northern latitudes. As to the native manufacture of *esparto*, almost all the rope, matting, baskets, sandal-soles, and mule-packs to be seen in this country are made of the grass. The manufacture, carried on entirely by hand, is extremely simple. The grass, having been dried like hay, is soaked in water and plaited in long strips, which are sewed together according to the form required. The work is of course carried on in the open air, and its mysteries may be penetrated by every *flâneur* in the narrow street.

We have alluded to the "long troops of mules and donkeys" above, and may take occasion to remark in this place that the muleteers and donkey-boys of the neighbourhood of Granada form a very large and interesting class of the population. These are in general "jolly dogs;" devil-may-care fellows, with a profusion of bad language for their beasts and a good word for every passer-by; hardy, frank, and though lazy, capable of enduring great fatigue without a murmur. The specimen selected by M. Doré is no bad type of his class. His mule is stepping out apace, decked out with gay, parti-coloured trappings. The saddle-bags in front contain the provisions for both master and beast; the brilliant scarlet sash, the open shirt and the brawny chest disclosed, are as characteristic as the *capa de monte* or riding-cloak, a sort of dark grey blanket, richly embroidered in coloured wools, and ornamented with red and yellow tassels, which never leaves the muleteer, whether mounted, on foot, or asleep; while the never-failing cigarette completes the picture.

HOTELS.

As to the hotels in Granada, there are at least three which are quite up to the average of hotels all over Europe; and of these the Fonda Victoria is perhaps the best, while the situation of the other two is more convenient as regards the Alhambra. The cost of living is moderate, the fertile region producing excellent provisions of every kind in abundance. The figs, both purple and green, are especially good, and are in their prime in the end of August; but there is another kind, called *breba*, a small green variety, which comes into season in the spring.

The old-established guides seemed to have all died off before we went to Granada, but respectable and intelligent men are attached to all the hotels, who charge about a dollar a day for lionising visitors about Granada and the environs. A few villas are to be had close to the town for the summer and winter seasons, but I should think an hotel would be much more comfortable, certainly for any English family who wished for comfort and convenience in their own way.

We had always intended to travel on horseback from Granada to Malaga, by way of Alhama, and get a sight of the magnificent scenery of the Sierra Morena; but after meeting with numerous difficulties in what the French would call *prenant des renseignements*, I finally discovered that if the thing could be done at all, it would cost at least nine pounds, which I thought too much to pay for a ride of sixty miles. So we had to give up the scheme altogether, much to the delight of the various people that we had consulted on the subject. We then thought we would travel a route laid down by Murray, and go by diligence to Malaga by way of Loja and Colmenar. But we discovered that since the opening of the railway the diligence had given up running. There is a well-known Spanish proverb, *Quando una puerta se cierra, otra se abre* (when one door is shut, another opens), but it is equally true that when one door opens another shuts, for you never find two ways of getting from any one place to another in Spain. I had determined, if possible, not to go by rail to Malaga, and spent a vast amount of time at the diligence office and other places, endeavouring to strike out a new route; but it was all of no use; it was like dashing oneself against a callous and immovable rock. Beaten at every point, and returning again and again to the charge, we ever found the same impassible obstacles, calm and smiling at our useless endeavours! To attempt to fight against Spanish routine is like playing against the bank at Homburg, with this difference, that at the latter game you may sometimes win; at the former, never. Accordingly, having learnt this useful lesson at the expense of a few hours' absence from our favourite haunts in the Alhambra, I booked myself for two places to Malaga, and received in exchange an immense sheet of paper, whose manifold inscriptions were calculated to inspire the most sceptical with confidence. It happened that the only train in the day from Granada to Malaga left the aforesaid place at the delightful and convenient hour of 1.50 a.m.; but, as we were not timed to get to our destination until some thirteen hours afterwards, we determined to go to bed immediately after dinner; and having given strict injunctions, and a gratification to a waiter to call us at half-past twelve, we turned in "for the night." Of course, we lay awake for an immense time, and having got off to sleep just after eleven, we were roused at 11.30 by the waiter, to ask us if we had any baggage. We replied furiously in the negative, but of course did not get to sleep again, and finally, after some wild driving through the perfectly dark streets of the town, we got into the train, and puffed out of the station not much after our proper time. The day was breaking as we steamed up to the little station at Loja, whence a diligence was to convey us to the nearest completed point of the line to Malaga. This line was so near completion in 1868 that Murray ventured to mark it as finished in his map of his new edition (1869); but it is still much in the same state as when he wrote. It is dangerous to anticipate, in Spanish matters. However, we thought more of the diligence than of Murray's maps, as we stepped out of the carriage on to the platform on this clear, cold morning in September. The Vega lay behind us, but we were already in the midst of the mountains, the picturesquely-situated town of Loja, so celebrated in the border warfare between Moor and Christian, lay before us. But where was the diligence? There had been an "accident." Could another carriage be procured in time to convey us to where we were to meet the train? No one knew. Most

likely not. No one seemed at all put out, but produced cigars and provisions, with which we were also supplied, knowing how necessary it was to be so provided. There was, however, no waiting-room. Ha! ha! what a notion! There were not even seats. So my wife and I sat down, one on each bag of our invaluable *alforjas*, and lightened our load of provisions with an appetite rendered keen by the crisp mountain air. An hour passed away thus. At length I determined to make an effort to get away, for there was not even water to be had at the station, which is a rare thing in Spain. I accordingly assailed the *administrador* (every official has a fine-sounding name) and produced my "through ticket," on which was fully set forth the *correspondencia*, &c. &c. *Señor Administrador* (lord administrator), a sort of tenth-class clerk in vulgar English, was very affable, smiled at the production of my document, accepted a cigar, and preached patience in an exceedingly tranquil manner. I left him calm and unmoved in the enjoyment of my cigar, and took my departure; but on leaving his august presence I was seized upon by a very fat middle-aged Spanish lady, who called upon me to aid her in getting on to Malaga. There was a delicate irony in the situation, which tickled me much, even under the trying circumstances in which I was placed, and I thought I could not do better than retail to her some of the admirable and sententious platitudes with which I had been lately regaled by *Señor Administrador*, and, indeed, by some fellow-passengers with whom I had conversed on the subject.

Before I had done comforting the good lady, the well-known jingling and rattling which announces the approach of a diligence greeted our ears, and in a few minutes not one, but three carriages and thirty horses galloped up to the station. The noise, bustle, and confusion that followed were indescribable; but, having pushed away the Spanish lady in the interior and mounted the *cupé* with my wife, and shoved our saddle-bags on the roof, we soon found ourselves in motion over a road compared with which that from Menjibar to Granada was a perfect billiard-table. But we little knew in those days what Spanish roads could be! After about four hours' drive through a mountainous and picturesque country, without any particular adventure—except the overturning of the carriage immediately preceding us at the bottom of one of the hills, which caused a delay of a few minutes—we drew up in the middle of what would have been a field had it been enclosed, and where a train was standing, looking as if it did not know how it got there, and could never get away. Get away it did, however, in a few minutes, for there was certainly nothing to wait for; and off we started on our way to Bobadilla Junction, where we were to meet the train from Cordova to Malaga, with which we were in correspondence. I did not much fancy the word *correspondencia* after our morning's adventure, although, as it turned out, we had just time enough to get to Bobadilla at the appointed hour. But we went along at a good pace, and had got already some distance beyond Antequera, when we quietly came to a standstill at a place where the absence of any human habitation or attempt at a platform plainly showed there was not a station. Of course, every one at once jumped out of the train—every one always does jump out at every possible opportunity—and in a few minutes I had learnt the cause of our untimely stoppage, which so convulsed me with laughter that it was impossible to be annoyed. The engineer had omitted to

supply his engine with water before setting out on his journey, and it needed a very slight chain of argument to show me that we were hopelessly stuck fast. As on the former occasion, no one seemed put out. Some laughed; some were apparently lost in endeavouring to understand the scientific bearings of our case. Cigars and provisions were discussed, and an employé was sent back on foot to Antequera to get another engine, which, by an extraordinary accident, happened to be there with steam up. Soon after he was gone, however, the chief guard remembered that the regulations of the railway did not permit of an engine being attached to a train behind; and, as there was only a single line, and consequently no means of getting the Antequera engine in front of us, he dispatched another foot messenger back to Antequera to telegraph to Bobadilla for a fresh engine. Before the second message however, had arrived at Antequera, the engine arrived from that place, but was not permitted to approach within a few yards of the train, and there remained with all steam up for more than an hour and a half, until the third engine arrived from Bobadilla, and towed us on to that junction, where, although four hours late, we found the "express" had waited for us. In the course of the day we arrived at Malaga, where our Spanish friend was carried off by a host of fond relatives to *descansarse*, of which I am sure she stood greatly in need.

The railway from Bobadilla to Malaga is most interesting, the passage of the Sierra Nevada being, if possible, grander, and certainly much more rugged than that of either the Pyrenees or the Sierra Morena, and there is especially one most remarkable tunnel, in the middle of which a terrific chasm is traversed by an iron bridge. The existence of this chasm was unknown to the railway engineers until the tunnel had been bored up to its very brink, so it became necessary to continue the original line of the rail in spite of this strange freak of Nature. Shortly before reaching Malaga, the train

passes through a fertile plain, whose luxuriant tropical vegetation quite excited us; for then, for the first time, we saw in lavish profusion the palms, the sugar-canes, and the lemons, which are the glory of the southern coasts of Andalusia. Malaga itself struck me as being the dustiest town I had ever seen in my life; but we did not do much more on the evening of our arrival than dine and get to bed, this time with no fear

of being called too early or too late. And we were not long in falling asleep, to dream of diligences and railways, mixed up with various types of Moors and Christians, and the green lemon-groves and the white dust, which are the especial characteristics of Andalusia.

Malaga is a most beautifully-situated seaport, backed by the magnificent mountain-range of the Sierra Nevada, and encircled by a rich plain rivalling in fertility the far-famed Vega of Granada. One of the best views is to be obtained from the rocks at the end of the mole, where a few quiet and picturesquely ragged fishermen, with long canes and short cigarettes, bask on the hot stones, and, from time to time, pull out glittering little fish, gorgeous with all the colours of the rainbow. From this quiet point of view one can see the vineyards rising behind and to the west of the town, backed by the mountains which stretch in a long range above the coast as far as the eye can reach. Straight before you in the foreground is the harbour



MULETEER OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF GRANADA.

of Malaga, which is always especially gay and busy in the months of September and October. The town rises at a slight distance behind the harbour with its various forts and other buildings, among which the cathedral stands out very conspicuously. To the east is the ancient Moorish castle, El Alcazaba; and a range of fortified walls, which are still standing, though that is about all that can be said of them, for they are in a somewhat dilapidated condition, adorn the hill called *Gibalfaro*, from whose summit a most superb view is to be obtained.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—II.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

A REMARKABLE RIVER.

THE St. John's River of Florida—termed by the Spaniards, when they first took possession of the country, "Rio de San Mateo," and afterwards changed by them to "Rio de San Juan"—is unquestionably a remarkable stream. Though of short course compared with the many other large rivers upon the American continent, its great width, and the volume of

strange, if not an actual puzzle to hydrographers. It has been ascertained by actual scientific survey, that the surface of the water at its mouth is only three feet six inches lower than what it is 250 miles above. In other words, the river has an average fall of less than the sixth of an inch to the mile!

Another singular fact worthy the consideration of the hydrographer: it has a course—taking its many meanderings



SCENE UPON THE ST. JOHN'S, FLORIDA.

water always found in its channel, entitle it to the appellation of a grand stream. Beyond this, and for several other reasons, it claims attention. As the main watercourse of Florida—for at least two-thirds of its length splitting the peninsula in twain—it takes precedence of all other Floridian rivers. And among North American streams, at least those within United States territory, it has a speciality almost, if not altogether, peculiar to it: it runs *from south to north*.

Any one who glances at a map of North America will see that its rivers trend generally either east, west, or southward. This, however, is only true of the southern half of the continent—that belonging to the United States and Mexican territories. The Coppermine, the Mackenzie, the St. Lawrence, and other grand streams of British America are exceptions to the rule.

Still the direction of the St. John's is something remarkably

into account—of between three and four hundred miles. Yet its source is not more than twelve miles from the shores of the same ocean into which it empties itself! Some of its tributaries, yet unexplored, may be found to have their heads still nearer to the sea.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the current of this stream is of the most sluggish kind, scarcely ever exceeding a mile to the hour, and often so stagnant that the traveller may think himself sailing upon an inland lake. Its great breadth, in places quite a league, lends to this delusion; which, indeed, is not altogether a delusion, since the St. John's, instead of a river, might be regarded as a series of lakes, with a slight difference of elevation, flowing into one another.

Some of its more open expanses are so characterised—having the names of lakes given them. The chief, as also

the most celebrated, is the St. George, nearly 150 miles from its mouth. Farther up are Lakes Enterprise, Monroe, and Harney, with many others that have lately been placed upon maps.

Perhaps the most remarkable hydrographic fact in relation to the St. John's is, that of a river having its source well on towards the point of a peninsula, and its embouchure near the neck of the same: this after a course of more than 300 miles! There may be others such known to cosmographers. While writing, I cannot think of any.

A SPOT SACRED TO HISTORY.

Apart from these peculiarities, of a purely hydrographic nature, there are other points connected with Florida's chief river, giving it an interest, not only historic, but historically romantic. Near its mouth is a place that, to the historian—especially if he be a citizen of the United States—should invest the *ci-devant* Rio de San Mateo with a glamour of romance, equal to any other spot on the American continent. And the enthusiast in religion, whether of Protestant or Catholic creed, cannot fail to regard the same spot with thoughts of vivid interest, though with views widely different.

As the steamer that carried me—she was “a paddle-wheel”—beat her way up the slow-flowing river, a fellow-passenger called my attention to some elevated ground on the southern or right bank, rising *en profile* several feet above the water-level. Remember, that several feet of elevation in Florida means a hill; while a ridge rising two hundred—about the highest altitude known in the peninsula—may be considered a mountain.

The hill to which my attention was drawn was far from being of the latter elevation; but, contrasted with the low-lying coast, and rising abruptly over it, it offered that aspect which in America is usually called a “bluff.”

“There's the St. John's Bluff,” was the remark made by the gentleman who had accosted me. “They say the French once had a settlement there; and that it was exterminated by the Spaniards. It's a queer story of the olden times of colonisation in these here parts. But, I reckon, stranger, you know all about it, as well as I do?”

He “reckoned” right. I did know all about it—at least, as much as is known. The “queer story” of my fellow-traveller is not fiction, but the chronicle of a real occurrence, which in tragical and romantic interest, illustrating the purest type of the *lex talionis*—with the strictest ideas of dramatic justice as then known and practised—is perhaps unparalleled in the pages of history. I have mentioned the incident already, in connection with the early explorations of Florida. Now, within sight of the St. John's Bluff—the scene of the tragedy itself—I cannot resist the temptation of giving further details.

In the year 1562 the French Government resolved upon sending a colony to the shores of America. The Spaniards then claimed this right, exclusively, basing their claim on the celebrated Bull of the Pope; though up to that time they had made no attempt at settling the continent north of Mexico. Their only right to any territory, now belonging to the United States, rested on the explorations of Ponce de Leon, Panfilo Narvaez, and Hernando de Soto. As these only entered the continent from the Gulf side, it could not have justified the Spanish claim to the whole Atlantic seaboard; which they now assumed.

It was under the patronage of the brave old Huguenot,

Admiral Coligny, that the colonising expedition was projected in France; the colonists to consist of men persecuted for their Protestant faith—most of them related to the victims of the St. Bartholomew massacre. A staunch Breton navigator, Jean Ribaut, was first sent on a sort of preliminary expedition. He entered the estuary of the St. John's in May, 1562, bestowed upon the river the name of this month, and took possession of it for France, in the name of France's reigning sovereign. This was no other than the son of the infamous Catherine de Medicis, the projector of the St. Bartholomew massacre.

Ribaut having returned to France, and delivered his report, the colony was sent out under command of a Huguenot gentleman, the *Sieur René de Laudonnière*, in three vessels. Most of the colonists were of the farmer and artisan class, in short, the usual admixture of honest emigrant people, such as a thousand times since have sought a home in the far western world.

Laudonnière with his companions in transport-ships, after touching at several points on the Floridian coast, at length entered the St. John's; there finding the tablet stone which Ribaut had caused to be set up—with the date of his discovery, and France's claim to possession engraven upon it.

Bringing his little fleet to an anchor under the bluff now called St. John's, the Huguenot landed his party, and at once commenced colonisation.

The first thing they did was to build a fort, stockading it strongly all round, to secure themselves against Indian attacks. They had need; for the once simple savages, having already experienced the cruelty, as well as treachery, of white men—of the Spaniards under Narvaez and De Soto, along the Gulf-coast—had by this time also grown cruel and treacherous.

The fort was named “Caroline”—or “Carreline,” as it is written in the French accounts of it; a name bestowed in honour of one who ill deserved it—the truculent King of France.

For more than twelve months the colonists struggled against adverse circumstances. Provisions failed them, so far that they were compelled to use some harsh means towards the already hostile Indians. This is evident, from admissions made in an account given by one of their own historians. It counted against them afterwards—the estranged natives taking part with the enemy who had determined to extirpate them.

This enemy was Pedro de Menendez, called also Melendez; who lived in a time when orthography was not very precise. Spell the name as we may, he was a native of Avila, and took rank among the Spanish *conquistadores*—those succeeding to Cortez, Pizarro, Almagro, and the like. Cruel as these men were—as history proves them to have been, and jesuitry cannot screen them from the accusation—not any of them has left behind a reputation for greater cruelty than Pedro Menendez de Avila. In cold-blooded brutality, prompted by religious fanaticism—the same that caused the massacres of Sicily, St. Bartholomew, and the Vaudois—Menendez' act will not pale before any of these; and, taking the circumstances into consideration, it is, perhaps, the most inexcusable of all.

Furnished with a strong expedition from the West India Islands—then in full progress of colonisation—under the ægis of the Spanish king, Philip II., Menendez landed upon the Floridian coast, some leagues south of the St. John's estuary. There, making everything ready, and guided by the estranged

Indians, he pounced upon Laudônière's colony, as a hawk upon its prey—nay, more like a vulture upon some innocent animal, enfeebled by disease, not able to offer resistance.

It would take more than one chapter to give a detail of this horrible episode in American history. A volume would not suffice for as much cruelty; though, as a lesson in religious fanaticism, it well deserves being minutely chronicled.

In brief, Fort Caroline fell into the hands of Menendez—not captured by sword and storm, but taken by trickery and surprise—after which, the pacific colonists of Laudônière were slaughtered like sheep; no, not like sheep, but as something scorned, to be trodden upon, and stamped out of existence. It was, in truth, the spirit of Saint Bartholomew or the scenes of the Vaudois valleys re-enacted on the shores of the New World.

The followers of Menendez glutted their fell instinct with a slaughter which comprehended all the French taken within the fort—women and children, as well as men. It was a true saturnalia of blood-spilling, such as Spanish vengeance has often exhibited in history—such as it is exhibiting at this very hour in the island of Cuba.

Fortunately, and almost by an accident, the gentle chief, Laudônière, with a few of his following, escaped. They had got outside the fort at the first onset of the Spaniards, and found their way to a French ship then lying at anchor near the mouth of the river. The ship was one of a little squadron—sent from France after them with a subsidiary force, and fresh provisions for the new colony—under the command of Jean Ribaut, he who had originally pioneered the way.

Alas! the brave Breton was not on board the ship that gave asylum to Laudônière. In another and larger vessel he had got entangled in a coast-storm, and thrown ashore farther south, near the inlet of San Augustine. There he was compelled to surrender to Menendez; which he did under solemn promise of his life being spared, as also the lives of his companions—in all, near a hundred of them. What cared a ruffian—drawing inspiration from Philip II. of Spain, with the Pope and the Jesuit college at his back—what cared he for either promise or oath?

Menendez, thus inspired, made light of his word; and breaking it, gave command that his prisoners should be slaughtered upon the spot—the brave Breton among the number. The command was carried into execution, instantly. The white silvery sands of Florida's shore became reddened, and reeking with innocent blood—the blood of the Huguenots—and the French were expelled from the peninsula.

Never again did they there attempt colonisation. Only once did they go back; and this brings us to the chapter of retaliation, than which we know nothing more complete—perhaps nothing more justifiable—in history.

When René de Laudônière and his remnant of colonist refugees returned to France, and told the tale of their misfortunes, it caused, as may be supposed, some sensation. But it was not that passion of a popular kind, with a cause such as excites a nation to espouse it. Who were the maltreated and murdered people? Only Huguenots! France had herself done the same towards them. Why should she be angry with Spain for following her example? The son of Catherine de Medicis; the bloody priesthood who upheld him on his throne; the Pope of Rome; all the Jesuits of Europe, were against any steps being taken to punish the inhuman act of

Menendez. In the courtly circles of France retribution was not thought of. Even justice was not demanded. If it had been, it would have been met with a refusal from the French Government, endorsed by the French people, perhaps with the addition of a sneer. The poor devils of Huguenots, what could they expect? What better did they deserve?

To the honour of France be it told, all Frenchmen did not reflect in this loose, devil-may-care fashion. There were Frenchmen then, as now—now, amid national ruin, in the hour of their humiliation—who were foremost in the lead of liberty, and the van of civilisation. Among them was Dominic de Gourgue, a Breton gentleman of Protestant faith. Stung with the outrage alike put upon his religion and his country, tortured by the thought of its cruelty, the brave Breton could not find rest by day nor sleep by night, as long as it remained unavenged.

In fine, he avenged it; and the story of that vengeance is the same I have characterised as one of the most romantic in history. In retributory completeness it may be paralleled with, though not excelled by, the defection of the Roman Coriolanus.

De Gourgue's expedition, to avenge the massacre of the Fort Caroline Colony, was purely of the "filibustering" kind. So far from the French king, or Government, giving countenance to it, they would have checked it in its first beginnings, and nipped it in the bud—as would Victor Emanuel that of Garibaldi which gave him a kingdom—if it were likely to fail.

De Gourgue, determined to avenge innocent French blood cruelly spilt on the shores of America—had to steal out of France—concealing his intent under the cloak that his expedition was intended to make war upon the coast of Africa! Even the men in his ships thought this was the adventure upon which they were sailing! Only the few sworn friends—sworn to avenge both justice and religion—knew whither the little fleet was steering.

It sailed far to the south, along the African coast—thence heading south until it came among the Antilles. Then groping its way—in those days there was no guiding chart—and touching at several Spanish ports, its purpose kept secret, it at length struck the Floridian shore at the estuary of the St. John's River.

Dominic De Gourgue proved himself as good a strategist as Pedro Menendez. The latter, after exterminating the French colony of Fort Caroline, had established a Spanish settlement on the same spot. In his short, but cruel, assault of Laudônière's fort he had made his approach from behind, guided through the marshy forest by Indians hostile to the French settlers. This was in 1565. Three years had elapsed, and the same Indians, having meanwhile had experience of Spanish oppression, were ready to welcome back the gentler Huguenots. On De Gourgue's landing they rushed into the avenger's arms, and then guided him to Fort Caroline, through the woods and swamps—just as three years before they had guided Pedro Menendez. How wonderfully similar the result, though with motives quite unlike. The fort fell. Every Spaniard in it was put to the sword; and, when the slaughter was at length ended, De Gourgue caused a plain tablet to be erected, bearing the inscription, burnt into the wood, "*Not to Spaniards, but to robbers and murderers!*" It was in answer to a similar epitaph Menendez had set up, three years before, over the victims of his religious malignity, "*Not to Frenchmen, but to Lutherans and heretics!*"

De Gourgue, having thus fulfilled his mission of vengeance, bade adieu to the friendly savages who had assisted him, spread his sails before a favouring breeze, and returned triumphant to the country whose honour he had so efficiently vindicated. Thus ended the French attempt at colonising Florida.

CHANGES FROM RIVER EROSION.

The Spaniards retained possession of the country; but it does not appear that they made any effort to continue the settlement of Fort Caro.

line. The spot so fatal to both nations was abandoned; and San Augustine, some thirty miles farther south along the coast—just then founded—became the site of the first permanent settlement in the now United States territory.

Fort Caroline must, however, be regarded as the first attempt at European colonisation; for although it failed, it was, nevertheless, a colony in reality established and sustained—first by the French, and after them by the Spaniards—for a period of nearly seven years. There was not only a regular fortification, with trenches and stockaded outworks, but buildings sufficient to give shelter to several hundred families, along with the troops. A considerable-sized village must, therefore, have clustered around Fort Caroline. There are no vestiges now, either of fortifications or dwellings;

and this has led to some doubt about St. John's Bluff being the site. The doubt will be removed, when it is known that the French fort was not *on* the bluff, but upon a piece of champaign ground which lay between the hill and the river's bank. This is distinctly stated in the chronicles relating to it; and that the fort buildings were by the water's edge, with a considerable stretch of plain lying between them and the base of the bluff, which was then an isolated inland hill. The plain has disappeared, through encroachment of the river; as also a portion of the hill slope, which now presents a precipitous face to the water, forty feet in height—so that the St. John's River is in reality now running over the site of Fort Caroline. No wonder its ruins are no more traceable. They have been swept into the sea; and ere long the bluff itself will follow them.

CURIOUS SHELL-HEAPS.

In addition to the double tragedy detailed, this rising ground on the St. John's River has other points of interest attached to it. Here may be seen one of those grand agglomerations of shells, that have so much occupied the attention of American archaeologists and antiquarians. After passing Baton Island at the river's mouth, and before reaching St. John's Bluff, we had observed several symmetrically-shaped mounds, rising above the swampy level on the northern side of the river.

They stand at the embouchure of the "inland passage" between Fernandina and the St. John's, already spoken of. They are of different heights—the highest probably not quite fifty feet.—but forming a conspicuous feature in the landscape, on account of the low-lying lands around them. Geographically they are named "The Sisters;" but a more common and less gentle appellation is that of the "Oyster-banks," from their being

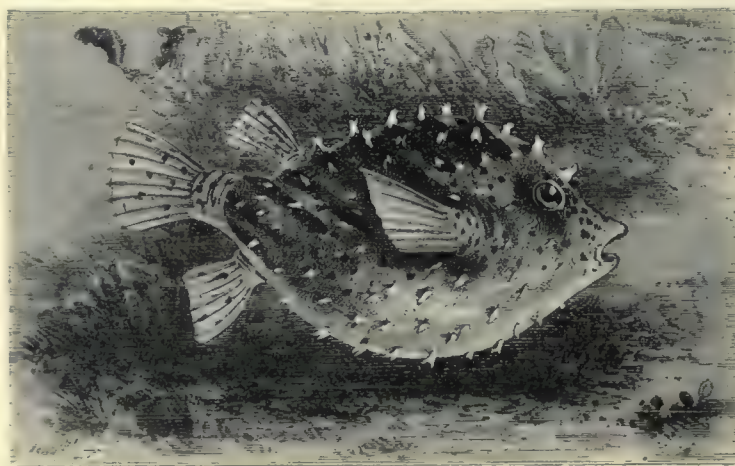
almost exclusively composed of broken oyster-shells. There can be no doubt about the cause that created them. They are simply the débris of many a banquet on the luscious bivalve, made by the aborigines of the country in times long past. So long, indeed, that an old though stunted forest growth now gives greenness to their sides; and they are only discovered

to be shell mounds by digging through the vegetable crust that covers them. Similar heaps of shells may be seen upon the strands of Tierra del Fuego, still in process of formation, as Darwin has so eloquently told the world. There too may be seen the men who are making them, while the motive is easily understood. On the bleak barren shores of the "Land of Fire" shell-fish constitute the staple food of the shivering savages. But in the

"Land of Flowers," abounding also in fruits, and with an abundance of animal life, such as a hunter nation might well find subsistence upon, it is not so easy to explain the shell heaps. We can hardly believe them of a period antecedent to the hunter state, for that is coeval with the savage himself. Besides, there is evidence that the oyster-eaters were not savages—internal evidence, it may be added—since deep buried within the mounds are implements—among them pieces of pottery—



BAIT OF THE FLORIDA FISHERMEN.



THE PUMP-FISH OF FLORIDA.

proving some advance towards civilisation. The shell mounds near the mouth of the St. John's are not to be confounded with those found further up the river, and in various places throughout the peninsula. The latter—of which we may have occasion further to speak—are composed of fresh-water species—chiefly *Ampullaria depressa*, *Paludina multilineata*, and *Unio Buckleyi*; while the former are exclusively marine shells—oysters.

The St. John's Bluff presents a layer of these testaceous remains, extending for nearly a hundred yards along its water face, and varying in thickness from a few inches to nearly three

and this statement is perhaps the more correct, since two Spanish leagues would be just about what St. John's Bluff is from the river's bar.

A VILLAGE OF FLORIDIAN FISHERMEN.

A few miles above this historical spot, our steamer made stop at a place known as Yellow Bluff, on the northern bank of the river. It is a small settlement of modern date, with a post-office, a boarding-house—in default of the usual tavern or hotel—and a population of about fifty souls. Most of the inhabitants earn a subsistence by fishing; the produce of their



HAULING IN A DRUM-FISH.

feet. A thin coating of vegetable mould overlies it, out of which rises a forest of pine and cedar, the trees showing an age far anterior to the time of Columbus.

The only open ground upon the bluff is where, during their rebellion, the Confederates had cleared a spot, and thrown up some entrenchments by way of fortification. For a time this bade defiance to the attacks by Federal gunboats, and only surrendered after an assault made from the land side; precisely as Fort Caroline had fallen—first to the Spaniards, under Pedro Menendez, and afterwards to the French, under the gallant De Gourgue. All three occasions show singular parallelism of attack and defence.

St. John's Bluff is about four miles above the river's mouth. A French chronicle, relating to Fort Caroline, places the fort six leagues from the sea. But this is unofficial; stated in the letter of a youth—one of Laudônière's colonists—to his father in France. The Spanish account says two leagues;

lines and nets being very saleable in the market of Jacksonville, the chief town of Eastern Florida, situated some miles further on.

The steamer only makes a few minutes' stay at Yellow Bluff—just long enough to land and take in mails, or, it may be, an odd passenger. In our case there chanced to be a longer detention, owing to some accident that had occurred in the machinery of the vessel.

I had no cause to regret the delay, since it gave me an opportunity of seeing the Yellow Bluff fishermen engaged in their toil and task. They made me free to examine the bait they were using, and also the fish taken. The former is a sort of sea-snail, that floats on the surface by means of an inflated air-vesicle, or bladder, which it can empty at pleasure—so causing it to sink suddenly to the bottom. It is taken by the fishermen in landing-nets, and transferred to the hooks, where it attracts several kinds of fish that are fond of it.

Kalyan and Aurungabad (Western India), and their Buddhist Monuments.

THE traveller in search of remains of the ancient monuments and temples of India, as well as desirous of studying the picturesque life of the country, will do well, on leaving Bombay by the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, to direct his steps first to Kalyan, on the North-eastern branch line. Near this little town are the remarkable ruins of the pagoda of Ambernauth, somewhat resembling in form the very peculiar temples of Bhuvaneshwara. From the station of Deolalie a small carriage drawn by zebus can be hired to proceed to the hill known to the Indians as Pandu Lena (caverns of Pandu). It is seven miles distant. The monasteries and temples cut out of the sides of this hill are called by the English "the Nassick Caves," but the town of Nassick is at least five miles further on to the S.S.W.

The hill of Pandu Lena is recognised from some distance, owing to the excavations—the face of the hill appearing as if there were a girdle drawn round it about half way up; the girdle being formed by the excavations. It contains three principal monasteries, that in the middle is the plainest and oldest. The one to the right is several centuries later, and contains a sanctuary; the one to the left is the most modern of all, and its style is also more florid.

From Pandu Lena, returning to the station of Deolalie, the railway soon conveys the traveller to Nandgaum, a journey of sixteen hours. This station is forty miles distant from the Mountain of Rosah, celebrated for its temples of Ellora. These temples are famed amongst all others for their size, their beauty, and for the discussions which have been raised as to their origin and antiquity. The distance is now traversed in a car drawn by zebus, which may be hired at Nandgaum. After the wonders of Mora, which have been frequently described, the next point of interest is the town of Aurungabad, which is twenty miles distant. Midway is Daulatabad, whose fort is most picturesquely situated. It is the ancient Devaghi, quoted by Ptolemy, under the name of Tiagura, which has always been celebrated in the chronicles of India. A lonely hill, standing apart from the northern mountain-chain, towers above the vast plain on which the village is built. On the base, which is a girdle of rocks, a verdant cone rises, from whence the black walls of several concentric enclosures appear. A minaret peeping amongst the trees forms a pleasing picture; a wall surrounds, not only the hill, but the village and its environs.

The town of Aurungabad is twelve miles beyond. It is the principal town of one of the now detached provinces of the kingdom of the Nizam. The only edifice worthy of notice is the tomb of the favourite wife, said by some to be the daughter of Aurungzebe, constructed after the pattern of the Taj Mahal of Agra, the celebrated mausoleum of the Emperor Shah Jehan.

From a little way off, this tomb is a pretty fair copy of the original. It is truly a marvellous thing, but on penetrating into the interior the first impressions are destroyed. Instead of arabesques excavated out of white marble, and mosaics of precious stones, simple stuccoed embellishments are substituted.

This monument stands in the midst of a vast garden of quadrangular form, surrounded by a wall. At the angles are

octagonal pavilions, from every façade in which a lofty square door has been pierced, all opening on a brick causeway, bordered by a stone balustrade, with openwork carvings.

The mausoleum stands in the middle of a great platform, the corners of which are decorated with octagonal minarets, each surmounted by a dome. This platform is surrounded by a trellis-work of stone, remarkable for the variety of its designs. Four great ogival doors, whose summit reaches the cornice, admit the traveller into the interior of the monument. On each side round turrets are placed, and it is finished off by a little square room. The great dome is shaped like a pineapple; it is flanked by four similar domes, but smaller. All, it is said, are built of white marble. An iron lance is planted at the summit.

The doors are closed by a very beautiful marble trelliswork, lace-like in the minutiae of its execution. The tomb, which is sunk below the level of the ground, is surrounded by a balustrade of the same workmanship. With the exception of these marble gates and the cupolas, all the mausoleum is stuccoed, and arabesques of little interest are engraved on it.

British troops are encamped within a mile of Aurungabad. The city resembles all the other Anglo-Indian cities, and the only thing that need detain the sight-seer is the prison, where a few years ago might still be seen some of the once terrible Thugs, or stranglers, captured thirty years before.

Every one has heard of that frightful and mysterious association of mystic assassins, followers of Kali, goddess of death, whose mission it was to offer up in sacrifice to their horrible god, men, women, and children. These wretches never spilled a drop of blood, but strangled their victims by means of a cord or scarf thrown over the neck. One of these murderers, photographs of whom I was enabled to procure, owned to having destroyed with his own hands several hundred of his fellow-creatures.

These monstrous facts, although made known in Europe, having received only the degree of attention generally given to novels and theatrical representations, it may be worth while to quote a fragment from Colonel Sleeman's "Walks and Recollections;" for he it was who first brought the horrible truth to light, and whose book has proved the only source from which novelists and dramatists have drawn their inspirations.

"In 1822, '23, and '24 I was placed in command of the civil and judicial district of Mersingpoor, in the valley of Nerbudda, and neither theft nor murder committed by any ordinary criminal could escape my vigilance. I knew the secret haunts of every pickpocket and outlaw, as well as their characters and antecedents, and I could trace all their movements with the greatest facility. At that time, if any one had come to me with information that a band of assassins, whose hereditary profession was murder, were residing in a village not four hundred yards from my tribunal; that the beautiful jungles round Mundlesoor, a day's march from my bungalow, were the spots in which occurred more assassinations than took place in any other part of India; that these bands of murderers coming from Oudh and the Deccan, met annually beneath their shade, and spent weeks there, in order to carry into execution their

atrocious pursuits in the cross-roads of the vicinity; that the zemindars, whose ancestors had planted these thickets, aided and abetted the murderers—I should have taken the accuser for a knave or a fool, whose wits had gone astray from listening to childish tales of horror. Nevertheless, it was too true. Hundreds of travellers were every year buried beneath the jungle of Mundlesoor. A whole tribe of assassins was encamped, as it were, at my very gates, during my governorship of the province, and its members were in the habit of carrying on their horrible atrocities as far as the environs of Poonah and Hyderabad.

“When Feringhea, one of the chief amongst the Thugs, first favoured me with his revelations, my revolted feelings refused credence to his words. As a convincing proof, he suddenly ordered to be exhumed, from the very ground covered by the carpet of my tent, thirteen corpses in various degrees of decomposition, offering at the same time to disinter from all around an unlimited number. I was thunderstruck, and incapable of putting my ideas into order. I was, nevertheless, obliged to believe the evidence of my senses, and to recognise the truth of the horrible dramas, the proofs of which stared me in the face like Banquo’s ghost. Thanks to Feringhea’s confessions, I was enabled to capture the numerous bands of Thugs already assembled in Rajpootana to commence their yearly campaign.”

The British Government once put into possession of this terrible secret, has taken measures for the prevention of the evil. Even if the war waged against the Thugs has not entirely succeeded in suppressing the association, it has at least hindered the frequency of the crime.

At Ajuntah are the most celebrated monuments of the Buddhist form of worship to be found in India. The road thither is deserted, as are all those in the states of the Nizam, of which this district has long since formed part, and the country around is barren. Sometimes, however, we came across little villages resembling those in the presidency of Bombay, and there, scattered at intervals amongst the houses, little domestic altars may be remarked. On these altars, the ryots, or peasants, may be seen carefully attending to a *tulsi* planted in an earthen pot. The *tulsi* is a little meagre-looking plant, whose holiness is universally acknowledged in all India. Tulsi, Ward informs us, was a woman of exemplary piety; after submitting to most painful austerities, she demanded marriage of the god Vishnu, as a recompense for her virtues. Lakshmi, the spouse of this god, having become acquainted with this daring request, cursed her, and turned her into a humble plant. Vishnu promised the wretched creature never to desert her in her troubles, and agreed to become himself a *shalgram*, in order always to remain with her. The reader will probably inquire what kind of an animal or plant this mysterious *shalgram* may be, and fortunately it is not difficult to explain. A *shalgram*, then, is a small variety of those fossil shells known under the name of “ammonites.” More, in his “Hindoo Pantheon,” says that the fortunate possessor of so precious a stone carefully preserves it in a valuable case, from whence it is only removed in order to undergo a certain process of bathing and perfuming. Any water which has touched it is said to purify the soul from sin.

The worship of the *tulsi* consists in general of a certain number of gyrations round the little altar, during which cabalistic prayers are muttered.

The circus of Ajuntah, a large enclosure containing twenty-six subterranean temples hollowed out of the rock, is perhaps one of the most grandiose and wild that could be met with. It is three miles distant from the bungalow of the travellers to Futteepoor.

These subterranean temples are the last of the Buddhist monuments in this neighbourhood, and a few general remarks on the subject will not be inopportune. It has already been asserted that the first monasteries were simple natural caverns, where Buddhists were wont to retire in order to dwell in that solitude enjoined by their chief. In after days they were enlarged, and cells were dug out around the central hall in which the *Sangha*, or chapter, were accustomed to assemble. When the Buddhist religion became corrupted, and when the people, incapable of comprehending its metaphysical dogmas, began to mix up with it their own superstitious articles of belief, it took a different form in the different countries where its tenets had been preached; it was universally accepted in India, because of the great humanitarian principles it proclaimed; but as it did not teach the worship of the one God whom all instinctively acknowledge, it was incapable of being taken up as a distinct form of worship, and the pre-existing religion was accordingly engrafted in it.

Its transformations may be followed in the subterranean temples of Western India, of which so cursory a description has been given. To return to what has already been described. First in order come the natural caverns, afterwards cells hollowed out of the rocks and approached by a gallery, or level supported on octagon pillars; next comes a *vihare*, which is a square chamber, with or without columns, more or less decorated, and surrounded by little rooms.

These *vihares*, constructed without interior pillars, and without carvings, are all of ancient date, and never contain a sanctuary. It is only the hypostyle monasteries that contain statues of Buddha.

The *chaitiyas* of Karli, of Kanheri, and of Ajuntah are all vaulted, and their façade is generally adorned with horse-shoe arches, the shape of the vault and of the arches reproduces that of the dagobas, whose vertical cup they represent. These Buddhist cathedrals present the same transitions as monasteries. There are *chaitiyas* with teak ribs, which are used for supports to the white draperies with which it was customary to decorate the temples on feast-days. There are other *chaitiyas* without ribs, which were formerly cemented with *chunam*, or white stucco (at Nassick and at Ajuntah); there are others, again, with stone, or even with wooden ribs, which, when re-covered with stucco, become converted into hard surfaces, the engravings on which stand out better from a frame set off by arabesques. One may easily trace back the successive changes which have thus been introduced into these monuments. The white linen with which in old days the soil of the temple was covered, has been replaced first by stucco, equally white, and then by *chunam* set off by frescoes of various sorts. The frescoes themselves have been replaced by those ornamental and symbolical bas-reliefs which abound in the most modern edifices.

The dagobas differ also according to the date of the construction; and the same is the case with regard to the statues of Buddha, which, from being perfectly simple and unadorned, became in after times surrounded by divers attributes.

It must be remembered that the earliest dagobas were

erected on the relics, more or less authentic, of Gotama, and as a mark of respect and gratitude for his memory. These funereal and commemorative monuments shortly became objects of adoration to the ignorant and superstitious multitude. The great dagobas of Magadha and of Ceylon, soon after the adoption of Buddhism in Western India, were imitated in the monasteries of that region, where they were treated as altars, or rather as idols, to which the faithful brought offerings and addressed prayers. The Buddhists afterwards very naturally conceived the idea of erecting around the object of their worship a temple of sumptuous design, whose vault should resemble in form the dagoba it contained. The adoration of images and of statues was only propagated later.

The simple dagobas, dating from the first centuries of Buddhism, like those of Karli and of Kanheri, became converted into a sort of tabernacle, where a statue of Buddha was exposed. Ajuntah is of all others the place in which to trace the alterations of which we have been speaking. It is not probable that the Buddhist monuments were decorated with bas-reliefs before the second century of our era. Those dagobas which are adorned by an image of Gotama date at earliest from the fifth or sixth century, just at the time when this form of worship began to decline on the continent of India. Buddhist monasteries and temples were decorated with carvings after their excavation; their columns have been retouched, and sanctuaries have been added to them. It was natural enough that the monks who inhabited viharés should seek to ornament their abode by degrees, as soon as the primitive simplicity of Buddhism had fallen into disuse.

At Karli, at Salsette, and at Nassick the exterior sculptures were executed long after the chaitiya itself, and it is very

certain that the bas-reliefs of the abacuses of the chaitiya of Karli are comparatively recent.

The Buddhist religion has everywhere become mixed up with the pre-existing forms of worship throughout the different parts of India. If, on the one hand, at the island of Ceylon demons and spirits were more particularly adored, or if, on the coast of Coromandel, the Khonds and other aboriginal tribes have from time immemorial addressed their prayers to the god of death and misfortune, to whom alone human sacrifices were welcome, the inhabitants of Western India, on the other hand, worshipped animals. These native superstitions and uncouth religions grafted on Buddhism, have little by little absorbed it, going even so far as to have caused its very traces to disappear. Even at the present day, amongst the Jains and amongst the Banyans, the worship of unknown animals exists, and apparently has existed from the remotest ages in this country. One of the numberless inscriptions engraved on the rocks of Nassick, dating back as far as the year A.D. 337, indicates that amongst all charitable actions that of establishing a hospital for animals bears away the palm. Everything tends to prove that this form of worship, whilst imbibing the tenets of Buddhism, was the first to introduce the art of designing bas-reliefs of animals of fabulous origin, and of antelopes, lions, &c., which surround the images of Buddha in many sanctuaries of Western India.

It is curious enough to find in the ancient chaitiyas the *chakra*, or symbol of universal power, which is now the attribute of Vishnu, and which is also to be seen in the temples of Orissa, where the lingam is adored. This is another proof of the connection between the Buddhist and Sivaitic beliefs from the very beginning.

Across the Mexican Table-land.—From Perote to Puebla.

A COUNTRY OF CHANGING SCENES.

THE traveller, proceeding from the Gulf-coast at Vera Cruz, and following the National Road, first strikes the Mexican table-lands after clearing a pass over the northern flank of Perote. The first sight he has of these elevated plateaux is when descending the pine-clad skirts of the *cordillera* near the village of Las Vigas. At Cruz Blanca, a little farther down, he is upon their eastern edge; keeping the Cofre de Perote on his left, an hour or two brings him into the old town of this name, famed for its grand fortress, built during the Spanish possession of the country.

On his journey from the coast, in all only two days by saddle or less by the *diligencia*, he will have passed through three—I might say four—distinct zones of vegetation; not only differing in this, but in many other points that give an aspect to the scenery. So far as the *flora* and *sylva* are concerned, I think four zones may be spoken of. First the low-lying coast region, with its purely tropical vegetation: after it a strip of country where the forest is of stunted growth, with stretches of savanna intervening; the trees mostly belonging to the thorny leguminous genera, as *algarobia*, *mezquite*, with cypas, cacti, and the uncultivated aloes. This kind of forest in Mexico is

usually called *chaparral*, a name almost synonymous with jungle, or thicket; and but for the species of plants and trees being different, it might be likened to a scrubwood of pheasant cover in England. In this zone there is a hot sun without much humidity; and except on the banks and bottoms of the streams running along a lower level, the aspect is one of sterility. The armadillo crawls through these chaparrals; and they are frequented by the *cascabel* among reptiles, and the *coyote* among quadrupeds. The little Mexican dove, not bigger than an English sparrow, delights to dwell among the mimosas, and may be often seen running along the dusty track, reluctant to take flight, before the traveller's horse.

This belt once crossed—less than a day's riding does it—a third region is reached, of a character quite distinct. You enter the *piedmont*, or foot-hills of the mountains—the eastern cordillera of the Mexican Andes—in which are seen the conspicuous summits of Orizava and Perote; the former being a *nevada*; that is, a mountain from which the snow never disappears.

In this region the moisture floating direct down from mountain clouds, gives a freshness and vigour to the vegetation; and passing through it, up to the bases of the mountains themselves,



PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES—FROM THE WEST.



PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES—FROM THE EAST.

you look upon a landscape of uneven surface, with a verdure that never shows decay. It is the region of the evergreen oaks.

Jalapa, famed for the most disgusting of drugs, as also for the most beautiful women—perhaps the pleasantest of Mexican towns—stands in the centre of this evergreen hilly district; of which the traveller takes his leave at the village of San Miguel el Soldado (St. Michael the Soldier) still further up towards the mountains.

A little above San Miguel he enters the region of the pine forests, where the scenery is as different from that he has been passing through, as the lakes of Cumberland from the Highlands of Scotland. This is the fourth zone alluded to. If, instead of keeping to the National Road, through the depression in which lie the romantic villages of La Hoya and Las Vigas—the former facing east, the latter on the western declivity of the pass—if instead of doing this, he chooses to take a branch road, and strike over a higher *col* among the mountains, he will enter a fifth zone of scenery and vegetation—both purely Alpine.

But without doing this, and keeping to the great road, constructed by Spanish engineers of the viceregal times—and which shows skill that would do credit to the most advanced science of the present day—still riding along this National Road, the traveller at the first glimpse of the Mexican table-land, which he will get through the pine branches near Las Vigas—will there certainly see a fifth zone—more than a zone, a grand extent of territory stretching before him, as unlike any through which he has been lately passing through, as is a North American prairie to a scene among the Himalayan Mountains.

Between the low coast-lands—*tierra caliente* of Mexico, or even the mountain slopes facing east or west toward the Gulf and the Pacific—between these and the table-lands, although on each side separated by a single sierra, a mere mountain wall, there is as much difference as between two countries laying a thousand miles apart.

Blindfold the traveller in crossing one of these cordilleras, coming either from the Pacific or Atlantic side, he might know, or suspect, that he was still in the same country, by hearing the same language spoken—that of Castile—and noting but a slight variation in the costumes of those speaking it. Their dwellings would not give him assurance of being in the same land. On the contrary, the style of architecture would only be likely to mislead him. Going from Vera Cruz for the first thirty miles, he would see *jacales*—cage-like structures, with walls of bamboo (*caña vaquera*) set upright, and a thatch of palm-leaves. Further on, and upward, where the nights are more chilly, the open bird-cage disappears, and the poles composing the walls—no longer bamboos—are cemented by a plastering of mud. Still higher up among the foot-hills—as around Jalapa—solid stone houses appear, with the flat roof, or *azotea*. And then amid the passes of the cordillera, as at La Hoya and Las Vigas, where splendid pine-trees, thousands of them fit for a ship's mast, stand thickly round, the domicile becomes a veritable log-house or cabin—widely different from that of the American backwoods. The roof has a higher pitch, and greater projection of eave; in short, more like the Swiss chalet than the log cabin of the United States.

STRIKING THE TABLE-LANDS.

Entering upon the table-land, as the traveller does, just before reaching the town of Perote, the whole aspect of the country became changed. We no longer looked upon the

damp tropical jungle, nor the dry thickets of chaparral nor evergreen oak forests, nor yet the more sombre pine-clad mountain slopes. This we could still see by looking to our left, up the sides of Perote. But before us, far as the eye could reach, and much farther, as our knowledge or fancy informed us, extended the great Mexican plateau-land—the true land of Anahuac—plain succeeding plain, separated from each other by mountain chains (*sierras*), here and there having saddle-like depressions, that give easy passage from one plain, or *vallé*, to the other; all nearly treeless, but none so sterile as that before our faces on leaving the town of Perote, and taking the road to “La Puebla de los Angeles” (the city of the Angels).

Not confident that the latter place might prove a Paradise—anything but this, we were told—we soon became aware of having to pass through something like Purgatory before reaching it. Scarce had we cleared the suburbs of Perote, when we found ourselves in a desert tract of country, bare and forbidding as the African Sahara. This is the plain lying adjacent to the mountain of Perote, extending westward from its base, and known by the same name. It has a superficial area of several hundred square miles—the average of the larger Mexican mountain plateaux, such as that of Puebla, Tlascalla, Toluca, and the *vallé* in which lies the capital itself.

Crossing the plain of Perote, the stranger will see much to interest him, notwithstanding its sterility. There are spots by no means sterile, but wonderfully fertile and productive in the *estacion de las aguas*, or rainy season. The direct road across the plain of Perote will not take him through these; but generally over tracts where the only vegetation seen will be cacti, aloes, and yuccas, with the scrubbiest forms of the *mimosas* and *acacias*.

THE MIRAGE AND “MOLINA DE VIENTE.”

To compensate for the absence of sylvan scenery, the wayfarer will have before his eyes many objects that may be new to him. Upon the plain of Perote he will be almost certain to get sight of a *molina de viento*—perhaps a dozen of these singular objects—passing over the plain, and bearing some resemblance to tall light-house towers set spinning upon an axis. The *molina de viento*—literally windmill—is our whirlwind, upon a larger scale than we are accustomed to see it in England, and acting with greater force. Sand and pebbles of considerable bulk are picked up by those observed on the desert plains of Mexico, and dwellings have been damaged by their contact. But that they have been known to carry whole flocks of sheep into the air, or even a single one, I am not prepared to assert; though the story has been told me by men who might be deemed reliable. There is not anything so very improbable about it, when one reflects on the well-known effects of the ordinary hurricane, or cyclone. Certainly the sand is carried up in them to a height of nearly 500 feet, swirling on a diameter of some eight or ten yards; thus forming a tall column of a dun-yellowish colour, all the more singular from its being in motion. Frequently half a score of them, of different heights and thickness, will be seen coursing across the plain at the same time, sometimes moving in different directions, crossing and changing places as partners in a dance—gigantic Titans going through the figures of a quadrille. The scientific explanation of these sand turbines is that the bare surface, becoming heated by the sun, in turn heats the super-imposed atmosphere, causing it to ascend; and that

then, from the shaded ravines of the neighbouring mountains, colder currents, rushing along to fill up the vacuum, come in contact with one another, and so take the rotatory motion.

Similar phenomena are common on the desert plains of the East, both in Africa and Asia.

Another remarkable object connected with the atmosphere greets the eye upon the plains between Perote and Puebla. This is the *mirage*, which at a certain season of the year—during the dry months—is sure to appear to the traveller. As he rides on, he will see lakes of clear water spread out before him, frequently with trees around their shores, and islets in their midst. The delusion—for it is such—is often so complete, that a stranger to the country will with difficulty be convinced that both trees and water are only “empty air.” The conviction may be gained, by turning round and looking back at the ground just gone over. There the lakes may be also seen, lucent as those in front.

RARE MOUNTAIN FORMS.

It is scarcely necessary to say that on the table-lands of Mexico the traveller is never quite out of sight of mountains. Although many of the *vallés*—or plains, as they will be more appropriately named—are of large expanse, like that of Mexico itself, Puebla, and others, the mountain ranges that limit them are never beyond eyeshot. And to the eye the forms and outlines of these are constantly changing, as the traveller changes his position. There is, thus, an endless variety of views. Mountain profiles are seen assuming all shapes—saddles, sloping or horizontal ridges, some narrow like the back of a knife, rounded domes, pyramidal peaks, square turrets, or needle-like pinnacles, may be all seen during a single day's ride. Sometimes a series of sharply-defined summits strike the eye, suggesting the dentated appearance of a saw. Hence the word *sierra*, given by the Spaniards to mountain chains in general; while *cerro* means a single and usually isolated mountain of inferior altitude—at times merely a hill.

On starting from the town of Perote to travel westward, a remarkable mountain soon makes itself conspicuous. There is Perote itself with its *cofre*, a huge box-like mass, on the summit, composed of black porphyritic rock. This is now on the left shoulder. Farther southward is seen the snow cone of Orizava, or, as the Indians term it, “Citlatepetl,” the “Mountain of the Star,” in allusion to the star-like fire that once appeared upon its summit, when its *volcan* was in activity. Perote they term “Nauchampatepetl, a name of similar significance as *cofre*, the Aztec *nauchampa* meaning a box or chest.

Besides these two celebrated summits that belong to the main cordillera of the Sierra Madre, there are others, towering over other chains, almost as interesting to contemplate, while some stand solitary upon the plain, separated alike from the main cordillera, as also from the transverse or connecting ranges. Of these is the one I have called remarkable, and it is well deserving the qualification. It comes conspicuously in view while crossing the plain of Perote. It is the mountain known by the name Pizarro, I presume so-called after the celebrated Peruvian Conquistador, though why I have not learnt, nor why the honour should not have been conferred upon the conqueror of Mexico itself. Another isolated mountain, a little farther on, dominates the city of Puebla, bearing the name of Cortez' Indian sweetheart, the celebrated Malinché. The Cerro de Pizarro rises abruptly from the plain of Perote,

or seems rather set upon it, just as a teacup turned upon its mouth, only with a sharper apex. The mountain is, in fact, a very regular, though not acute, cone. There is no *piedmont*, or foot-hills, encountered in approaching it. The level plain runs into its very base; the first inequality met with being some scattered boulders of trachytic rock that have rolled down its sloping sides. And here may it be remarked, that this is a special peculiarity of the mountain masses that tower over the Mexican table-land, whether isolated peaks or continuous ridges. They rise at once from the level surface of the plains—whether these be sterile sand or green savanna—without any rolling or hilly region between, just as a mountainous island out of the ocean.

This peculiarity may be looked upon as a simple geological phenomenon. These *vallés*, or table plains, have once been real valleys, or hollows among the mountains, in process of ages filled up to their present level by eroded matter carried down by the rains from the ridges above. Possibly, at one time, they were all the beds of extensive lakes, such as those still existing in the valleys of Mexico and Serma, and which, within the short historic period of three and a-half centuries, show a silting up of several feet. Indeed, the land-surface of the Mexican valley would, no doubt, now have been several inches higher than it is, but for the *desague*, or artificial draining-canal of Huehuetoca.

DEVIATION FROM THE BEATEN TRACK.

The road from Perote to Puebla does not pass quite close to the mountain of Pizarro. The traveller will think himself within a mile of it, when he is distant not less than ten. Delusive, almost as the mirage, is the idea of distance in the rarefied atmosphere of these elevated plateaux. You are fatigued after a long ride—a day's journey—your horse more than yourself; but the inn is at length within sight. Only another mile, and you will be dismounting by its door, or inside its *patio*. To your chagrin you discover your mistake about this matter, after riding five or six miles and still seeing the house at a good distance ahead.

We—my travelling companions and myself—were aware of this optical deception, when turning from the travelled road and setting our horses' heads towards Pizarro. We knew there was a couple of hours' brisk trotting in store for them. But we could not resist the temptation to visit this singular *cerro*, and climb some way up its slope. We had no intention to go to the summit, a feat that could without much difficulty be accomplished. We knew it to be an extinct volcano; and as we had looked into other such craters, we cared not to examine this. The lure that led us was a singular report we had heard, connected not with the geological world, but with that of zoology and, to some extent, botany. One of my companions—a keen botanist, and also skilled in the cognate science of ornithology—was desirous of informing himself about the truth of a report that had gone abroad about certain birds belonging to the genus of the woodpeckers. A very singular habit of these birds having been observed on this very mountain, Pizarro.

Looking up the slopes of the mountain from the plain below, and at some distance off, you perceive a certain amount of verdure, mingling its tints with the dark trachytic rock, and the lighter-coloured scoriæ underneath. In spots you might fancy it a covering of forest trees, but, drawing nearer, you

make out the forms of the wild *maguay*, or Mexican *mell* (*agave*), its radiating bunches of stiff spinous leaves rising scarce a yard above the surface, but overtopped by a flower-stalk springing out of the centre, and shooting up many feet higher. The flowers may be dead, and the scape seeded, or there may be no flower-stalk at all. This depends on the age of the plant, whose inflorescence occurs only once, after several years of growth. The Mexican *maguay*, like the swan, sings its sweetest song before dying. Whether it be the cultivated species producing the drink called *pulque*, or the several wild kinds put to other uses, the *agave* blossoms only once, and then decays.

A species of the wild or uncultivated kind—that known as the *pita* plant—forms the almost exclusive vegetation on the slopes of Pizarro. Not altogether. Among these stiff, rigid vegetables rises another, equally rigid, generally somewhat taller, and overtopping them. This is a species of *arborescent yucca*, with radiating tufts of leaves resembling a *chevaux-de-frise* of bayonets; whence its name of “Spanish bayonet,” given by the people of the more northern regions of America, of Saxon descent.

With slight exception, these two kinds of plants, both belonging to closely-allied genera, form the flora of the mountain Pizarro.

Its fauna is on a like limited scale, no one as yet having observed upon it any living creature, excepting some birds, as I have said, belonging to the family of the woodpeckers. Of these, two or three species, and of distinct genera, inhabit the sides of the mountain, making their home among the *agaves* and *yuccas*. Two of them have been identified as the *Colaptes Mexicanus* and *Melanerpes formicivorus* of Swainson, both known in Mexico, as are all woodpeckers, by the name of *carpinteros*, or “carpenters.” The name has been suggested by the noise these birds make with their strong beaks, while tapping the trunks of the trees, and which, resounding through the forest, bears some resemblance to the strokes of a carpenter’s hammer.

THE CARPENTER BIRDS OF PIZARRO.

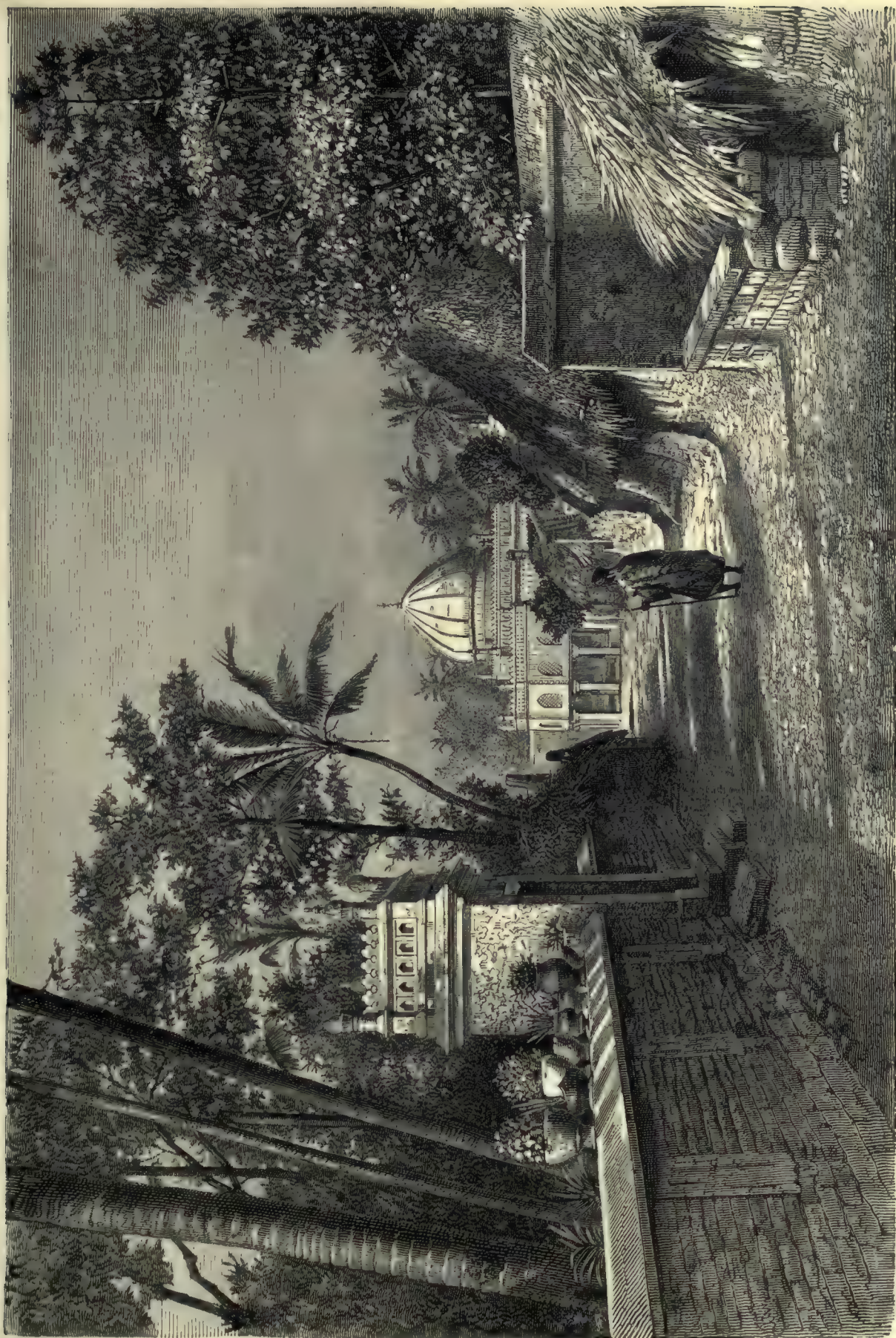
The singular chapter of natural history to be observed on Pizarro is this. The *maguay* plant, as already stated, after inflorescence gradually decays and dies. Its life is of different periods of duration from seven to fifteen years, according to the particular species, the soil in which it grows, and other circumstances, but not a hundred years, as was once fabulously asserted, and which erroneous belief led to its being called the “century plant.” As a consequence, in districts where the wild *maguays* abound they are seen of all sizes and stages of growth, from plants not larger than a little house-leek, which the young ones somewhat resemble, to grand radiated masses, several yards in diameter. Some in a state of inflorescence, with the tall single flower-stalk running out of the central whorl of thick succulent leaves, and carrying its grand banner of blossoms at the summit. Many of these will be seen, as also the plant, quite desiccated and dead; and in this state they will stand for years, in an atmosphere where decay is of the slowest, as it is upon the Mexican table-lands. The flower-stalk then becomes a hollow cylinder—the medullary matter having contracted in drying up, while the fibrous outside skin remains firm and of tougher texture from the loss of the sap. The woodpeckers have thus a storehouse ready made for their purpose, which is to fill these hollow tubes with acorns

of the evergreen oak. This they do by first commencing a little above the base, and there making a hole large enough to admit the acorn. They find an auger in their strong sharp beaks, that are hard as ivory itself. When the vertical shaft has been laid open, they push in the acorns one after another, allowing them to drop down into the vertical hollow until it is filled up to the hole. The bird now opens another window several inches higher up the stalk; fills in again; then makes a third hole; fills up as before; and so on, till a point of the stalk is reached where the inside opening is too narrow to admit the oak-nut. The reason for making these successive lateral openings is, that the whole cylinder may be occupied with the acorns. Its interior is not a regular smooth tube, but frequently interrupted with a remnant of the dried pith; so that if only one lateral opening were made near the top, there might be a stoppage before the acorns got halfway down, and most of the storage room would remain empty. At a certain season of the year, that which precedes the months of our northern winter, but which in Mexico is known as the dry season, the woodpeckers of the two species named, and perhaps a third, may be seen in flocks upon the sides of Pizarro, busied in the operation described. But, although they have been thus seen by many travellers, naturalists among the number, there are several strange circumstances connected with their labour—mysteries they deserve being called—that have not yet been explained. In the first place, there are no oaks growing nearer than the slope of the main cordillera of the Sierra Madre, at a distance of at least thirty miles. There is not an oak-tree on Pizarro itself, and none on any of the isolated sierras near, or on the surrounding plain. Whence do the woodpeckers obtain the acorns? They transport them in their beaks, no doubt. But from what *encinal*, or evergreen oak forest?

And it is quite as much of a mystery to the ornithologist what these birds do with the acorns. It is well known that they are neither graminivorous nor frugivorous, but live upon larvæ and insects. Do they leave the acorns to decay, until maggots have become engendered in them, and then make a meal upon these? It would seem a very roundabout way of providing food; in short, too improbable, considering the size of the birds, their voracious habits, and the more convenient manner in which they might find provisions. For it is to be noted that, independent of the great distance to which the oak-nuts must be transported, the mode of storing them is no easy task. The outer rind of the *maguay* flower-stalk is tough and hard, and must give even woodpeckers some trouble in perforating it. Altogether, this must be accounted a very curious chapter of ornithology, one requiring a continued observation of many months to elucidate.

Another singularity connected with this bird-industry is that the stems of the *yuccas* are also found penetrated with holes made by them. These pass through the bark into the soft interior pith, each being about the size of an acorn. The birds are said to insert the smaller end of the nut into one of the holes in order that it may be held fast, while it proceeds to peck the acorn to pieces, either to eat it or obtain such larvæ as may be found inside.

My companions and myself having satisfied ourselves of the existence of these singular ornithological facts, though unable to find the correct explanation of them, returned down the mountain, and resumed our journey towards Puebla.



MOSQUE OF NUTHUR, NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

Trichinopoly and Madura (Southern India), and their Temples.

THE railway journey between Tanjore and Trichinopoly is accomplished in two hours, and the line runs along the banks of one of the branches of the Cauvery. After traversing a well-cultivated district, the traveller finds himself in a vast but sterile plain, and in the far distance the rock of Trichinopoly may be perceived. This railway has only a single line, and appears to have been constructed with but little care, as is proved by the uneasy jolt to which one is exposed.

The English camp at Trichinopoly is situated a mile from the railway station. The town, which is still another mile further, is surrounded by a wall which formerly served as a fortification, but is now in ruins. In the centre is an enormous rock, crowned by a pagoda on a small scale, and dedicated to Siva, and there are no mandapams. This abrupt mass produces an imposing effect, as the steepest part is decorated with large white stripes.

Before arriving at the stairs which conduct to the summit of the rock, a little pond is reached, the centre of which is occupied by a mandapam in ruins, one of the sides being bordered by an architectural gallery of the *nyakara* order; its arches are pointed and contain some beautiful stucco-work interspersed with mystic figures; the columns themselves are heavy and massive. To the right of the gallery over the door an oval shield may be distinguished with two sabres crossed, and a globe covered with pointed stars, a triangular flag ornamented with a sphere floats from each side of the shield, on the top of which is a royal crown, of which only fragments remain.

It is not easy to make out to what monument these ruins have belonged, but their architecture indicates in a very distinct manner that they are of earlier date than the palace of Tanjore; they bear the impression of Christian influence.

A street of low and small houses leads to the foot of those stairs which conduct to the summit of the rock. The staircase is a wide one, and its walls are constructed of large stones which add to its solidity. There was formerly a gallery, covered with wide slabs supported by sculptured columns leading to it, but it is now quite in ruins. Three hundred steps have to be mounted, which are cut out in a fissure of the rock, and the traveller who reaches the summit is rewarded by a magnificent panoramic view. The Cauvery is seen for a long distance winding like a silver ribbon amongst green rice-fields which it fertilises by irrigation; below is the town, which with its houses shaded by cocoa-nut woods and its picturesque mosque, makes the whole appear like a beautiful park. Beyond is the arid plain whose grey stones contrast with the rich verdure of the country round Tanjore. These contrasts form an enchanting view, which delights the lover of the picturesque.

At short intervals on the staircase little sanctuaries are seen, ornamented with bas-reliefs. These are disagreeable and offensive, owing to the smell of the oil with which they are constantly anointed. They represent some of the Hindoo divinities and other quaint subjects. English sentinels planted every here and there guard the approach to this natural citadel.

The rock terminates in two peaks, of which the least elevated is surrounded by a wall, and on this is built a sanctuary dedicated to Siva. The entablature of the inner wall is decorated

with a great number of statues representing Nandou, Ganesa, &c. On the topmost point are erected two mandapams, one of which, with its pyramidal roof, is surmounted by the spire peculiar to Hindoo temples, with its full complement of bells. It is amusing to watch the monkeys which inhabit this rock; their habits are quite aerial.

Trichinopoly not having in itself much to detain the traveller, the next thing to be done is to cross the bridge thrown over the Cauvery, and to land on an island in the stream on which the famous temple of Siringam stands.

Six concentric enclosures surround the temple of the god Vishnu. The Rajah Gopuram (royal gate), which is still unfinished, gives entrance into the first of these, where Hindoos of inferior caste reside, another *gopuram* conducts to another court where only Brahmins dwell, a third gopuram leads to Outrevidi, where certain families belonging to the priests of Vishnu live. Within this third gopuram is a wooden chariot, highly-carved, whose foliage and figures are black with age. This chariot is used to convey the image of the god on feast-days.

The fourth gopuram leads to an enclosure which contains several small temples and several mandapams. One of these, known by the name of the "Mandapam of the Thousand Columns," has a row of columns sixteen in number and sixty-five deep, but unlike most native monuments, they are without the ornaments which generally cover them in profusion. In the centre is a car of stone with wheels and horses of the same material; the god at certain seasons of the year is exposed in this vehicle to the adoration of pilgrims. The first gallery which is reached has monolithic columns, decorated with bas-reliefs representing human beings mounted on monsters with formidable horns, the trunks of which are interwoven with those of little elephants, on whom they seem about to fall. This gallery has fourteen rows of columns, and two small platforms, the highest of which is supported at each corner by four pillars most gracefully grouped. This is very different from most Hindoo monuments, which in general lean towards a massive rather than towards a light and elegant style. The shaft of the inner colonnade is alternately square and polygonal, and its different façades are much sculptured; the other columns are more delicate, their base is cubic, and their shaft polygonal. The roof of these platforms is covered with paintings, now half effaced, depicting scenes from the lives of the gods.

To the left of the Mandapam of a Thousand Columns, a gallery conducts to a sanctuary some of the pillars of which attract attention by their sculptures. It is only at Conjeveram, Siringam, Madura, and in this place, that those monoliths are found, in which with indomitable patience the Hindoos have chiselled columns ornamented with gigantic sculptures in relief.

In one place may be seen a monster, ready to spring on the profane individual who dares to plant his impure foot on the sacred soil of the temple. In another place a warrior mounted on a galloping horse may be perceived, whose lance has penetrated the body of some unlucky wight already crushed by his remorseless steed. These carvings are carefully executed. The figures are life-like, but that which most attracts attention is the great distance to which the colossal figures stand out from the column. The base is decorated with other sculpture

of a kind too common in Hindoo decoration. Only eight of the forty-nine columns which adorn this gallery, and which are situated at the side of the great mandapam, are at all remarkable. The Grecian columns of rounded form are only ornamented with flutings, the square form, or rather that form with divided facets so characteristic of the Hindoo pilasters, allows of their being covered with sculptures, bas-reliefs, and foliage; they are always works of mere fancy.

The great gopuram to the right, the most elevated of all in Siringam, is not decorated with statues like the others; it is simply of brick, and unadorned.

The central enclosure, where the god Vishnu reposes in eternal sleep, cannot be seen by ordinary visitors, though it has been rumoured that certain Europeans belonging to the higher order of freemasonry have obtained leave to penetrate this holy of holies. In this enclosure is the kitchen where the god's repasts are carefully prepared. The smoke, which escapes from the furnaces in white clouds, is the only thing that can be seen by the worshippers who are without the gate, and the sanctuary in which the idol reposes is, according to custom, adorned at the summit by a globe of gilt copper.

If the Rajah Gopuram, which is as yet in an unfinished state, is included, there are, in all, five pyramidal doors through which the traveller must penetrate before reaching that sanctuary, the dome of which forms the centre of all the enclosures. To the right, there are three other gopurams, and these are the highest yet constructed. To the left, there are but two. When the temple is finished, there will be in all as many as twenty.

Six miles to the south-west of Trichinopoly, in the middle of the jungle, is a perfectly deserted pagoda, whose very existence seems to be unsuspected by the majority of the inhabitants of the country round. It bears the name of Sattan-Rowil (or royal residence of Satan). It appears to be built of stone, at least in part, and its carvings are more finished though less beautiful than those of the well-known temple of Soubramanga at Tanjore, which has been already mentioned.

Madura is situated eighty-two miles south of Trichinopoly, and is reached by a beautiful road, shaded by trees of great age. To the north of the city is a huge mass of syenite: it stands isolated from the surrounding hills, and from a distance bears a resemblance to an elephant couchant, with its trunk extended along the ground in front of its head. The natives tell you in all good faith that on one occasion a colossal elephant miraculously emerged from a sacred well in which the King of Conjeveram was in the habit of throwing the remains of those unhappy victims whom he frequently offered up in sacrifice to the river. Near the banks of the stream are pillars intended to serve as a refuge to those travellers who are unexpectedly thrown into danger by the sudden rise of the water during flood. They remain here until help can be obtained. A little mandapam situated in the centre of this river, and used as a resting-place for the idol of the temple, on the occasion of the annual processions, produces the most graceful effect.

The three monuments most worthy of the interest of the traveller in the town of Madura are the great temple, the palace, and the Pagoda Perumal.

The principal temple is dedicated to the worship of Siva, who is addressed in these parts by the pompous appellation of Sunda-veshwaram, or Choka-lingam, the lord of beauty. The temple is also jointly dedicated to his amiable spouse, Kali, called by the Tamuls by the sweet name of *Minakshi*, or

better still *Ankayal Kannamaya*, the goddess with eyes of *rayah* (a fish peculiar to the Indian seas, and remarkable for its large eyes). This temple covers a vast extent of ground, and offers a spectacle which it is impossible to forget.

Situated in the centre of the town of Madura, this pagoda, whose form is rectangular, measures nearly 700 feet, and its east and west front 800. The north and south is surrounded by a stone wall with a coping of brick, whose height is thirty-six feet; the pedestal is of stone, the superstructure is in brick and chalk. The face to the north is entirely free from ornaments and sculptures, though all the others are covered with them; it bears the name of Mottai Gopuram.

To the east on entering, the Rajah Gopuram comes first. Both this and the Gopuram of Siringam are as yet unfinished, only the stone base being built. The royal gateway is not so large as that of the temple of Vishnu, but its proportions seem better, its design more correct, its ornaments more artistic, and its bas-reliefs more elegant. The door is supported by four beautiful monoliths, fifty-seven feet in height, covered with graceful arabesques, between which are allegorical representations. In the wall of the passage recesses have been pierced, and these are allotted to the guardians of the temple. In front of it are four columns with shafts, which are alternately square and polygonal.

The base of the Rajah Gopuram of Madura is the most beautiful of its kind, even when compared with all the temples of the Deccan. Local tradition attributes it to Tirumalaya-Nayakar. It is 176 feet long and nearly 120 feet broad from east to west. Its height is thirty-two feet, and the door is more than twenty-two feet wide.

On leaving the Rajah Gopuram it will be well to visit the Puthee Mandapam, better known in Southern India under the name of Choultry of Tirumalaya-Nayakar, the most beautiful in all the Deccan. Only at Conjeveram and at Siringam can one meet with edifices in the same style, and they are not to be compared with those of Madura.

The Puthee Mandapam is a portico in front of the eastern gopuram of the sacred enclosure. It was erected by King Tirumalaya whose name it bears, and it serves as an entrance to the pagoda. As an entrance it is on the grandest scale, rivalling even the great avenue of sphinxes of the Egyptian temples. It was commenced in 1623 in the second year of the reign of the celebrated monarch, Nayakar. It took twenty-two years to construct, and cost the sum of one million sterling. This mandapam is built entirely of stone; it is more than 300 feet long, and nearly 80 feet wide. The interior, which is about twenty feet high, is roofed with enormous slabs. It consists of a central nave, and two low ribs with a transverse gallery at each extremity. The roof consists of 124 huge blocks of granite, which rest upon pillars.

The front columns of the portico are richly sculptured, and nowhere in all India is such perfect workmanship to be seen. Horsemen are represented eagerly rushing out and piercing with their lances the wretches already trampled on by their horses. On the pillar to the left is sculptured in bas-relief the single-footed god, from whose loins emerge Siva and Brahma; the right pillar represents Siva dressing himself in the skin of an elephant which he has just killed, and whose head is weltering at his feet.

The three great galleries belonging to this mandapam, particularly the central one, are very grand in their aspect, and

would be more so were it not for the crowds of native merchants who there exhibit stuffs, and a thousand other objects. Each of the pillars of the door of entrance is ornamented with a statue. The capitals of these and indeed of all the columns in the *choultry* represent sanguinary monsters who are curled up in the way peculiar to the feline race, and who appear to be the guardians of the holy enclosure, and ready to burst upon the unlucky visitor who should attempt to violate the sanctity of the spot.

In the central gallery, besides the bas-reliefs and arabesques with which each column is profusely decorated, there are isolated pillars, supporting statues of monarchs. Amongst

blood of the victim, and all efforts to remove the stain proved fruitless. It remained as a terrible warning to husbands inclined to give vent to their angry passions.

To the left a black granite throne is erected at the extremity, and the raised seat, which is supported by pillars, is enveloped in a lacework of stone. On certain days during the year the idol is exposed on this throne.

The portico at the farther end of the mandapam is decorated with statues of gods; the façade on this side is also very fine. The ornamentation of the columns is similar to that of the principal façade. The pillars at the side represent first Siva and his wife destroying Ravana, the hundred-headed giant; the



ROYAL GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF SIRINGAM.

these are Visnanatha, the head of the Nayakar dynasty. Towards the right on entering is Tirumalaya, commonly called Trimal-Naik, the founder of this beautiful monument; and by his side are two of his wives and a servant.

The Hindoos, so wrapped up in everything tending towards the marvellous, are fond of relating the following anecdote:—Tirumalaya, having married the daughter of the King of Tanjore, brought the princess home to his palace, and took pleasure in exhibiting its splendours to her. The queen, who was suffering from home-sickness, expressed neither astonishment nor pleasure, and merely replied that her father's stables alone outshone the luxury displayed in the palace at Nayakar. These humiliating words so exasperated the king that he stabbed his wife with a dagger. To expiate his crime he was desirous of placing the statue of his wife in his choultry; but when the marble figure appeared, it was covered with the

other represents the same god quarrelling with his spouse. It would seem that among the Orientals, as in the classical mythology of Greece and Rome, these graceful connubial scenes are not rare amongst the gods; and the knowledge of this may give some comfort to many poor mortals, less richly endowed in other respects than these vicious immortals.

Entering by the western gopuram into the sacred temple, the temple of Minakshi, or Kali, is seen to the left of the door, and its front is decorated with a bas-relief, set off by quaint and staring colouring, of which the Hindoos are most prodigal. Statues of Ganesa and Soubramanga are placed at the sides.

In this pagoda are four concentric enclosures, the innermost of which contains the symbol of Hindoo worship, and several statues of gods and goddesses of an inferior order, who escort Siva in processions. At the door of this innermost enclosure is a pillar of wood or stone, covered with leather, to



SACRED POOL NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

which devotees hang their offerings of stuffs. No pariah—consequently no European—can go beyond this pillar. Whenever travellers are not permitted by the Brahmins to penetrate into these small sanctuaries, this pillar will be found planted near the door of entrance.

The symbolic idol of Madura, in common with those of all great temples of Siva, is during the ceremonies surrounded by the folds of a *naja* or cobra di capello, whose head spreads out above that of the gods. The images of these reptiles are constructed of precious metals, and ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and precious stones of all sorts.

After having passed the gopuram, a long gallery is traversed, occupied by merchants. This gallery is supported by richly-carved columns. To the right is that mandapam at which the god and goddess annually re-marry. It is considered desirable often to renew this ceremony between the gods in India, in order that they may not forget their duties as husband and wife. A little further on there is another portico, composed of sixteen columns. On the outer side may be remarked figures with odd-shaped trumpets in their hands. These are in bas-relief; the base of the others is alternately square and polygonal. Hindoo artists dislike simplicity and repetition in any form.

To the east of the nuptial hall the portico of a thousand columns extends, forming a handsome quincunx all along the wall of enclosure. The interval between the pillars measures four feet; most of the pillars are alternately square and polygonal at the base, and ornamented with festoons and foliage. When this forest of stone is illuminated by torchlight, during the night festivals, the effect must be magical. The capital of the columns is formed, as in many Hindoo edifices, of a capping of stone overlapping the square pedestal on two and sometimes four sides; this allows of giving them a space of greater width than that of the slabs which serve them as supports. There are twenty-nine front columns and thirty-five side columns (fourteen of the latter are united by a wall); some are only outlined, and bear traces of the workman's chisel; but the central gallery, which is parallel to the eastern wall and which leads to a small sanctuary, contains a whole collection of monsters, gods, and human beings. Before reaching this gallery a portico of sculptured columns in bas-relief must be passed through; two staircases, whose balustrades consist of stone elephants, conduct to it. Some of the statues in this portico are smeared with clarified butter and oil, with which the pious Hindoos are careful to anoint them daily; all are larger than life. At the entrance is a central column, surrounded by several little ones: all appear to be sculptured out of a single block of stone.

The colonnade which surrounds the pond of the golden lotus, so celebrated amongst the Tamuls, is distinguished by its green and stagnant waters, which are a redoubtable poison, particularly amongst the Hindoos. Nothing can be dirtier or more fetid. It is therefore not astonishing that no sacred animal, of which the basins are full in the pagodas, will occupy it. If you ask the Brahmins the reason why, they will readily tell you, and your curiosity will be easily satisfied, unless you are curious to an extent seldom to be met with in a traveller. The Brahminical explanation is as follows:—

A white heron was hungry. Standing on one leg on the borders of the Lake of the Golden Lotus, whose waters were then unrivalled in India for clearness and limpidity, he sadly reflected on the sufferings of life. A devotee on a

pilgrimage to the temple came to bathe by his side, and whilst wringing his locks in order to dry them after bathing, beautiful silver fish fell from them which began to swim about joyously. Hunger suggested to the heron to open his great beak, and to swallow some of these creatures. A human being could not have resisted the temptation, but the prudent bird took care to respect the sanctity of the spot. From time to time, it is true, he involuntarily made a noise with his bill, opening and shutting his jaws, in the extreme desire of gratifying his appetite; but heaving a deep sigh, he refrained from eating. Siva was a witness of the fact, and, contrary to custom, having risen in good humour, wished to reward so remarkable an act of sobriety. Earth being unworthy of this virtuous bird, he carried it off to adorn his Olympus. "What wouldst thou?" said heaven's ruler to him. "Speak, and thy wishes shall be granted." The humble animal paused to consider, and it soon occurred to him that another poor heron might perchance be subjected to the same temptation if the waters of the Golden Lotus Lake were always full of fish, and that, perhaps, unlike himself, he might be unable to resist the cravings of a famished stomach; he therefore demanded that the sacred waters of Madura should never again furnish nourishment for any living creature, and after mature deliberation in counsel amongst the gods, the favour was granted.

The Potta-marai, or dead lake, measures 200 feet in length, and 146 feet in width, and its direction is due east and west, as is also the direction of the wall of the pagoda.

The gallery surrounding this basin is covered with frescoes representing Hindoo scenes of every description. The drawings are peculiar, the subjects inelegant, and the figures expressionless—they have not even that quaintness which covers so many defects. These paintings have nothing curious about them, as far as art is concerned, but they faithfully portray local manners and customs, and these are always interesting to the traveller.

The temple of Madura is doubtless the most admirable and the most curious monument that the Hindoo genius has ever executed, and the impression left on the memory by a ramble amongst these marvels of architecture is very powerful. From the moment of entrance into this sacred enclosure the eye is riveted by the innumerable columns covered to profusion with quaint sculptures of the most original kind, rising everywhere—court succeeds court, gallery succeeds gallery, portico succeeds portico, and everywhere bas-reliefs and paintings are to be seen. Even certain dark stone avenues add to the effect produced by a multitude of monster figures apparently starting from the columns, and can hardly fail to fill with terror the superstitious spirits of the devotees.

The general aspect is very grand, and produces a powerful impression on the mind of the visitor. A special study of each statue is unnecessary in temples of this class; all that is required is to have a general view of the whole—it is best to walk quickly through these groups of monsters of every kind, with their quaint forms, cruel looks, and fantastic attitudes, and fancy oneself the prey of an eccentric dream. These pagodas of the Deccan are indeed altogether creations of fancy. The Hindoo architects do not give themselves up to profound study concerning the great and beautiful; they care but little for proportions; the rules of art as established in our lands are to them unknown, and if known they would be disregarded. Therefore form, simplicity, and truth, must not be sought after,

neither must one expect to find any other idea than cruelty sometimes varied by a cold immovability. The bodies are all either distorted or dislocated. The Hindoo artist has never chosen for his model that which is beautiful, nor sought to approach perfection of outline. He has rather endeavoured to depict sickness and delirium in stone, but degraded as is this taste, it is not without its grandeur.

Who has not allowed his thoughts to wander at will, and who has not in spirit visited strange worlds peopled with fantastic beings? Of such are the incredible conceptions, the mad fancies realised in the temple of Madura, where they unfold themselves written in granite before the traveller's eye. Even, as has been before remarked, the coarse colouring with which the Brahmins have clumsily adorned their statues, adds, in the gloom of these corridors, to the grotesque and hideous aspect of the objects sculptured.

When one comes to consider that these columns carved in bas-relief and externally decorated with a thousand different ornaments, figures, foliage, garlands, are all monolithic, one cannot but be lost with astonishment at the vast amount of time and labour consumed by whole generations of men in these gigantic works, and at the considerable expense which doubtless has been incurred in constructing these monumental marvels. The Hindoo architects, like the Egyptians, seem to have cared more for overcoming difficulties than for any other object.

The palace of Tirumalaya-Nayakar is, next to the great temple of Siva, the most important of the monuments of Madura, and one of the most curious in India, where few edifices of this kind are found. Formerly it covered an immense expanse of ground, but now it is falling into ruins. Happily there still remains the beautiful Hall of Durbar, or throne-room, which, notwithstanding its state of dilapidation, still retains an aspect which permits the traveller to imagine what was formerly the splendour of the Nayakars of Madura.

The exterior of this edifice is highly picturesque, thanks to the black tint which the lapse of centuries has given it, and to the plants which grow between the cracks in the stone, or crown the facets of the half-fallen walls. The rectangular or square domes, pierced by a thousand openings, add to the general effect of the whole. Nevertheless it is not probable that it could ever boast of the grand character which great European edifices present. Hindoo artists never could bow to the exigencies of a uniform plan, always obeying the impulse of the moment without considering what had been formerly done, and what still remained to be carried out. In consequence of this, the external aspect is not-unfrequently mean, and all the result arrived at consists in forming a more or less considerable assemblage of buildings. The Hindoos work in detail, and do not study uniformity. Their morals, their habits, their religion, all are matters of detail. They build in juxtaposition, and thus their constructions are wanting in that unity which larger views and well-considered plans require.

The palace of Madura, built by Tirumalaya, the second rajah of the Nayakar dynasty, who reigned from 1621 to 1660, contains many rooms, on the top of which extend terraces and domes propped up by massive pillars, the style of which reminds the traveller of Mussulman architecture.

The court sessions are held in the ancient throne-room of the Kings of Nayakar, but the door which now opens into it is modern.

This room, as is the case with the one at Tanjore, is surrounded by a colonnade which is reached by stone steps. Three rows of rather high columns here meet the eye. The general aspect is heavy, owing to the want of plinth, and the columns are disfigured with a thick layer of plaster, in conformity with the invariable custom of the Hindoos. In the ceiling are several arches, two of which in the centre of the lateral galleries are rectangular, and four are square at their extremities. They are pierced by many windows, which gives them a peculiar aspect. The Mussulman influence may be easily traced in this monument, which presents the elegant details and ornamentation of the vaulting, the round forms of the column, the almost total absence of human figures or of representations of animals, and the domes with cupolas rising to a point: all this indicates among the Hindoo architects of the seventeenth century an acquaintance with the Mussulman monuments of Bidjanaggur and other cities fallen under Mongol rule. That defective symmetry so common to the Hindoos, though displayed in the grouping of the columns, has here disappeared in the ornamentation of the domes.

The ceiling of the galleries is but slightly arched. Often, indeed, it is flat, and formed—Hindoo fashion—of bricks laid horizontally, and stuck together by mortar. It has been already pointed out that this was the usual construction in Tanjore.

On both sides of the central arcade, where formerly the royal throne was erected, may be noticed a winged angel in bas-relief; it resembles those in Christian drawings, and is represented as holding one extremity of a sculptural wreath placed above the central arch. Between each arcade a monster is seen projecting from the columns, whose features are less horrible than those of the Hindoo statues. Here neither the monkey god Hunooman, nor those other figures of Hindoo divinities, always more or less grotesque, are to be met with, though so often seen on the bas-reliefs of the palace of Tanjore, and the gallery of Trichinopoly. The last-mentioned edifices have more of the Hindoo stamp about them than the palace of Tirumalaya, and are probably considerably older.

Above the great slab of black marble, on which the cushions of the king were spread, a beautiful dome is erected, called the "celestial arch," which measures nearly sixty feet in diameter; the height of the cupola above the throne is about sixty-five feet.

The general effect of the great hall is grand; and formerly, when the rajah, clothed in his splendid vestments of silk and gold, was accustomed to sit on a richly-jewelled throne, surrounded by an ivory balustrade, in the midst of numerous courtiers and thousands of soldiers, this scene under a tropical sun must have been striking indeed.

All the palaces that have been mentioned are built of brick, but this is hardly perceptible, owing to the rough coating of stucco which is used to such a preposterous extent by the Hindoos in all their private and national edifices. Good building stones, in their opinion, only derive their value from the fact that they are more durable than wood or brick in their damp climate; they prefer a surface of stucco, which lends itself to every species of ornamentation.

Before quitting the town of Madura it would be well to visit a small pagoda which well deserves mention. According to Mr. Fergusson it connects the ancient Buddhist style of architecture with that of the temples in the south of India. It

bears some resemblance to the monolithic pagodas of Mahabalipuram. The sanctuary, which is larger than that of most of the Deccan temples, is capped by the inevitable sphere, which seems as if borrowed from the Buddhist dagobas.

In the village of Ramisueram, situated eight miles from Pamben, is a temple which yearly attracts thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India. Before reaching this temple a long street is passed through with fine houses all along it. The wall enclosing the temple is pierced by four doors, from each of which there is a gallery conducting towards the central sanctuary. The circular colonnade, forming the outer wall, encloses the sacred pool and several small temples. In some places there are two ranks of columns, in others three or four, supporting this colonnade. Many of these columns are monolithic. They are sculptured in low relief, and represent the benefactors of the temple—rajahs and queens—who are seen with folded hands in an attitude of prayer. Unfortunately the greater part of these enormous pedestals and statues of natural size are so coated with stucco that the original material, with its lines and proportions, is lost sight of, and one might almost imagine that the figures were mere plaster statuettes. But this is not all. The Brahmins have not hesitated to cover these columns with a red wash similar to that which is daubed over the Hindoo houses. The general

effect is destroyed, and it requires some effort of the imagination to perceive beneath this thick crust the really grand character of the edifice. Far better would it be to see the pagoda in ruins than disgraced by the trowel of native masons.

This pagoda is renowned throughout India for its sanctity; nevertheless, none of its galleries will bear comparison with those of Madura, where the traveller may easily imagine himself transported to another world. In this temple the eye vainly seeks those elegant designs which are to be found on the banks of the Yumbudra, in the ruins of the ancient city of Vijayanagar, and also in the most venerable of the sanctuaries of the Southern Deccan, namely, the beautiful temple of Tripetty, which lies hidden eighty miles to the north-west of Madras, in a defile of the Ghauts, a spot tolerably secure from the prying eyes either of the Mussulman or the European.

The island of Ramisueram is planted with enormous baobabs (*Adansonia digitata*). These trees, which may truly be called elephantine, so far as their massive forms are concerned, are essentially African, and the question arises, how have they been imported into Asia? They seem too old to have been planted by the Portuguese. Perhaps they were introduced by Arab merchants who before our era were engaged in commercial enterprises with the inhabitants of Ceylon.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—III.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

FISHING IN FLORIDA.

ANOTHER favourite bait with the Florida fishermen is a kind of sea-butterfly, a mollusc of the family *Hyalus*. It is found among the *Algæ*, where it feeds upon the small larvæ of water-insects that attach themselves to the stalks and leaves.

Upon the hooks thus baited many kinds of fish are drawn up out of the waters of the St. John's, some of them far from welcome to the Yellow Bluff fishermen, and usually received with an exclamation bearing a somewhat strong resemblance to an oath.

Among these little-cared-for captives is the "pump-fish," a sort of sea-hedgehog, bristling with spines. It behoves the fisherman to take care how he handles it, as the pointed tubercles, when touched, discharge a virulent poison. It is the *Diodon maculato-striatum* of Cuvier, taking its trivial name of "pump-fish" from the faculty of inhaling the air with a certain sound, as of a pump-sucker, and also similarly exhaling it. The fish is worthless for the table. Even the negroes will not eat it, believing its flesh poisonous as its spines. In the Lower St. John's it is so common as to be, as already stated, a curse to the fisherman.

In this respect almost equalling it, is the "tobacco-box fish," the *Ostracion triquetrum* of Linnæus, a fish whose body is enclosed in a horny cuirass, box-shaped, with holes that allow play to the fins and tail. The box contains no flesh; only a fibrous substance mingled with a fluid of an oily nature. It is abso-

lutely uneatable—though the ugly brute is itself rapacious, preying upon other fish of more savoury nature.

The St. John's fisherman is disappointed when either of the above sea-monsters swallows his bait, and is lugged to the surface. But he is compensated by the occasional catch of a "drum-fish"—one of the most curious submarine dwellers. There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of the drum-fish; above all, nothing to cause *dégoût*. That of the Floridian coast is simply a gigantic sea-perch, often weighing nearly fifty pounds avoirdupois. It is the *Pogonias chromis* of Cuvier, of a silvery colour, burnished along the back, and easily distinguishable by the bunch of long spinous bristles attached to its under jaw, and trailing backward as it swims. Its trivial name of "drum-fish" has been given from the singular sound it can produce, resembling the distant reverberation of a drum; and which can be heard when the fish itself is far down—at least fifty feet—under water.

I am not aware that any naturalist has yet explained this ichthyological puzzle.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL QUESTION.

Nearly opposite Yellow Bluff, on a point of land, can be seen what appears to be the remains of an old Indian settlement, with an earthwork which American archæologists suppose to be of Spanish origin. About the latter there need be no speculation. It is evidently the site of one of the forts which the Spaniards were in the act of constructing when the



SCENE ON A CREEK, TRIBUTARY TO THE ST. JOHN'S, FLORIDA.

Huguenot captain came upon them. The chronicle distinctly states that De Gourgue found the enemy erecting two other forts above that of Caroline, and on opposite sides of the river. In all probability the second of these was where the village of Yellow Bluff now stands; while the first one—as also the fort attacked and taken by De Gourgue—was that whose traces still exist. It was carried by a *coup-de-main* cleverly executed, the men who manned it being taken by surprise, as they were sinking a well within the half-finished works.

The other was carried with like ease; and then the Frenchman, availing himself of some cannon captured from the enemy, as also from information forced from the prisoners he had made, descended on Fort Caroline—the main stronghold of the Spaniards.

This last was not taken by surprise, but by an act of strategy, proving the Huguenot captain possessed of military talents on a par with his patriotism.

FLORIDA'S CHIEF CITY.

Shortly after passing through these scenes, sacred to the ancient colonial history of the "Land of Flowers," we came within sight of other scenes marked by its modern progress, with a very different idea, and far more vigorous forms of colonisation. The name of the city that now—rising over the waters of the St. John's—loomed upon our view, suggested this. It was Jacksonville.

To describe Jacksonville, the present, and no doubt the future, chief city of Florida, would resemble the telling of a well-known tale.

As the steamer lay up against its wharf, I could see nothing more than the usual aspect presented by a Southern United States town, with the sea washing near enough to give it the title of seaport.

Indeed, the St. John's up to Jacksonville, and far higher, is more like an inlet, or arm of the sea, than a river; and one can only think of its being the latter, by seeing land on both sides—generally a border of silvery-white sand, scantily covered with forest vegetation.

Disembarking from the steamer, and entering the streets of Jacksonville, you become less impressed with the idea of its being a *Southern* town. The hotel, or "tavern," at which you stay, the "store" into which you go shopping, a large proportion of the people promenading the streets, are all unlike what you expected to see in the South, or anything you may have already seen in Charlestown or Savannah.

In these typical Southern towns, there is something that speaks of an ancient aristocracy, with the pride appertaining to it; more especially in the South Carolinian capital, with its *vieille noblesse* descended from Huguenot refugees.

In Jacksonville, Florida, you find nothing of this. The town itself is new, the people comparatively poor—if rich, evidently of the *nouveaux riches*—while the houses appear as if erected but the day before you landed.

Moreover, the men who meet you in the streets, most of them, have not got the faces of the true Southern—such as he appeared in the times of slavery, before the great rebellion.

Whether for better or worse—for better be it hoped—Jacksonville now exhibits in its streets a type of countenance very little differing from what may be met with in Newport, New Bedford, or any other New England town.

And, saving some touches in the picture laid on by a semi-

tropical vegetation, the traveller would hardly know that he had gone South nearly a thousand miles. He would feel doubtful that he had yet left the territory of the Northern States. All this comes of the new colonisation by Northern men—chiefly New Englanders—commenced at the close of the late war, and going on ever since.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Jacksonville derives its name from General Andrew Jackson, conqueror of Florida from the Spaniards, and twice President of the United States; unquestionably the greatest man that has yet made his mark upon the page of American history. The name of Washington deserves reverence, and will still be revered by those who do honour to decent respectability. But between these two men, the greatest of American chieftains—comparing them in point of genius—there must be drawn a difference wonderfully wide, to become wider in the far future, when there is no personal or political influence to hinder the truth from being told. Then will it be acknowledged that George Washington was but the creature of circumstances, all concurring to favour him; while Andrew Jackson was the creator of every circumstance that gave fame to himself, and glory to his country.

One who has made a careful study of the character of both can come to no other conclusion. In Washington he finds the cautious conservative, with a good deal of the "trimmer"—a man careful of offending the susceptibilities of the age and time, caring far more for this, than for any extension of the area of human liberty. His views went not beyond the independence of a particular people—his own—with an eye also to their aggrandisement. In Jackson the student of character finds liberty itself personified, his heart having been so wholly devoted to it, that all and everything else seemed of secondary consideration.

After comparing the two, this conclusion must we come to. Others may speak for themselves. I can only say that, treading the streets of Jacksonville, Florida, I felt proud to think I was among a people so appreciative as to have named their chief city after the greatest soldier, as well as patriot, America has yet produced.

AN ANCIENT CROSSING-PLACE.

Jacksonville is situated on the left bank of the St. John's, about twenty-five miles above its mouth, near where the river, forsaking its northern course, turns eastward towards the Atlantic. At this point there is a considerable narrowing of the stream, which has been, ever since the first colonisation by the Spaniards, the chief crossing-place for travellers passing from San Augustine to the northern and north-western settlements of the peninsula. The old Spanish military route, called the "King's Road" (*Camino del Rey*), crossed over at this point, the crossing being called the "Cow Ford"—a name which the English, during their short occupation of the country in the latter part of the eighteenth century, translated from its Spanish synonyme.

That the place bore this name in the times of Spanish possession is evident from the account of it given by William Bartram, the English naturalist, who himself crossed at the Cow Ford, in 1774, on his expedition up the St. John's. At that time, and up to the American occupation, there was no town of any importance at the Cow Ford; only some huts inhabited by fishermen, and people who derived a subsistence by accommodating such travellers as made stay at the crossing. Even after Florida became part of United States territory, the present site of Jacksonville remained for a long time without

showing any sign of becoming a prosperous settlement. The country adjacent is far from being fertile, but rather of a sterile nature. It is sandy, with a scant vegetation, and of an aspect altogether uninviting. So little was thought of it as the "location" for an important city, that the Yellow Bluff, already mentioned as being some miles farther down the river, came very near being the site of Jacksonville. The real or modern founder of this city was a certain Colonel Hart, one of those enterprising American speculators who, inoculated with grand views of their country's certain increase, go in for colonising on an extensive scale. The colonel had fixed upon Yellow Bluff as the spot on which first to erect his log cabin, and then lay out the plans for a future flourishing city. But the country around the Bluff lies low, and is surrounded by extensive marshes; it filled him with fears—very properly so—about its sanitary condition; and yielding to these, he ascended the river a little higher, planted his roof-tree upon its left bank at the Cow Ford, and so founded the city of Jacksonville. Topographically he could not have chosen a better spot, one more likely to make him immortal; for although the adjacent land be sandy and sterile, the point itself is commanding, as regards transit and commercial intercourse between the eastern side of Florida and the Northern States. A road running due north from San Augustine River near the coast, and crossing at the mouth of the river, meets with many obstructions from swamp, inlet, and lagoon. The Cow Ford, therefore, must remain, as it always has been, the main route for entering the peninsula, and Jacksonville will be its *entrepôt*.

In the streets of this prosperous city the traveller will see very little that may be new to him, especially if coming from Savannah. There are the same spacious hotels of wooden construction, with verandahs, or "piazzas," as they are there called, as are met with in other American Southern cities. There are also many substantial buildings of brick, mostly private residences; but as a general rule the city is a wooden one—the houses of the usual planed weather-boarding, painted snow-white, having a numerous array of windows furnished with green *jalousies*, or Venetian shutters.

Many very handsome residences, standing conspicuously upon the river's bank, are seen on approaching the place, with others in process of erection.

A PROGRESSIVE PLACE.

In Jacksonville, the signs of progress—the forecasts of future greatness—are everywhere evident. There is a lively bustle about the place, with a concourse of commerce in the streets which augurs well for this. On all sides may be heard the clink of the bricklayer's trowel, or the tap of the carpenter's hammer; and the extensive saw-mills of Scottsville—a suburb lying to the east of the city—turn out building material in the shape of "lumber" to an amount of millions of feet weekly. This is, in fact, one of the most important industries of the place.

The population of Jacksonville, including that of its suburbs—for it already has suburbs—cannot be much under 10,000. But for such a place no estimate of population can be relied upon longer than a single year, if so long. Perhaps within six months it may show an increase of fifty or a hundred per cent.; and Jacksonville is sure at least to double itself in every succeeding decade for perhaps a half-century to come. It bids fair to be the Chicago of Florida.

Antecedent to the Southern rebellion it was already show-

ing signs of vitality. The mild, salubrious climate of Florida had begun to attract invalids from the North, with men of capital to provide accommodation for them. To a certain extent the war put a check to this kind of immigration; and during the internecine strife the town suffered severely. Its name recalling the old patriot and the old patriotism, should have protected it by begetting and stimulating a fraternal feeling. But no. When brother's blade is bared against brother, there is no stop or stay to the bad blood—no cessation to its letting. The chief city of Florida was especially a victim to the fraternal spite then raging, being for a time almost turned into a ruin. It was first partially burnt down by the Confederates, then taken possession of by the Federals, again to fall into the hands of the rebellious enemy. A second time it changed masters, and a third—catching fire as it was for the third time assaulted by the Union troops. On this last occasion, half-a-dozen squares or "blocks" of buildings were consumed, including the Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches.

For a year or so after, the place wore an aspect of ruin—of desolation. Grass and weeds grew waist-high upon the streets, while cattle roamed through them at will, taking shelter from sun or storm in the untenanted shops and dwellings. There is no sign of this desolation now, any more than on the face of the Phoenix.

A drawback to Jacksonville is the danger of that dreaded disease—the pest of so many seaports in the Southern States—yellow fever. It is a rare visitant to the St. John's; still it has shown its saffron-coloured visage in Jacksonville, being epidemic there in the year 1857. Otherwise the town is healthy enough, though there are many spots in the Floridian peninsula less liable to disease—miasmatic complaints among the number.

A HUNTING-PARTY ORGANISED.

In Jacksonville we formed, or rather organised, our little party, who were to travel together throughout the Floridian peninsula. We had already made acquaintance on the steamer that brought us to the St. John's; and in a few days completed our preparations for ascending the river. There were four of us in all, of kindred though different nationalities; Gordon, a Scotch Highlander, who had seen service in the East Indies; a "Sassenach," named Neville, of Kent county and Oxford University, England; a true-born American, of New York State, yclept Van Olinda, the name showing his Netherlandish descent; and myself, a pure-bred Hibernian. We were all four devotees of the chase—worshippers of St. Hubert—he of Hollandic extraction being a skilled naturalist, I an amateur in this pursuit.

At first we thought of ascending the St. John's by steam, as far as Enterprise, upon Lake Monroe, and at once plunging into what bears repute as the "hunting country" of the peninsula.

An old campaigner, encountered at the hotel where we were stopping—of myself a brother-officer in the old Mexican-American war—said something that caused us to forsake this programme, and change it for another. He told us that we would find as good sporting ground on many parts of the Lower St. John's as above, after exhausting which, we might then continue upward and southward, to new scenes. These would be all the more attractive by a gradual approach to them; quietly in a sailing-boat, instead of noisily in a puffing, barking steamboat.

We adopted his suggestion; chartered the kind of craft recommended; filled it with our hunting *impedimenta*; not forgetting a goodly stock of provisions, brandy and tobacco included; and spread our sails to the first breeze that promised to waft us in the direction of the equator. Having read old William Bartram's account of his boat voyage up the same river nearly a century before, we knew the St. John's to be a stream navigable by sailing craft, despite its many curvatures. The breadth of its water surface, often a league or more, thus continuing for nearly two hundred miles, gives the wind fair play for the working of sails; and if now and then it strikes the canvas adversely, it needs but to put in-shore, spend the spare time in cooking, hunting, or exploring, and then on again, at the springing up of a favourable breeze.

OUR FIRST SHOT FIRED.

We were not long embarked, before finding the counsel of my old campaigning comrade to be valuable advice, and in every way worthy of being followed. Being masters of our means of transport, we enjoyed a freedom of action and quietude we could not have had, controlled by a noisy steam-engine with its accompaniment of plashing paddles; to say nothing of being surrounded by a crowd of fellow-passengers afflicted with catarrh and pthisis—of whom we had had enough during our sea voyage down the coast. By comparison, our new life was delightful; and we had not been twenty-

four hours aboard our boat before discovering that, so far as hunting was concerned, we might have that on the Lower St. John's, to satiety. Less than twenty miles after leaving Jacksonville, we came opposite the embouchure of a tributary stream, which appeared a suitable place for our first night's camp. The boat's prow being set towards it, we sailed in, and up towards an elevated point that promised well for a landing as well as camping place.

Our Highlander, the keenest sportsman of the party, was delighted with what we there saw, as was also the American naturalist. The latter was in ecstasies, as well might he be. Audubon himself never looked upon a greater variety of ornithological life, seen at a single *coup d'œil*. Nearly every species of water and wading fowl known to the North American continent could be seen disporting themselves—some swimming upon the surface, some diving underneath it, others winging their way from place to place, still others perched upon the overhanging branches of trees, and not a few soaring in the heavens high overhead, as if contemplating the movements of those stirring below.

Among the many species could be distinguished the great American crane, two or three kinds of herons, the black and scarlet ibis, the rose-tinted spoonbill, the singular snake-darter (*Plotos anhinga*), with half a score of web-footed birds belonging

to the tribe of the *Anatide*. High overhead, perched on leafless trees—scathed by lightning or otherwise blighted—were the two species of American black vultures—the carrion crow and turkey buzzard (*Cathartes atratus* and *aura*). Still higher up, soaring in the air, could be seen the fishing-hawk or osprey (*Pandion Carolinensis*) now and then shooting down to pick up his finny prey; while, roosted on some tree-top, and watching this piscatory play—dishonestly intending to profit by it—was the great bald-headed eagle (*Haliaetus leucocephalus*), the supreme lord and tyrant of the feathered community.

What gratified our eyes yet more, a small herd of deer—a buck, accompanied by several does—had come down to the creek to drink. They were just entering the water as our boat rounded a point of woodland hitherto concealing them from our view. As no one was making any noise at the time, they did not immediately take fright, but for several moments stood gazing at what to them must have appeared a strange intrusion upon their solitary domain.

I have often seen the American deer act in this manner. In districts where they have been little chased, or not at all, they will permit the stalker to approach close enough for a shot. This the prairie hunter well knows—provided it be a prairie not frequented, or not recently visited by the Indians or trappers. Deer when unused to the dangerous proximity of man have at first little or no fear of him, and a herd will sometimes keep its ground after several shots



THE PINNATED GROUSE (*Tetrao cupido*).

have been fired at it, even after some of its number have fallen. In some parts of Florida—the thinly-settled or uninhabited portions of the peninsula—they will do this. The thing seems strange so near to Jacksonville and other populated centres, where hunters are on the alert. It may be explained by the fact of our approaching in a sail-boat, with no plunging of oars. Our craft, with its canvas spread, presented to the animals an appearance unusual; hence piquing their curiosity, and causing them to stand still.

Whatever excites this passion or sentiment in the cervine creatures—common to them with women—it cost one of them its life. Our guns, already prepared to play upon the feathered denizens of the creek, were instantly turned towards the deer, and after a volley of four barrels, a doe was seen stretched along the sward; the remaining individuals of the herd going off into the forest like so many flashes of lightning.

There was some dispute as to which of us had made the successful *coup*. There need not have been any; for on becoming better acquainted with the distance at which the animals were when fired at, it was evident that no gun among us, saving the long-range rifle of Gordon the Scotchman, could possibly have carried so far.

On gaining possession of the carcase, the bullet that had made it one was found buried in the flesh. As might have been

expected, it proved to belong to Gordon's gun—easily distinguishable. Of course the Highlander, a chieftain by right of birth, felt somewhat triumphant.

There might have been disappointment, but no ill-nature on the part of his companions. The Englishman, Neville, carried a double-barrelled shot-gun, and now knew it was impossible to have killed at such a distance. His only chagrin was at the deception caused by the clear skies of Florida. In future he would know better when to level his piece and when to draw trigger. The naturalist cared not so long as the quadruped had fallen, giving him an opportunity to examine it scientifically. He did this, pronouncing it to be the *Cervus*

As good fortune would have it, we experienced none of the aforesaid drawbacks. They are rare on the first night of a hunting expedition; or if they come are scarcely felt. The soul, strung to the expectancy of future joys, does not easily get gloomed by any little disappointments or disagreeables of the present.

Of these we had not many; only the biting, perhaps still more the buzzing, of mosquitoes; and, at intervals, the sounds peculiar to a southern forest, often of a lugubrious character,—being a concert of frogs, tree-toads, cicadas, and owls; in Florida assisted by the wailing of the whip-poor-will, and the bellowing of alligators.



A FLOATING ISLAND.

Virginianus. Of course no other species of deer could be encountered in the hunting-grounds of Florida.

For myself, I can say that I had no ambitious inclinations. Though a fond follower of St. Hubert, I could never aspire to be a grand Nimrod. I was only rejoiced to think we should have roast venison for supper. We enjoyed it far more than could those who eat their haunch after purchasing it in the market.

THE DANCING BIRDS.

Taking in sail, and laying our boat along-shore, we encamped; of course before partaking of the supper above spoken of. We had everything to make our night bivouac sufficiently comfortable—a tent of good size, hammocks to swing to the trees, waterproof coverings in case of rain; cigars to smoke whether it rained or not, with cognac to make us cheerful despite the cloudiest of weather.

As none of these creatures were deemed dangerous, we slept well, notwithstanding the *fracas* made by them; all of us maintaining the horizontal position, until the blue haze of dawn—so cool, so sweet in tropical climes—stealing down through the leaves of the magnolias, announced the coming of the day.

Then were we startled by a sound, quite different from any of the nocturnal noises of the forest, and which only one of the four sportsmen could explain. I had before heard the “drumming” of the ruffed grouse, and often interrupted them in their curious quadrille. It was this that had excited curiosity in our camp. Close to the spot where we had pitched our tent ran a ridge: its crest being some fifteen or twenty feet above the general level of the surrounding country. Like all such land in Florida, it was covered with a forest of pines—to the exclusion of most other species of trees.

The pine has this peculiarity—its needle-like foliage, after falling, does not soon decay; but leaves a stratum over the surface of the ground, at times so thick as to choke and kill any shrub or weed that may attempt to elevate its head under the jealous shadow.

Among these pine forests the ruffed or pinnated grouse, —formerly called *Tetrao cupido*, now by some naturalists, discontented with the name, termed *Bonasa umbella*—finds a spot congenial for its sport.

It was a ball of this kind that had disturbed the equanimity of our camp. Cautiously going towards the place whence the sounds seemed to proceed, we became witness to the singular spectacle already described by ornithologists—the dancing and drumming of the ruffed grouse.

THE SCENERY OF THE ST. JOHN'S.

Having made breakfast on provisions brought along with us from Jacksonville, supplemented by what remained of the roast venison, we once more set our sails, glided out of the creek, and up against the current of the St. John's—a breeze that blew from the north favouring us.

Keeping to mid-stream in Florida's main river, the scenery is of the tamest; in truth almost as monotonous as in mid-ocean. This is due to the little elevation of the land on either bank. There are no mountains to interrupt the skyline with their pleasing profile, scarce a ridge to vary the flat horizontal contour stretching on both sides, apparently illimitable—certainly beyond the reach of vision. As the highest land in Florida does not exceed, if reaching, two hundred feet, there cannot be anything much resembling mountain scenery, and of this less on the Lower St. John's than in some other parts of the peninsula. There, as a general rule, the surface of the dry land is but a few inches above that of the river; and a flood, arising from any unusual downpour of rain, even a slight freshet, lays thousands of square miles under inundation.

Flood or no flood, to make landing on either side of the stream is no matter of choice—as we found with our sailing craft. Only here and there could a point be discerned where our boat could be beached. Elsewhere the keel of the navigator is sure to get stranded on a bank of mud, or his craft become entangled in a reedy marsh, with not a spot of *terra firma* on which to plant his foot.

To us explorers the novelty of these scenes was rather attractive than repellent. As hunters their wildness had a charm; which was soon dispelled by the continuous monotony. Every day, every hour, the same low-lying landscape—in fact no landscape at all, but a mere belt of greenish hue interposed between the blue of the sky and the chocolate-coloured water, through which our boat made, at times, but slow seaway.

Only when we sailed close in-shore, could we appreciate the splendour of the scenery through which we were passing. Then, when near enough to the magnolias to trace the outlines of their great laurel-like leaves, and inhale the fragrance of their flowers—near enough to distinguish the forms of the fan-palms and saw-palmettoes—to hear amidst them the humming of bees and the singing of birds—we ceased to long for mountains, and were contented to feast our eyes on the sylvan scenery of Florida.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

One of the most singular sights to be witnessed upon the St. John's, as on other Floridian rivers, is what may fancifully be termed “floating islands.” These consist of masses of vegetation in a growing state—frequently several species of plants, shrubs, and even small trees—adrift on the surface of the water, and moving from place to place as the current or the wind carries them. Their origin is explained by the existence of a very curious aquatic plant, common to most of the lagoons and sluggish streams of the peninsula. It is the *Pistia spathulata*, belonging to the order of the *Lemnads*, or duckweeds; its leaves bearing some resemblance to a lettuce, only more nerved, of tougher texture, and lighter in colour—the latter being a bright yellowish green. The plant is thoroughly aquatic in habit, growing on the surface of the water, with long thread-like fibres that descend from the centre of the core, or stalk. These striking down into the bottom mud, take root in it, not only affording sustenance to the plant, but keeping it in its place; so that it may be likened to a ship riding upon her anchor. The *Pistia* first propagates itself in stagnant water, where it covers vast spaces, the plant growing so thickly as altogether to conceal the aqueous surface, and looking very like a weedy field or meadow. By some violent storm, or an increase in the current by unusual inundation, a tract of this tangled vegetation becomes detached from its anchorage, and drifts about wherever the wind may chance to carry it. In its movement it is thrown up into thick masses; logs and fallen trees get caught in it, and then other plants and shrubs spring up out of the mass, from seeds carried thither by birds. Many species of these last alight upon and make stay by the floating island; while several kinds of reptiles—among others, the alligator—find it a congenial place of residence or concealment.

Some of the Floridian rivers are almost entirely covered by the *Pistia spathulata*, not a spot of their water surface to be seen, the current slowly making its way underneath the verdant canopy.

The Ocklawaha, the largest tributary of the St. John's, was in many places thus mantled, and is so still. A portion of the vegetable covering, however, has been lately removed, to make way for the steam navigation now introduced on that river. In fact, the meadows of *Pistia* were the chief difficulty encountered in ascending it—the steamers not being able to force a passage through them any more than if they had been fields of ice.

The obstruction is removed in a manner very similar to a ship cutting its way out of ice. The tracts of *Pistia* are sawed into pieces, and these, being set adrift upon the current, are either carried down stream, or towed to some out-of-the-way place on shore, and there made fast.

Many of the floating islands are of large extent—some being strip-formed of several miles in length, by three or four hundred yards in breadth; others are mere islets; and frequently one may be observed of regular outlines, beset with flowering plants and shrubs, birds flying over and alighting upon their branches, just as on an island of the ocean.

To perfect the resemblance to real land, as the old botanist, Bartram, quaintly remarks: “There seems, in short, nothing wanted but the appearance of a wigwam and a canoe to complete the scene.”

A Buck Hunt in a South African Colony.

SOON after the sun has risen my host and self, having enjoyed an invigorating plunge in the adjacent river, sit down to a substantial breakfast, and begin to discuss the probable chances of sport—the vexed question of the comparative merits of breech-loaders and muzzle-loaders.

A number of Kafirs have already assembled, and are to be seen squatting in a semicircle outside the verandah, talking, laughing, gesticulating, and taking strong snuff in such enormous quantities that tears roll down their cheeks. These are the men to be employed in driving the coverts and carrying home such game as may be secured. Almost before we have done justice to our early meal, numerous horsemen come cantering up to the door, each either carrying a gun or followed by a Kafir gun-bearer. Numerous dogs of various breeds, and some apparently of no breed at all, are being collected. Here a pointer, whose neglected education had led to his being used as a buckhound, there a mongrel sort of greyhound, muscular and fast, though rather dispirited and mangy in appearance. Now a little coarse-haired mongrel, showing rather more terrier blood than anything else, comes dancing about his master's heels on the verandah floor, evidently perfectly cognisant of the motive for this goodly assemblage, human, equine, and canine. Despite his insignificant appearance, "Tiny" is a brave little fellow, and has followed and secured many a wounded antelope, which but for his services would never have been "brought to bag," and his diminutive size is a decided advantage in the thick and low-growing coverts. As for the dogs which the Kafirs have brought with them, they are for the most part a half-starved and wholly mangy-looking pack of snarling curs of no traceable breed. The route having been decided upon, cartridge-belts, flasks, &c., are buckled on, girths tightened, and a general mount ensues, the hunters moving off, many of them puffing out little white clouds of tobacco-smoke on the still fresh morning air. The Kafirs, though some of them seem rather disconcerted at not being allowed to carry their *assegais* (spears), move quickly along with their firm elastic tread, chattering and laughing. But now we leave the roadway, and extend our line, the Kafirs fall behind, while we ride at a foot-pace over the *veldt* (plain), now and again passing a rough Kafir maize-garden and kraal, and riding through occasional tracts of land covered up with tall *tambootie* grass, reaching to the saddle-flaps. Once or twice already a horse has put his fore-feet into a hole made by the ant-eater or ant-bear, as he is here called, in his search for food. These ant-bear holes are very troublesome, as of course they are sometimes entirely concealed by the long grass and weed. Suddenly, as we ride quietly along, an antelope of a slate-grey colour springs up almost under the nose of one of the horses, and starts off at a rapid pace, though with a peculiar leaping and plunging gait. The rider, a rather new hand at buck-shooting, lets fly both barrels in a somewhat hurried manner, and the antelope still bounds on, evidently unscathed. But another report is heard on the right, and the *duyker* still continues his course, though in a decidedly crippled manner. "Wiped your eye, old fellow!" is the remark of the successful shot, as his horse, not quite so fond of gunpowder as his rider, commences a series of violent plunges. The *duyker* is soon

pulled down by the dogs, and, seized first by one and then another of the numerous hounds, continues to utter plaintive cries until he receives the knife of mercy, when he is packed up among the branches of a mimosa-tree, "to be left till called for." The hunting-party again moves on, approaching a long, deep valley, thickly wooded, and with a rivulet or *spruit* running along its bottom. As we approach, the peculiar chattering of monkeys is heard, and almost as soon as we have seen a troop of these animals disporting themselves among the trees, they have vanished, leaving no traces of their presence, except the rocking and swaying of the boughs from which they have leapt. Arrived at the end of the valley, or *kloof*, as we call it, all dismount, and the horses are handed over to the Coolie and Kafir servants. Some owners, removing saddle and bridle, knee-halter their animals, leaving them to graze. Knee-haltering is performed by fastening the reins (a strip of hide which is sometimes carried attached to the head-collar), round the leg, just above the knee, allowing the horse to feed and move about, but cramping his movements sufficiently to enable the owner to secure him when he again requires his services.

After some little discussion, places are assigned to all the hunters, due care of course being taken to leave sufficient distance between the guns to ensure perfect safety. The Kafirs and all the dogs then start off, making for the further end of the valley, where they have been directed to enter the bush and commence driving; and in a short time their sonorous voices are heard singing a Zulu hunting-song in perfect time, accompanied by a great amount of yelping and barking from the dogs. All this noise seems, as it really is, very distant; and, as the sun is growing rather more than warm, we take our seat on a hillock, within the shade of an overhanging tree, listening to the various singular sounds within the bush, where, owing to the stillness of the morning, the movement of the smallest bird, the hum of an insect, or the tiny footfall of the little African mongoose is distinctly to be heard. Peering into the bush, we notice a troop of the last-mentioned little animals, foraging about among the dead leaves, and uttering a peculiar little low note, evidently indicative of contentment. A slight involuntary movement on our part sends them scampering off in all directions. They are pretty little animals, of a bright brown colour, marked with transverse black bars, and not much larger than a guinea-pig. Next a harsh grating chatter within the bush breaks upon the ear, and after some heavy fluttering sounds a lory (crested turaco is, I believe, the naturalist's name) sails away overhead, his bright green and crimson wings looking splendid in the sunshine. But there goes a shot! and there another—both barrels, too! The voices of the Kafirs and the barking of the dogs begin to sound a good deal nearer; the hunting-song ceases for a time—from want of breath, I should say, did I think it possible that a Kafir could ever be in such a predicament—and the words, "Vuka!" "Puma!" "Suka!" ("Wake!" "Get up!" "Be off!") intermingled with various epithets addressed to the unoffending buck, ring through the bush. A loud report on our left, and a small, bright red-coloured buck, after running a few paces, sinks upon the grass, slowly nodding his head as

he falls. And now ours becomes rather "a warm corner," the exquisite little blue buck and the bright-looking red buck breaking cover from time to time, and being bowled over, or missed, as they afford snap-shots before again plunging into the bush. The reports from some of the guns sound very loudly, four drams of powder being considered a by no means extraordinary charge. The Kafirs are now distinctly to be heard talking to each other, and here and there an eager-looking dog rushes out from, and again plunges into the bush. Now bounds forth the last buck we are likely to see to-day from this valley—a grand-looking old bush buck (*inkonka*). Evidently heavily wounded, he leaves the bush, which he had re-sought for safety, and gallops slowly across the veldt, followed by several dogs in full cry. A couple of

Bags and baskets are now ransacked, and pasties, cold meat, and bread and cheese produced, flasks of various descriptions, a common soda-water bottle sewed up in pig-skin or leather being a favourite pattern, and some bottles of beer make their appearance, when all sit down to a slight repast after what is unanimously pronounced to have been a good morning's sport, though it is regretted as usual on all hands that we have not had the luck to see a leopard, or "tiger," as we generally call that animal in South Africa. Luncheon, or "tiffin," over, our horses are again saddled up and mounted; and on our way home a few small coverts are drawn, with but indifferent success. The Kafirs are as brisk as ever, but the lolling tongues of many of the dogs, and the debilitated manner in which they lie down in every stream or *spruit* we



REST AFTER THE CHASE.

charges of S.S.G. shot are let fly at him, and the dogs come up with, surround, and bring him to bay. He faces his assailants boldly, stamping his fore-feet upon the hard dry ground, the hair along his neck and spine bristling, and, with head down, levels his sharp strong horns first at one and then another of the dogs, who, though they make great noise, seem to think discretion the better part of valour, and remain at a respectful distance. An *inkonka*, when brought to bay, is often ready to charge his foes, human as well as canine. A charge of heavy shot, directed against the chest, ends the troubles of one of the handsomest bucks we have seen for some time. The Kafirs and dogs now leave the bush, and we all assemble under some shady trees, glad to enjoy a little rest after the toils of the day. The bucks which have fallen during the morning are brought up, and sent off to our host's house, on the shoulders of Kafirs; two of the stout fellows staggered away under the load of the great *inkonka*, whose legs they had tied fast to a long pole cut from the bush, the ends resting on their brawny shoulders.

pass, show plainly that they have had enough of it. Just before leaving the veldt and taking to the road, a couple of reed-bucks leap up from among some long grass, and bound away. There is a general cry, "Don't shoot the doe!" Several barrels are discharged in succession at the ram,* who begins to stagger; the dogs again seem to wake up, and rush upon him.

This buck is a fine-looking animal, weighing perhaps ninety pounds, and looks very handsome as he lies stretched upon the ground, his fine horns curved forward, the marks at their bases showing that he has enjoyed many years of freedom on the plains. A couple of Kafirs are told off to carry this our last head of game, and the hunting-party then breaks up, the horsemen starting off in different directions at the canter, trot, and gallop, not a few of us electing to accept our host's hearty invitation to "come over to his place and finish the day."

* The male antelope is generally spoken of as the "ram" on the South African coast.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.

A SPLENDID PANORAMA.

FROM the belfry of Mexico's great cathedral, or a *mirador* surmounting one of its private dwellings, we command a panoramic view for picturesque beauty not easily matched, and interesting historically, geologically, geographically. To the historian I might say romantically interesting, from the heroic though cruel deeds of Cortez; to the geologist grandly so, on account of the plutonic and other agencies within the scope of his vision; not less to the physical geographer, from its unique superficial aspect.

and even continuous ridges, will show a blanching upon their summits.

Only three real snow mountains, or *nevadas*—those above-mentioned—can be seen from the city of Mexico; the first and second directly rising up from and dominating the valley; the third separated from it by a branch of the main *cordillera*—known to Mexicans as the *Sierra Madre*, or “mother chain.”

In any part of the valley of Mexico, as in the city itself, standing upon any of its flat house-tops (*azoteas*), or walking along its streets, you cannot turn your eyes towards the



FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT, CITY OF MEXICO.

This is the valley of Mexico.

The city stands a little to the west of its centre; but from any elevated point, as above, the eye may take in the entire area of the valley, to its extremest limits, east, west, north, and south. Around the full horizontal circle can be seen no real horizon—only a profile of mountains, piled high against the heavens, so high at certain points as to have summits shooting several thousand feet above the line of everlasting snow. On the south-east, one of these, Popocatepec, or the “smoking mountain,” shows an almost perfect cone; a little to the north of it, and on the same *sierra*, with only a *col* or depression between, is Ixtacihuatl, or “the white woman,” of the Aztecs, by the Spaniards also termed “La muger blanca,” from the resemblance of its snowy profile to a woman in white robes reclining upon her back. From certain points—as the western shore of Lake Tezcoco—this similarity is so striking as fully to justify the bestowal of the name.

Away westward, and a little to the south, another tall mountain, Toluca, raises its crest, crowned with the never-melting snow; while on a very cold winter day, should there chance to be rain fall in the valley, several intervening peaks,

horizon without seeing mountains. If down upon the pavement, it will depend upon what street as to whether these mountains be *nevadas*. But, in any case, a mountain meets the view; and although it may be ten, fifteen, or twenty miles off, it will appear close up to the suburbs of the city, and barring the passage beyond—so fine and clear is the rarefied atmosphere of the Mexican table-land.

A MEXICAN VALLE NOT A VALLEY.

It is customary to speak of the mountain-girdled tract of territory on which the Mexican capital stands as the “valley” of Mexico; and in the heading of this section I have not departed from the practice. The name, however, is calculated to mislead: as the term *valle*, in Mexico and other parts of Spanish America, has a very different sense from our supposed synonyme of nearly similar pronunciation. The *valles* intervening between the mountain ranges of the Mexican Andes, as also those of South America, are not valleys in the English or European sense, but simply *plains*.³⁶ Table-plains, or *plateaux*, they are sometimes called, with reference to their elevation above the surface of the sea.

Of these, the plain on which the city of Mexico stands is certainly one of the most remarkable; lying between seven and eight thousand feet above ocean level, and yet having a large portion of its superficial area occupied by lakes. Of these lakes there are six, all of considerable size. Maps and geographers—Humboldt among the latter—mention only *five*; but there are six, as we may have occasion to point out, when speaking of them more particularly.

It is scarcely necessary to say that these grand sheets of water—one of them, Tezcoco, showing a clear surface of over a hundred square miles—aid in giving variety as well as beauty to the panoramic landscape above spoken of.

The Mexican plain is still further diversified by isolated eminences rising out of it, usually of rough rocky aspect, with sides sometimes bare, sometimes scantily clad with a hirsute vegetation, in which the agave, cactus, and mezquite—the last a species of spinous acacia—are the principal plants.

Many of these eminences exhibit singular forms—some conical or pyramidal; others like *frustra* of both; still others trending in ridges, with their sides ascending almost perpendicularly from the plain, and having table-tops—the *mesa* formation of Mexico.

A large number of these are ancient *volcans*; now extinct, but with craters to prove their volcanic origin, as also extensive fields of lava around their bases—the last showing a rough seamed surface, in places quite impassable for either horseman or pedestrian. These tracts generally bear the name of *pedregals*.

A CIRCUITOUS RIDE RESOLVED UPON.

Surveying the valley of Mexico from a standpoint on the dome of its cathedral, noting these salient points scattered over its surface, and reflecting on them as rich treasures that would repay exploration, I resolved upon an excursion—a ride round the rim of this splendid amphitheatre. An English gentleman, long resident in the city, agreed to be my companion and guide. In the latter capacity he was likely to be of the greatest service; since he knew every road and path leading through, into, or out of this remarkable mountain basin. He proved what I had taken him for, “the right man in the right place;” but this is anticipating.

Having chartered a pair of stout Mexican mustangs—in my opinion the best roadsters in the world; and equipped ourselves in *ranchero* suits—also, to my thinking, the most convenient travelling costume; being each of us provided with a *serape* of Fresnillo—waterproof and of the best quality—we started on our circuitous expedition.

Leaving the inn at which we were both stopping—the Casa de Diligencias—we rode down the Calle de Plateros (street of the silversmiths), the Regent, or rather Oxford, Street of Mexico. This brought us into its continuation, the Calle de San Francisco, with its wonderful convent of similar name, covering several acres of ground; once a place of great monastical power, and focus of fanaticism; now, under the liberal government of Juárez, converted to better purposes.

On our right, passing the *Alameda*, the Kensington Gardens of the Mexican capital, and on our left the *Acordada*, the great convict prison, generally filled with malefactors, we came out into clear open country upon the *Paseo de Bucareli*—the fashionable ride and drive—the Rotten Row of the Mexican cavaliers and señoritas. We did not dally upon this, both having exhibited there several times before. Besides, it was at that early

hour forsaken; the afternoon, as in England, being the time to take “airing.”

Riding along the Paseo alone, with only one mule-mounted attendant after us, casting a glance at the *ciudadela*, or citadel, seen to the left, thinking of the many revolutions, plots, and pronunciamientos of which it has been the conspicuous source, we at length passed through the *garita* (customs' gate), and set our faces towards Tacubaya.

This village—a sort of Mexican Richmond—was to be our first halting-point; bringing us close to the elevated ground forming the rim of the valley. Thence we designed to take departure, proceeding upon our circular tour to the left, and contrary to the usual course of the screw.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

The road from Mexico to Tacubaya runs alongside one of the two aqueducts that supply the city with water. Both are grand structures, worthy of a civilisation more advanced, or progressive, than that of the present Mexico. They are, indeed, rather relics of the past—of the viceregal days, when the colony of New Spain vied with its mother-country in almost every kind of magnificence, even in the splendour of its court.

The road we followed was that which brings water from out the rock of Chapultepec, a mile's distance from the city. The aqueduct is therefore more than a mile in length, with, of course, a corresponding number of piers and arches. It is certainly a respectable piece of architecture for any age or people, and does credit to the viceregal rule.

The other—called San Cosme—is a much more extensive affair, from having a longer conduit. Its water is drawn from a mountain stream, running valley-wards from a source far beyond Chapultepec. At the base of this isolated eminence the two approach very near one another; then diverge widely, to come close again at their fountain debouchures in the city. At each of these there is some architectural ornamentation worthy of being examined—columns, pilasters, urns, statues, inscriptions—of which the engraving on page 81 gives a very good idea, saving pen details. At either, and during all hours of the day, a crowd may be seen, who have come thither to supply themselves with water. The professional *aguador* will be conspicuous, with his leathern skull-cap, and two straps over it, front and back, sustaining two red earthenware jars, that balance one another in the bearing. As there are no water-pipes in the city of Mexico, the *aguador* is an institution; the men who follow this calling frequently exerting a considerable influence over the household, in times of drought bordering on the tyrannical.

It is only in the dwellings of the wealthy the water-carrier can thus play despot. The poor have free access to the fountains; and can supply themselves—to use a London tavern phrase—“in their own jugs.”

These Mexican aqueducts are not things of European introduction. Long before the discovery of Columbus, or the conquest of Cortez, the Aztecs understood this mode of transporting water from one place to another, and practised it on an extensive scale. The ruins of their *acequias*, or irrigating canals, are found all over the North American continent, from Panama to the “Seven Cities of Cibolo.” It is not necessary to add, that the Peruvians were equally acquainted with the art.

If not the actual aqueducts now in existence, Cortez found water-conduits of a very similar character—and carried from

the same sources, conveying the precious fluid into the streets of the ancient Tenochtitlan. These might not have been so grandly constructed as those now existing; still did they serve the purpose required of them, which was to provide the subjects of Moctezuma with drinking water, as also for culinary uses. For bathing their bodies, or washing their faces, they had sufficient without aqueducts. The briny lake Tezcoco, then surrounding their city—sometimes, and too often, inundating it—gave them this to a surfeit.

Within the last decade, Mexico has received a supply of fresh water from a new source, independent of the aqueducts. An enterprising engineer has bored a number of artesian wells within the city limits, as also in other parts of the valley.

The result has been satisfactory, not only as regards getting water, but in a sense interesting to geologists. The perforations prove, what was long suspected, that the present *valle* of Mexico was once a real valley among the mountains, that has been filled up, assuming a horizontal surface from the *silt* carried down the adjacent slopes, through ages of rain erosion.

THE SUMMER PALACE OF MOCTEZUMA.

The road to Tacubaya, running by the side of the aqueduct, passes close under the hill of Chapultepec, a place historically celebrated even before the conquest.

Its summit stands some two hundred feet above the valley level, the hill on three sides showing a precipitous front towards the plain. The fourth, which is on the southern side, slopes down abruptly to its base, and for several hundred yards beyond, shadowed by a grand grove of cypress-trees, known as the cypresses of Moctezuma. On its tabular top—now occupied by a handsome edifice, erected by the Spanish viceroy Galvez, and since converted into a military college—the sybaritic Aztec emperor had a summer palace, in which he was accustomed to hold high court, and revel. The cypresses, now ancient trees, may have then been a part of the young shrubbery of the attached grounds and garden, their shadows falling softly over the brown-skinned Aztec, Opata, and Ottomac maidens of his harem, as they do to this day over the pretty *poblanas* of modern Mexico, who escaping from city dust, and linked arm-in-arm with their sweethearts, seek the cool arcades of the Chapultepec cypresses for an "outing."

A CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES.

To Americans Chapultepec is brimful of interesting associations and stirring reminiscences, being the scene of their most sanguinary engagement during the investment of the Mexican capital. It was also the most important in its results, for the fortified castle of Chapultepec was in reality the key to the city. If the former were not captured, the latter, in all probability, would not have been taken at that time, or by that army. Indeed, it is more than probable, that had Chapultepec held out, Scott's invading band would have been repulsed and totally destroyed. Less than ten thousand strong, it had entered the mountain-enclosed valley, directing its march towards the capital. This was defended by an army outnumbering that of the invaders by five to one, to say nothing of a patriotic population, ten times this amount, surrounding and supporting them. The fortified military college on the summit of Chapultepec, strengthened by several weeks spent upon its works, had to be taken. There was no alternative. The city of Mexico stands on a perfectly level plain, where water is

reached, by digging, but a few inches below the surface—this everywhere around its walls, and for miles off on every side.

It does not seem to have occurred to military engineers that a position of this kind is the strongest in the world—the most difficult to assault and easiest to defend. It only needs to clear the surrounding *terrain* of houses, trees, or ought that might give shelter to the besieger, and obstruct the fire of the besieged. As in the wet ground trenching is impossible, there is then no other way of approach. Even a charge by cavalry going at full gallop must fail; they would be decimated, or totally destroyed, long before arriving at the intrenched line.

These were the exact conditions under which Mexico had to be assaulted by the American army. There were no houses outside the *enceinte* of the city walls—no cover of any kind, save some rows of tall poplar-trees lining the sides of the outgoing roads (*calzadas*), and most of these had been cut down. How then was the place to be stormed, or rather approached within storming distance? The eyes of some skilled American engineers rested upon the two aqueducts running from Chapultepec into the suburbs of the city. Their mason-work, with its massive piers and open arches between, promised the necessary cover for skirmishers, to be supported by close-following battalions.

And they did afford just this very shelter, enabling the American army to capture the city of Mexico. But to get at the aqueducts, Chapultepec had to be first taken, otherwise the besiegers would have had the enemy both in front and rear. Hence the desperate and determined struggle at the taking of the castle, and the importance of its succeeding. Had it failed, I have no hesitation in giving my opinion that no American who fought that day in the valley of Mexico would ever have left it alive. Scott's army was already weakened by the previous engagements of Contreras, Churubusco, and Molina del Rey—too much to hold itself three days on the defensive. Retreat would have been not disastrous, but absolutely impossible. The position was far worse than that of Lord Sale, in the celebrated Cabool expedition. All the passes leading out of the valley, by which the Americans might have attempted escape, were closed by columns of cavalry. The Indian general Alvarez, with his host of spotted horsemen—the Pintos of the Acapulco region—had occupied the main road by Rio Frio, the moment after the Americans marched in. No wonder these fought on that day as for very life. Every intelligent soldier among them knew that in their attack upon Chapultepec there were but two alternatives: success and life, or defeat and death.

The writer of this article has a romantic and, in some respects, melancholy reminiscence of the day and the place. He had the honour of leading the "forlorn hope" at the storming; in return for which he received a shot that dropped him from a scaling-ladder, and came very near sending him to his grave. The melancholy part is, that the wound then and there got, still gives him trouble. Writing anonymously, he hopes to be pardoned for this bit of egotistic digression, elicited by the seriousness of the souvenir.

During the days of the imperial Germano-French occupation, Chapultepec became invested with a new interest. The unfortunate Maximilian made it a sort of summer residence, in imitation of Moctezuma. Thus recalling the days of the Aztec emperor, he thought to win the patriotic regard of the Indian population—a dream he did not live to realise.

The cypress-grove, erst the garden of Moctezuma, lies to the southward of the hill—on that side where the ascent is easiest. Some walks laid out, with a few seats of painted mason-work, both in a rather neglected condition, are the only evidences of the place being kept as an ornamental ground.

are of great age and vast dimensions, the largest being that rendered historic by the measurement of Humboldt.

A MEXICAN SUBURBAN VILLAGE.

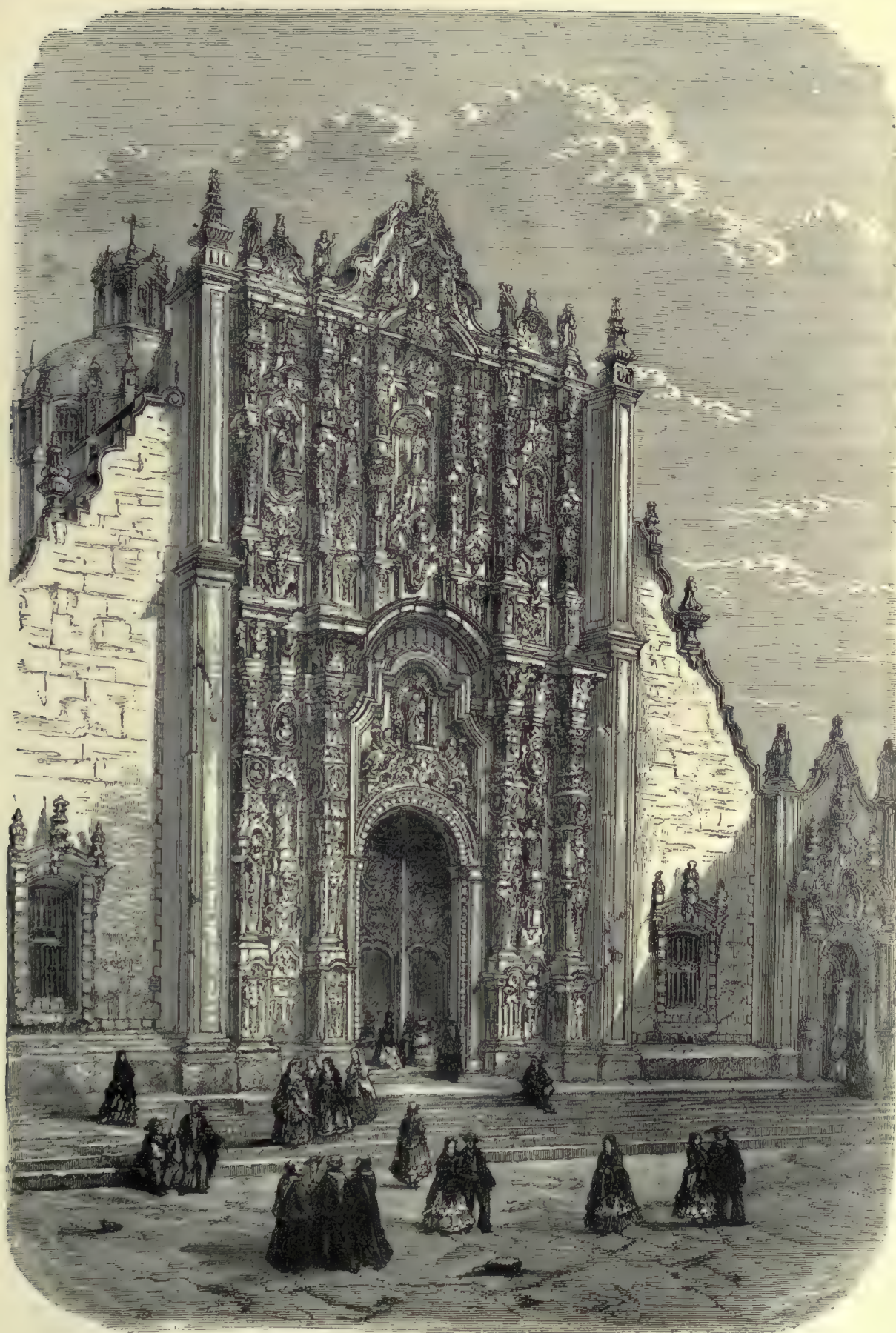
Leaving Chapultepec, a short canter carried us into the streets of Tacubaya, a picturesque village composed chiefly of



CYPRESS GARDENS OF CHAPULTEPEC.

These cypresses, by the Mexicans called *ahuchuetes*, or "lords of the water," are gigantic trees, that flourish only in moist marshy soil, and nearly always garlanded by the parasite called Spanish moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*). Solitary specimens, and sometimes groves of them, are found in several places over the Mexican table-land, as at Tezcoco and Amecameca, where they are held sacred among the Indian population, as the banyan in Hindostan. Those in the garden of Chapultepec

suburban villa residences belonging to the *ricos* of the city; among them the *arzobispado*, or palace of the Mexican archbishop. Through Tacubaya passes one of the main roads leading out of the valley of Mexico. Some distance beyond the village, it commences ascending the thickly-wooded mountain chain, through passes deemed dangerous, and justly so, on account of the *salteadores*. It is the western route leading to Lerma and Toluca. Upon it these "gentlemen of the road"



ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO.

have long practised their profession, to the dread and damage of travellers.

It was not our route, else we might have been more cautious, two of us riding alone. Even keeping inside the valley itself, we might have felt called upon to practise caution; as the traveller is sometimes not safe close to the very gates of the city. My companion, however, as myself, besides being well equipped, was armed to the teeth—each of us carrying holster-pistols, revolvers in our belts, and rifles upon our shoulders. It was seen, too, that we were either Americans or Englishmen; and this among Mexican robbers is usually a pretty good safeguard.

The little business we had in Tacubaya was soon transacted; after which we headed our horses towards Coyoacan, and then on to San Angel, another of those residential villages, where the *familias principales* of Mexico find a tranquil and congenial retreat from the stirring cares of the city.

A SPECTACLE OF WHOLESALE HANGING.

Before entering San Angel we passed a spot where I had once witnessed a spectacle, perhaps the strangest I ever saw in my life. Horrid, too, as strange: for it was the hanging of *twenty-eight* men at one and the same instant of time!

They were deserters from the American army, who had been taken prisoners in the action of Churubusco fought a few days before.

The mode of this wholesale execution was so novel and original as to deserve a word of description. The gallows, erected the day before, consisted of a series of uprights set in a row, with a long beam, or beams, connecting them at their tops—this furnished with twenty-eight ropes, each having a noose at its end.

Underneath, seven wagons were driven—the spacious vehicles belonging to the army commissariat—with double mule-teams, the teamsters, whip in hand, seated in their saddles. The wagons had been arranged in such a position that their beds were directly underneath the long gallows-beam, with its already prepared ropes. They were not empty. Each carried eight men; four of them being the deserters condemned to death, the other four being soldiers designed to execute the sentence. By command of an officer, the nooses were all adjusted around the necks of the ill-fated men, at the same instant of time, and with the promptness of a “present arms.”

A second order caused a drummer to give three taps of his drum. This was a cue to the teamsters; who, themselves accustomed to a kind of military discipline, cracked their great leathern whips, causing their mules to move forward.

The trained animals, obedient to the signal, stepped out, dragging the wagons after them. But at the first step made, they might have known by the lightening of the vehicles they had lost half their load. Then only four of the men remained in the wagons. The other four were seen swinging from the long transverse beam; some of them spasmodically kicking, but most only showing a gentle oscillation—these evidently dead, killed instantly by the quick jerk having dislocated their necks.

Soon twenty-seven out of the twenty-eight hung motionless, like candles upon a string. The twenty-eighth still kicked and writhed upon the rope; the appalling spectacle lasting for many minutes. It at length came to an end, by his limbs

dropping vertically down, and remaining motionless—showing that he, too, was dead, a relief to the spectators.

It was no great gratification to me to be told—as I was, upon the spot—that the man who clung thus tenaciously to life bore my own family name; which in reality he did. I was perhaps better pleased, to think I could not claim him as a relative. At the same time the circumstance caused me a reflection—that there must be something in names; for I too, more than once, had held on to life, as the trappers say, by “tooth and toe-nail,” when the chances were terribly against me. I can say with truth, that I have twice, and twenty years apart, read my obituary in the newspapers; on both occasions couched in such complimentary terms, as to make me think it worth while living a little longer.

On the same day and hour that these twenty-eight deserters were executed near San Angel, fourteen others were similarly disposed of at Mixcoac, and eight more near Tacubaya—in all, fifty men hanged simultaneously!

It was certainly justice of the sternest and severest kind; but the circumstances called for, and justified it. That day the American army was in what the Americans term “a fix,” and treason might have destroyed it. There had been some desertion before; there was none afterwards.

I may remark that the men were mostly Roman Catholic Irishmen, and their religious faith had to do with their defection—in reality the chief cause of it. The Mexicans, themselves steeped to the ears in Popish fanaticism, had issued proclamations intended to reach their co-religionists—the Irish soldiers in the American army. Unfortunately they did reach them, bringing about the lamentable consequences described.

THE MONKISH FRATERNITY OF NEW SPAIN.

A pretty clear water stream runs through the village of San Angel, and on through Coyoacan, emptying itself into the lake of Xochimilco, at its northern end. It comes from among the mountains that bound the valley at its south-western angle. Close in to their foot is the mill of La Magdalena; a factory which turns out coarse cotton cloths, and cheap woollen *serapes*.

Like most establishments of the kind in Mexico, it is worked, as well as owned, by foreigners—chiefly Englishmen. In this case the proprietor was a “Britisher,” and my companion having *liens* of friendship, had resolved upon paying him a passing visit.

I too had reasons inducing me to ascend the little stream that runs through San Angel. Some miles above the village, and close in to the mountain foot, is a tract of ground of which I had other souvenirs. It was the scene of a battle in which I had borne part; known to American chroniclers as “Contreras,” but by the Mexicans called “Padierna.”

I was also desirous of visiting a noted place to be seen on the same line of tour. This was the ruined monastery of “El Desierto,” mentioned in most books of Mexican travel.

We “did” the factory first; which differs very little from such establishments in England or the States—except that the “mill girls” were brown-skinned Aztec maidens, and the mill-men yellow *leperos*, such as we had seen by thousands in the streets of the capital.

The old convent is interesting, both from its history and situation. It stands among the mountains, on a ledge or little

platform surrounded by cliffs. In its cloisters, now tenantless, and fast yielding to decay, once dwelt, and as report says roistered, a band of monks, physically comfortable and mentally gay, as the brotherhood of Bolton Abbey. Any one who has read the curious volume of old Friar Gage, giving an account of his experience in Mexican convents, can easily credit the above description. For myself, I did not need any testimony beyond that which my own experience had furnished me.

During the campaign in which I had taken part, chance had thrown me into the company of Mexican monks of more than one order. Certain circumstances that need not be here particularised, gave me the *entrée* of their convents, and an intimate acquaintance with the brethren—even to joining them in their cups. These, consisting of the best wines of Spain and her colonies—Xeres, Canario, Pedro Ximenes—with now and then a spice of Catalan brandy, opened the hearts and loosened the tongues of these cloistered gentry so much, that I can speak to the character of the present monks of Mexico, as Friar

Gage spoke of that of their fraternity more than a century ago. I pronounce it *flagitious*.

Turning away from El Desierto, I felt no regret in having found it literally a desert, its convent a crumbling ruin, inhabited only by two or three old men in monkish costume, who subsist upon the gratuitous offerings of curious tourists, attracted thither by the ancient reputation of the place.

After looking upon the ruins of El Desierto, and contemplating its past, it was a relief, at least to me, to stand once more upon the battle-field of Contreras. The action, so-called, had been sanguinary, more especially to the Mexicans. It had no doubt wrung many a tear from child, sister, and wife; but it had also opened up a new idea of national life, dispelling the illusions and many of the tyrannies of the past. To a certain extent, it ended military rule in Mexico, by making this ridiculous, and so leading to satisfaction, with the present peaceful *régime*, under the greatest patriot and statesman that Mexico, perhaps even the American continent, has yet produced—the pure-blooded Indian, Benito Juarez.

Notes on Albania.—II.

BY F. A. LYONS.

As our caravan resumed its journey, the route we had to follow lay to the north-west of Doiran, passing through ravines and defiles of difficult access. This road is not a generally beaten track, and, besides, it had the disadvantage of crossing a wild country, where the inhabitants were not quite what they ought to have been. Their steep mountains, deep ravines, and thick forests seemed to have an irresistible effect in tempting them to turn into amateur brigands. It is beyond doubt that the wild features of nature produce corresponding wild sentiments within the human breast. I must allow that while gazing on those wild mountains and forests, a sort of passion for brigandage began to seize me. My mind could relish the idea that to carry on the business of a brigand in such a congenial neighbourhood would be as good as any other sport. Of course, on passing through the thickets of shrubs and dwarfish trees, the subject of our conversation was brigandage. Our guides used to relate the wonderful deeds of Milo or Gabro—how they began brigandage, whom they had murdered, how many places they had attacked, and where they had been seen last.

While marching, we came suddenly underneath a village composed of a few huts, perched on the top of a rock. Here our guide stopped to show us the house of a new brigand, who was roving about the neighbourhood. As we went a little farther, a deep ravine hindered our march, and compelled us to proceed carefully, one after the other. This spot had been the scene of a fight which had taken place between the brigand in question and the police; of course, the police got the worst, and the brigand escaped unhurt. Our guides showed us in all their details the movements and counter-movements of the two parties, but, by their putting more or less stress on some incidents of their narrative, it was evident that their sympathies were

with the brigands. It is strange how generally the peasantry is morally predisposed in favour of far-famed brigands; this is unquestionably the effect which wonderful and portentous narratives produce on the minds of superstitious people.

As that spot was pretty nearly half-way between Doiran and Ostrundja, we thought it best to alight there and make the khan which was in the valley our halting-place. Of course our revolvers and carbines were ready for service at a moment's notice, for we were in the gloomy defiles of the Radovitz Balkan, and close by the den of a brigand, and common prudence required that we should be looking sharply around us. Our luncheon, and its usual sequel, the coffee and cigarette, once got over, we were again in the saddle, endeavouring to get out of the narrow and ominous valley.

From here, the route or rather the track we followed, continues to ascend the Velita-dagh till it attains the little plateau of Ostrundja. This plateau is a dismal and solitary plain, about one mile in extent, over which hang, to the east and west, the higher ridges of the Velita chain. Ostrundja is the name given to the plateau, as well as to a small village which is in the middle of it. The village scarcely deserves to be mentioned, as it consists only of some twenty or thirty huts placed alongside the road. Amongst these thirty huts, we had, however, to choose our quarters, a difficult task indeed, as it was a choice among the worst of human abodes. We ended, however, by selecting three of them—the most aristocratic mansion was destined to receive the colonel and myself, and the other two were given to our fellow-officers.

Strange to say, the accommodation inside these huts by no means disappointed or annoyed us; of course the mattresses, quilts, carpets, and other such household furniture were thoroughly rustic and coarse, but a very neat appearance

prevailed in the interior arrangements of each dwelling. These huts were made out of white, rough-hewn stones, which seemed to need neither mortar nor lime to cement them together; above these walls there was a slight shed, for which the only materials employed were branches of trees and earth. But what struck us as singular at Ostrundja was the almost total absence of the male element; the population of this village seemed to muster only sunburnt, stout-made, and very ugly women. Their dresses were coarse but picturesque, in the same style as the costume of the Jewish girl, of whom an engraving is given in another page. The pretty face of the Jewess evidently tempted our artist to add her portrait to his collection of beauties; but such an honour could not reasonably be extended to the Bulgarian women of Ostrundja, whose coarse exterior could hardly have suited his classical tastes. As a rule, the costumes of the town people or of the country folks throughout Macedonia do not differ much in fashion; the costume of the women consists of a white gown of coarse cloth, and a sort of polka or cloak which descends below the knees. In the towns women wear a small frilled cap, over which they put their veil or head-cover; amongst the peasantry the sort of head-dress worn is a white cloth arranged very much in the same fashion as that which is in vogue amongst the peasantry of the Campagna, near Rome.

On the following morning we resumed our slow and tedious march, taking the direction of Istip. From Ostrundja to Istip there are no more defiles or picturesque scenery to be met with, as the route follows the northern slope of the Velita, passing through a succession of small ridges. All the way the country is open and pleasant; as far as the eye can reach the whole extent is covered with rich fields of wheat and corn. This district produces a good quality of wheat, also some rice inferior only to the grain of Commanova, a fertile district to the west of Philippopoli, which is watered by the Meritza. On approaching Istip, the country again becomes rough and mountainous, on account of the presence of a secondary range which shoots out perpendicularly to the Velita chain, and follows a course parallel to the river Vardar. It is just above Istip, within two miles' distance, so that the traveller has to climb up a ridge, the slopes of which are covered with vineyards; the town remains invisible until one gets to the top of the ridge, from whence Istip is to be seen at the bottom of a ravine, surrounded by rocks and narrow defiles.

Before we began to ascend, we made a halt of a few minutes in order to examine a particularly interesting little spot, to which our Kutcho-Vlak drivers drew our attention. It was a little clump of trees, situated a little way off from the road. The interest, or rather celebrity, of this spot was derived from a sad occurrence which had taken place there some few weeks before. A Jewish Rabbi, one of the modern saints or prophets of Israel, had undertaken a mission with the object of visiting the Jewish congregation of Istip, to whom he intended to preach the glories of Jerusalem and the splendour of its Tabernacle. For that purpose he had left Judea, and taken a ticket to Salonica, and from thence he had travelled unhurt through the same route which we have been following, *i.e.*, through the Radovitz and Ostrundja defiles. But the unhappy Rabbi was unconsciously drawing near his end, being destined to be gathered to the bosom of Abraham just at the moment he thought he had reached the place of his destination. The Rabbi, who seems to have been a bold man, had

ventured on his errand accompanied by a single driver, who was a Christian.

This cheap way of travelling may have been in harmony with the financial notions to which his co-religionists strictly adhere, but it was by no means a safe one. The Christian driver, the one he had taken from the last halting-place, was a Bulgarian, who seemed to have entertained queer notions with reference to the right of the Jews to have a soul, as well as to filling their pockets. His intimate conviction seems to have been that both those blessings have been unjustly granted to people who crucified the Saviour, and that, therefore, the best way to put things to rights would be to knock down the Rabbi and take both his soul and his money. No sooner had the Bulgarian conceived this meritorious and profitable scheme than he set to work to accomplish it in the speediest way possible. One blow with a bludgeon lowered the Rabbi from his horse, while the knife freed him in an instant from all his earthly ties. The assassin, as soon as he had achieved the bloody deed, cleared the Rabbi's pockets and portmanteau of all their valuable contents and took to flight with all possible speed.

The Jews of Istip, who had been waiting for their Rabbi, not seeing him return, sent a deputation of devotees in order that they might meet him and bring him back in triumph in the midst of their congregation. That evening the devotees went some way along the road and waited in the open country till dusk, but came back disappointed and weary. On the following day another batch of Jews went out in order to meet the Rabbi, but, seeing no signs of his arrival, they began to feel uneasy about him, and took to searching the neighbourhood all around. After a good deal of searching, some of the Jews got close by the clump of trees, and there they fell on the corpse of their Rabbi. No sooner did the bewildered Jews behold the fearfully mutilated body of the unfortunate man, than one and all set up a wild shriek, their shrill cries filling the air for miles and miles around. "Oh, our Rabbi! Oh, our poor Rabbi! Oh! oh! oh!" while thus shouting and shrieking, every one rushed on the dead body, and those who could dip their handkerchiefs in the Rabbi's blood run off half mad into the town to convey the sad news to their brethren. On the following morning the whole of the Jewish population formed itself into a long procession, composed of men, women, and children, and, headed by their Rabbis, went to take the body of what they styled a martyr to Christian perfidy. The same scenes which had taken place on the previous day were of course repeated then on a much larger scale by the mass of the congregation; the grief felt by its members was so intense and wild in its nature, that the body run the risk of being torn to pieces by the thousands who were eager to snatch a relic of the martyr.

Istip is a neatly-built town, containing something like fifteen hundred houses, or a little more than six thousand inhabitants, composed of Bulgarians, Jews, and Albanians, in somewhere about equal numbers. Istip, it is to be noticed, is the first place eastward of Albania, where the Albanians are very numerous. At Salonica for instance, many Albanians are to be found, but there they are generally birds of passage. The Jews of Istip are pretty numerous, and constitute a well-organised community with their synagogue and school; they are by far the most advanced and prosperous amongst the population, as it is they who carry on the commercial relations

between this productive district and Salonica. The facility which the Jews have in assimilating themselves with the manners and customs of other races has been effective in bringing about a thorough fusion between them and the natives; and this fusion is such that it requires a sharp eye to detect any difference between them. The Jewish women dress exactly in the same style as the natives, viz., they wear the white gown with the broad open sleeves and the tight polka jacket.

The town of Istip possesses, besides the synagogue, four mosques and a newly-built church of the orthodox denomination. This place is the residence of a *mudir*, who has been invested with the magisterial powers on account of his wealth and the influence he exerts over the people. It was at the house of this little provincial tyrant that we alighted on our arrival. As the houses of such fellows are generally provided with all the blessings which have been extorted from others, we had nothing to complain of during our night's halt there. We and our drivers, servants, and horses, had a good time of it, such as might be expected in a house where everything good abounded. From Istip to Uskup is a distance of something like ten hours' ride; with good horses it might be reduced to seven, and thus it would be encompassed within the limits of an ordinary march. The wretched animals which were dragging us along were, however, incapable of so much exertion. We therefore decided on reducing that day's march to six hours, and fixed on a village named Kosteroon, as our halting-place for the evening. The following day we should, by this arrangement, have only three or four hours' ride to accomplish before reaching Uskup. As the description of a country uninteresting in its aspect would by no means gratify the reader, I will not attempt to describe the mountains, hills, and valleys we traversed on the way from Istip to Kosteroon. What I shall say, however, is that, during the whole of the journey, from Ostrundja down to Uskup, our party was never able to get a sight of the Vardar River, which we knew to be within a short distance. The range we were skirting served as a natural screen, which shut up and limited the horizontal line within a very narrow compass.

After ascending a series of zigzags, at dusk we reached

Kosteroon, a small hamlet situated on a high ridge. This place was thoroughly rustic, as much so as any I have ever met with during a whole life-time of ramblings. Though Kosteroon does not number more than thirty houses, yet it stretches itself for a mile round the edge of a precipice; as for the architecture of its houses, I must say that it was very simple, the buildings being mere barn-like structures made of large and rough beams placed one on the top of the other. The inhabitants of Kosteroon consider windows a pure luxury: that accounts for the fact that not a single window was to be seen in the whole place. With regard to lighting, I do not know what are the notions enter-

tained by that primitive people; judging, however, from what I saw, or rather from what I could not see, the Kosteroonians do not seem to understand lighting either their houses or streets, as I did not detect a single light in any of the houses. Through the information we gathered afterwards, it was ascertained that neither candles nor lamps have as yet been introduced into the town of Kosteroon. The inhabitants obviate the want of lights by going to bed at sunset. In case of an emergency, however, they make use of pine-wood, which they burn in small pieces, in an iron grate.

Our arrival was one of those emergencies which compelled the



KUTCHO-VLAK DRIVER.

Kosteroon people to have recourse to this system of lighting. No sooner had they become aware of our presence in their hamlet than they hastened to show us the way to our night quarters, by illuminating our march with their pine-wood chandeliers of primeval simplicity. The house to which we were shown was a building, specially devoted by the municipality of Kosteroon, to the purpose of receiving strangers who might knock at their doors. With the object, therefore, of showing hospitality, as well as of sparing themselves the annoyance of receiving visitors, the people of this place decided on building a *Musafir Khaneh*, where strangers and travellers were henceforward to be sheltered. Besides this public building we saw also a mosque, or rather a large barn consecrated to the worship of Allah; this mosque had been erected in order to endow the neighbourhood with an edifice in which the faithful might gather every Friday.

On the morning our party was again in the saddle, directing its course towards Uskup. The three or four hours' route we

had to make was along a charming country, where the vegetation was most beautiful and luxurious: especially one of the lateral valleys, which, opening on the plain of Uskup, charmed us all by the loveliness of its aspect. When once, however, we entered the plain, the landscape lost all attraction, as the tediousness of the dull level had nothing to relieve it but the faint outlines of the distant mountains. The plain of Uskup measures some eight miles in length, from south-east to north-west; it is irrigated by the river Vardar, which we saw at last, on approaching the town. This plain is very fertile, as arable land, pasturage, or gardening. Fruits here are plentiful and excellent, and, judging from the water-melons, they would defy competition in any horticultural show or exhibition. As we were passing close by an orchard, the gate of which was wide open, I felt tempted to get in and have a try at some of the water-melons that were peeping from under the leaves. My comrades followed suit, and getting off our horses, we formed circle and rested under a tree. The proprietor of the grounds came up in order to greet us (*merhabah*), and with that simple and hearty manner peculiar to the Mussulman peasantry, inquired whether we would like to taste his water-melons.

"Well, Babah," said the colonel, "that's just what we came here for; we must eat some of your melons, that Allah may make them plentiful."

Before this request had been uttered, the Albanian gardener turned towards a heap of water-melons which were close by the gate, selected three of them, and putting them before us, said, "Cut them with a *bismillah* (a prayer), and you will have good luck." Complying with the gardener's pious suggestion, we operated on the water-melons, the very sight of which was enough to make our mouths water. What I can say of them is, that they were only second in rank to the famous water-melons of Jaffa in Syria. We did not prolong our stay in the orchard longer than was necessary to dispatch the melons; that over, we hastened to make our entry into Uskup.

Uskup is a large old place which bears signs of bygone prosperity; the town may be said to be as old as the hills, and that is by no means an exaggeration, because, as a rule, a site which, like Uskup, offers many military and commercial advantages, is not likely to be neglected either by past or future generations. Uskup is prettily and advantageously situated on the left bank of the river Vardar, the most important stream of Macedonia, and by its position it commands the defiles which give access to the plains of Upper Albania, as well as the routes, which from the shores of the Archipelago lead to central Roumelia and to the Adriatic. The sharp eyes of the Romans were not long in detecting the advantages, military, commercial, and political, which the conquerors of these regions ought to derive from the possession of Uskup. Some remains of a Roman fort are still to be seen on the bastion which commands the town; the ancient wall serves as a foundation to the Acropolis, inside which the native pashas of Uskup have built their harem and stables. Besides the foundation of the citadel, another Roman construction is the aqueduct; this ruin is at a short distance from the town, and it consists of fifty-five arches in a good state of preservation. Modern Uskup can boast of several large and imposing buildings, the dilapidated condition of which attests the downfall of Islam. These decayed monuments are an *imaret*, or house of refuge for the poor, one *medresseh*, or theological university, two mosques, and two khans where merchants and tradespeople

transact their business. The same squalid look and ruined appearance is visible everywhere, in the private dwellings of the well-to-do people, as well as throughout the bazaars and streets. In the shops there is scarcely any show of goods, and the activity of the turbaned shopkeepers is displayed by the filling of their pipes, and scratching their legs and heads. I must not omit to say that Uskup has a suburb on the right bank of the Vardar, and joins the town by means of a wooden bridge. The Vardar could be easily made navigable as far as Uskup, but that is a feat of engineering which the present rulers of the country are totally incompetent to achieve.

The real cause of this state of decay which is visible and tangible everywhere throughout the Turkish provinces, is undoubtedly the centralisation policy inaugurated by the Porte at the epoch of the destruction of the Janissaries. Up to that period the Turkish dominions had enjoyed an unrestrained liberty of self-government; every province and district being administered by the patriarchal authority of their respective chieftains. These men, though despotic in their principles and coarse in their tastes, were, however, well acquainted with the state of their country, and with the wants of the inhabitants, a knowledge which used to render them capable of achieving useful undertakings. Besides, being natives of the country, the love of their birth-place and the vanity of shining above their neighbours, used to incite these provincial rulers to promote the interests of their countrymen, which were one and the same with their own. Thus the native pashas of Vidin, Seres, Trebizond, Sivas, and of Bergama, have all left standing monuments of their munificence and piety, and for this reason the names of the Paswan-oghlu, the Jussuf Pashas, the Haznedar-zadés, and the Cara-Osman-oghlu, will for ever be cherished by their countrymen. The native Albanian rulers of Uskup were known by the name of the Hifzi-Pasha-zadés, who, up to 1840, ruled over that part of Albania. The fate which awaited these representatives of self-government is the following:—They were all made to submit to the centralising action of the Porte by strangling or by poison.

The administrators whom the central government sent to take the place of the native rulers allowed their old prosperity to droop, and fell, like so many hungry wolves, upon everything they could meet with. Thus all the old *imarats*, mosques, khans, &c., were deserted and abandoned, and their revenues went to fill up the Constantinople treasury.

Some duties connected with the service compelled us to prolong our stay at Uskup for three or four days; the *caimakan* of the place billeted us on some of the better class, who received us in the same manner as one would greet the arrival of a bore. Their coolness was visible enough, and we had an opportunity of seeing it plainly on our departure, as the faces of our hosts were radiant with delight while paying us the farewell compliments. We took advantage of our short stay at Uskup in order to provide ourselves with good horses. For that purpose, we applied to the military authorities, and through them we obtained a batch of regimental horses, out of which every one of us had to choose his charger. With fifteen or twenty pounds we were thus enabled to become proprietors of young and fiery horses, which contrasted advantageously with the miserable quadrupeds we had been riding hitherto. One great boon we derived from having horses of our own, was that of ridding ourselves of the annoyances which our Kutcho-Vlak drivers were continually causing us. It is impos-

sible to meet with a more lazy, peevish, and obstinate set than these Vlaks; so reluctantly did they accomplish their duties as drivers, that their system of marching reminded us of the motions of crabs, which seem to take one step forward and two backward. In order, however, to obviate this particular tendency of the Vlaks, we were often compelled to use thrashing as a stimulant, which invariably reversed their marching order, by making them take two steps forward and one backward. The portrait, on page 89, of one of our drivers will serve to show what miserable specimens of humanity these Kutcho-Vlaks are. It is to the care of these sort of people that one must entrust his person while travelling through Roumelia, as it is they who hold the monopoly of locomotion, and who have taken possession of the principal thoroughfares of the country. As the reader may not have so minute a knowledge of ethnology as to know to what tribe or class these Kutcho-Vlaks belong, it will be necessary here to say something about them. By the name of Kutcho-Vlaks, the Greeks define a race of men who, like flies, are not settled anywhere through Roumelia, but are to be found everywhere. "Kutcho-Vlaks" signify in Greek the lame Wallachians, *i.e.*, the false, adulterated Wallachians. These people are also called by the Germans Zinzares, on account of their not being able to pronounce the sound *tsch* used in the Wallachian language; the *tsch* is pronounced by them *tz*, and instead of saying *tschintsch*, they will say *sinz*. These Kutcho-Vlaks are, in point of nationality, Wallachians, and their presence on this side of the Danube is attributed to a large emigration movement which took place some two centuries ago. These people are now scattered all over Roumelia, through Greece, Servia, Albania, &c.; everywhere they get hold of the inns,

khans, and cafés, where they carry on retail business. In the large towns they become commercial tradesmen and merchants of some consequence; many of the principal firms in Egypt and Europe, which are nominally Greek firms, are nothing else but Zinzare firms, like the Tossitzas, the Zuccas of Egypt, the Mitos of Vienna, and many other more or less known houses. This phenomenon is the result of the process of amalgamation or absorption which takes place in Roumelia, where the Greek and the Slavonic element absorb the minor nationalities. Thus the Kutcho-Vlaks who inhabit the Pindus and the Greek provinces have gradually become Greeks, and the Zinzares who reside in Servia and in the other Slavonic districts are being transformed into Servians. This amalgamation is the more easily achieved inasmuch as the orthodox creed, professed alike by all these races, serves to facilitate the fusion.

On leaving Uskup we took a north-westerly direction, in order to get into the defile of Katchanik. It is by this pass that the traveller must cross that branch of the Hæmus which divides Upper Albania from Macedonia and Thessaly. The Katchanik Pass is a most beautiful defile, not more than 300 yards in breadth, and something like eighteen miles in length. In the middle of it a fine, clear stream pours its waters over a bed studded with white stones and pebbles. The road which skirts, all the way, the left bank of the stream, is very beautiful, and unsurpassed in this part of the world. But what increases still more the engineering merits of this Turkish imperial *chaussée*, is that a tunnel has actually been cut through the massive rock so as to render communications possible. This tunnel is some thirty yards long, and the natives, who know nothing of other similar works, believe it to be one of the wonders of the world.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia—III.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

MALAGA—HOTELS.

THERE are two hotels at Malaga, which are about equally good, or, rather, indifferent, the Alameda and the Victoria. There is a rumour of a third being shortly established, but such rumours are always to be distrusted in Spain, where schemes are "commenced late, and never finished." A really good hotel, I should think, would pay admirably at Malaga; and, in addition to being a great convenience to many of the residents, and all the visitors who are now to be found there, it might perhaps induce a certain number of consumptive people from other parts of Europe to take advantage of its delightful winter climate.

We all know very well that there are plenty of fashionable winterages nowadays, and every doctor or other interested person writes one or two books to prove that his *station d'hiver* is the best. Pau, Cannes, Nice, Hyères, Mentone, Rome, Algiers, and Cairo find their various advocates; and I saw a letter in the *Times*, not long ago, informing the public that a village on the coast of North Wales was equal to any of them. But I believe there is no doubt that Malaga, although not a

fashionable place, enjoys really one of the mildest and most favourable winter climates in Europe. It is rather inaccessible from England; and this, together with the unknown language and habits of the people, will always prevent it from becoming a place of general resort for English invalids. Living at Malaga is rather expensive for Spain, but certainly less so than at most of the winter-quarters we have mentioned above. The hotel charges are calculated as in almost every part of Spain, at so much per head per day, even should you only stop there one day; though, of course, in case you should remain a considerable time you might make more favourable terms than those accorded to a mere casual visitor. Indeed, under all circumstances, you may get a reduction in price by making your terms beforehand, as I very often found, to the great saving of my pocket. This much, however, applies more generally to the south of Spain than to the north, and refers not only to hotel expenses, but to every conceivable article of commerce, from a sheet of paper to a valuable picture, and, indeed, everything but the railway and diligence fares. But as regards Malaga hotels, a married couple could have a bedroom

with a sitting-room out of it for about 50 reals (10s. 6d.) a head a day, or a bedroom and sitting-room, in one, for from 30 to 40 reals (6s. to 8s.). This includes the price of the rooms, *déjeuner à la fourchette* at any hour in the public dining-room, *table d'hôte* dinner at half-past five, lights, and attendance. Chocolate early in the morning and coffee after dinner are extras in Andalusian hotels, but are usually included in the terms per day in the northern provinces and at Madrid. Sometimes attendance is an extra, in which case two reals a head per day is the recognised allowance, which includes and satisfies all the servants, and is added to the bill, if desired, in the most business-like and satisfactory way. "Tipping," in our acceptance of the word, is not practised in Spain, and except in the few places where English people, and especially young officers from Gibraltar, have corrupted the people, it is not expected—hardly understood. It is certainly very pleasant, and had the effect of making one feel much more liberally disposed than when one knows every one is on the watch for one's shillings and half-crowns.

I think Antwerp is the most insufferable place in this respect in Europe, and its cathedral and picture-gallery hardly make up for the chronic irritation caused by the greedy and impudent loafers who beset you at every corner, and leave not a moment's peace to the unhappy stranger. The only place in Spain where I remember having suffered from this annoyance was in the Mezquita at Cordova, of which more in its proper place.

But to return again to Spanish hotels, apropos of that much-discussed question—the food. And here let me recommend the prudent reader who has never been to Spain, and has no intention of going there, to lay down this "part," or at least to turn over the next few pages, lest his orthodox notions of Spanish cookery and Spanish dinners should receive too rude a shock. *Et à quoi bon?* If he does alter his received opinions nobody will believe him. Nobody believes me, although I have often been in Spain, and have only just come back. On second thoughts, however, as I find that those who are most

obstinate and determined that they are right and I am wrong have never been to Spain at all, possibly the opinion of one who is similarly circumstanced, and who cannot therefore have had his notions warped by travel, might be entitled to greater weight. I remember once listening patiently to a graphic account of a bull-fight and its attendant horrors, by a gentleman who had never left the jurisdiction of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and on my modestly re-

marking at the conclusion that I had seen a good many bullfights, at which, strange to say, none of the incidents he had mentioned had occurred, he made a very composed answer, and appeared to set me down as a very ignorant and somewhat misguided fellow. But to dinner.

SPANISH COOKERY.

A cigarette in boiling water for soup, and a clove of garlic fried in oil for *pièce de résistance*, is the basis of almost all foreign ideas of Spanish cookery; but we certainly met with more variety, to say the least of it. Garlic there certainly was, but usually in delicate, not to say imperceptible, proportions, giving a flavour which we supply in England by onions, shalots, and such-like. And oil, too, we certainly did meet with; but Spain is the country of the olive, and good oil is decidedly better than bad butter, to say nothing of lard, dripping, and such unpleasant but highly necessary articles of cookery. And cigarettes, too, also made their



MULETEER OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MALAGA.

appearance at the dinner-table; but they were smoked after dinner, and not boiled before. Up to within a very recent date, however, it was customary to take a few whiffs between the courses. But I will attack a Spanish dinner in detail, and as fairly as possible. First, the soups of Spanish *tables d'hôte* are two, one thickened with rice and the other with vermicelli. The first is the especial dish of the neighbourhood of Valencia, where the rice (*arroz*) is grown. Beyond the range of these two *potages* the Spanish *chef* rarely wanders. The next dish handed round after the soup is boiled beef, accompanied by a heterogeneous mass, in which bacon, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, and Bologna sausage is apparent,



MALAGA.

Dequoy

S. 1843

together with well-boiled maize or Indian corn. This last is an invariable and most characteristic dish at every Spanish dinner. The fish follows next, boiled or fried—in oil of course, but none the worse for that; as Monsieur Brillat-Savarin, who is reputed to be no mean authority in such matters, says fish should never be fried in anything else. At inferior hotels one *entrée* only intervenes between the fish and the pudding, or other *dulce*; but at all the better *tables d'hôte* two or even three are handed round. Roast beef or mutton, with brown sauce, chicken and salad, game of various kinds, kidneys, tongues, small birds stuffed with forcemeat, and the inevitable omelette, were among the most common dishes we met with. The sweets were usually simple and inartistic; but we have tasted a *soufflé* that would have put many a London *chef* to the blush. Among the peculiarly characteristic dishes are fish omelette, kidneys in every form, rice-soup, gaspacho, and ollas-podridas. The two last, though excellent in their way, are not supposed to be acceptable to foreign palates, and are rarely to be met with by travellers along the beaten tracks, or rather those that are not deserted—for the conventional words "beaten track" would convey a very false notion if applied without explanation to any Spanish road.

PROTESTANT CEMETERY.

To the east of Malaga, on the north side of the road leading to Velez Malaga, rises the English cemetery—the first Protestant, or, indeed, non-Romanist burial-ground permitted in Spain.

About the year 1827 it happened that three English merchants died at Malaga, and their remains were not only denied burial in consecrated ground, but the authorities would not suffer the soil of Spain to be polluted by the ashes of a heretic; accordingly their bodies had to be interred in the sand of the sea-shore, below high-water mark. The repetition of this indignity three times in the course of about a year, induced our English consul, Mr. Mark, to make strenuous exertions to obtain permission to enclose a plot of ground for a Protestant cemetery. Mr. Mark was authorised by the British Foreign Office to treat with the Spanish Government of the day; and he succeeded, to his infinite credit, in obtaining from Ferdinand VII.—one of the most bigoted monarchs that ever sat upon the throne of Spain—the necessary permission. Mr. Mark lost not an hour in enclosing the piece of ground which he had previously determined upon, in the event of succeeding in his endeavours; and this has been since enlarged, and planted with rare and beautiful tropical plants and shrubs, which are carefully tended and kept in order by the founder's son, our present consul at Malaga. Indeed, the interest which attaches to this little oasis is only equalled by its natural beauties, enhanced and set off as they are by English reverential care.

As we are upon such subjects, I may as well say a few words about the cathedral, which forms a prominent object in the woodcut on the previous page. It is in the Grecian style of architecture, but having passed through the hands of a good many architects, the characteristics of almost every style of architecture may be seen in various parts of the building. The pillars are for the most part Corinthian, and one of the principal doors is unmistakably Gothic. Ford says of Malaga Cathedral, that it is an "edifice in which all defects of the worst periods of art are apparent," a criticism which appears rather too severe; for although of course it will bear no comparison with Jaen and

Seville, it is an imposing pile, and fully equal to the cathedral at Granada, notwithstanding the disadvantages with which the construction has had to contend, having been partly destroyed by an earthquake in 1630, and not completed till 1720, nearly two hundred years after the commencement of the work.

M. Doré's woodcut gives an exceedingly good idea of the port of Malaga. The harbour is large, and were the sketch continued for another eighteen inches to the right, the artist might have represented the water as entirely covered with ships, which are of course much more numerous in the autumn than at any other time of the year; the fruit harvest of Malaga being almost entirely sent off, as soon as it is gathered in, to all parts of the world.

I went one evening at Malaga to a sort of *café chantant*. A rude stage was put up at one end of the *café*; and while the visitors drank and smoked at little tables in the room, some second-rate singing and dancing was kept up to the sound of a guitar by one youth and two girls upon the stage. Apropos of drinks, it may be mentioned that the Spaniards are the soberest people in Europe, and their drinks at *cafés* chiefly consist of coffee; *horchatas*, a sort of iced barley-water; lemonade; ices of various kinds; *agraz*, a cooling liquid, made of the juice of unripe grapes; and last, though not least, *cerbeza con limon*, a mixture of bottled beer and lemonade, iced until it is almost solid. Few things in their way are better than a good *cerbeza con limon*. The ingredients are mixed in a large bowl, and ladled out into glasses by the thirsty consumers with a silver ladle.

A somewhat amusing accident happened to me at one of the *cafés chantants* at Malaga. Off the stairs leading to the upper storey was a small gallery, whence favoured guests, who ordered a bottle of Manzanilla, or were otherwise entitled to peculiar consideration, could see the dancing to greater advantage than from below. This gallery happened to be full, so I was accommodated with a chair, upon which I took my seat on the landing, behind the gallery. By some means the chair got pushed a little too near the stairs, and on leaning back I fell down eleven very steep red tile steps, chair and all, and cannoned against the proprietor of the *café*, who was sipping an *horchata* at the bottom! But his gravity was in no way disturbed, nor, indeed, did any one in the room appear either alarmed or amused, so I very quietly carried my chair up to my post of observation, none the worse for my remarkable performance.

VINEYARDS—RAISIN-MAKING.

Of course we went to see the vineyards near the town; the rich egg-shaped grapes must always be one of the great attractions of Malaga to the tourist, as they are to the merchant.

There was nothing very remarkable in the wine-making, or rather, the wine appeared to be made much in the same way as wine is made elsewhere, the grapes being trodden out by men; it would therefore be superfluous to enter into any detailed account of the manufacture in this place. The raisin-drying is, of course, the great sight of Malaga, and is carried on during the latter end of the month of August and throughout the whole of September.

Some idea may be formed of the value of the raisin trade, when I say that over 12,000,000 pounds are annually exported from Malaga alone, of which no less than 9,000,000 pounds are consigned to ports in the United States. The most valuable fruit is worth this year about one shilling and nine-

pence a pound, and the inferior sorts from sixpence to one shilling; but these are high prices, the crop having been very poor this season, in consequence of the heavy rain last spring. Through the kindness of a friend, we were able to see the process of drying to great advantage at his estate near Malaga. The grapes used for making into raisins are the long white muscatels, the bunches of which when quite ripe are gathered and spread out upon sloping wooden stands—something like those used for exhibiting cut flowers at a show—and allowed to dry in the sun. They are turned when necessary, and covered with matting at night to preserve their bloom. As soon as they are dry, they are carried in baskets of esparto grass from the drying-frames to what are called the packing-sheds—rather a dignified name for buildings composed of four poles supporting a kind of awning of esparto grass. Here, however, large numbers of men are busy trimming and preparing the bunches with the greatest dexterity. The grapes are never “handled,” for fear of injuring the delicate bloom, but entirely arranged with the scissors, with which the inferior or injured grapes are cut away, and the bunch reduced to the most convenient shape for packing. These bunches are again looked over, and the best are pruned of their smaller grapes, and become what are technically called “firsts.” These, after having been slightly flattened with the hand and scissors, are laid in boxes on white paper, three layers in each box; and as the fruit is still somewhat round, it is packed loosely and so that the topmost layer is a good deal above the level of the sides of the box. The prunings of the firsts and seconds are now looked over, and all the sound raisins, however small, are collected and packed without stalks, to make an inferior class of fruit. The fruit must now be pressed into the required form. This is done by placing the boxes one on the top of another, and the contents sink down in the course of a few days to the proper flatness. But the boxes are not yet fit for sale; the nice plain white paper, which sets off the fruit so well, has to be replaced by gaudy-coloured “show-papers” of tinsel and lace-work, costing in many instances from a fifth to a tenth of the first value of the box of fruit. It seems that this absurd custom, injurious alike to grower and consumer, cannot be broken through; for one of the largest growers at Malaga having once dispensed with the conventional “show-papers,” had considerable difficulty in finding a market for his fruit.

All these interesting details we learnt through the kindness of Mr. —, with whom, after our brief sojourn at Malaga, we went to stay a short time, at his country-house on the sea-coast, a few miles from the town. I will not break through the privacy of the charming home where we were received with so refined a hospitality, but will only say that around it may be found growing in tropical luxuriance, and flourishing under the master’s eye, the orange, the lemon, the sugar-cane, the guava, the batata or sweet potato, the banana or bread-fruit, and the egg-plant, to say nothing of figs, palms, aloes, cacti, with a thousand others which I had not time to notice, or which my unbotanical memory has, alas! long since forgotten.

MALAGA TO MARBELLA

After a great deal of consideration, and finding our proposed plans frustrated at every turn by the Spanish arrangements—or, rather, want of arrangements—for locomotion, we finally decided to ride along the coast to Gibraltar. We will not weary our readers with an account of our endeavours and

repulses, but refer them to our similar experiences at Granada and Jaen. Accordingly, we bade adieu to Malaga and our friends at —, and set out on our journey westward. I bestrode an active little Andalusian horse, or *jaca*, with my *alforjas* and *capa* as a saddle; while my wife was mounted on a strong mule, and sat in a pannier. We had two attendants on foot, which was the first intimation we received that the road did not permit of our travelling beyond a foot’s pace. From Malaga to Marbella, according to the faithful “Murray,” the distance is thirty-two English miles; and arriving at Fuengirola in time to rest and start again by about two o’clock, we reached the *casa de huéspedes*, where we were to pass the night, about eight o’clock in the evening. The house was full, but Señor Beltran, the obliging *amo*, turned out of his own room for us, and delighted our ears with some conversation in our own language, which he spoke remarkably well. Among other things, we learnt that our host was *alcalde*, or chief magistrate of the town that year; and had we been less tired, no doubt the thought of turning so important a personage out of his magisterial bed might have troubled our repose. As it was, we did but little at Marbella but sleep. The road from Malaga during the first few miles was in parts what we should call in England a highway; at other times it was an ill-defined track through dusty fields. But after passing Torremolinos it became merely a rocky bridle-path, leading through a wild and mountainous country, with mountains all around, and the Mediterranean below. In one or two places the path was so steep that our *mozos* kept a firm hold of the tails of our beasts, by way of assisting them in picking their steps, and holding them up in case they should stumble. We passed through many wild glens and valleys; and although the soil, where it was cultivated, produced abundant and varied vegetation, yet the rugged mountain sides appeared absolutely destitute of herbage; and we looked in vain for any tinge of green which might account for the presence of the large flocks of goats which made a pretence of feeding on the barren slopes. We were told, however, that these goats not only found enough pasturage to make them fat, but that they thrive there much better than in the more succulent pastures of the plains. The scenery in some of these glens was magnificent; and the pleasure of the whole day’s ride, whether through dusty plains of aloes and cacti, wild rocks, cheerful vineyards, or the smooth sand of the sea-shore, with the calm Mediterranean washing our horses’ feet, and the mountains ever rising before us, was enhanced by the variety and beauty of the landscape. The sun had set more than an hour before we reached Marbella; and our long shadows cast by the moon over the smooth sand and the still smoother sea, and the measured sound of our footsteps as our little party wended its somewhat weary way in the lonely silence of a southern night, was in the highest degree striking and impressive.

We have called the way lonely; one little village in every ten miles, and perhaps one man and a donkey between each, were about the only signs we saw of the country being inhabited. We did not even meet with any of our old friends the *guardia civil*, but one of two of the *carabineros*, who supplied their place, and acted as coastguards along the shore, eyed us with undisguised curiosity. Just before reaching Marbella we were startled by the shrill cry of a sentry, “*¡Quien vive!*” but the regulation answer, “*¡España!*” proved, as usual, perfectly satisfactory. Indeed, I do not know what

answer could be unsatisfactory, as these "coastguards," especially in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, merely watch over the safety of the smugglers, whom they in other countries are supposed to discourage. If a passer-by looks more than usually unlike a *contrabandista*, a second challenge, "*Que gente!*" is occasionally launched at him by a zealous sentry; and to this we believe any answer is admissible, although "*Paisano!*" is supposed to be the most correct. Spanish smuggling is an amusing subject, upon which we will say a few words later on. At present we must return to Marbella, where rather before five A.M. the rising sun found us paying our adieux and our very moderate bill to the *alcalde*, Señor Beltran, who appeared none the worse for his "night out," and from whom we parted with many mutual expressions of friendly compliment.

We made the best use of the cool of the morning, and the very excellent road which extends from Marbella nearly all the way to Estepona; and having taken our attendants *en croupe*, kept up a brisk trot, utterly regardless of stirrups, and at length found ourselves in the wretched *posada* at Estepona about ten o'clock. The morning was of course lovely, the stern old rock of Gibraltar stood before us, apparently at no very great distance, and the *mar bella* ("beautiful sea"), which is said to have given the name to the town we left behind us, was studded with ships and steamers passing through the Straits. We were indeed on historic ground. The Pillars of Hercules lay before us. On the very ground perhaps over which we rode Pompey and Cæsar had striven for the possession of the world; and traditions of Goth and Moor, Christian and Mussulman, crowded upon my recollection, with many other more recent passages of arms, while our eyes were strained to distinguish the low-lying coast of a new continent. But although Africa seemed to come nearer, the Rock appeared to recede; and in spite of all our desire to the contrary, it looked just as far off at ten o'clock as it had done at six. Our ride this morning had not been quite so lonely as the day before; and the engraving will give a very good idea of the style of people we met or passed by on the road. The landlord of the *posada* at Estepona was a surly fellow, the first I had met with in Spain; and having got two English people into his house—we were not within sight of Gibraltar for nothing—he determined to make a bold push to keep us at least for the night. Accordingly, he told us that in consequence of quarantine regulations no one was permitted to enter Gibraltar after two P.M. Rule without exception—a Spaniard, in order to gain his point, will invent any lie upon the inspiration of the moment, and stick to it, however clumsy it may be. In this respect the Spaniards differ from the Irish, whose lying under similar circumstances is always distinguished by a certain amount of ingenuity. In this case the *amo*, although he showed himself so very dull a liar, succeeded in persuading our guides that their horses were too tired to get to the Rock that day; and it required a good deal of persuasion, and not a little firmness, to get once more "under weigh;" and I confess it was with a great feeling of relief that we trotted out of the white street of Estepona—for there was but one—and felt that, although we had lost a little time, we had at least gained our point. To a certain extent, indeed, we had; and many a long hour did we ride without drawing bridle, and yet the Rock seemed but little nearer, when all of a sudden, mounting the crest of a hill covered with palmettos and green spiky shrubs, Gibraltar appeared at our very feet!

With a thrill of joy we pushed onward, for even our jaded horses seemed to share our exhilaration, and broke for a few minutes into a brisk canter. There could be no mistake about it. There stood the old Rock in the full light of the evening sun, clear in all its details, and apparently but a few miles off. The strangest sight, however, was the ships in the roadstead; for then not only were these distinctly visible, hulls as well as masts, but they appeared of gigantic proportions. As soon as the first flush of joy was over, I calculated by my eye that the masts of these ships were fully two-thirds as high as the top of the Rock; and knowing that this was about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, I became rather suspicious of vessels of whatever tonnage with masts a thousand feet high! What could be the meaning of these giant spectre ships? Anyhow, we should very soon find out; and pushing on with renewed vigour, we soon reached the brink of a broad stream (the Guadiaro), which we found was only to be crossed in a primitive manner. So, taking up our guides behind us, we dashed into the water, and after many a slip and many a splash we found ourselves at the other side. Seeing an old woman washing clothes, we inquired the distance to Gibraltar. "*Tres leguas, muy larguissimas,*" was the astonishing reply. What, twelve miles! There must be some mistake! We pushed on as rapidly as our steeds (now each bearing a double burden) would allow us. But the Rock grew no nearer; on the contrary, it now seemed at least twelve miles off. The ships had vanished; and a careful consideration left no doubt in our minds that we had before been the sport of the mirage. Matters were now becoming serious. The sun was rapidly approaching the horizon; we almost saw it move. Our guides were fast asleep behind us, our horses were scarcely more wide awake; and we knew that after the sunset gun fires from the fortress no one is admitted into Gibraltar. I cannot refrain from saying a word *en passant* as to the way in which our muleteers went to sleep on their mounts. The enormous packs which served as saddles almost entirely covered the beasts on which we rode, leaving a few inches of tail sloping down at an angle of about sixty degrees. On this they sat and slept; and how they managed to keep themselves from slipping off at any time was sufficiently wonderful. But when they both went fast asleep, and snored loudly, we fairly gave way to an irrepressible fit of laughter, which had no effect in waking our sleeping grooms. The thing beat Franconi hollow. But we did not laugh when we saw the last departing ray of the red sun disappear behind the mountains, and a moment afterwards heard the dull boom of the still distant evening gun, and saw the bright flash from the topmost pinnacle of the now gloomy Rock. My heart grows positively sick as I write these lines. Darkness quickly closed in, and the bright moon once more found us toiling through the soft sand, and wondering how and where we should pass the night. Little more remains to be said or sung. We reached the Spanish lines about eight o'clock, where we found a small *posada* frequented by muleteers and smugglers. It was not precisely a palace; but we had ridden over forty miles that day at nearly a foot's pace, and we were not particular about our lodging. We got a room to ourselves, however, having turned out a pet sheep; and having made short work of an enormous omelette and some capital Spanish beer, we went to bed and soon forgot that we were still on Spanish soil.



DANGEROUS BIRD NESTING.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—IV.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

ORANGE CULTIVATION IN FLORIDA.

THE width of the St. John's River is an ever-varying quantity. Here and there estuaries of inflowing tributaries cause an expansion of the channel, so that the water surface more resembles that of a lake than a river's current. Inlets also indent the banks, connecting with lagoons that stretch sometimes at right angles, sometimes obliquely, and at times parallel to the trend of the stream itself. A road to pass along either bank, or keeping anywhere near them, could not easily be constructed, even supposing the river to have such a direct course as to make a highway along it worth having. Only in some places, where a stretch of elevated land abuts on the bank, is it possible for pedestrian or horseman to travel within view of the water. There are portions of the Lower St. John's where the width between banks is over two miles.

One of these is entered upon just after leaving Jacksonville, where, as already stated, the stream makes a narrow crossing-place—the old "Cow Ford." Above this, the expansion recommences, and continues on for a distance of about fifteen miles, when the banks, showing an elevation of ten or twelve feet above the water surface, again approach one another.

Here the traveller, ascending, observes on his left a number of small plantations mostly devoted to the cultivation of the orange. Groves or orchards of these trees can be seen, easily distinguishable by their glossy green foliage.

From the earliest times of Spanish colonisation, orange-growing has been one of the chief industries of the Floridian people. The crop requiring only to be gathered, calls for but little labour: a condition that was exactly suited to the indolent character of the Spanish settlers. Patience is a virtue largely drawn upon in the establishment of an orange plantation, and with this the Spaniard is endowed to a degree far beyond that of the more enterprising Anglo-Saxon. It is simply a question of planting the young trees—for which no great skill or toil is needed—and then waiting till they begin to produce in paying quantity. This they do in the fourth or fifth year after being laid down; though in the third there is a considerable yield, where circumstances are extremely favourable for their propagation.

The soil and climate of Florida are fairly suitable to this kind of cultivation, though in the northern section of the peninsula the crop cannot always be depended on. Through a frost of unusual severity, an orangery of many years' standing may in a single night be reduced to a ruin; and the planter may see his hopes blighted, not only for a season, but for years. If this be his only means of support, he may expect any winter's morning to find his orange-buds frost-bitten, and himself reduced to beggary. In short, he will have to begin the world again.

Fortunately this disaster is of rare occurrence, and has been recorded only at long intervals, since the Spaniards first colonised the country. Antecedent to that time, we may suppose that the orange-trees of Florida were not frost-killed, since in all probability there were none to kill.

IS THE ORANGE INDIGENOUS TO AMERICA?

This, indeed, is a disputed point among American botanists, some of them holding the belief that the orange *is* indigenous to Florida. Certainly orange-trees are met with growing wild, and bearing a fruit known as the "bitter-sweet" orange, its taste resembling that of Seville. But these so-called wild orange-trees are never found as part of the pure primeval forest. They are only seen growing in spots where there are evident traces of man having made settlement, whether Spanish colonist or aboriginal Indian. The ruins of their dwellings—no doubt frail structures of timber—have long since crumbled to decay, while their orchard trees remain, or have repeated themselves through nature's propagation. To prove that the orange was introduced into Florida by the Spaniards, it is not necessary that the ownerless groves here and there met with throughout the peninsula be proved to have been planted by those people; for it is an ascertained fact that the natives, perceiving its advantage, and being fond of the fruit, entered also into its cultivation. There was no difficulty about their doing this, or obtaining the plants from which to propagate. It is to be remembered that the Spanish colonisation partook of the missionary character, and that the Indians they found in the peninsula were very different—tribally, even nationally—from those who afterwards came near driving the colonists themselves out of it. These had their first dealings with the effeminate and peaceful Yamasees and Caloosas, to whom, after their subjugation, they taught Christianity, with something of civilisation. At a later period they were again subdued by the more warlike Muscogeas, coming from the west. Their branch tribe, called "Semoli-isti" (wild men), more commonly known as "Seminole," overran the country west of the St. John's, forcing the Spaniards into narrower quarters on the eastern side of the peninsula. That the Seminoles cultivated the orange is proved by the neglected groves of these trees now growing in places where their towns once stood, though without this there is historical testimony to their having done so. Therefore the argument in favour of its being indigenous to Florida is not at all supported by the simple fact of its being found thus.

That one or more species of the genus *Citrus* are natives of the New World I think there can be no doubt, though this is also denied by many botanists. One species is described as growing wild in the woods of the Essequibo, and Prince Maximilian of Wied Neuwied speaks of a wild orange found in the forests of Brazil—there called *laranja da terra*. I have reason to believe that at least one indigenous species will be found belonging to the flora of Mexico; and in all probability several others will be yet made known when the much-neglected botany of that country has received more careful investigation.

As for Florida, the weight of evidence is against an indigenous orange-tree. The exotic, however, finds in the peninsula a congenial climate, more especially in its southern section. South of the latitude of San Augustine, the crop is comparatively safe from frost-blight; still more, to the southward of

Lake George and Indian River; while anywhere beyond, there is no danger of the Borean blast interfering with its tender buds, or beautiful blossoms. Indeed, the southern part of the State possesses a climate, with a corresponding atmosphere, not very different from that of the Antilles. It just escapes being included within the zone of the tropics.

If the Spaniards introduced the orange into Florida, they cultivated it on a limited scale compared with that now being adopted. The modern immigration of Northern Americans, a large proportion of them being of the enterprising New England element, is likely soon to cover the "Land of Flowers" with orchards of orange-trees, and lemons alongside of them. Since the close of the Southern rebellion, every steamer entering the St. John's has carried one or more of these thrifty speculators, determined to make their fortunes by "raising" fruit for the supply of the Northern markets. Among them the celebrated Mrs. Beecher Stowe, with a keen eye to coming advantages, has entered this field of speculation; having flung out her standard over the St. John's, by planting an orange-grove upon one of its banks, some fifteen miles above Jacksonville. As our boat sailed past a collection of houses bearing the Oriental title of "Mandarin," one of them was pointed out to us as being the winter residence of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—at least, that portion of it that might be called commonplace. The superior scenes and characters were before the world long ere "Uncle Tom" was introduced to it. They were the creation of one of those wonderful men of erratic genius who now and then appear, and as suddenly disappear, like the fitful flashes of comet or aërolite, leaving no trace behind. They do leave traces, but not with their names attached. Too independent to become the seekers for, or recipients of, critical praise—too grand to care for it—they pass away and are forgotten, even by the age that gave them birth. But out of the passing sparks that emanate from their intellectual fire, little minds build great reputations, assisted by other little minds—those who do the so-called "reviewing" for the critical journals.

In all probability, but few who read this will have ever heard the name "Seafeldt;" or, if having heard, will know any great deal relating to it. Even after changing its Germanic orthography, and giving it in the English spelling, "Seatsfield," it will strike on the ear of only a very few with a ring of celebrity.

Yet this man—this Seafeldt, or Seatsfield—was in his way a very Shakespeare; almost the creator of that romantic wild-life literature, in the writing of which I have myself earned a humble reputation. I, at least, know and acknowledge him not only as my master, but believe him to be the master of no less a genius than Fenimore Cooper.

In passing the Floridian residence of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, which looks somewhat staringly on the river, I could not help conjecturing whether, in the midst of her six acres of orange-trees—even while counting her profits upon the crop—she was not at times troubled with the thought of having stolen poor "Uncle Tom" from Seatsfield; or with her late and still more ignoble attempt at filching from the noble Byron the little of character his posthumous enemies had left to him.

Gordon the Highlander, who had some *liens* of relationship with the maligned poet, on nearing the house shook his fist fiercely at it; and if curses delivered in deep Gaelic have

any effect in blighting vegetation, Mrs. Stowe's orange-trees will certainly cease to bear fruit.

The little town of Mandarin, with its half-score of houses—a church showing in their midst—is not a settlement of the modern colonisation. It was there before the rebellion; and something representing it could have been seen upon the river's bank during the days of Spanish possession. The church, however, with a school-house close by, is a modern structure, both representing the New England sentiment of civilisation. The name which the place bears is said to have been bestowed from an attempt made there to cultivate the China or "Mandarin" orange. Whether this be true or not, the explanation is plausible.

BRAVE ABORIGINES.

Small as is the settlement of Mandarin, it has its history—a sad one. Connected with what Americans call the "Florida War," that is, the contest between the United States troops and Seminole Indians, the place possesses a melancholy celebrity. In the month of December, 1841, the Indians attacked the town, burnt every house in it, and massacred every one of its inhabitants, to the last man, woman, and child.

"For sixteen long hours," says Captain Sprague, who has given an account of the occurrence, "the savages, naked and painted, danced around the corpses of the slain."

In describing this, as many other scenes witnessed during the Florida War, I should use very different language to that employed by the American officer. In the first place, the Seminoles were not savages, as he characterises them. In point of fact, they were quite as civilised as some of the troops acting against them. It was a contest *à l'outrance*, a war of extermination—on both sides declared so, and on both sides carried out to the letter of the declaration. It was thoroughly unjust to the aborigines; the injustice springing out of the avarice of base land-speculators, chiefly from the neighbouring State of Georgia. Although terminating in the defeat of the Seminoles, and their final expulsion from Florida—with such odds against them it could not end otherwise—it proved one point that must remain a landmark in history. It proved that the aboriginal of America, alike armed, and in other respects placed on an equal footing—in short, *ceteris paribus*—is in warlike prowess quite a match for his antagonist of the Caucasian race. Indeed, the records of the Florida War, if written by himself, would justify his claim to something more than warrior equality—a supremacy such as the Maoris of New Zealand might honestly exult in, these having on several occasions certainly proved it in conflict with our soldiers.

Explain the thing as we may, it took the disciplined troops of the United States six whole years to reduce the Seminole Indians, costing the lives of some thousands of soldiers, with the military fame of six celebrated generals, as these last, although themselves surviving it, had their reputations killed in the Florida War. All this to obtain triumph over a handful of so-called savages, in no field ever numbering over five hundred fighting men. Indeed, there was more than one engagement in which the Indians were actually outnumbered by their uniformed, white foes, where the latter were not only disastrously but disgracefully defeated. But these Indians were not *savages*, as Captain Sprague somewhat loosely styles them. Many of the redskins who fought under Osceola had as true an idea of civilisation—though perhaps not his peculiar kind of it—as the

American officer himself. Under the buckskin hunting-shirt of this noble Indian chief pulsed a heart patriotic as ever beat within human bosom, while from his lips have proceeded sentiments—historically recorded—that do shame to a civilisation represented by the pedlar Fisk and the vulgar cheats of Tammany. Even the name of Miantonimo, the Osceola of the north, has been disgraced by these white-skins having the presumption to assume it. How hideous in history, how contrastingly ridiculous, will appear the names of Tweed and Sweeny alongside those of Osceola and Philip of Mount Hope!

A SOLITARY SETTLER.

Above Mandarin the river again widens, a large sheet of water, called Doctor's Lake, opening into it from the western side, while two or three miles further up, a similar estuary enters from the east, discharging a number of small streams that take their rise in the dividing ridge between the St. John's and the sea. Of these are Jatington and Durbin Creeks, the latter having its heads in the outskirts of a large tract of morass, lying nearly north of San Augustine, and known as the "Twelve-Mile Swamp."

Being told at Mandarin that we could find some good hunting-ground at the head of this estuary, we sailed into it, and up one of the watercourses it receives from the south. Some distance above its mouth we landed on a small plantation, the owner of which, proving to be an Irishman, received us with the warm-hearted hospitality so characteristic of his countrymen. He was all the more prepared with his "*cead mille failtha*," on finding whence we came, and on what errand bound. He was himself an enthusiastic sportsman, his *penchant* for the chase having much to do with his migration to Florida, as also with the solitary spot he had selected for his abode. There was no other plantation within miles—no clearing of any kind. Around, the country was covered with *hommock*, that is, heavy forest timber, chiefly live-oak and cypress, intermingled with magnolia, sweet gum, loblolly bay, and a heavy undergrowth of the saw palmetto (*Chamærops Adansonii*), papaw (*Annona triloba*), with other underwood trees peculiar to the Southern States.

The Irishman's clearing was a small one, recently made by the help of some four or five hired darkeys, and intended to

be an orange-grove, the young trees of which had just been planted out. Our Hibernian host would have some time to wait before receiving any return upon his outlay.

He was just the man to do this without being much worried. The half-dozen hounds skulking around his house, with rods and guns seen inside, as also a variety of deer, bear, and panther skins, were signs that he cared less for his orange-trees than for these choice trophies. Had he been a New Englander, we should have had no end of talk about the plant laid down, with "kalkerlations" as to its possible product, and probable profit. Moreover, the hired hands would have been at work, and all around we should have beheld a scene of busy industry.

As it was, the *dolce far niente* was visible everywhere; the darkeys seemingly indulging in it with as much zest, and almost as much freedom, as their master. The only activity apparent about the place, was that displayed by a sow with her litter of half-grown pigs; these every now and then breaking through a badly-constructed fence, and making havoc among the young orange-trees.

Terence Carrol—so our fellow-countryman was called—always taking things coolly, laughed at all this. It was very easy to tell he would never make his fortune by the raising of oranges—not if Covent Garden Market had been but a mile distant from his plantation.

Truly, we Irish are a peculiar people—the same everywhere—either absolutely indolent, or indifferent to the "main chance" of life, as the world regards it. And so neglecting it, despite our wonderful talents—not surpassed by those of any other race—we become the slaves, or at least the serving implements, of men whom Nature designed to be ours.

In point of truth, Paddy has done much towards the making of

America; but Paddy does not rule it. Except in a few spots, as in the city of New York, where his vote still holds sway in the ballot-box, he wields but a tittle of social or political power—not so much as the balance of it. The descendants of the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock, are altogether too many for him. He makes the railroads, but they *own* them; he builds the grand houses and hotels, but they reside in them. They even insult him with the grim joke



AN INSECT CUCKOO.



THE GREEN HERON (*Ardea virescens*).

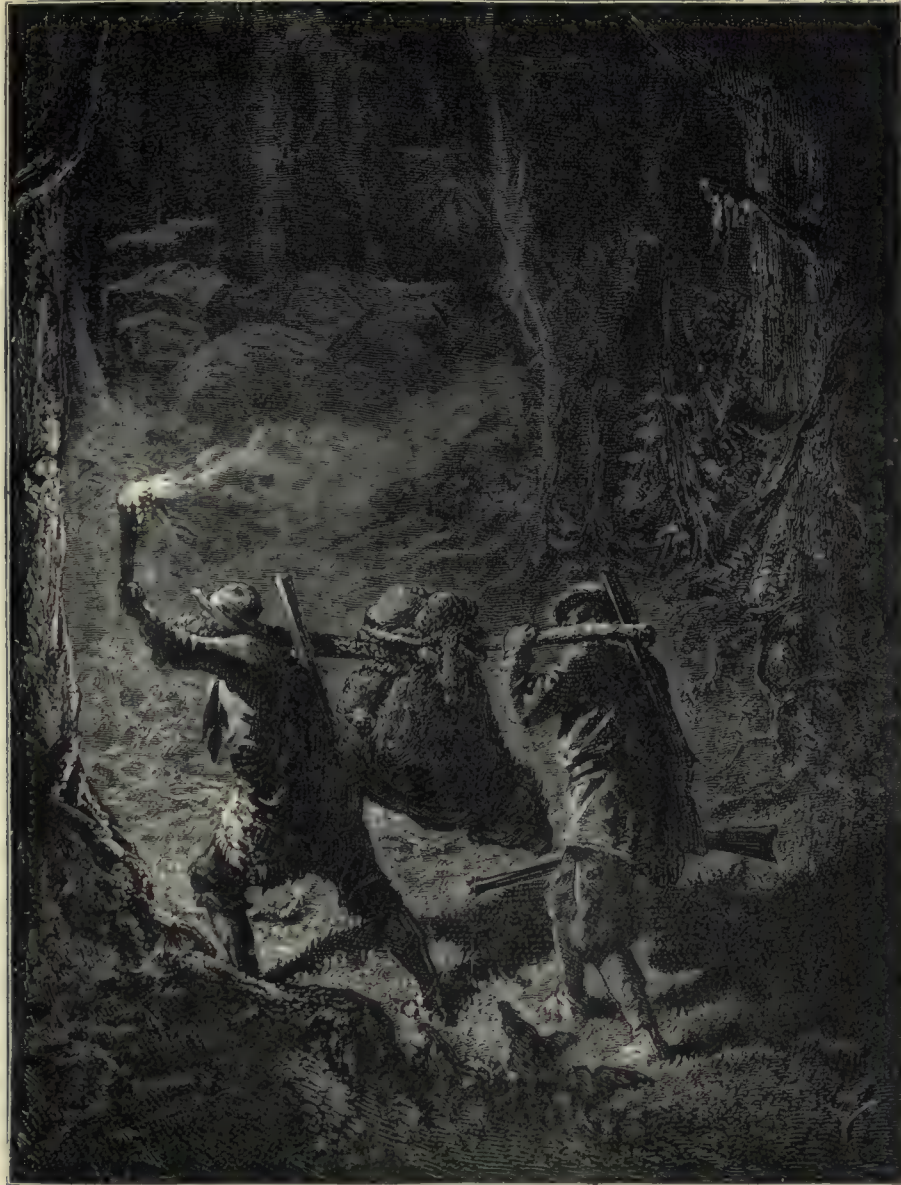
that the only domicile of his own construction he is permitted to dwell in is—the jail !

For the pleasure of our party, it was perhaps as well that our host belonged to this improvident race. His hospitality was unbounded ; and luckily he was one who still had the wherewithal to make display of it. Attached to his recently-built plantation house—which was but a large log cabin—there was a good kitchen, with a well-stocked larder alongside.

argument. The Englishman had not a word to say upon the subject, as there is no whisky indigenous to England. Unfortunately for him, there was no beer on Terence Carrol's plantation. He would have given ten dollars—he said so—for a single bottle of Bass, or even a pint of draught "bitter."

TORCH HUNTING EXCURSION.

During the time we stayed with our countryman colonist—



TORCH HUNTING IN A FLORIDA FOREST.

Need I say there was a wine-cellar, or at all events a "bin" representing it. Though not particularly addicted to drinking, Terence Carrol liked his occasional "cruiskeen lawn."

We passed several days under his hospitable roof—every hour of them pleasant. The only difference of opinion he had with any of our party, was one between him and Gordon, the Highlander, having reference to the respective merits of Scotch and Irish whiskies. The American declared that the whisky of Kentucky—called "Bourbon," from the name of the county in which it is made—was better than either. This, received with a sneer from both Scotchman and Irishman, put an end to the

whom I have forgotten to say was a bachelor—there was not much progress made in the planting or pruning of his orange-trees. The days were devoted to hunting ; and on one occasion, the night. This was the occasion of a "torch hunt," to which our host treated us. The game we went after was deer, but, as it chanced, we returned with a bag of a more varied kind ; the assortment showing a fine buck, along with one of his does, a bear, a couple of racoons, and a panther kitten, which last a silent hunting dog taken along had run up a tree.

The "torch hunt" has been so often described, it is not

necessary here to give any detailed account of it. As a general thing, it is a very uncertain way to make capture of game, and only succeeds under circumstances favourable to carrying it out. It is usually directed against deer. In districts where these animals are much hunted, they learn to keep quiet during the day, and spend a part of the night in browsing, then coming out into the glades and "openings" of the forest. The hunter, cautiously approaching such places with his flaming torch held overhead, will often see its light reflected in a pair of twin spots resembling planets. He knows they are the eyes of a deer, and takes aim accordingly. The amateur sportsman, not used to this peculiar kind of stalking, will fire at one of the eyes, or between the two; and often, if his gun be a rifle, will draw trigger in vain. If a smooth-bore, loaded with buck-shot, his chances of success will be better. The old deer-hunter, who would be ashamed of being seen with a fowling-piece, and deeply chagrined to fire his rifle without killing, or at least hitting the animal aimed at, does not always take sight between the shining orbs. I have been out torch hunting with old "professionals," who from the sheen of the eyes could tell the exact position of the deer's body, its attitude, in short everything, as if they saw the animal in full outline.

These men very rarely took sight between the eyes, but aimed to hit either on the fore shoulder, or behind it, for the heart. Their reason for doing this is, that the small bullet of their hunting rifles, not bigger than an ordinary pill, hitting a deer upon the hairy frontlet, if fired from a fair shooting distance, will not penetrate the skull, and of course fail to kill. As regards the American bear, shooting it fair on the forehead would be next thing to nonsense. Bruin's retreating facial line is sure to send the bullet glancing off innocuously.

Carrol was the slayer of the bear, and he had shot it in the breast while it was rearing erect upon its hams, no doubt in astonishment at the sight of our torches.

The night-hunt was a decided success—indeed, something of a triumph to the Englishman and Scotchman, neither of whom had ever before worshipped St. Hubert in this especial way. In practice, the mode was equally new to the American, though he had often heard of it. The two Irishmen of our party were the only ones who, before that night, had gone "torch hunting."

IS THE "KING VULTURE" A FLORIDIAN BIRD?

While staying with Carrol, we had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many matters relating to the natural history of Florida; especially interesting to Van Olinda. The two kinds of vulture common to the Southern United States, there known as "turkey buzzard" and "carrion crow" (*Cathartes aura* and *atratus*), were seen every day, soaring above the cleared ground of the orange plantation, or perched upon the branches of trees that had been "girdled," and were now leafless and dying.

Although consorting together, and to a superficial observer appearing the same, the ornithologist could see as much difference in their species, as between sparrow-hawks and cuckoos. The turkey buzzard (*C. aura*) is by far the nobler bird of the two. Its form is more elegant, its flight much more graceful and extended. Like its near congener, the condor, it can soar without stroke of wing—without any apparent effort—raising itself in the air as if by an act of simple volition. On the contrary, the carrion crow (*C. atratus*) makes way through

the atmosphere with a heavy and apparently laborious flight; its wings being more frequently exerted, and their flapping suspended for shorter intervals.

There can be no difficulty in distinguishing these two species of vultures. In the districts where both are common, only the most careless observer ever mistakes one for the other. In the Southern United States, any negro boy can tell you which is a carrion crow and which a turkey buzzard.

It was not about these, nor any difference between them, that the naturalist of our party troubled himself while staying at the Irishman's plantation. And yet it was a kindred question—an inquiry about the habitat of a certain species of vulture—that, more than aught else, had influenced him to undertake his present tour into the State of Florida. He had read William Bartram's account of his boat-voyage up the St. John's—made, as already stated, about a century before. In this, the English naturalist speaks of a third species of vulture existing in the peninsula—that known as the "king vulture" (*Sarcorhamphus papa*).

Bartram does not say that he actually saw it; but his description of the bird, with many details relating to it, leaves no doubt of its belonging to the fauna of Florida. Ornithologists have denied this, though without any other reason than that it has not been recently observed in the peninsula—at least not by any naturalist capable of determining the point. Bartram speaks of seeing its plumes among the Indians, which they used for adorning the standards of their chiefs—"royal standards," as he terms them. He moreover alleges that the natives knew the bird well, holding it in great veneration—in short, esteeming it a sacred bird; hence the name he bestowed upon it—*Vultur sacra*. Indeed, his description seems chiefly to have been derived from the Seminole Indians. It is true, that coming in contact with the Spanish colonists of Florida, Bartram might have had his information from these, as many of them must have visited the tropical coast-land of Mexico, where the king vulture undoubtedly dwells. It is an inhabitant of the State of Vera Cruz, and, I think, also of Tamaulipas, as far north in latitude as Florida is. The idea of its having migrated thence to the latter country can only be entertained by supposing it to have made its way along the coast of Texas and the Southern United States. But as it has never been observed in the latter, this hypothesis can scarcely be deemed tenable. True, it is a bird of some power of flight, sufficient to carry it from Cape Catoche in Yucatan to Cape San Antonio, in Cuba; and from the eastern end of this island over to the Florida Keys. But here again we are met with the difficulty, that it is not found in Cuba, the intermediate link in the chain of migration.

The eminent American ornithologists, Cassin and Baird, speaking of Bartram's bird, say that his description of it, given with great minuteness, does not coincide with that of the true "king" vulture. He speaks of its tail and the tips of its wings with some of the coverts being black or brown, which is certainly the case with the *Sarcorhamphus papa*. All those that I have seen or heard of in the State of Vera Cruz have the tail and wings tipped black, or very dark brown. Cassin and Baird say that Bartram describes them as *white*, and upon this assumption ask: Are there, then, two distinct species of king vulture, or are they only varieties?

They surely cannot have read the old English naturalist correctly, or perhaps they allowed themselves to be misled by

the name "white-tailed vulture," which he gives it in a subsidiary list of the birds of Florida—clearly a clerical error.

In Florida there certainly is a species of vulture larger than either *Cathartes aura* or *atratus*. It has been observed by the American hunters, who, knowing these birds by the name of buzzards, speak of it distinctively as the "king buzzard," and also the "boss of the buzzards," the latter being a sort of rough synonym of the more courteous appellation. In any case, it is a question for American ornithologists; as Cassin very properly observes, one of the most interesting problems yet unsolved by them.

A SINGULAR WADING BIRD.

A lagoon with a swampy edge, close to the Irishman's clearing, was a sort of assembling place for most species of the water-fowl and wading birds of Florida. Among others that greatly interested us, we observed a species of heron, not much larger than a thrush, known to naturalists as the *Ardea virescens*. A tuft of long green feathers falling back from the crown of its head, in colour contrasting finely with its red neck and gorget, gave it a pretty, as well as singular, appearance; while its gait, in long strides silently taken, reminds one of a person walking in his sleep. It feeds upon small lizards and grasshoppers. It sometimes captures these by standing still with its head drawn back upon its shoulders—thus patiently waiting till the prey comes within striking distance of its sharp, slender beak. Sometimes, however, it steals upon the reptiles with cat-like silence, making a dart when near enough, and never failing to seize the victim.

The most singular habit of this little wading bird is its behaviour when approached by any one passing near its haunt. It will then fly off to a short distance, perch itself on the branch of a dead tree, and there stand surveying the intruder—all the while flirting its tail about, and making the most ridiculous contortions of its body.

AN INSECT CUCKOO.

In the climate of Florida, which may be almost termed tropical, nature is animated everywhere. Even in the tracts of pine forest, that here and there intersect the swamp, the naturalist will find many an interesting page awaiting his perusal. Passing through such a tract, our attention was attracted to several hymenopterous insects of large size, with long straggling bodies, coloured purple, yellow, and black. They were ichneumon-flies of the genus *Pimpla*. In some places they could be seen alighted on the branches of the pines, making the most singular evolutions, agitating their wings in a sort of rotatory motion, and causing their antennæ to vibrate. We could see that the tail of each, armed with a three-pointed appendage, was inserted into a hole, which they appeared to have bored in the bark. On closer examination it proved that a very different creature had made the excavation—a coleopterous insect, whose larvæ lay at the bottom of the hole, where the parent had deposited them. In the bodies of these larvæ the ichneumon was laying its eggs, there to be hatched, its young afterwards to nourish themselves on the adipose matter thus made a nest of!

It seemed a cruel case of parasitical existence; but we saw that the parasite was not always permitted to go unpunished. Both it and its victims were evidently a *bonne bouche* to the numerous woodpeckers seen flitting from tree to tree, and causing the forest to resound with their strident notes.

Our attention having been once drawn to these minor phenomena in the natural history of the district, we soon found what a varied field for observation and study was here open to us, had we the leisure and experience necessary to embark in it. The *Pimpla* was not the only kind of cuckoo-fly observable on the branches and foliage. Some of the lower trees were quite animated with the numbers of *Ichneumonidae*, moving restlessly about; most of them with glossy black or blue-black bodies, and wings banded with black and orange. These had generally short and strong ovipositors, adapted apparently for piercing the hides of caterpillars. One curious kind, shining black, with a spherical head of a vivid red colour, had an ovipositor more than an inch in length.

A PAIR OF PET EAGLES.

The white-headed eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*)—by Americans very absurdly named "bald-headed"—is an inhabitant of Florida, and in certain districts may be seen every day. This bird is quite as fond of fish as flesh-meat or fowl, and affects the neighbourhood of waters where the former are found. I do not think it ever captures them itself, but depends on the piscatory powers of the fish-hawk—the osprey—which it tyrannically deprives of the finny spoil the latter so skilfully takes.

While staying with Carrol we had an opportunity of seeing the bird of Jove every day, and hearing it almost every hour, a pair of them having their eyrie in the cypress hommock close to the edge of his clearing. More especially at daybreak did their sharp cry, rousing the echoes of the forest, more than once wake me from my slumbers. Their nest was in a cypress, and we could have shot one or both of them but that they were pets, our host informing us that they had dwelt and bred in the same tree ever since his breaking ground upon the spot, and perhaps long before. He had left them undisturbed, delighted, he said, with their "music." If the sharpening of a saw be music, then so is the cry of the white-headed eagle, the latter bearing a resemblance to the former so close that one might fancy it to be the file rasping between the steel teeth.

It was a tempting sight to behold these beautiful birds soaring within shot, and we not allowed to draw trigger on them. To Carrol they were sacred, and we could not infringe the laws of hospitality such as his. He related an incident proving the strong paternal, more likely maternal, instinct of the birds of Jove. Shortly after having commenced clearing his ground, the eagle's eyrie was discovered by one of his negroes, a boy who, on finding the nest, had no other thought than that of robbing it either of its eggs or eaglets, whichever it might contain.

With this intent the young darky commenced ascending the tree; but, before reaching the desired place of deposit, he was attacked by one of the parent birds—the female, Carrol thought—and compelled to make his descent quicker than he had climbed up. The eagle even followed him in his precipitate retreat to some distance from the tree, flapping her wings around his woolly head, and threatening his skull with her talons. Her vengeful screams were distinctly heard at the house, where the negro soon after arrived breathless, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, thoroughly repentant of his misdeed, and not likely again to risk the punishment he had so nearly brought upon himself.

Parting from our kind fellow-countryman, we drifted down the estuary, and, again entering the channel of the St. John's, we once more set our sail, and continued our voyage up the river.

Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—III.

BY LIEUT. C. B. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

A SAIL IN BOMBAY HARBOUR—A VISIT TO THE ROCK-TEMPLES OF ELEPHANTA AND KENNERLY, IN SALSETTE—TAUNAH, GORABUNDER, AND BASSEIN—THE PORTUGUESE IN BOMBAY—THE SNAKE-CHARMERS—HINDOO AND MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVALS.

No one would care to remain many days in Bombay without inspecting the rock-temples of Elephanta and Kennerly, in the Island of Salsette. Probably before proceeding to Elephanta

the left there meet the view the low shores of Butcher's Island and the bolder outline of Elephanta, whither you are bound ; while far away may be traced the dim outline of the Ghauts, dividing the Concan from the Deccan.

As you sail through the harbour, threading your way first among the local steam navigation ships, then past the men-of-war at their moorings, and outside of all the ships of varied

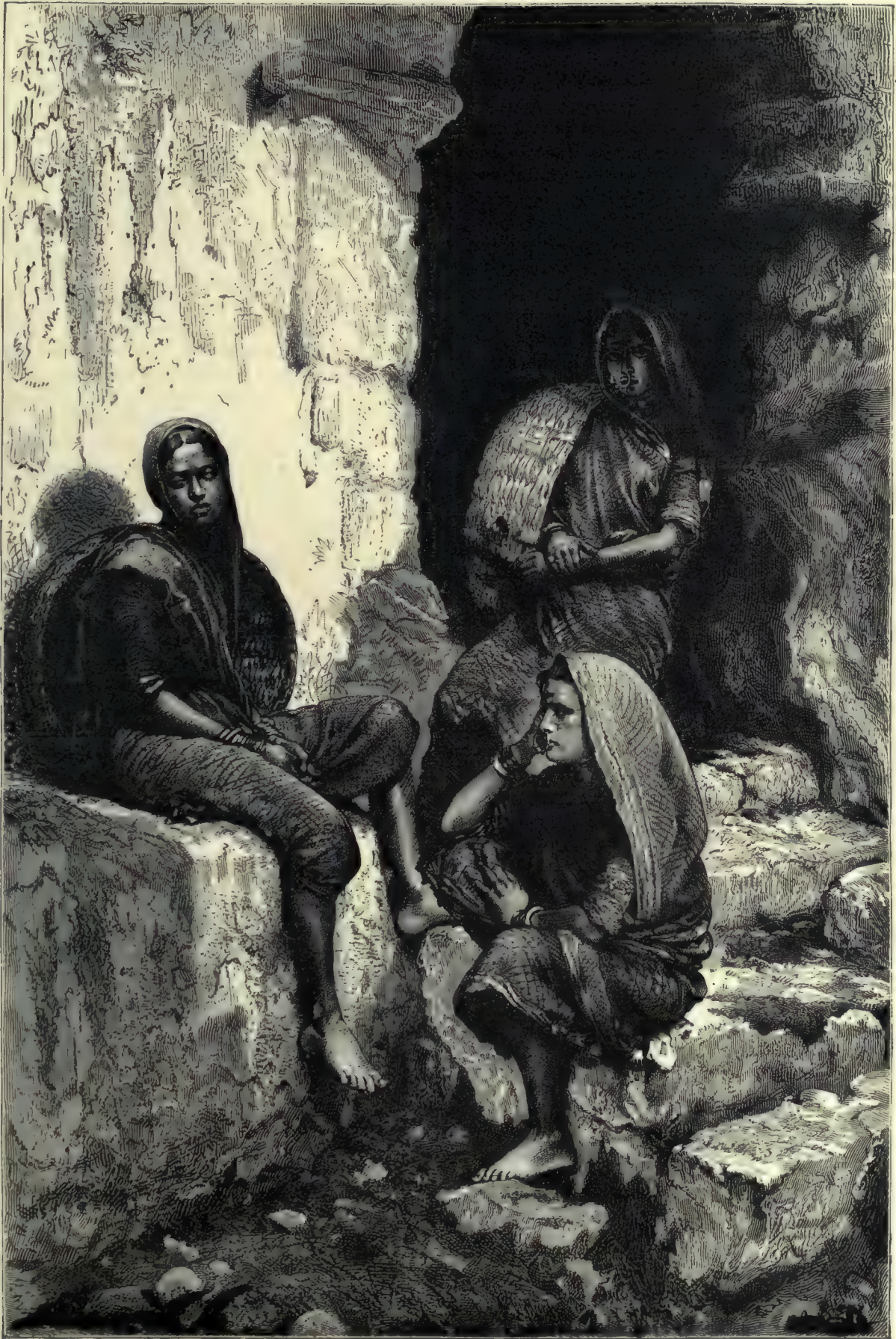


HILL OF KENNERLY.

a visit will have been paid to Colaba, where may be seen acres of cotton, all pressed and ready for shipment ; and busily working in mid-day, regardless of the heat of the sun, the cotton coolies, perhaps the most cheerful and industrious of the busy bees of this great commercial hive of Bombay.

For your trip to Elephanta you should engage one of the comfortable green-painted passenger (or *bunder*) boats, which are fitted with a large cabin abaft, in which you can shelter from the sun and squalls of rain during the monsoon, and which are propelled both by oars and sails ; preferably by the latter. As you stand on the pier-head of the Apollo Bunder, previous to embarking in the boat, you will be struck with the appearance of the magnificent harbour, studded with shipping. To the right is Colaba and Gibbet Island ; in the far distance Carinja and the rocks of Hennery or Kennerly ; and more to

tonnage, from the small barque or native *grabbe* to the stately Liverpool or London trader, and bearing the flags of numberless nationalities, you will thoroughly enjoy the cool breeze—if you are fortunate enough to have one—and the motion of the keel below you, as the boat, propelled by a lateen-shaped sail, glides past the towering merchant ships, or cleverly avoids being run down by a cotton boat, which, laden within a couple of inches of the water's edge, cuts across your path. Now we are becalmed for a few minutes under the lee of a great hull, the monotonous, though somewhat musical chant, issuing from which denotes that the cotton coolies are engaged hoisting on board and stowing a cargo of cotton. Soon our boat, carrying her way, shoots past the shadow of the ship, and again catching the breeze, dances merrily on until the shipping is left astern, and Butcher's Island is close at



hand. Here was the gunnery establishment of the late Indian Navy, to which young officers about to pass as lieutenants were posted, in order to go through a thorough course of practical gunnery, with instruction in the laboratory. Many are the months the writer of this paper has passed on this island, working eight-inch broadside and pivot guns, with all the other drills in the musket, bayonet, and cutlass, necessary to qualify for a lieutenancy. Butcher's Island passed, we approach Elephanta, and soon find ourselves landed on the island, and scrambling over the bushes and stones towards the great cave.

The island—which the natives call Garahporee, which signifies cave-town, or the town of excavations—derives its name from a stone elephant, which formerly stood near the landing-place on the north side. Both the quadruped and the tiger it carried on its back are scarcely recognisable now. The entrance of the great cave is reached by ascending some steep paths on the side of a mountain; but the visitor is amply rewarded for his exertions in the hot sun by the magnificent view from the platform near the entrance, and by the truly noble proportions of this cavern, the task of excavating which Mr. Grose pronounces to have been equal to that of erecting the Pyramids of Egypt.

Passing through the entrance, which is overhung with creeping flowers and plants, and having large columns on each side, we are struck with astonishment at the grandeur of the interior. The total length of the great cave—for there are some smaller ones in the island, which elsewhere would be regarded as vast and curious—is 130 feet; and the extreme breadth is exactly the same. The roof of this cavern is supported by several rows of ponderous pillars, upon which rest massy beams of stone. Each pillar consists of a square pilaster, ornamented at every corner with a grotesque figure, from whence springs a fluted column, which, with its singular capital, bears a strong resemblance to the sacred lotus. A little to the right of the centre of the cave is a room about twenty feet square, with four doors and two gigantic figures stationed as sentries at the portals of each; within, on an altar stands a stone, venerated as Siva, and on the walls is a figure of the god himself. The whole surface of the side of the cave fronting the entrance is carved with sculptured figures.

The ground of the cavern is strewn with fragments of mouldering columns, some of which descend from the roof like immense stalactites. In a recess at the end of the temple is an enormous three-faced bust, which stands nineteen feet high. The bust, which is much injured, though the faces are untouched, represents Siva in his threefold character of Brahma, Vishnoo, and Roodra. The expression of the central face, which is that of Brahma, is described by one visitor as that of "deep contemplation; a full face, grand and beautiful in its calm serenity." By another writer it is spoken of as having a "stupid look of benevolence." We should say that the former was decidedly the more correct definition of the expression of this Hindoo deity.

To the left of Brahma is Vishnoo, the Preserver; and to the right Roodra. Both these faces are in profile; that of the latter is very handsome, but the severe expression, and the resolution displayed in the mouth and chin, with the typical cobra held in his hand, at which he gazes, offer a striking contrast to the benevolent features of Brahma.

On each side, and at a little distance from this recess, is a small dark room excavated in the rock: and beyond the

eastern entrance to the great cave is another apartment, round which runs a passage hewn out of the solid rock, where is another altar on which is placed a stone sacred to Siva. On each side are two small chapels supported by pillars, the walls of which are covered with sculptures, representing the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Pantheon, and illustrating their adventures as detailed in the Brahminical mythology. In these Siva and his wife Parvati play a prominent part, and one not very creditable to their character. One scene is especially remarkable; that in which Siva seizes Daksha, a priest of very high caste, by the tuft of hair, and cuts off his head in consequence of his wife being "put out" by the said priest not having invited herself and husband to take part in some particular sacrifice ordained in the Vedas. None of the figures are in a perfect state; some are without heads, others minus their legs or arms. These mutilations are not due to the hand of time, but are the work of barbarians who are cosmopolitan, and whose impress may be traced in every time and country, as seeking to destroy the monuments of the past, which in consequence of their ignorance they cannot understand, and therefore ruthlessly destroy. The iconoclasts in this instance are said to be the Portuguese invaders of the sixteenth century, though some assert that their predecessors in power, the Mohammedan conquerors of the country, were not less zealous in the work of vandalism.

The date of the excavations of the caves of Elephanta is not known with certainty. Dr. Stephenson, in his paper on the "Theory of the great Elephanta Cave," puts it between the eighth and twelfth centuries of the Christian era.

The rock-temple is seen to perfection when illuminated with blue lights. A striking effect is produced, as all the innermost recesses of the chapels, and the terrible scenes depicted in the gigantic pieces of sculpture are revealed to view, by the ghastly and unearthly glare of the blue lights. A more delightful place for a picnic on a broiling hot day in May than the cool grotto of Elephanta one could not desire.*

On the western side of the great cave are several smaller ones already noticed, which are all more or less dilapidated.

Of inferior interest to the great cavern at Elephanta, but still most worthy a visit, are the rock excavations at Kennery, in the Island of Salsette. This island is divided from Bombay by a narrow arm of the sea, but communication is maintained by the railway to Poonah, and by a causeway. The mountains in Salsette are of considerably greater elevation than those in Bombay, and are covered with denser jungle. One would scarcely believe, to look at the miserable condition of the villages scattered throughout the valleys, that you were in the vicinity of a great capital, though this hatred of the restraints and benefits of civilisation is due to the people themselves, who cling to their unclean ways, and have a horror of sanitary reform.

The cave temples of Kennery, which are scattered over two miles of a high rocky hill at many different elevations, and of various sizes and forms, are in every way remarkable from their number, their beautiful situation, their elaborate carving, and their marked connection with Buddhism. Most of them

* A detailed account of the cave may be perused in the first volume of the *Bombay Literary Transactions*, in which is a paper by Mr. William Erskine; also in the works on Indian travel by Elwood and Lady Falkland.

appear to have been places of habitation for monks or hermits. One very beautiful apartment of a square form, its walls covered with sculpture, and surrounded internally by a broad stone bench, is called the Durtar. Many have deep and well-carved cisterns attached to them, which are well supplied with water all the year round. The largest and most remarkable of all, a Buddhist temple of great beauty and majesty, is entered through a fine and lofty portico, having on its left front a high detached octagonal pillar, surmounted by three lions back to back. On the east side of the portico is a colossal statue of Buddha, with his hands raised in the attitude of benediction, and the screen which separates the vestibule from the temple is covered with a row of almost nude male and female figures, apparently representing dancers, and carved with considerable spirit. In the centre is a large door, and above it three windows in a semicircular arch, similar to those over Roman Catholic churches in Italy. The apartment, according to Bishop Heber, who gives a minute description of the interior of these caves in his "Travels," is fifty feet long by twenty in breadth, and forms an oblong square, terminated by a semicircle, and surrounded on every side but that of the entrance by a colonnade of octagonal pillars. Of these, the twelve on each side nearest the entrance are ornamented with carved vases and capitals, in the style usual in Indian temples, while the remaining pillars are unfinished.

In the centre of the semicircle, and with a free walk round it, is a mass of solid rock, curved externally like a dome, and surmounted by a sort of spreading ornament like the capital of a column. This solid dome, which appears to be the usual symbol of Buddhist adoration, is said to have had on its summit a large gilt umbrella.

The ceiling of this cave has semicircular arches, ornamented with slender ribs of teak of the same curve as the roof, and from which in all probability lamps or flowers were hung on festive occasions.

The date of the excavation of these rock temples is shrouded in uncertainty. Bishop Heber was of opinion that they are of greater antiquity than the caves of Elephanta. On one of the pillars of the portico of the great cave of Kennery is an inscription in a character which, as far as we know, has not yet been deciphered. There is a very fine view, from the brim of the cliff above Kennery, of the thickly-wooded hills, filled with their chattering colonies of monkeys; of the secluded valleys nestling at their feet, and dotted with the huts of the native population. There are some smaller and less interesting caves than these at Kennery, but they do not merit particular notice.

The chief places of interest in the Island of Salsette are Taunah and Gorabunder. The original causeway, uniting the island to Bombay, was the work of Governor Duncan, one of the most distinguished rulers of the Presidency, and to whose memory a noble monument has been erected at the cathedral in the fort. One of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's most meritorious public works was the construction, at a cost of £38,000, of a bridge connecting the two islands. Taunah is about twenty miles distant from Bombay, and is prettily situated, its English church and houses being surrounded by large trees. At certain seasons of the year the chief civil officer of Taunah—in India this functionary is called a collector—resides at Gorabunder. This village is beautifully situated amid palm and other trees, and has an old but solidly-constructed Portuguese church,

which, with its domed roof and ornaments, like small minarets, looks like a Mohammedan mosque. This church, which was built by the Portuguese in 1605, has not been used for a religious purpose for a great length of time, but is inhabited by the chief civil officer of the district during his visits, or by the governor and his friends, and indeed for this purpose, from its coolness and size, it is admirably adapted.

On the opposite bank of the Taunah River, which separates Salsette from the Island of Bassein, and about fifteen miles from Gorabunder, is the town of the same name.*

The fort and town of Bassein are at the entrance of the estuary which separates Salsette from the mainland of the Concan. Bassein was acquired by the Portuguese, in 1534, from the Kings of Guzerat. It remained in their occupation about two centuries, and became a place of considerable size and importance. Its seige and capture by the Mahrattas, in 1739, forms one of the most remarkable and glorious episodes of the Portuguese connection with this country.

Bassein is fortified after the European fashion, and is surrounded by high ramparts, some parts of which are in a ruinous state. On entering the gates you find yourself in a city of the dead, surrounded with churches, of which there are no fewer than seven, some of considerable size, but all of mean architecture, though they are striking, from the lofty proportions usual in Continental places of worship. There are traces of streets, and the site of the principal square is distinctly traceable. The deep sand is almost everywhere, but in spots where it does not prevail vegetation is luxuriant. On the floors of the churches are numerous flat tombstones, on which are engraved the names of many long since forgotten brave soldiers and beautiful women.

"The knights are dust, their good swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

The walls of the fine old cathedral are still standing, and are perfect, but the pillars are no more, and for them are not inappropriately substituted the straight lofty trunks of the palm-trees. The ruined windows are filled with the tracery of flowering shrubs, forming patterns never contemplated by the pious founders, or traced by the cunning hand of the architect; while the peepul-tree has taken deep root everywhere, and its branches are forcing their way through windows, and threaten the destruction of the building. "Bassein reminds me," wrote Bishop Heber, "of some story of enchantment which I had read in my childhood; and I could almost have expected to see the shades of its original inhabitants flitting about the jungle, which now grows in melancholy luxuriance in the courts and areas of churches, convents, and houses." And he adds, in another part of his "Journal," "They [the churches] are melancholy objects to look at, but they are the monuments, nevertheless, of departed greatness, of a love of splendour far superior to the desire for amassing money, by which other nations have been chiefly actuated, and of a zeal for good which, if not according to knowledge, was a zeal still, and a sincere one." The reflection of the good bishop is not wholly inapplicable now, from a religious point of view, though in our political capacity, as rulers of the country, we are fast removing all reproach from our door, by the magnificent engineering works that have been inaugurated within recent years.

* The island of Bassein is separated from the mainland by a narrow tidal channel, fordable at low water.

There are also in Bassein the remains of three convents, and a Jesuit college called after St. Paul, which must have been one of the handsomest of all the ecclesiastical buildings here. It was founded by Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, and was endowed by Isabel d'Aguir, who rented three villages in Salsette, one of which she gave to the college during her lifetime, and the others at her death. She married at Bassein, where she died, and is buried in the chapel of the college, with an epitaph over her grave.*

It was early in 1739 that Chimajee Appa, a Mahratta general, set himself to the task of ousting the Portuguese from Bassein; and it was not until the 5th of May that the heroic garrison, reduced to the utmost extremity of famine, with ammunition exhausted, and no chance of aid from any quarter, surrendered, and Bassein was evacuated. From that day the Portuguese power in India became a record of the past, and though Goa has remained to them ever since, their glory has departed; and the name once illumined by the deeds of Albuquerque and De Pinto is a byword of contempt among Europeans and natives alike. Soon after the investment of Bassein by the Mahrattas, Don Xavier de Pinto, the chivalrous governor, was killed, but the defence was continued with equal heroism by his successor, De Sanga Pereira. The enemy sprung twelve or thirteen mines, and attempted to storm the works through a practicable breach made in one of the bastions, but they were driven back with great slaughter. But the gallantry of the garrison was wholly unavailing, for reasons before stated, and after disputing every inch of the ground for two days, the Portuguese found their numbers wholly inadequate to drive out the Mahrattas who had gained a footing within the walls, and the place was evacuated under articles of capitulation. A word as to the Portuguese of the present day, who merit more than a passing notice, as they form a large colony in Bombay, and follow the occupations of either bandsmen or domestic servants, in which latter capacity, whatever may be said of their proficiency as musicians—and we are aware that some of them are gifted with a fine musical taste and a good ear—they generally prove eminently faithful and trustworthy.

The Portuguese in Bombay are a very mixed race. The original stock is described by a writer as more Concanee Hindoo than anything else, but with a considerable infusion of European blood. When the Portuguese from Europe made settlements on the coast they converted the natives in great numbers, mainly by bribery and intimidation, though exacting a very superficial conformity on the part of their converts to the Roman Catholic faith. These natives were very similar to the cultivating and fishing castes of Hindoos still to be found unconverted on the coast of Bombay and its neighbourhood; and indeed many of the so called Portuguese keep up all their own caste customs, and are still Hindoos, except in dress and a few religious forms, and neither eat nor intermarry with their fellow-converts of other castes. Up to a recent period negro slaves were brought in large numbers from the Mozambique to the Portuguese settlements in India, and every family of any pretension to rank had one or more negro slaves in their service. They were well treated, and intermarried with the lower orders of converted Hindoos, and their features are often traceable in the quarters where the so-called Portuguese reside.

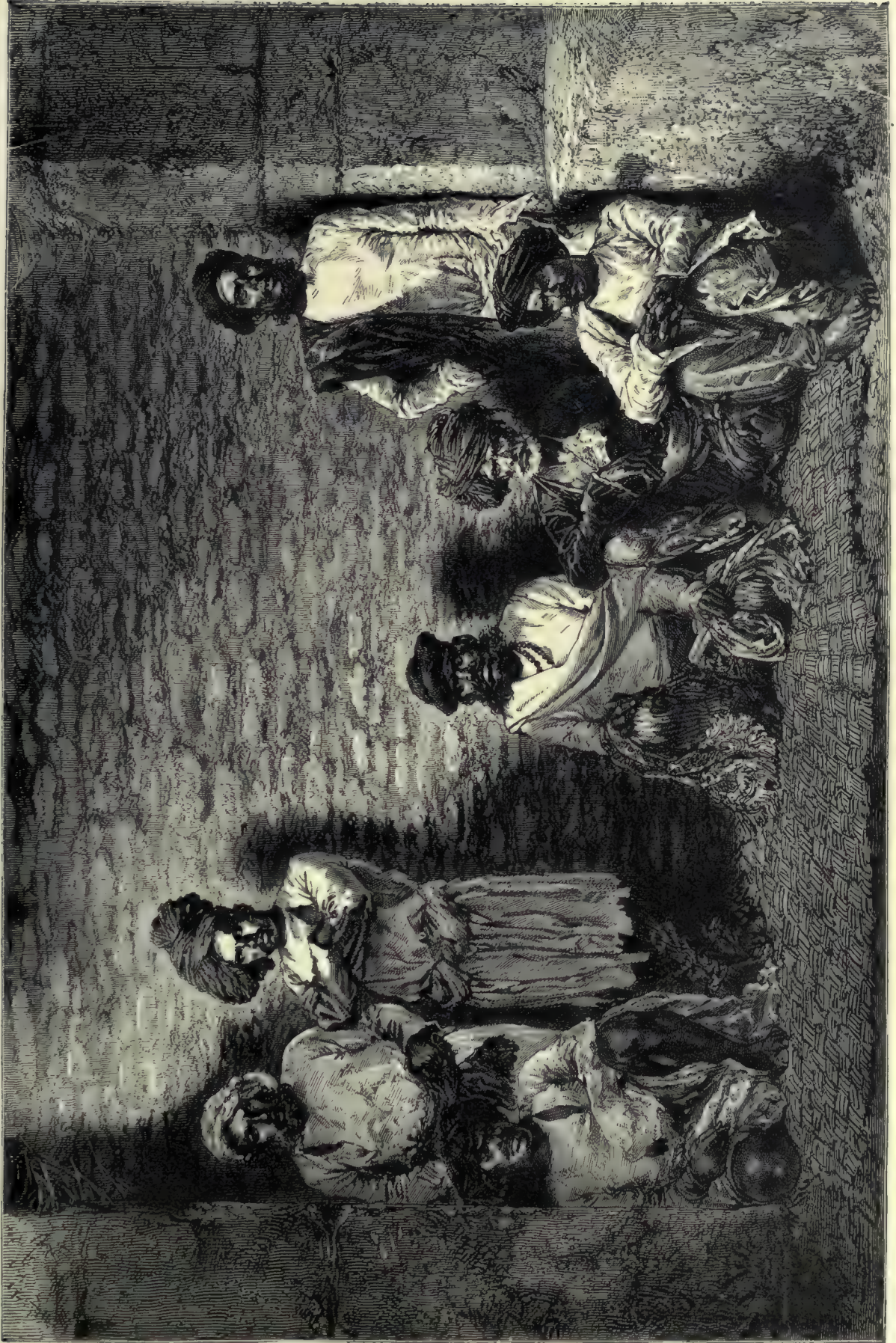
Among the amusements of Bombay and this part of India

* Lady Falkland's "Journal."

are the performances of the so-called snake-charmers; but it is little better than jugglery, and jugglery also that would take in few who were not desirous of being deceived, so transparent is the trickery practised. If you accept the services of a travelling party of these fellows, as they come into your compound, and, with many salaams, offer to perform before you, the following is what will probably take place, always supposing there are snakes to be charmed in the old stone walls of your compound, though of these reptiles there is no lack all over India. That most snakes, both wild and tame, are sensible of the charms of music there can be no doubt, though the latter—being gifted, I suppose, with a cultivated ear—have a greater liking for it. The snake-charmer plays a rather monotonous tune on a flute or flageolet, and lo! speedily a snake makes its appearance, and seemingly fascinated with the music, it coils itself round the man's arm without injuring him, or is seized by the neck as it issues out of the hole, seemingly with no other thought but to enjoy the sounds. But it does not follow that the reptile in question came out of the heap of stones or old wall, towards which the pipers—for there are always more than one—proceeded, although our friends would have us believe so from the assiduous manner in which they move the stones, as if to assist the victim of their wiles, though in reality to distract your attention from the trickery in progress. If you had not been a "griffin" (excuse the liberty I take in calling you by that opprobrious name) you would have called one of the musicians to open a bag he had under his arm. Had you done so, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the appearance of the cobra, with its fangs extracted, would have enlightened you as to the point of the business about to be enacted in the hole of your "compound." The question of an imposture having been practised on your credulity can be easily set at rest by your requesting or insisting on shooting the snake, when you will find that the snake-charmers will intercede on behalf of the reptile, on the plea that it is their god, and if anything happens to it they will suffer either in this world or the next.

To see India and its natives in their most characteristic mood, is to see them under circumstances analogous to those of the Carnival at Rome, the procession of the Bœuf Gras in Paris, the Feast of Lanterns at Canton, or the great religious half-gala festivities of other nations. Of such a character are the Mohurrim of the Shuah sect of Mussulmen, to which the great majority of the inhabitants of India who believe in the prophet belong, or the Hindoo festivals of the Hooli and Decwali. The Hooli, which is in honour of Krishna, is held towards the end of March or beginning of April, and the people give way to the wildest saturnalia, dancing at dusk, round large fires, and making "night hideous" with their uproar. The chief amusement consists in throwing a yellow powder over every passer-by. All ranks join in this senseless fun—which, however, is not more foolish than pelting powder-bags of flour, as practised by clowns on the Derby day, or the amusements of the Carnival at the Corso in Rome—and dignified Brahmins take part in it. The writer remembers as a child at Simla, with what delight he strolled about the bazaar, under charge of his bearer, and pelted and was pelted by the "many-headed" with the yellow powder called after the festival.

The Decwali, or Dupwali, is held in honour of Kali, or Bowani, the Goddess of Destruction, and derives its name from a Sanscrit word meaning a "row of lamps." The festival,



THUGS IN THE JAIL OF AURUNGABAD.

which is of a more sober character than the Hooli, and each day of it is devoted to the worship of a different divinity. At nightfall the lamps are lighted in every house, the exteriors of which are moreover lit up to the utmost extent of the resources of the occupier. Windows are all thrown up, and filled with the heads of young and old folk, while the streets are thronged with pedestrians and crowded with carriages, as on the occasion of a great illumination at home. Music, of course, is not wanting, and plenty of it, though the sound emitted from the tom-toms and other native instruments partake more of the nature of bewildering uproar than of the "voluptuous swell" sung by the poet. Not only the Hindoo, but the Parsees and Mussulmen join in the celebration of the festival, and their houses are lit up scarcely less universally than those of their fellow-countrymen.

"From lively to severe;" after a feast comes a fast, the necessary result—it may be the remote consequence—of a birth is a death. As you drive of an evening through the suburbs of Bombay, you will be struck with the numerous fires that may be seen flashing through the trees on the neighbouring sea-shore. In that flame you behold the obsequies of a Hindoo. Unlike the Parsee, who leaves his dead to be devoured by foul birds of prey, the worshipper of the Hindoo Pantheon carries his dead on a bier to the sea or the river; rejoiced is he, and happy is rendered the death-bed of the relative or friend, if the now dull clay can be borne to the banks of the holy Ganges. The face of the dead man is exposed, and over the corpse—which has been previously anointed with grease or clarified butter—is thrown a white cloth, on which are strewn the flowers, which here, as in England, are the last and most touching offerings rendered to the departed. Arrived at the river-side, the religious ceremony and attendant rites, which are rather lengthy, are completed, and the nearest relative sets fire to the wooden pile on which the corpse has been placed, and speedily it is reduced to the dust from whence it sprung. The ashes are then carefully collected and thrown into the sea or river, and then further prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased complete the ceremony.

Hindoos too poor to purchase the wood for the funeral pile, or to pay the Brahmins for their services, as also infants, are buried. Of minor Hindoo festivals, there is the fête of Gunputty, or Ganesa the Elephant, celebrated in September

which lasts for several days. Processions are the order of the day, in which *doolies* (a sort of *palkee*), carrying images of Ganesa and elephants, escorted by musicians, fill the places of honour, and it all ends in the counterfeit representative of Gunputty being cast into the water.

There are also the fête days sacred to the infant Krishna, called the Gokal Ashtame, the Nag Punchami, or the fifth day of the moon, sacred to the *nag* or snake, and the Dussera, in honour of Durga or Parvati, when peasants adorn the necks of the oxen and goats with garlands of flowers, and drive them to the temple of the goddess. The Hindoo *syc*, or grooms, also adorn the necks of the horses in their charge, and every Hindoo carries a bunch of leaves of the *sona* or golden tree, for presentation to his friends. A grand gala at Bombay is also the festival called cocoa-nut day, which occurs in August, and is supposed to mark the termination of the monsoon. The natives go down to the beach in large bands, and with the inevitable accompaniment of music—a synonym here for discord—where cocoa-nuts covered with gold or silver leaf, are cast into the sea as a votive offering.

The Mohammedans have their great festival, known as the Mohurrim. It was instituted by the Shuah sect in honour of the death of Hassam and Hossein, the two sons of Ali, Mohammed's nephew, by Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet. The celebration is hateful to the Soonie sect, comprising chiefly the Turks and Arabs, who hold that Abubekr, Othman, and Omar, the immediate successors of Mohammed, were lawful caliphs. On the anniversary of the death of Hossein—who was slain A.D. 620 at the battle of Icubala, on the frontiers of Mesopotamia, where he and his brother are buried—the Shuahs carry about in procession a representation of the mausoleum, which they call Tubrot, and what with the *mersia* and fermented liquor, their religious enthusiasm so inflames their combative proclivities that if they encounter a party of Soonies there is a moral certainty of broken heads and bloodshed, ending with the interference of the police, or the calling out of the troops. Besides the Tubrot, which is often very well and handsomely constructed of a framework covered with cloth and ornaments, there is a caparisoned war-horse, supposed to represent Dhaldul, Ali's son, while others are got up in a variety of costumes, and indulge in the horse-play usual at an English fair.

A Visit to Upper Silesia.—II.

BY GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S.

BOTH the water in its natural state, and also after concentration, is bottled and sent to various parts of the world, even to the United States of America and to India. In the concentrating house the water is gently evaporated in a shallow pan at a low heat, until it attains a specific gravity of 1.160. During this process the oxides of iron and manganese, as well as the carbonates, are separated, but the valuable ingredients are retained in solution, the percentage of which is now about 16½ times greater than before.

Though trial borings have been made all around, and coal has been found throughout the district, there are no mines worked within ten miles of the baths; indeed, it would be useless to commence mining operations until a railway is brought to the spot, as the cost of conveying coals over such roads as now exist would be prohibitory. Agriculture is therefore the chief source of employment. The country is essentially undulating, and the soil consists of either sand or loam, scarcely a stone being seen of the size of a walnut. It is prettily inter-

persed with wood, consisting mainly of the celebrated Silesian stone oak, birch, beech, and pine. The sides of the roads are very commonly planted with birch-trees, imparting to the whole a very English park-like appearance. The trees grow luxuriantly, many fine pieces of timber being found in the woods; and where the land is drained the crops also are good, but in respect of drainage there is yet room for much improvement, the hollows being nothing better than swamp land, where water-plants dispute the ground with the natural pastures. The principal farm products are wheat, rye, barley, oats, lupins, buck-wheat, clover, beetroot, and potatoes. Vegetables and fruit are scarce. Not a single sheep have we observed during our stay. The cows are of a very small race, but yield milk which will challenge comparison with the purest Alderney; they feed principally by the wayside, tended by a girl to keep them from straying into the fields, or are tethered in some small patch of the swampy grass-land above described. Almost every cottager has a couple or so of pigs, which are always tethered by a chain round their necks.

Birds are very plentiful, and as a natural consequence the crops here are not eaten up with insects as they are in France. The nests of the house sparrow and the martin are to be seen in all the nooks and corners of the wooden cottages. The skylarks are constantly to be heard singing as they soar over the open fields; and the thickets abound in magpies, nightingales, and wood-pigeons; quails are so common as not to be esteemed for the table; and partridges are also numerous. Hares are plentiful; and of foxes there are more than enough—they are regarded as vermin, and shot. Not more than 150 yards from our house, their holes are to be seen in the wood which forms part of the park appropriated to the bath guests.

Few of the country people round about speak German. They are Poles by nationality, and keep up the Polish language. The women perform the greater part of the field labour, many of the able-bodied young men being still absent in the army. On the week days they are scarcely ever to be seen with shoes and stockings, but on Sundays they appear in their best to go to church. The whole population is Roman Catholic—there is not even a Protestant place of worship within five miles—and they appear to be very regular in their attendance on the Sunday morning service, and very devout in their worship. The parish church is at Upper Jastrzemb, about two miles from the baths, and there is a chapel of ease at Moszczenitz, about one mile distant in the opposite direction. The women enter by the side door, and occupy exclusively the space from that point forwards to the altar rails; the men enter by the porch, and occupy the rest of the interior. On the Sunday morning when we visited it, there was a larger congregation than the building would accommodate; the women, therefore, who could not find room within, sat down in the churchyard in a cluster round their door, or knelt under the covered passage which runs round the wall on the same side; the men formed a similar group in the porch, and along the opposite side of the building. The sermon which precedes the mass was not audible outside, but during the rest of the service they could join, as they all had their mass-books. Singing enters very largely into the service, and the whole congregation sings with right good will. It was a pretty sight to see them dispersing when the service was over; the little groups of women, with their white caps and bright-coloured shawls and short white sleeves, forming a beautiful contrast with the green of the fields

through which their various paths lay. Standing on the little knoll which the churchyard occupies, they could be seen radiating in all directions.

Another day we had the opportunity of witnessing a wedding at the parish church, at which a large proportion of the inhabitants of Upper Jastrzemb seemed to be present. The church, indeed, was nearly filled with the guests. The same separation between the men and women existed as on the Sunday. The bride with her four bridesmaids knelt in front of the altar rails, throughout the whole of the mass preceding the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom with his attendant groomsmen sat in the front pew of the part of the church allotted to the men. The bride wore a black body, with long full sleeves of the same material, and a short skirt with very ample petticoats, white stockings, and black shoes; her hair was plaited tight, and she wore on her head a green and white wreath, with a bow and long streamers of green figured ribbon. The bridesmaids were similarly dressed, except that their wreaths and ribbons were red instead of green. The bridegroom wore a blue cloak coming down to his heels, and in his hat a large bunch of green and white artificial flowers, tied with streamers of the same ribbon as that of the bride; the groomsmen were similarly attired, with flowers and ribbons to match the bridesmaids. Mass being over, the bride rose, and stepping within the altar rail, knelt immediately behind the officiating priest; the bridegroom with his attendants then advanced, and the former knelt on the left hand of the bride. The ceremony was performed in the Polish language, during which they were sprinkled with holy water, and anointed with holy oil, and then standing up with hands joined they each repeated their mutual vows, whereupon the priest pronounced them man and wife, and the benediction brought the service to a conclusion. Immediately that the priest had retired, the sacristan, with a small crucifix in his hand, took up his position at the side of the high altar, upon which was a vessel containing holy water. The bride and bridegroom with their attendants then went in procession round the back of the altar, crossing themselves with the holy water and kissing the crucifix as they passed, after which they returned to their original places in the church; then all the men, and lastly all the women in the building rose and made the same circuit. The guests then gradually retired, and made their way across a field to a large inn about 100 yards off, in front of which a brass band struck up as soon as the first of them arrived. The bride was ultimately left alone in the graveyard, apparently looking for her consort! Not being able to find him, she walked towards the inn, and our curiosity being excited by the novelty of this scene, we followed her along the pathway at a respectful distance. The bridegroom ultimately made his appearance, and we stepped aside to allow him to pass, when suddenly stopping, and addressing us in Polish, he produced a wine-bottle from under his cloak, and pressed us to drink. With all good wishes for the happy pair, we declined the honour, not knowing what kind of liquor the bottle might contain. At the door of the inn a light farm wagon with a pair of horses was standing, the bride and bridegroom got in and drove off, without so much as an old shoe thrown after them, their friends being already making merry within the house.

The lower classes almost always salute the stranger with "Good day," a pretty custom which very generally prevails in the country parts of Germany; and on receiving any little

favour they express their thanks by a practical application of the term which is ordinarily used only metaphorically, "I kiss your hand." The maid-servant and porter in our house did so; and the first time the writer gave a trifle to a decrepit old beggar woman, she would not be deprived of the opportunity of making the customary acknowledgment, though he withdrew his hand as quickly as possible.

Visitors to Jastrzemb will do well to provide themselves against a rainy day. A magnificent morning may not improbably be succeeded by a heavy thunderstorm in the afternoon, especially if the wind is blowing from the Carpathians; and as there is no stone wherewith to make the roads, pedestrians need to be very well shod in such weather. They must also come prepared to accept with thankfulness such things as so remote a place can provide, without expecting the luxuries which are to be had at the more fashionable resorts, and in large towns; nevertheless, the ordinary courtesies of German life are not altogether wanting, as an instance of which we may record the fact that, though absolutely unknown to any one at the time of our arrival, we received no less than four elegant bouquets of flowers on our departure, from those whose friendship we had made during our stay.

A favourite excursion from Königsdorff Jastrzemb is to Teschen; which may therefore find an appropriate place here, though the town is actually situated in Austrian Silesia. The whole of the ride, occupying three hours each way, lies through a beautiful park-like and wooded country, the town being built in a broad valley which separates the Great from the Little Carpathians. It stands upon uneven ground, and at the foot of the principal street, overlooking the river Olsa, is an eminence crowned with an old tower (the remains of a castle destroyed more than 200 years ago), which commands an exquisite view over the town and valley backed by the noble Beskiden Hills. There are abundant evidences of being in another country; the two-headed eagle has replaced the more natural-looking bird of Prussia, Austrian uniforms are seen in the streets instead of the German, and the women appear in a different costume.

It seems strange that while the population of Jastrzemb is exclusively Roman Catholic, that of Teschen, though in Austria, is about half Protestant. On the height at the upper part of the town stands a very large church, which from its conspicuous position may be seen at a great distance in any direction. One Sunday morning we walked thither at eight o'clock, expecting to find the people engaged at matins; but on entering we missed the usual holy water, and the church contained only the high altar, crucifix, and lighted candles, common to all confessions in Germany. On inquiry of the minister, after the services were over, we were not a little surprised to learn that not only in Teschen, but also throughout Austrian Silesia, Lutherans are very numerous.

The services, though conducted exclusively in the Polish language, were very interesting to watch. They consisted of confirmation, the Lord's Supper, full service with sermon, and lastly baptism. The first commenced at eight o'clock; about 150 lads and lasses, headed by the clergyman, walked in procession to the church to receive that rite, accompanied by some hundreds of spectators. After the preliminary exhortation and questions, three of each sex were called at a time, and advancing to the altar rails they received the imposition of hands. The newly-confirmed then partook of the Lord's Supper, in which

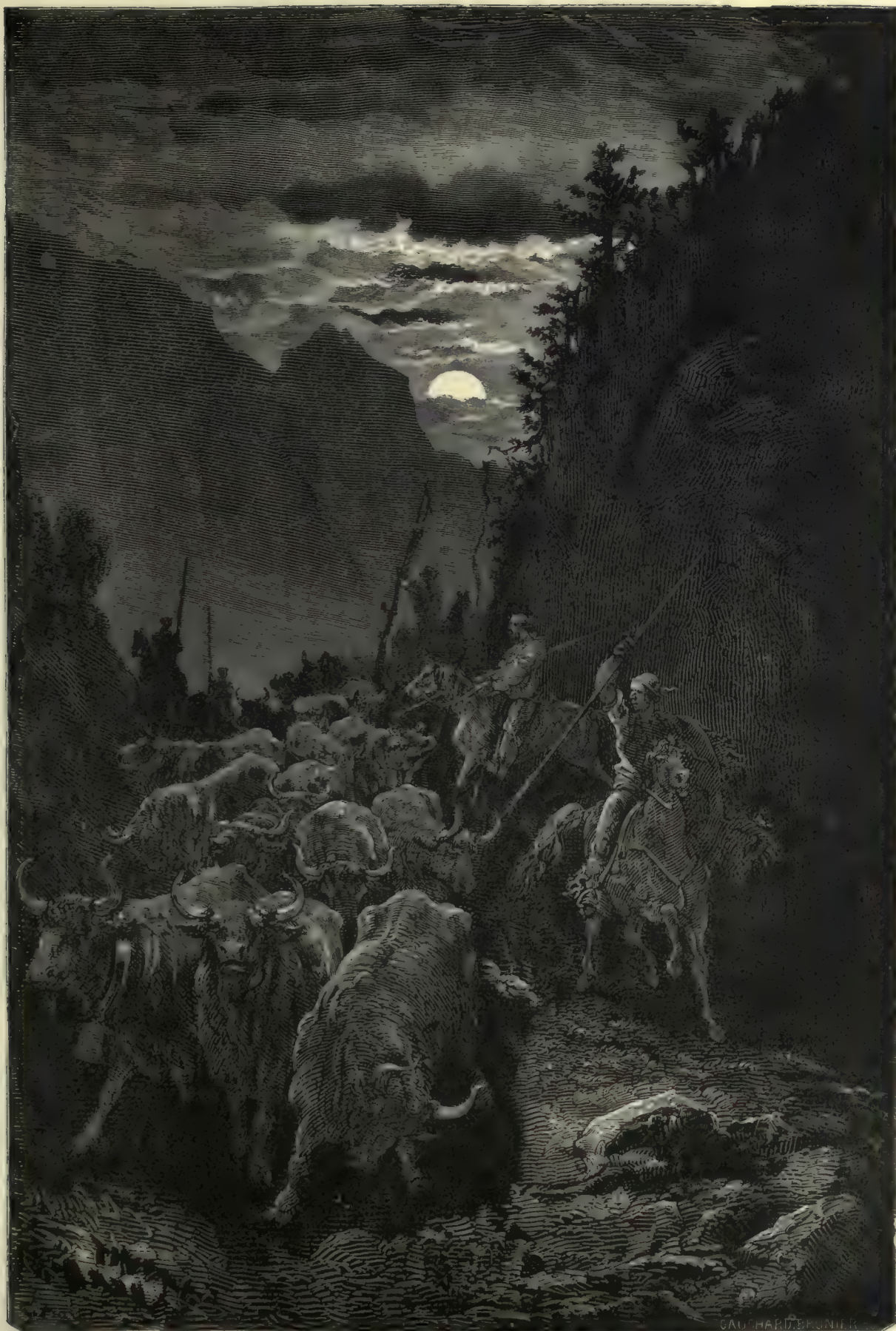
they were joined by the greater portion of the congregation. At the close of the ceremony all left the church; the newly-confirmed followed the clergyman into his house for their certificates; some went into the graveyard and sat down by the memorials of their departed ones; the rest were scattered in groups about the open space in front, or went in quest of some refreshment. At the full service there were about 4,000 people present, the whole building, with its three tiers of galleries, being densely crowded; this lasted till past one o'clock, after which several infants were baptised in the vestry. It was a very pretty sight to watch the departing congregation from the church steps.

Those who wish to see a little more of the Carpathians can drive to Bielitz, the last town in Austrian Silesia. It is a lovely ride of four hours from Teschen, across the northern spurs of the mountains, whose beautiful forest-covered slopes rise grandly on the right hand, while on the left, extending as far as the eye can reach, is the great plain of Poland. The Vistula is crossed by the high road, at about twelve miles below its source, but it is already a considerable river, and is evidently liable to floods, as the bridge extends a long way on each side of the ordinary limits of the stream.

Bielitz itself is a large manufacturing town, the population (including Biala, which is the portion lying on the Galician side of the river of that name) amounting to 16,000. The staple industries of the place are the spinning of flax, and the manufacture of woollen goods. A small branch line of railway connects Bielitz with the main line of the Kaiser Ferdinands' Nordbahn, putting it in easy communication with Vienna on the one side, and the whole of Northern Germany and Russia on the other. Though apparently so remote in its situation, we met with a mill-owner who told us that the spinning machinery in his mill was made in Leeds, and that including the cost of transit it was more advantageous to go there with his orders than to have them executed nearer home. It is intended to continue the railway to the capital of Hungary, which extension will further contribute to the prosperity of the town, as much of the yarn made in Bielitz is consumed in that country.

The population is almost entirely Protestant. At the hotel where we stopped for our midday meal, a public dinner of the Gustavus Adolphus Society was being held. The object of this association is to assist in the establishment and maintenance of unsectarian schools in the poorer and more thinly populated districts; in this respect it is somewhat analogous to that of our British and Foreign School Society; but there all children are compelled to go to school, and no distinction of class is recognised, the younger members of the families of the wealthy sitting on the same form with those of the poor; the latter, however, are often unable to pay the school fees, so that in many districts the schools could not be maintained without some external aid. The friends of the society, together with deputies from other towns, dined together in the garden adjoining the hotel under the shelter of the trees, and a good band of music was in attendance. The festival lasted from two to four, when they all drove off in carriages waiting for them, for the more serious part of the business of the meeting.

From Bielitz delightful excursions may be made to Ernstsdorf, and other places in the mountains, where lovely scenery may be combined with much that is interesting from its novelty to those who have only travelled in the more generally frequented parts of the Continent.



BULLS FOR THE FIGHT.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—IV.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

GIBRALTAR.

THE first consideration on awaking next morning was how to get into Gibraltar, and the vehicle which conveyed us was certainly the last that we should have selected—an Irish “jaunting car!” The driver pretended to speak English, but however slight may have been his proficiency in the language, he certainly had acquired all the impudence and extortion necessary to the personification of a real English cab-driver.

Gibraltar is not a place much visited by regular tourists, and everything is of course made for the convenience of the English military residents; but we had friends in the garrison, and however much the mode of our arrival and the scantiness of our wardrobe may have savoured of *las alforjas*, we felt quite “at home” on the Rock.

Gibraltar is a most difficult place to describe, and cannot indeed be imagined or realised until it has been seen. The first impression conveyed to my mind was that of an overgrown barrack with endless squares, sentries, gates, fortifications of every kind, big guns lying about, soldiers and officers in white duck uniforms and white forage caps at every corner, commissariat wagons drawn by mules flogged by dark-skinned aboriginal *mozos* under the superintendence of fair-haired British soldiers. There are very few private houses on the Rock, but every one is numbered and lettered, and in everything, it need hardly be remarked, the military are supreme. Almost all the churches are military, and military chaplains are attended and robed by an orderly sergeant on duty, and the hymns and chants are sung to the accompaniment of a regimental band. One striking feature of Gibraltar life is the continual firing of cannon. Whenever a ship of war enters or leaves the harbour, and indeed on every possible occasion, boom! boom! go the big guns in the saluting battery. Then there is also almost daily practice with every species of ordnance, and the general result is a pretty continual roar of artillery. But perhaps the most remarkable thing at Gibraltar is—not the apes, for they have entirely disappeared within the last three or four years—but the money.

GIBRALTAR MONEY.

We have already said something about the confused state of the Spanish currency, but it is simple and systematic compared with that of Gibraltar. Accounts are kept in *reals* and *cuartos*, suggestive at once of the Spanish coins of equal value; but the Gibraltar real is worth nearly two Spanish reals, and is divided into sixteen Gibraltar cuartos. If these names were represented by coins of equal value, the difficulty of understanding the money would be no greater than that of any other unfamiliar system; but the currency is all Spanish; and thus a Spanish dollar, which is one of the commonest coins at Gibraltar, really worth of course twenty reals, is considered to be worth but sixteen; and a *peseta*, or four-real piece, is called two reals six cuartos. But even this does not represent the full complication of the Gibraltar currency; for, to say nothing of English money and English names, many of the Spanish coins in circulation upon the Rock are of a slightly

different value from the apparently corresponding coin in Spain at the present day, having been withdrawn from circulation in the Peninsula. Thus at Gibraltar, a silver piece looking like a *peseta* (four reals), is really a quarter *duro* piece (five reals), is considered at Gibraltar to be worth two reals thirteen cuartos, and is usually called a shilling! For people arriving from Spain, the result may be imagined.

SIGHT-SEEING AT GIBRALTAR.

Of course we saw the regular sights at “Gib.,” as it is familiarly termed, went over the various batteries, drove to Europa Point, saw “the Convent” and “the Cottage,” as the governor’s town and country houses are respectively called, the Rock gun of hateful memory! the signal station, the Alameda, and the “Galleries.” But these things are known to so many English people, and have been described and talked about by so many more, that I will enter into no detailed description of them in this place, merely remarking that the celebrated “Galleries” are long tunnels cut in the side of the solid rock, nearly three miles in extent, and pierced every few yards for cannon, of which many hundreds are in position, and ready for action at a moment’s notice. In gazing through the Galleries, many points of interest in the great siege are to be noticed, and I know of no spot in Europe where an Englishman has better cause to be proud of his nationality. At home we grumble too much to appreciate ourselves or our handiwork; in foreign countries we certainly do not shine; but at Gibraltar the air of quiet strength, the order, the cleanliness, the discipline, and, above all, the glorious recollections, are calculated to impress every visitor with a great respect for the British nation, and to make every one feel how true are the words of my great namesake, that Gibraltar was “a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce, one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies.” Altogether, although “Gib.” is said to be a dull place to live in for a long time, our two or three days slipped away very quickly and very pleasantly, and we had to face the difficulties of getting on to Cadiz much sooner than we wished.

WE LEAVE GIBRALTAR.

On the whole, I think Gibraltar is a demoralising place for a Spanish traveller, and should always be visited at the end of a tour in the Peninsula. We have related at some length our difficulties in getting away from Jaen and Granada, but these were as nothing compared with our position at Gibraltar. The fact is, that no one is supposed to arrive at or leave the Rock by any other means than the Peninsular and Oriental Company’s steamers, and as we did not wish to avail ourselves of the orthodox mode of transport, not being bound for Southampton direct, *English* Gibraltar proved as unimaginative as Spanish Jaen. We will not again inflict on our readers the details of our endeavours to strike out a route for ourselves, but will content ourselves with giving a faithful account of the journey as performed, merely remarking, by way of a caution, that however feasible, if not agreeable, such under

takings may sound when accomplished, they are not to be entered upon without a certain amount of personal *prearrangement*, of a nature hardly realised by travellers from London to Lucerne by the through express trains.

Accordingly, one afternoon, we elbowed our way through the mob of shouting, hustling "land sharks" that crowd the quay at Gibraltar, and having by violent physical as well as moral exertions got ourselves into a small harbour-boat, we were shipped on board the little steamer which runs to Algeciras, a small town on the other side of the bay, and distant about five miles from Gibraltar. As it took the *steamer* one hour and five minutes to accomplish this voyage, we had plenty of time to look about and observe the movements of our fellow-passengers.

ALGECIRAS STEAMBOAT.

An old woman who came on board laden with a countless number of packages of all sorts and sizes, was particularly worthy of our attention. The moment the steamer started, she began to open her parcels, which contained chiefly cigars and tobacco, but also silk handkerchiefs and various articles of contraband. We were at a loss to account for this display, especially as there was a Spanish custom-house officer on board, who paid no attention, being, as we afterwards discovered, not on duty. In a short time, however, the good lady began to divest herself, as well as her packages, of her outer covering, and having stopped short within the limits of strict propriety, she commenced to transfer the contents of her parcels to her own person with a dexterity that was most remarkable, and, aided by two admiring friends, she dressed herself anew with alternate layers of ordinary female garments and tobacco in such a manner, that when we reached Algeciras, instead of the somewhat spare personage she had started from English territory, she arrived on Spanish ground a most inordinately bulky old woman, laughing at her own increase of flesh and ungainly appearance, which delighted her fellow-passengers and would not be remarked by a friendly custom-house officer. We were rather amused, nevertheless, when our modest *alforjas* were pounced upon by these intelligent officers, and subjected to a rigorous examination! But of course they must occasionally show "zeal," and as it would not answer their purpose to search the cigar-clad old lady, our luggage gave them a little quiet and safe practice.

Algeciras does not boast of an hotel; but at the *Casa de Huespedes de las Salinas* we got a good bed and an excellent dinner, and the landlord made arrangements to have good horses ready for us early the next morning. Algeciras is a quiet town of about 12,000 inhabitants, famous for many battles both by land and sea, and destined by Charles III. to keep the English at Gibraltar in check. Its connection with the Rock at present is confined to supplying the garrison with fresh vegetables and kid gloves, which are good and cheap, and receiving in return the filthy cigars which we had seen so fearlessly smuggled over in the steamer.

RIDE TO TARIFA.

We had time to see but little of the town, however, for about eight o'clock in the morning we mounted our horses, and sending on our *mozo*—on horseback this time—in advance, as a sort of pioneer, we turned our backs upon the deep blue waters of the Bay of Gibraltar, and trotted out of Algeciras. On this occasion the *mozo* took *all* our luggage on his own horse, and

I was treated to an English saddle and bridle, brought out from London at some remote date, no doubt, by some smart ensign quartered at "Gib." But the "furniture" of my wife's horse had not been brought out from London, and was a thing not easily to be forgotten. Four poles, about three feet long, were fastened in pairs, after the manner of a butler's tray-stand, over the usual numberless folds of cloth which encumber every Spanish beast of burden, forming a sort of skeleton armchair; a rope going from stick to stick formed the back, and a board fastened where a lady's stirrup usually hangs, served as a support for the feet. But the most remarkable part of the whole was that, in order that the *señorita* might have a more luxurious seat, an entire *bed* had been despoiled of its furniture.

The soft mattress was laid between the "crosslegs," and covered in with a shawl-pattern counterpane, while a pillow, in its conventional white linen case, was interposed between the *señorita's* back and the string which served as *dossier de fauteuil*. As may be imagined, this artistic erection was immensely high, and gave the horse somewhat the appearance of a dromedary, or one-humped camel; and the mode of mounting was as original as the *monture*. My wife stood upon a chair, which was then slowly raised by two stout Spaniards until she attained the proper height, when she was gently tilted into her *nest* at the top of the horse.

The ride from Algeciras to Tarifa—about four leagues—*muy cortas*, was most delightful; the scenery was magnificent; the morning was fresh and bright; the horses good, and the *mozo* lively and good-humoured. And the road! of course we made light of it on horseback. We were accustomed to riding over places which would have made an average goat feel very uncomfortable; but we had heard that we were to follow a diligence road. Indeed, the only reason why we had arranged to ride was that all the places in the diligence were full. We were taking short cuts, perhaps, but I shall never forget my sensation when picking our way along the rocky bed of a torrent, at the very moment of remarking to my companion that if we were to attempt to give a faithful description of that part of the road to our friends at home, we should be set down as a couple of shameless impostors; when, raising my eyes, I beheld a diligence slowly advancing to meet us. I thought of the mirage, but it was indeed a real diligence, and in a few moments we met it. There was no longer any doubt—we were travelling along the high-road from Algeciras to Cadiz! More I dare not say.

TARIFA.

In the course of time we arrived at Tarifa, a quiet, dull-looking little fortified town, famed of old for its siege, and at present for its oranges, and, according to Ford, for its women; but we saw no beauties during the three hours we spent in the town.

We had arranged to avail ourselves of the *silla de correo*, or mail-cart, from Tarifa; and shortly after arriving, an officer in a most gorgeous scarlet-and-yellow uniform, with an enormous sword, waited upon us at the *Casa de Pupillos*, where we were breakfasting, and informed us that we should be permitted to avail ourselves of the *calesa*. What a flood of recollection does that word bring up! We had never seen a *calesa* before; and although I devoutly hope I never may again, it will be necessary to attempt to convey some idea of the vehicle in question to our readers. Picture to yourselves, then, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, a small gig with a hood, and without an

attempt at springs—stuffed I cannot say, but lined with old leather, and painted bright yellow, with high red wheels. There are, of course, but two places, which we occupied, the seat being about three feet high and one foot deep. The mail-bags were stowed away inside the seat, and the driver sat upon the right shaft. He had only a stage of thirty miles to drive and he solaced himself with Gibraltar cigars, which, as far as smoke was concerned, we might as well have had between our own lips. And the luggage? We had not much, it is true, but *none* is allowed, and no *excess* by payment. However, we had made friends with the administrator-in-chief at Tarifa, and by his permission, our saddle-bags were tied to the unoccupied shaft, and the smaller impedimenta, including a picture which we had carried on horseback all the way from Malaga, and which, I am happy to say, now adorns, uninjured, the walls of my drawing-room, took up undefined and somewhat varying positions about us. Accordingly, at three o'clock precisely—we had been told to be ready at twelve—we started; and now indeed, *infandum, regina, juves renovare dolorem!*

The road, to say truth, was not much worse than many other Spanish roads; but then the motion of the *calesa* not only jolted us into a jelly, but knocked about our ill-secured luggage to such an extent, that we had to exercise a constant vigilance to avoid leaving the greater part of it upon the road. It need hardly be said that it was madness to lean back in this springless, cushionless cart; but I gave way to drowsiness, slept the sleep of a shuttlecock, and lived to repent it. One of the greatest trials during this journey, was being obliged to get out about every two hours, when we stopped to change horses, or rather horse. In fact, the form of discomfort which we had endured for two hours had become at least familiar, and the change to a new stage of suffering, was regarded by us with much the same sort of dread as that which might be felt by a prisoner who had endured a long spell of the rack, and who was suddenly informed that he was to suffer a new and unknown species of torture. However, *une mauvaise nuit est bientôt passée*, our drivers were amusing, good-natured fellows, and although we had had nothing to eat since breakfast but a little dry bread out of our wallet, the state of our stomachs prevented our suffering from hunger. The road was almost as deserted, and the country as uninhabited as on the road from Fuengirola to Marbella; but about one o'clock in the morning we changed our horse and driver at the little town of Conil, which used to be celebrated for its tunny fishery, and near which port the battle of Trafalgar was fought, on the 21st of October, 1805. Of course it was too dark to see Cape Trafalgar from the road, and, frankly, we were much too sleepy, and much too sore to think of Nelson, or indeed of anything but our arrival at San Fernando, where we were to catch the mail train to Cadiz. Under any circumstances the site of a naval battle is not particularly interesting; and indeed battle-fields in general, even on *terra firma*, are with some notable exceptions, a delusion and a snare. I once walked nineteen miles to see Agincourt, and found a field of beans—not at all suggestive of Henry V.

As we approached San Fernando the grey light of the dawn revealed to our eyes one of the most extraordinary landscapes that it is possible to conceive. We were passing through a vast plain, which extended all round as far as the eye could reach, cut up into small squares of ground by broad dykes, while huge white mounds loomed like giant ghosts or spectral pyramids. The effect was inexpressibly striking and mysterious.

We were among the *Salinas*, or salt fields of Puerto Real, which produce annually something like twenty-five million *quintals* of salt. The process of manufacture is highly interesting, the salt being of course extracted from the sea-water by evaporation. The water is brought from the sea by dykes and sluices into deep channels, where the more volatile particles are soon drawn away by the heat of the sun. The brine is then conducted into narrower channels, where the process of evaporation is continued; and after passing once more into still narrower channels, when it has got to be about the consistency of cream, it is run into square basins, and stirred up without intermission by the workmen with long wooden *râteaux*, otherwise the sediment would become hard and caked too soon. The froth which is caused by this stirring, brings to the surface the finer particles of salt; and being carefully skimmed off, produces a whiter and less pungent quality of salt than the remainder. As soon as the mass becomes nearly solid it is taken out of the basins by the workmen, and after a final drying on the bank, is stored up in those enormous piles, like colossal snow heaps, which struck us so much on our first sight of the country.

At length we reached San Fernando, and down through its deserted streets to the Post Office in the *Calle Mayor*, where the *calesa* stopped, and where we and our luggage were unceremoniously deposited. San Fernando, although the capital of the department (*Isla de Leon*), and containing nearly 18,000 inhabitants, does not boast of an hotel, and the railway station would not be open until shortly before the departure of our train, four hours later; and how and where to spend these four hours, tired out as we were, was a question which the driver and the sleepy Post Office official who took in the mails, did not consider of the slightest importance. Understanding that the *calesa* was "in correspondence with the train," and not having been able to get any reliable information about hours or distance, I was not prepared for this difficulty. Fortunately a *sereno* or night watchman happened to be at the door of the Post Office, and agreeing with us as to the absurdity of hunting up lodgings at such an unreasonable hour of the night or morning, especially as we should be obliged to leave them almost as soon as we got to bed, he arranged to watch over us, as well as the town, until it was time to engage a boy to carry our things up to the station. Accordingly we laid ourselves down under the porch of the Post Office, and resting our heads upon our invaluable *alforjas*, we slept the sleep of the just.

SERENOS.

The *sereno* is one of those objects which strike one in Spain as belonging to an entirely different age from that in which we are living. They carry us back in imagination to the days of Charles II. or George I. at the very latest, and are suggestive of Smollett, sedan-chairs, and Lord Mohur. The modern Spanish "Charley" walks the streets enveloped in a huge brown cloak with a *capucho* or hood, and carries a pike and a lantern, and cries the hour from time to time with peculiar cadence, not altogether unmusical—"Las cuatro y media y seré-e-e-no," usually drawling out the phrase upon one note and rising a fourth, and indulging in an *ad libitum cadenza* on the *eno*. *Sereno* of course merely means a fine night, but as nights are usually fine in the Peninsula, the watchman takes his name from his usual *finale*.

Our guardian *sereno*, of course, woke us much too soon, and when we arrived at the station we found that we had



CADIZ.

a long time to wait, and as there was a capital waiting-room, we got another hour's sleep before the train started. We had a great deal of trouble, however, to get into the said waiting-room without tickets, which were only to be issued a few minutes before the arrival of the train; but the sight of a horsehair sofa through the glass door of the *sala* was too much for human endurance, so we hunted up the man who had the key, and, being too tired and too sore to be civil, we effected an entrance by a sort of ideal English doggedness, and were asleep before the astonished official had finished his expostulations.

ARRIVAL AT CADIZ.

We woke up in time to take our places in the train, which brought us in less than half an hour to the long-wished-for Cadiz. Of all the cities of Spain, Cadiz was the one which I had heard most praised, especially by Spaniards; and of all it is certainly the one in which we were most disappointed. The situation of the town is no doubt beautiful. It is built on the extreme point of a long, low-lying promontory, bending round in the form of a C, and forming a bay, whose shores are studded with villages and ports, of which the most important are Puerto Real, and Puerto de Santa Maria, called par excellence *El Puerto*. All these towns are built of very white stone, and Cadiz—the pearl of the ocean—shines and glitters in the southern sun as if it were of Carrara marble. But, alas! a more intimate acquaintance with the city dispels these romantic visions, for, although the streets were not more unclean than those of other southern

towns, the smells which hung about them would make old Cologne blush at its impertinent imposture in affecting a supremacy in such matters, and drive a modern "sanitary reformer" out of his senses. As we are upon the subject, I should really very much like to know why every human being in the south of Europe does not forthwith die of typhoid fever. I know very little about medicine, but I have devoted a good deal of time to the study of sanitary matters, and find that mere imperfections in our drainage systems produce outbreaks of certain diseases, which do not seem to be usually prevalent in countries where there is no drainage system whatever. If towns are unhealthy where sewage is not utilised and deodorised after the newest fashion, what must be the condition of a town in which the streets serve the double purpose of drains and ashpits, and into the details of whose sewage utilisation and deodorisation we prefer not to enter? And as we are asking questions, why is it that in Spain you can smoke in an elegantly furnished drawing-room, hung round with curtains, rugs, and portières of rich stuffs, without leaving any of those unhappy traces known as "stale tobacco" behind, while in merry England, should a thoughtless smoker even light his cigar in the hall or passage on his way out of the house, his too hasty blast should lead to such disastrous consequences? As we cannot answer these questions, we will bring this chapter to a conclusion, and that we may not be left a whole month in the unpleasant atmosphere of Cadiz, we will take our departure from that celebrated city, and hope to rejoin our readers at Jerez.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—II.

THE BATTLE-GROUND OF CONTRERAS.

LEAVING the battle-ground called by Americans "Contreras," but, as already said, named by Mexican chroniclers, and of course more correctly, "Padierna," my English friend and I continued our circuitous ride around the Valley of Mexico.

Before starting, we stayed a short while in the village of San Geronimo, a mere hamlet of huts, buried under the foliage of orchard-trees, principally apples and quince. Throughout all the Mexican table-land the quince is cultivated, there flowering and fruiting in a congenial soil. Every garden has its sprinkling of these trees; and in places, as at San Geronimo, there are large orchards of it. In leaf, flower, and fruit, the quince-tree is so much like the peach, pear, and apple, that at a short distance the observer may well mistake one for the other.

The village of San Geronimo, though mostly inhabited by Indians, has its stone-built church, with a *cura* of Spanish descent, and also an *alcalde* belonging to the dominant race. Otherwise it is an Aztec village.

During the battle of Padierna the church spire received several shots, that shattered and almost caused its fall. These came from Mexican cannon, planted within the entrenched camp of Contreras, where General Valencia was defending himself against the American assault. Valencia knew that the village, shrouded under its quince-trees, concealed several regiments of the American army. To disturb these, he gave

orders for his batteries to play among the trees. This foolish firing was soon suspended. The brave Brigadier-General Riley—an Irishman, as might be conjectured by his name—at the head of his brigade, rushed over the Mexican entrenchments with the cry, "On, boys! and give them ——!"

I need not record General Riley's order in the exact terms used by him; though I can certify to its exactness, having heard it. Enough to say, that the command was obeyed with such prompt alacrity that his soldiers, rushing across the entrenched line with empty barrels and bayonets at the charge, drove Valencia's troops helter-skelter out of the camp of Contreras.

EL PEDREGAL.

It was fortunate for the fugitives that alongside a curve in the line of their entrenchment lay that singular tract known as the Pedregal. It is a field of lava, covering more than twenty square miles of the Mexican valley, and occupying its southern angle; old lava, many ages ago vomited forth from volcanoes whose craters can still be seen adjacent, though now cold and silent.

Many similar traces of a past volcanic outpouring may be met with on the Mexican table-land, known by the general name of "pedregals." That to which we allude bears a particular celebrity in the Valley of Mexico itself. It is termed El Pedregal—the lava field, or "place of stones." Its peculiar ruggedness has given it this distinction; since it is so rough, its

surface so marked by asperity, that only in rare places is it possible for even the surest-footed pedestrian to pass over it. There are other places where a goat could not go.

A geologist would be enraptured, finding himself within the mazes of the Pedregal. He might not like it so well should he chance to stray into one of its cavernous hollows, inhabited by a band of brigands, or a party of footpads; both fraternities in the robber line, when pursued, at times finding safe asylum amongst these vomitings of extinct volcanoes.

In keeping around the rim of the valley, the Pedregal offers an obstruction at first sight impassable. A bridle track, however, crosses it from San Geronimo to San Augustine, just possible to ride over on mules, or Mexican horses, that are equally sure-footed. It was by this obscure and difficult path that General Scott was enabled to turn the fortifications which the Mexicans had thrown up on the southern or Acapulco branch of the National Road, having already turned those of a more formidable character, constructed with greater care, on the causeway leading into the city from the east.

Only a battery of "mountain howitzers," with some other light guns, could be taken across the Pedregal; so that the battle of Contreras, on the American side, was altogether an action of small arms, terminating by Riley's brigade charging with the bayonet.

Thirty pieces of Mexican artillery, found on the field, became the spoil of the victors of Contreras. Some of them, of very ancient Spanish fabric, were curiosities in the way of cannon; not a few that might have been deemed as dangerous to their owners as to the enemy against whom they had been levelled. They were of all shapes, sizes, and calibres; of all metals—brass, bronze, and iron.

A ROBBER'S PLACE OF REFUGE.

For our difficulty in passing through the Pedregal we were rewarded by the singularity of the scene. On every side around us was a confusion, a perfect chaos of rocks. The lava is of great vertical depth, and, when molten, must have spread over the surrounding country with the current of a turbid and strong-running stream: its progress being arrested by cooling, it contracted in volume by the same process, and became cracked; showing fissures that run in every direction, some of them as wide as a town street, others so narrow that a human body could scarce squeeze through. The surface is not all bare black rock. Since the outpouring of the stream, vegetation has sprung up over it in places where the volcanic ashes, containing organic matter, give it a chance. The cactus, maguey, mezquite, and yucca need very little sustenance from the earth, drawing most of their nourishment from the atmosphere. It is indeed a sterile soil where these plants cannot find the means of propagation. Even in the Pedregal they are seen growing; some rising erect on the table-tops of the rock, others shooting out horizontally from clefts in the escarped faces; and still others choking up the gorges between.

Passing through the Pedregal, you may see smoke here and there curling up from it in tiny columns, and at long distances apart. If you ask what this means, it is doubtful whether you will find any one who can answer you so as to give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Those who could, will in all likelihood shake their heads, and remain silent. If they speak, it will only be to utter the phrase universal in Mexican conversation—"Quien sabe?" Were they to tell you the truth,

as they know or suspect it, they would say that these smokes, so "gracefully curling," spring up from hearths around which there may be, for the time, peace, though not of that tranquil kind the "humble heart" might hope or wish for.

If you yourself were to take a seat amongst the company there assembled, you would in all probability find yourself in the company of thieves, if not highway robbers—most certainly among men who, seen outside the skirts of the Pedregal, would be in danger of getting inside the walls of a prison. In truth, this rough tract—a very thicket of rocks—so near to the suburbs of a great city, offers an admirable stronghold for criminals—an asylum to which they can easily and conveniently escape, if pursued by the police. And they do escape to it; and there remain safe, Mexican justice making but a feeble effort to extradite them from a district that would seem more fitted for the abode of demons than men.

SAN AUGUSTINE DE LAS CUEVAS.

After crossing the Pedregal, with the Southern Sierra closing in the valley on our right, its most commanding summit, Ajusco—an old *volcan*, though not a *nevada*—towering grandly above us, we left the lava-strewn surface, and entered the town or village of San Augustine. Its Indian name is *Tlalpam*, signifying "the place of caves," and by the Spaniards it is called, when given its full title, "San Augustine de las Cuevas" (St. Augustine of the Caves).

It is a place of great, though not very saintly, repute. At a certain season of the year it is turned for two or three weeks into a sort of pandemonium, or place of devilry. Epsom on the Derby week may give some idea of it, though only a faint one. Gambling-booths are erected, in the public square of the town, in which *monte* tables are set out, and all classes of citizens seen around them. The wealth and fashion of the capital flock thither; and for days give themselves up to a reckless dissipation, accompanied by the worship of the goddess Fortuna. To her they seem to surrender themselves, body and soul. Around the *monte* tables may be seen, sitting or standing, grave senators and statesmen of reputation, generals of great and glorious military fame, ladies robed in rustling silks, leaders of fashion, side by side with *poblanas*, in their *rebozo* scarfs, *leperos* shrouded under woollen *serapes*; among them a fair sprinkling of footpads and highway robbers; with a sprinkling also of priests, both of the secular and regular clergy, wearing their clerical costume in all its different colours and orders, unblushingly laying their *pesos* and *onzas* on the chances which first turns up, knave or queen (*soto o caballo*).

The only distinction in the different gambling booths is the amount of the stakes played for. The ragged *lepero*, if he can but lay down his *onza*, may enter the best of them, and bet alongside the grand *militario*, bedizened with gold lace, and orders sparkling on his breast. Having only a few *reales* or *pesetas* with which to win the smiles of the fickle goddess, the poor man prefers offering his adoration at some more humble shrine, thinking he may there have a better chance of obtaining fortune's favour.

Except during this short carnival time, San Augustine is a quiet village, and altogether an agreeable place of residence. It is picturesquely situated, close to the mountain's foot, just where the main southern road going out of the valley commences its ascent of the Sierra, through the pass of Cruz del Marques. Its proximity to this pass, noted as one of the most

perilous for travellers, gives the town a reputation for having among its citizens a few who follow the profession of *salteadores*, or robbers of the high-road. Meeting these gentry in the street, you would not know them to be such. Enwrapped in their *serapes*, and wearing broad-brimmed hats, the ordinary costume of the common people, you could not tell them from other citizens; because almost every man of the mixed breeds in Mexico has the dark complexion and picturesque facial characteristics that we of Anglo-Saxon race are accustomed to associate with piracy and brigandism. It is this type we continually see produced upon our stage, no doubt from the old antagonism between Teuton and Roman. And doubtless the idea is a wrong one: for among malefactors claimed by the scaffold—and justly sent to it—there are as many with hay-coloured hair and yellow-white eyebrows as of the contrasting tint. Some say more.

A COSTLY ARMISTICE.

Tlalpam, like Tacubaya and San Angel, is a favourite place of summer residence with the *ricos* of the capital; many of them having handsome houses here, with gardens and grounds attached. As already said, the great National Road runs past it; which, after crossing the Sierra, that shuts in the southern side of the Mexican valley, descends into that of Cuernavaca—the latter of much lower level, and consequently higher temperature. At Cuernavaca the traveller finds himself in a tropical climate; the heat increasing as he continues on towards Acapulco, on the Pacific—where the road terminates—both latitude and altitude to this point decreasing in like ratio. This road to Acapulco is the western or Pacific section of the king's highway, its eastern being that which runs from the capital through Puebla, Perote, and Jalapa, to Vera Cruz on the Gulf. In the old viceregal times it saw many a strange party of travellers; when were borne over it the rich stuffs of India and China, with the products of the Philippine and Spice Islands—the cargoes of the South Sea galleons. There is still some of this traffic; but nothing compared with that carried on in the prosperous days of the viceroyalty. It was to enter the city by this road that the American army made its circuitous march around the southern shores of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. The *détour* was rendered necessary by the strong fortifications thrown across the direct route to the capital from the eastern side. It was a difficult march, the road around the lakes being in many places barely passable for wheeled vehicles. Their skilled sappers and miners, however, made it available; and the invading army

reached San Augustine in safety, and without molestation from any armed enemy.

This town became their base for further operations. There Scott, dividing his little band of less than ten thousand men into two columns, sent one of them along the main road towards Mexico; while the other crossed the Pedregal, as already stated, and fought the battle of Contreras.

Directly after this action, in pursuit of the flying Mexicans, the two columns again came together, on the National Road, near the bridge of Churubusco (the *tête de pont* of which was also fortified); there fought a second action on the same day; again routed the enemy; and opened the way right into the capital. On that evening Scott might have gone in, without

further opposition, through the gate of San Antonio de Abad. That he did not do so was due to a sadly mistaken policy on his part. Scott, in diplomacy, if not in fighting, was outgeneralled by Santa Anna. While the battle was in progress, the latter sent a truce-bearer to the American commander-in-chief, promising everything if the invaders would but spare the Mexican capital the degradation of being occupied by a hostile army. Scott, a very vain man, and brimful of ambition, saw in the proposal a grand opportunity of distinguishing himself. To dictate terms at the gate of an enemy's capital, and then from generous motives march off without further humiliating its inhabitants by entering it, was something that savoured of magnanimity. It was, to say the least, an original idea, and had it succeeded in execution, Scott would have won a name in history higher than that he holds. Unfortunately for him, "El Cojo," as Santa

Anna is usually nicknamed, was too cunning for the North American general; and, as soon as the armistice was agreed on, and the pursuit suspended, he set his engineers to work on an inner line of fortifications, to carry which cost the Americans the fighting of the two bloodiest battles of their campaign.

The capital could no longer be entered by the southern National Road, and had to be approached finally and taken, as stated, along the aqueducts, from Chapultepec. These after events, marked by so much useless blood-spilling, deprive Scott of any credit due to his idea. However grand it may appear in theory, or noble in sentiment, it failed in practice. He should have better understood the character of his wily adversary.

THE LAKE OF XOCHIMILCO.

Leaving Tlalpam, we continued our ride, the next important point in our way being the town of Xochimilco. A little before



FROM THE "TIERRA CALIENTE."

reaching the latter place, we parted from the National Road. Going out of the valley for Cuernavaca, this makes a *détour* a little eastward by the mountain of Xochiltepec, then turning south again into the heart of the Sierra.

Xochimilco is an ancient Indian town, celebrated in Aztec annals long antecedent to the conquest of Cortez. From its situation it *should* be a prosperous place, as it is a sort of *entrepôt* for tropical produce coming into the Mexican valley from that of Cuernavaca. For some reason not well understood, its prosperity has been stagnant; indeed, on the decline. Many of its houses exhibit signs of decay; not a few of them are in actual ruin. But this is the condition of other villages in the valley, where the *ricos* do not take a fancy to reside.

Although Xochimilco is near the main National Road, it does not depend on this for its communication with the capital. It is situated upon the edge of the lake, from which it derives its name, or *vice versâ*; and although the last is almost entirely covered with a sedge of aquatic plants, canal-like water-ways are kept open through it, that proceed from the town to several points on the lake edge. One of these runs due north to the *pueblo* of Tomatlan; another goes eastward to the village of San Gregorio; while a third passes off towards the centre of the lake, where it forms a junction with the main artery of a similar kind,

THROUGH PICTURESQUE SCENES.

Xochimilco has the largest share of this traffic; being, as stated, an *entrepôt* for the fruits and other tropical products brought over the mountain road from Cuernavaca, the transport of which is continued on by the canal leading through the lake, and on, *vid* Mexicalzingo, to Las Vigas in the capital.

Skirting Xochimilco, along its southern side, runs the road over which the American army passed. It was the only one they could have taken by keeping the lake to the north, since the shores of the Southern Sierra approach the water's edge, leaving but little land-way between. Some of them even abut on it, compelling the traveller to climb over them, and making the route difficult for wheeled vehicles. The scenery is all the more picturesque, and now and then a view up a lateral ravine, down which comes a clear, brawling stream, issuing from a chaos of cliffs in the background, strikes the traveller's eye with a *coup d'œil* sudden as enchanting. But for the bristling spikes of an occasional maguey, or yucca, seen growing among the rocks, one might fancy himself in a Swiss



A "SALTEADOR" IN TOWN.

valley, or in one of the "dales" of Derbyshire.

In some Mexican mountain gorges where these plants do not appear, the vegetation is not very different from that of countries thirty degrees nearer to the North Pole.



BOATS MAKING FOR A MARKET.

carried from the town of Chalco to the capital—of which more hereafter.

As the lake of Xochimilco is very similar to that of Chalco, the more particular description I intend giving of the latter will stand good for both. Xochimilco, in point of size, is the fourth of the six valley lakes, its superficial area being 268 square leagues. There are several villages upon its shores, nearly all inhabited by pure-blooded Aztec Indians, who make a living by cultivating small tracts of ground, by fishing, and by employment obtained in the boats that navigate its natural canals.

Continuing along the southern side of Lake Xochimilco—the road necessarily keeping us close to the water's edge—we observed the conspicuous *cerro* of Teutli on our right; the snow-covered summits of Popocatepec and Ixticihuatl being of course still more conspicuous before our faces.

Nearly opposite Teutli is the dividing line between the two southern lakes, a mere narrow strip of elevated land, dyke-like, and called *calzada*, from a pathway running along it. Near its middle is the little *pueblo* of Tlalhuac, where the canal from Chalco passes, making the water communication between the two lakes.

THE CANAL TRAFFIC OF THE LAKES.

These curious canals, called by the Mexicans *acolotes*, are a feature of Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco. Both sheets of water are in greater part overgrown by a thick vegetation, composed of various species of aquatic plants, through which it is impossible for a boat to make way. Even a slender canoe can scarce be squeezed through the close-growing reeds and rushes, and this only in places which are more open than common. But for the *acolotes*, navigation on these lakes would not be possible, and even the canals themselves occasionally get choked up by the floating herbage, and require to be cleared of it. Of the canals through Lake Xochimilco, we have already spoken. There are several of the same kind of water-ways intersecting the larger surface of Lake Chalco; the chief one being that which, starting from the town of this name, crosses the lake in a direction nearly due west, passing into Xochimilco at the *pueblita* of Tlalhuac. Thence continuing on throughout the whole length of the sister lake to Tomatlan, it there enters among meadows and maguey fields, assuming more the appearance of a regular canal with dry land alongside, though there is still a proportion of marsh to be passed through before reaching the city.

In the transit between Tomatlan and its terminating point at Las Vigas, on the outskirts of the capital, the canal leads past several villages, as San Francisco, Culhuacan, Mexicalzingo, San Juanico, Ixtacalco, and Santa Anita.

Mexicalzingo, from which this portion of the canal takes its name, is a place of considerable importance and ancient historic repute, being one of the Aztec towns that figured conspicuously in the Conquest. All these villages possess some interest, from their strangely isolated position and the fact of their being rarely visited by travellers. They are generally situated amidst swamps, so that to reach them it is necessary to take passage by one of the Indian market boats plying on the canal. Of these there are an immense number, that bring in all sorts of produce from the southern side of the valley, as also what comes across the mountains from Cuernavaca and Cuatla, the towns of Xochimilco and Chalco being the respective shipping ports of these two districts of the *tierra caliente*.

It is difficult to imagine a more animated scene than that which may be witnessed at Las Vigas, where the market-boats make their entrance into the capital. There is a public *Paseo*, or drive, alongside the canal, which is, however, only frequented by the fashionable at a certain season of the year—during the *Pascua Florida*. At all other times the *Paseo Bucareli*, on the south-western side of the city, is the attraction.

On any day, however, the spectacle at Las Vigas is worth witnessing. Is is, in fact, one of the sights of Mexico, to which all strangers are conducted. The boats are laden with fruits and flowers—both those of the temperate and torrid zones—exhibiting a variety scarce to be observed elsewhere. The Indians who man them may be seen with smiling faces, making the air ring with their merry voices, as they sing an occasional refrain to the accompaniment of guitar or *jarana*. The women have their fine black hair adorned with the fairest flowers—often rare orchids—that in our clime would cost large sums of money. It is on this canal, near the *pueblita* of Ixtacalco, that the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, are seen. Travellers erroneously speak of them as being at or near Las Vigas. It is true there are market gardens there, with water-ditches around them; but the true *chinampas* are several miles

from Las Vigas, along the canal edge, to the southward of Ixtacalco. I may give a more detailed account of them when speaking of other “floating gardens” that exist in the Lakes of Chalco and Xochimilco.

OLIVE-GROWING INTERDICTED IN NEW SPAIN.

In going round the southern edge of the valley, when the *cerro* of Teutli is a little behind the traveller's right shoulder, he is then riding along the shore of Lake Chalco, the second in size of the six lakes, and perhaps also second in historic celebrity. In this respect Tezcoco stands first, from the fact that its waters were those that washed the walls of the ancient Tenochtitlan, as also those on which Cortez embarked his brigantines. For all this, to the student of nature, Chalco has charms and attractions unknown to the sister lake. On its fresh limpid water, life, both animal and vegetable, is varied and abundant; while Tezcoco, with its saline waves and bleak barren shores, might well be likened to the Dead Sea.

On our way between the towns of Xochimilco and Chalco we passed through several villages—*pueblitas*—standing on or near the shores of the two lakes, the names of which it is not necessary to record; though some of them, as San Gregorio and Ayotzingo, were places at the sight of which a travelling artist would have pulled out his pencil and made some stay. Even I, not an artist, can remember how much I was struck by their quaint picturesqueness.

About several of them there was a peculiarity that cannot be passed over without special mention. This was the fact of their being embowered in olive-groves, some of the trees showing a stature equalling our English oaks, while producing a fruit as much superior to acorns as the claret, with which they ought to be eaten, is to our Bass's best beer. In saying this, I mean real claret, not *vin ordinaire*, and so understood, my words will not be construed as anti-patriotic, or throwing any slur upon the English tipple.

I need not tell the reader that the olive-tree is an exotic in Mexico, as in all other parts of the New World. It was carried thither by the Spaniards; and, although the climate of many Spanish American countries with their soil exactly suited it, strange to say, it has never been cultivated there to any great extent.

The reason is not natural, but political. Spain, herself an olive-growing country, would not permit this refreshing fruit to be cultivated in any of her colonies; and thus the monopoly was preserved to her narrow-minded people; the Mexicans, in common with other Spanish Americans, having, through her three centuries of misrule, to pay a heavy tax for every olive that entered between their teeth. Of course, after the date of their independence, the Mexicans were free to cultivate the olive; and, availing themselves of their freedom, they have given some attention to this branch of culture—the olive-groves in the valley yielding a considerable revenue to their proprietors.

We tasted the native-grown olives of Ayotzingo, as we halted in the *posada* of the place. My British travelling companion, although sufficiently fond of beer, had lived long enough in Mexico to be able to do without it; while he had become a noted drinker of Bordeaux, a wine the Mexicans much affect. And as they, like their Spanish progenitors, eat olives, so had he become accustomed to the tartish-tasted fruit.

He was, in fact, a *connoisseur* of its quality, and pronounced those we ate in Ayotzingo equal to the best either of France or Spain.

The olive-tree flourishes to perfection in the Valley of Mexico, especially along the borders of the fresh-water lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, where it is most cultivated. In the northern portion of the plain neither soil nor sun exposure are so well suited to it, and it is there rarely seen.

PRODUCTS FROM THE "TIERRA CALIENTE."

After leaving Ayotzingo, and before reaching Chalco, we struck another of the half-dozen roads that, leading through mountain passes, give ingress as well as egress to the Valley of Mexico. This was the "Camino de Cuatla," the route leading over the mountains to Cuatla Amilpas, another valley of lower level and tropical climate, adjoining that of Cuernavaca. Cuatla is a portion of the true *tierra caliente*, where the palm throws out its plumed fronds, and the sugar yields sap to perfection.

Along this road—which is one of the least known entering the Valley of Mexico—tropical fruits and products of almost every kind are carried in great abundance. Their transport is in many places over most difficult paths, where even the sure-footed mule can scarce be trusted, and a large proportion is freighted on the shoulders of the Indian who owns and brings them to market.

The town of Chalco is the entrepôt on this side, whence they are conveyed to the capital by the canal spoken of.

One of the curiosities of Mexico—that which gives as-

tonishment to every traveller—is the practice of its inhabitants, the Indian portion of them, in their mode of conveying produce to the market. Travelling along any of the *calzadas*, or roads that lead out from the capital city, these poor proletarians may be met coming into it in scores, each bearing a burden, either on his head or shoulders, of weight sufficient to break the back of an ass. One will be seen with a pair of planks several inches in thickness, and long enough to reach quite across the road; another will have on his head at least two hundred-weight of something else; a third carries on his shoulders a crate of fowls and turkeys; a fourth brings half-congealed snow from near the summit of Popocatepec; a fifth charcoal from the pine forests that clothe the mountain slopes a little lower down; and many others with commodities of other different kinds: but all coming from a great distance, often costing days in the transport, where the value of the article conveyed would not repay an American or Englishman for half an hour of his time.

I have seen Mexican Indians enter their capital city with a fruit crate on their shoulders, which they had carried nearly twenty miles, the contents of which, when sold, did not yield three reals—a little over eighteenpence!

On the road from the *tierra caliente* of Cuatla Amilpas my travelling companion and I saw many of them—like ourselves going to Chalco—carrying thither their wares, brought all the way from Cuatla—a toilsome way over difficult mountains—with their prospect of gain not greater than this! We were still speculating upon the curious problem—still wondering at it—when we entered the ancient Aztec town.

Notes on Albania.—III.

BY F. A. LYONS.

THE fame of the tunnel of Katchanik reached us before we left Uskup, where the inhabitants told us that on the way we should meet with the far-famed *delik-tash*, or tunnel. What serves to render this defile exceedingly picturesque is that, on both sides, the slopes of the mountains are covered with forests, in the midst of which the eye can detect the *châlets* inhabited by the Albanian *fifs* (clans).

The village of Katchanik is beautifully situated at the point of junction of three defiles—the Lepenatz is one; the defile which follows the general direction of the chain, and ends at the foot of the Shar-Balkan, is the second; and the lateral defile of Katchanik, which gives access into the plain of Kossona, the third. It is through the last that the postal road passes, the artery which connects the western provinces of Roumelia with Bosnia. This point is of great importance strategically. The fort of Katchanik is built on a height; it was constructed by the Servian king Stephen Dushan, whose dominions extended southward as far as the Hæmus. Of Dushan's work nothing is left but a high wall. The present village is situated at the foot of the hill, and it consists of a mosque and of two rows of houses placed by the side of the road. Katchanik has a *mudir*, who holds his sway over the neighbouring clans. At night we took up our quarters together with the

officers of a cavalry detachment, which had also made Katchanik its halting-place. Our berths were anything but comfortable, as some of us slept inside the café, while others had to put up with the inconveniences of the stable.

In the morning we were all up early with the sound of the trumpet, so as to begin the march in company with our comrades of the cavalry. Seven hours is the distance between Katchanik and Pristina, but the road is very tedious—a circumstance which accounts for its appearing to us as if it were never to end. That immense plain which from the foot of the Hæmus stretches as far as the confines of Servia offers a succession of hills and plains, the largest of which is the famous plain of Kossona. Through the whole route from Katchanik to Pristina the country, though undulating, is uninteresting and monotonous; the only thing to be seen for hours and hours is the Shar-Balkan and its majestic and lofty head. The further one gets northward, the more dazzling is the effect produced by its deep blue masses, and the rosy tints of the surrounding sky. On the way to Pristina many are the villages which the traveller sees to the right and to the left. On the road, however, the first thing which is to be met with is a farm, within which a sort of taproom exists for coffee and *raky* drinkers. Three hours further on, a stream and a village are met with. Here we

found one of our comrades of the staff, who was superintending the construction of a bridge in order to keep up the communication between Pristina and Prisrend. We had already inspected the bridge on the way, at a point where a tract of marshy ground interrupts the communication. The work surprised us not a little, and that because Murad, who had undertaken it, had never been an engineer, nor was he likely to become one. We found, nevertheless, that the poor fellow had been trying his best, as the bridge was far advancing towards completion. The experts, however, did not seem inclined to insure the life of the bridge for a longer period than twelve months. Murad accepted the insurance and proclaimed his undertaking a complete success, saying that he defied us all to make anything better than he had done.

UPPER ALBANIA.

Another three hours' ride took us to Pristina, where the commander-in-chief had established his head-quarters. Pristina is situated at the bottom of a valley, narrowly encompassed within a girdle of hills. The country all around is fertile, but badly cultivated. As for its aspect, it offers very little interest. The plain of Kossona lies to the west of the town, at a distance of an hour and a half's ride from its outskirts. There the country assumes an open and smiling aspect—so much so, that in passing from Pristina to Kossona one might suppose he had crossed the limits between dead and living nature. The town of Pristina is like a "broken-down old dowager, sunk into age and infirmities, but who has seen better days." Pristina was once the capital of the Servian kingdom, as it was here that the czars or kings of Servia used to reside before they transferred themselves to Prisrend. Now, the widowed town of the Servian kings is little more than a village—a very filthy hole, where a confused mass of Albanians, Servians, and gipsies have taken up their quarters.

The four hundred and fifty years of Turkish rule do not constitute an era of prosperity for this town, as modern Pristina has not much to boast of. In fact, of public buildings the only things which one can mention are two mosques, a nasty little bath, an old seraglio (which belonged to the native pashas of the place), and a military hospital. As for private dwellings and shops, they are remarkable as specimens of a primitive and barbaric sort of construction, made partly with timber, partly with stones. A peculiarity which the interior of these houses offers is the existence of earthenware stoves and of a little bath-room. The custom of having such commodities within easy reach is universal among the Mussulmans of Bosnia and Bulgaria. Nowhere southward of Pristina are traces of this custom to be met with, and that for the good reason that in warmer climates the Mussulmans can freely perform their ablutions either in public establishments or in the open

air, according to their pleasure. This fact accounts for the numerous baths which are to be found at Constantinople, Salonica, Smyrna, &c., as well as for the want of such establishments to the north of the Balkan. At Serajino, Mostar, Nish, &c., the baths are few and generally very small.

Pristina musters a population of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, composed, as I have already said, of Albanians, Servians, and gipsies. The Albanians of this part belong to that denomination of Albanians who pride themselves on the name of Ghiegas. They are half-civilised savages, whom the doctrine of Islam has taught to clean their skins, to smoke, and to hate the Giaour.

Unlike their brethren of the mountains, the Ghiegas of Pristina are tame and lazy, eat well, and do little fighting. They are generally shopkeepers and agriculturists, but of that sort of agriculturists who are never to be seen on the field but on harvest-day. The Servians in Pristina and its district are a laborious and quiet people. Their bearing when compared with that of their Albanian and Turkish masters, is very much like the attitude of the mouse when within sight of the cat. The poor Servian scarcely dares to lift his head and utter a word; evidently he knows that words are of no use when blows are there ready to thrust them down one's throat. With regard to the comparative strength in numbers of the two elements, the Albanian and the Servian, my opinion is that the latter has the superiority. Yet the Albanians seem to be increasing, and that thanks to the efforts made by the Turks to oppose obstacles to the extension of the Servian nationality.

The other race which contributes its contingent to the stock of the population is that interesting little race of doubtful genealogy, and of world-wide repute, known by the name of gipsies. In Upper Albania and Bulgaria they are very numerous. They seem to have settled for good in this part of the world. Pristina, Vrania, Ghilan, Prisrend,



GIPSY BEGGAR.

&c., all possess a pretty good supply of gipsies, who have encompassed them with a girdle of misery, depravity, and filth. In fact, all those towns are surrounded by a circle of gipsy dens, where squalid misery and revolting depravity are in full vigour. Gipsy communities seem to exist and prosper in this part of the world, owing to the adoption of one economical principle, which is applied by them to practical purposes in a very skilful and ingenious way. This gipsy principle is nothing but a frank and thorough application of the precept that anything is good provided it fetches some few *paras*. With this simple stimulus, the gipsy, either as a rover, or as a member of the settled population, goes about in search of lucre. The domesticated gipsy gets his livelihood by honourable as well as by dishonourable means. The honourable pursuits to which he devotes himself are the trades of blacksmith and basket and mat making; the dishonourable ones are dancing, prostitution,



GIPSY DANCER.

and begging. As for the roving gipsy, he is just as clever in the exercise of the above-mentioned professions as his kinsman of the city is known to be; but the rover can also turn a piastre by stealing cattle, by plundering the harvests, and also by some occasional highway robbery.

Amongst the domesticated gipsies, the beggars and the stealers of fowls and eggs are generally little girls, who set out on their expeditions looking like so many virtuous and bashful virgins. With one hand they beg, with the other they steal, while their cloak serves them admirably as sort of curtain, under cover of which the manipulations are safely carried on. Many of these little vagabonds, when grown up, become fortune-tellers. Evidently the thorough knowledge of human affairs which they pick up with other things, initiates them into the secrets of prophecy. Dancing is the most noble calling which a gipsy girl can aim at; but for that she must be pretty, otherwise it will scarcely repay her to be dancing from morning till night. Mussulmans are matter-of-fact people; they appreciate the graceful attitudes of a *ballerina* only on condition that her voluptuous form should affect their nerves and senses. A Turk will give anything in order to gaze on the bright countenance and the round form of a ballad-girl; as for the artistical kicking of her legs, he will not even bestow upon it a "*Mashallah!*" (the ordinary exclamation which expresses his high satisfaction and approval). In due time I shall treat minutely the subject of the gipsy-ballerinas; here, however, I will say that the profession of dancers and singers is a highly remunerative one, and the one in which the gipsies excel. The gipsy troupes make the round of all the populous centres in Roumelia just in the same way as our musical celebrities make their professional tours in the provinces: to Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, &c. The gipsy girls who are in the profession must, as it has been stated, be pretty, a quality which ensures them many admirers and many lovers. Some of these girls have turned the head of many a pasha, and in this way they have succeeded in plucking their wealth, and ruining their fortunes.

Socially and politically, the gipsies have no standing whatsoever; though they profess ostensibly the Mussulman faith, yet they neither associate with the Mussulmans, nor with the Christians. Satisfied, as they seem to be, with their own little *industries*, the gipsies do not care either for trade or finances, nor for war and politics. Their minds being limited within a narrow horizon, these people have no high aims, and live satisfied with what they can get, either honestly or dishonestly. The philosophical view which they seem to have of existence accounts for the fact that amongst them a millionaire is an unknown bird.

While speaking of industries, I must here mention a fact which would otherwise remain unknown to the industrial world, and that is, that the town of Pristina produces an article of toilette of some worth. A nice quality of soap is actually manufactured by the women of Pristina, which might appear to advantage in the *boudoir* of any of our fashionable ladies. This soap is prepared in the shape of round balls, on which are imitated the spots and stains of spotted marble. The perfume generally given to this soap is the essence of violets, a flower which is plentiful all around Pristina.

THE KOSSONA CAMP.

A few days after our arrival at Pristina, all the troops which had marched on Kossona achieved their movement of concentration, and took their position in the middle of the plain.

As staff-officers we had therefore to reconnoitre the country and to trace out the camp, a work which with all its details and secondary operations gave us a whole week's labour. For our army the plain of Kossona had a peculiar charm, which arose from historical associations. It is on this plain that the Turkish arms won the two great battles of Kossona, by which the Ottoman empire effected its sway over the nations of Roumelia, and decided the question of Turkish supremacy over them. It was at the first battle of Kossona, that fell Lazzare, King of Servia, and the Ottoman hero Sultan Murad Huda-vendkiar. On going over the battle-field, we carefully studied the position occupied by the hostile armies: the Servian host was on the defensive, and had occupied a formidable position on the hills which skirt to the east the plain of Kossona. The approaches to the Servian position was defended in front by a deep ravine at the bottom of which runs a treacherous little river, called the Leibesnitza (if I recollect right). The right wing of the Servians was at Vitchetrin, while their centre and left were on the heights and commanded the passages across the ravine. If they had kept in this position the Servians would have baffled the efforts of their enemy, but Sultan Murad managed by a *ruse de guerre* to win over traitors amongst their nobles, and got them out to the other side of the ravine. Then he fell back upon them with his Janissaries and light cavalry, and defeated them with wholesale slaughter.

At the end of the battle, three Servians patriots decided on avenging the lot of their nation by stabbing the Sultan, whose sacred bowels were torn open at one stroke of the dagger. On the spot where Murad breathed his last, the Turks hastened to erect a mausoleum (*turbah*) which has ever since been considered as a sort of shrine. Annexed to the tomb of Murad there is a spacious building where the keeper resides, and where visitors and guests can alight and find shelter. All the expenses necessary to keep the establishment on a respectable footing are defrayed by the imperial treasury, which has never ceased ever since to bestow abundant marks of veneration on the tomb of the only Sultan who has fallen by the hands of the enemy. Besides the tomb of Murad, there are numerous other graves scattered all about the hills on which the Turkish host was drawn in array: according to the Turks all those who are under these stones are martyrs. It is strange how, in spite of the four centuries which have elapsed since the battle was fought, the story of the struggle is in every body's mouth, in the mouths of the Mussulmans as well as in those of the Christian peasantry. To hear them talk, one would think that, like the battle of Waterloo, the battle of Kossona was fought no longer ago than the beginning of this century.

The way to explain this phenomenon is that of not under-rating the power of tradition. Amongst nations with whom reading and writing is the business of few, traditions take naturally the place of history, and are thus faithfully transmitted from generation to generation. Hassan is bothered, he does not know what to say, he repeats what his father Mehemet told him, and so it goes on from age to age as long as there remains a Mehemet to chat and a Hassan to listen to him.

Our camp was pitched in the middle of the plain, within an easy distance of the stream. We were about fifteen thousand strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery; all good thorough-bred Turkish rank and file. The Cossacks, however, must be excepted, as being a sort of amphibious body, or a model Babel regiment, in which, from the chief downwards, the whole lot

was a patchwork of Poles, Tartars, Bulgarians, Turks, Jews, and gipsies: the Chinese were about the only element required, in order to make of this regiment a complete mosaic. M. Chaikowsky, *alias* Sadik Pasha, was the commander—nay, the creator—of these Cossacks of the Bosphorus. Like all the rest of the Polish *émigrés*, Sadik was a Russian-hater; Sadik's hatred for Russia was so powerful and violent, that from the Russians it extended itself over every one who bore the name of Christian. Inspired by such feelings, Sadik embraced Mohammedanism, together with his two sons. The way in which he explained this radical change was, that "he would have nothing to do with nations which had connived in the destruction of Poland." Another curious character with whom I picked up acquaintance while at Kossona was Sheikh Suleiman, the keeper (*turbedar*) of the mausoleum of Sultan Murad. This reverend gentleman was one of the queerest mortals I ever came across; and I am sure that his history and description cannot fail to please the reader. Let the reader represent to himself a little mite of a fellow, whose height and width are on a par; then let him put on the top of such a bust a head adorned by two fiery orbits, a beard coming halfway down and a pair of tremendous mustachios, the tips of which were hanging on the shoulders; such a figure, embellished by a big white turban, would exactly represent Sheikh Suleiman. But if his appearance was extraordinary and fantastical, much more so was his history of himself, which the sheikh related to us, with a good deal of humour and a certain amount of pride. Sheikh Suleiman gave himself out as being a real Turk, from Turkestan, in Central Asia. He boasted of belonging to that very tribe from which the Ottoman dynasty draws its origin—the tribe of Sheikh Suleiman, the great ancestor of the Osmanlis. With a tongue powerful enough to support his pretensions, the sheikh had presented himself to Sultan Abdul-Medjid, insisting that his imperial majesty was bound to do something for his kinsman of Turkestan. His fantastical appearance, as well as his bold manners, seem to have pleased the Sultan so much, that he had him immediately appointed keeper of the mausoleum of Sultan Murad. The berth was a capital one, as no peculiar service of any importance was required from the nominee, while the emoluments attached to it were considerable enough to render Sheikh Suleiman a happy mortal. On obtaining the appointment, the sheikh hastened to repair to his post; but he strongly objected to lead the life of a hermit in the midst of the plain of Kossona, so, previous to his departure, he wedded himself to three wives at once. His choice fell on three Circassian girls, who had come to Constantinople in search of husbands. No one could have shown a greater amount of sagacity than Suleiman did on this occasion. The wives he selected had all a peculiar talent, through which they were to cheer up his fagged soul, and manage his household for him. One of the wives was a good scholar, and was therefore appointed clerk to the sheikh, the one who was to keep his books and carry on his correspondence; the second wife had a decided taste for cooking, it was natural therefore that the duty of feasting the sheikh and his household should devolve on her; the third had no other duty to attend to but that one of superintending the internal management of the house. Happy Suleiman! in the midst of his three wives he had absolutely nothing to do but to ride from morning to night, measuring the plain of Kossona in breadth and in width.

One day Sheikh Suleiman came into my tent, making a great fuss, as usual, and told me, "Bey, will you come to-night to my place, we shall have some fun?" The invitation having been accepted, at the appointed hour I repaired to the sheikh's house, where I found a small party of friends in search of a lark, who had all met unaware of each other's arrival. After having chatted amongst ourselves, and drank merrily one or two bottles of *raky*, our voices were at once stopped by the sound of the gipsy music which began to play in the harem. On our questioning the sheikh what was intended, "Never mind," said he, "let us empty this bottle, and we shall soon join the company." In fact, after the first dance was over, the sheikh summoned us to follow him, and led us through a little door into a balcony, which looked down into the hall of the harem. On our apparition in the balcony the whole company seemed to be frightened out of their wits; the dance and music came to a stop, and the women were trying to hide themselves behind each other. The imperative voice of Sheikh Suleiman, however, soon put things to right, by reassuring the ladies as to the object of our appearance in the midst of them. Of course the step taken by the sheikh was a very bold one, which Mussulman propriety could by no means tolerate. But the cunning old man was well aware that no harm could result from it, as it was impossible for us to pick out any particular beauty amongst the many that were gathered in the hall. And so it happened, because on retiring from the balcony none of us was able to tell who were the women we had seen, which amongst them were strangers, and which were Suleiman's wives.

The gipsy troupe was composed of two dancing girls and three musicians. One of the dancers was very pretty; originally she must have been a *brunette*, but now she was a whitewashed beauty. Paint (*dugjiun*) is of common use amongst Oriental women. The performance which we witnessed consisted of a series of figures, some executed while dancing round the room; some while standing. The latter were by far the most curious and artistical, as the dancer follows the measure of the music with a series of convulsive contortions which are said to be produced by the vibrations of the sound. According to the opinion of connoisseurs, a dancer whose nervous system is sensitive to harmony must be able to submit to the power of vibration every one of her members, even to the tip of her nose, and the lobes of her ears. In the figure here annexed the pretty gipsy is in the act of drooping gracefully her head and left arm backwards.

Thus, thanks to the spectacle offered by the dancing gipsies, and thanks to the glance we were able to catch of Sheikh Suleiman's family and female guests, that night we had nothing to complain of. If the weariness of camp life were not relieved by some accidental jollification of this nature, even the constitutions of soldiers would sink into a state of painful prostration. The entertainment was wound up by a good, late dinner, after which we took leave of the sheikh, and returned to camp. Our stay at Kossona was prolonged as late as the latter end of November, that is to say, until the arrival of that season when men and beasts find out that a roof is well worth fighting for. About the way in which we spent our time while in the camp I have little to say that might be considered worth recording. Camp duties are only a sort of variation from barrack duties: all that we had therefore to do consisted of daily drilling, field manoeuvres once a week, inspection of military posts and

material, and so forth. One thing which gave us some trouble was our general's mania to give, every now and then, a false alarm to the camp. That was the greatest trial we had to put up with. Nothing is so provoking as being kicked out of one's

couch in the midst of a sweet slumber, and being compelled to go about in the dark in search of such a brigade and such a battalion. Being billeted afterwards on one of the good *bourgeois* of Pristina, we escaped that annoyance.

Reported Discovery of Ophir.

THE ingenuity of commentators and geographers has been for centuries employed in identifying the locality of the Ophir of Scripture, whence King Solomon, nearly 3,000 years ago, obtained quantities of gold, besides ivory and precious stones, which were brought by Phœnician traders, and employed in the decoration of the splendid buildings of Jerusalem. Hitherto no satisfactory conclusions have been arrived at on this interesting subject; some writers assigning various points in the distant East, even as far as the Malayan peninsula, as the site; others, southern Arabia; and others, different parts of the eastern coast of Africa.

Six years ago the subject was revived in England, by the re-publication of an extract from a Cape newspaper, to the effect that the ruins of a city of immense antiquity had been heard of, in the wild country north of the Limpopo, by a party of German missionaries. The missionaries had not themselves visited the ruins, but they reported that there existed, north of the middle course of the Limpopo, places where stone structures of Egyptian aspect were found, of which the natives stood in superstitious awe. The principal place was called Bunjaai; and it was forbidden, on pain of death, to take any white man there, kill any game, or even damage any of the trees and shrubs. The ruins were several hours' walk in circumference; and amongst the remains were pyramids, sphinxes, marble slabs full of hieroglyphics, sculptured heads of animals, and so forth. The re-discovery, about the same time, of gold in the same region (the now well-known Tati gold-fields), and the remains of ancient workings and tools in the auriferous quartz reefs, gave an air of probability to the conclusions that were advocated at the time by two or three English writers, that this district was truly the long-sought-for Ophir; and that Sofala Bay, the nearest point on the coast, was the situation of the port to which the ships of Solomon and King Hiram resorted, to trade for gold, ivory, and precious stones. But no corroboration of the strange report having been received, the subject attracted no further attention, and was very soon forgotten.

The identification of the neighbourhood of Sofala with Ophir had been worked out a century ago by the celebrated French geographer, D'Anville, who showed that the situation of Sofala, as well as its productions, suited the Scriptural account of Ophir; the length of time (three years) occupied in the round voyage by the fleet of Solomon, being a reasonable period for coasting-vessels in those days. As the word Ophir was derived from the Arabic, he concluded that Arab colonisation and trade extended in those ancient days to this distant point on the east coast of Africa; a conclusion borne out by all that has since been learnt regarding the extension of

Arabian enterprise, in former days, far down the coast, and to the Comoro Islands and Madagascar. The early Portuguese settlements, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, were established in places previously occupied by Arabs, or Moors as they were then called; and Portuguese writers mentioned the existence of ruined buildings in the interior, near the remains of ancient gold-workings, which, according to native legends, owed their origin to the Queen of Sheba.

Intelligence has been received within the past few weeks of the actual examination of these semi-fabulous ruins, by a well-known and thoroughly reliable African traveller, Karl Mauch, the same painstaking explorer to whose enterprise the world owes the re-discovery of the South African gold-mines. Some few details are given in a letter from the traveller to his correspondent, Dr. Petermann, of Gotha. It appears that Mauch was assisted in the preparations for his search by the same missionaries, established in the north-eastern part of the Transvaal Republic who had circulated the former report, and that he started on his journey last autumn. One of the ruined cities is called by the natives Limbabwe, situated in 20° 14' south latitude, and 31° 48' east longitude—i.e., 164 miles in the interior, due west from Sofala. The ruins are composed of fragments of buildings, walls (30 feet high and 15 feet thick), and a tower measuring 450 feet in diameter. The mode of construction—blocks of hewn granite placed together without mortar—is held to be sufficient proof of their great antiquity; and the workmanship of specimens which Mauch has sent home, is said to leave hardly any doubt that the constructions are to be attributed neither to the Portuguese nor the modern Arabians, but most probably to the Phœnicians, the Ophir traders of the days of Solomon.

Further information on this very interesting subject may be soon expected, when Mauch has had time to make further investigations. At the date of writing he had only examined superficially one of the localities. Three days further to the north-west, he states, there are more ruins, amongst which an obelisk is said to exist. The country is one of great beauty—a plateau land, situated at an elevation of more than 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, well watered, fertile, and thickly inhabited by a peaceable and industrious tribe of Makalaka. These people are agriculturists and cattle-breeders, and own rice and corn fields, herds of oxen and goats, and flocks of sheep. The coast-land all the way from the colony of Natal to Sofala, through which lies the most direct route, is much and deservedly dreaded by travellers for its pestilential character; otherwise a favourable opportunity seems here open for scientific discovery in an almost unknown region, only a few days' journey from an accessible seaport.



An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—V.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

JEREZ.

THE scenery along the road from Cadiz to Jerez (or, as it used formerly to be spelt, *Xeres*) is of much the same character as that we have before described when speaking of San Fernando; though shortly before reaching our destination, salt fields have given place to vineyards. Jerez is a very clean, well-built town, of some 50,000 inhabitants, with broad streets, and a tramway leading through the principal thoroughfare down to the station. The *Fonda de Jerez*, which is exceedingly good, is rather out of the way; but we got a dinner fit for an alderman, among other things Meg Merrilies soup, red mullet, *civet de lièvre*, and soufflé pudding. Indeed, the dinner was about the pleasantest thing at Jerez, except perhaps our visit to the Cartuja, an ancient Carthusian monastery about three miles from the town. The monastery was founded as long ago as the year 1477, and was at one time one of the richest ecclesiastical establishments in Spain; but now, like the rest of its class, "forsaken, hastening to decay."

The sights of Jerez are of course the *Bodegas*, or sherry cellars, which only differ from large cellars in other parts of the world by their being *above* ground. They are, in fact, gigantic sheds, giving shelter not only to the fifteen thousand butts of wine which we saw piled up at M. Domecq's, but to numberless carpenters, coopers, basket-makers, engineers, and other workmen; for every operation connected with sherry, from the gathering of the grapes to the sending away of the wine in casks, is entirely conducted by M. Domecq on his own premises. In spite of the *Bodegas*, however, Jerez is a very dull place for those who have no business to transact, and we were not sorry to continue our journey northward, and really to revel in the luxury of railway travelling, while looking back to the delays of equestrian journeys, and the miseries of the dread *calesa*.

SEVILLE.

We arrived at Seville late at night, and found capital trams waiting at the station to take us up to the centre of the town. The car stopped close to our hotel, the *Fonda de Europa*, in the Calle de las Sierpes, one of the few streets in Seville which does not alter its name after every change of ministry. As to the *Plaza* into which it leads, I think on the 1st of October, 1871, it was known by the somewhat general name of *Constitucion*. The *Fonda de Europa* is built round a large *patio*, or open-air court, which can be covered with a canvas awning when the sun is too hot, and which always looks pleasant and cool. It is planted with orange-trees and other shrubs—the abode of storks and many other sedate birds, and surrounded by white marble corridors, while a delicious fountain completes the Moorish character of the scene.

Of all the towns of Spain, the name of Seville is perhaps the most attractive, the most fraught with romantic associations, the most redolent of beauty and pleasure; and in spite of the amount of disappointment which invariably attends a visit to any town so fondly dreamed of, especially in the vague dreams

of romance and adventure, Seville is certainly a very delightful place, and my only regret during our brief visit was that I was unable to enjoy it as it should be enjoyed, by devoting some weeks to a quiet investigation of the innumerable charms of the capital of Andalusia. Seville has a population of nearly 150,000 souls, and is one of the most prosperous cities in Spain. In spite of guitars and dark eyes the inhabitants are by no means negligent of commerce, and with their Andalusian shrewdness I imagine they rarely make bad bargains, for the city is rapidly recovering its old prestige, when the commerce of the New World made it the first commercial town in Spain. A good deal of the progress that has been made in Seville during the last few years is said to be due to John Cunningham. It is strange to remark how southern progress is generally to be found in connection with some name with a good northern ring in it; and an Andalusian mine is as sure to be superintended by a fair-haired Sandy M'Taggart, as an Andalusian bridge is to bear on its iron girders the name of Craig, Alexander, and Co., Glasgow, or some other similar certificate of its northern birth-place.

LA GIRALDA.

The great sight of Seville is of course the cathedral, *La Giralda*. This name properly only refers to the great tower of the building, but in process of time has come to be applied to the whole. This glorious tower was built as long ago as the year 1196, a quarter of a century before the oldest existing portion of Westminster Abbey. We will endeavour, with the help of M. Doré's admirable sketch, to give our readers some notion of this tower of towers. It is 350 feet in height, and 50 feet square at the base, and is surmounted by a female figure in bronze 14 feet high, and bearing a banner which catches the wind, so that in spite of the great weight of the vane—*giralda*—it turns round at the slightest breeze, a quality in which Spanish weathercocks are not supposed to excel. The Moorish work on the walls of the tower itself is very beautiful, and differs on each side. The characteristic Moorish ornament may be seen in our engraving, surmounting the walls in the foreground. The Moorish arch leads into the *Patio de los Naranjos* (the Court of Orange-trees) and may be seen to be surmounted by a structure in that style of architecture with which the Spaniards have spoiled so much that is Moorish. On entering the court by this arch the first object that strikes the eye is a stone pulpit with an inscription recording that sermons used to be preached from it to the wretched victims of the Inquisition, whose sufferings were afterwards brought to an end at an *auto da fé*.

The steps upon which the less sanguinary priest of modern Seville may be seen standing, in all the dignity of his black cloak and gingerbread-shaped *sombrero*, are called *Las Gradass*, and the marble pillars, of which three may be seen in the engraving, are of great antiquity. They began their career as part of a Roman temple; they afterwards served the Mohammedans in the Great Mosque, and they finally adorn the Christian cathedral of the *muy leal y noble y muy heroica ciudad de Sevilla*. What strange stories could these blocks

of marble tell, and what dark tales of Roman, Moor, and Christian! For the Fiend is never more fiendish than when he avails himself of the assistance of religion. The old Spanish proverb, *Tras la cruz está el Diablo* (the devil lurks behind the cross), is a bitter saying derived from bitter experience, and is but only too applicable to all nations and to all times.

We spent a part of each day in the cathedral, and sheltered ourselves from the fierce rays of the sun under its noble roof. For, be it said in passing, Seville is a *bonâ fide* hot place even in October. It is difficult to imagine anything more grand, more imposing as a whole than the interior of Seville Cathedral, but the details, I confess, did not at all come up to the ideal I had cherished. "Oh, thrice blessed are they," says the Arab commander, "who expect little, for they will never be disappointed." And what traveller has not repeated to himself a hundred times this "wise saw" in every country in the world? What we find out for ourselves we delight in, we appreciate, we investigate; while those objects whose beauties or whose interest have been the theme of universal panegyric, almost invariably disappoint us. There are, of course, happily-constituted people who travel about to enjoy themselves, and who prudently admire all that is noted for admiration in their guide-book, and avoid everything upon which admiration need not be wasted. These people know none of the roughs of travelling; their courier will not allow them to stop at any town where there is not a good hotel, and the local guide makes sight-seeing easy if not profitable. One of these travellers, who had just returned from the grand tour, was asked at a large dinner party what he had thought of Athens. "Parker," said he, turning round to his travelling servant who was standing behind his chair, "what did we think of Athens?" But to return to the cathedral. The dimensions are extraordinary; over 430 feet long, 315 feet wide, and 145 feet high, while the transept dome rises to the height of 171 feet. The pavement is very striking, and adds to the grandeur of the interior; it is composed of large squares of black and white marble. In spite of what we have said about details, the various chapels round the building possess great interest, and their ornaments, tombs, and pictures are as beautiful as their relics and wax candles are edifying, or as the very liberal scale of dispensations, which may be obtained by a brief attendance, must be convenient. As, however, we are not writing a guide-book either to heaven or to Spain, it would be out of place and somewhat tedious to give a more detailed account of these things, and we will merely remark that for *all* purposes, except that of worldly economy, the *Santa Semana* is undoubtedly the best time for visiting Seville. One word as to the painted windows. Ford says there are ninety-three, and I have no doubt he is right, although I did not attempt to count them, and the world says they are very *good*; people like me, who know nothing about painted glass, will only think them very beautiful, and will, I hope, be content. They certainly fulfil one of the most important functions of church windows—to keep the interior dark; and in this they are assisted, as in so many Spanish cathedrals, by the position of the *coro* and *trascoro*, which block up the centre of the aisle, and are surmounted by the immense organ, whose ornamentation is of rather too florid a character for the building, but very fine in itself. As to the exterior of the building, it is simply exquisite, and worth a winter visit to be seen without danger

of sunstroke or ophthalmia. I am not much afraid of the first; but I ran considerable risks of an attack of the second in my endeavours to enjoy its beauty by daylight in the month of "chill October."

LA LONJA.

The neighbourhood of La Giralda is without doubt the most interesting quarter of Seville. To say nothing of the Chapter Library off the Patio de los Naranjos, there is the Archbishop's Palace, whose florid façade is very rich, and handsome in its way, and there is the *Lonja*, or Exchange, where a great part of the important business of the town is transacted, and where the archives *de las Yndias*—all the documents relating to the Spaniards in America—were collected by Charles III. It may not be universally known that all the archives of the Spanish kingdom are kept at Simancas, a dreary castle about seven miles from Valladolid, in Castile. Until a few years ago, these valuable records were jealously shut up from scholars and historians, Spanish as well as foreign; and it is chiefly due to the indefatigable exertions of M. Bergenroth, who collected and translated many of the records for our English "Calendar of State Papers," that the archives of the Spanish nation have been, to a limited extent, opened to the world: we should say opened to the *public*, but no one who had ever been to Simancas could make use of the latter word. Those who care to hear more of Simancas and Bergenroth are referred to *Cassell's Magazine* for June and July, 1870. The papers at Seville were all brought from Simancas in 1784.

THE ALCAZAR.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral also is the Alcazar, of which the faithful Murray says but little; so, expecting nothing, we were most agreeably surprised at this restored Alhambra—not always restored, perhaps, with the grace and good taste of the Moors, but delightful in the gorgeous and harmonious colouring, of which the want is so much felt in the decaying courts of the Granada Palace. The Alcazar is kept in most creditable repair and good order, and the custodian was most civil. The building is said to be as old as the tenth century, and, after being much altered and added to, both by Moorish and Castilian architects, was whitewashed at the beginning of this century, although not so fatally as at Granada, and was entirely restored about fifteen years ago by the Duc de Montpensier. The French were certainly the most savage plunderers and spoilers of Spanish art from 1808 to 1813, but the present generation has done, and is doing, a great deal to make up for the sins of their fathers; and the French element, in the highest and lowest regions of artistic and æsthetic Spain at the present day, is wonderfully strong. We had a very pleasant stroll in the gardens of the Alcazar, which are very interesting—*cinque cento*—and laid out in formal beds, many of which are shaped into odd patterns, such as the inevitable arms and eagles of the inevitable Charles V. What a much pleasanter country Spain would have been to travel in if the said *Carlos Quinto* had never existed! These Alcazar gardens abound with curious objects; among others, the pond where poor Philip V. used to pass his valuable time in fishing—with a worm at one end . . .; and the strange long vaults, formerly the bath of a beauty or the dungeon of a tyrant, *Quien sabe?* but now nothing—not even a potting shed. Delicious fountains also abound at every corner of the garden, and some are arranged so as to play upon the walks, and

sprinkle the unwary passer-by. No great harm, however, would such a sprinkling do you: I held my head and neck under a fountain as we walked along, to my unspeakable comfort, and the amusement of the gardener, who did not understand such tastes. Spaniards are all very fond of cold water—for *internal* use only. As for me, I was quite dry before we left the garden.

LA CARIDAD.

We did not go to see the Casa de Pilatos, which is said to be well worth a visit; nor, indeed, a hundred other objects of interest at Seville, as our time was too short to enjoy more than three or four "sights" and enjoy existence at the same time; but we paid a visit to the hospital almshouse, known as La Caridad, or rather to its little chapel, where six most beautiful Murillos attracted us and amply repaid us for the trouble. On demanding admission at the door of the hospital, the porter rang a long and loud peal on a good-sized bell, and while waiting for an answer we amused ourselves by reading the various degrees of tintinnabulation to which different classes of visitors were entitled, or by which their arrival was announced. Without going through the list, we may record that while ordinary visitors are only received with one ringing, the approach of the archbishop is heralded by seven. If each one of the seven were as lengthy as that to which we were treated, his excellency would have to wait a long time at the door—a system not, perhaps, entirely without its advantages. In course of time we were shown into the little chapel by a quiet "sister," and the six Murillos that adorn the walls were unveiled for our contemplation. Of these, two companion pictures—"Moses striking the Rock" and "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes"—are very large, and boldly painted; while "The Infant Saviour" and "St. John" are perfect gems of a more finished order.

I have already said we did not see *La Casa de Pilatos*; neither, I regret to say, did we see the University, nor *La Sangre*, nor the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, nor the *Palacio de San Telmo*, nor any of the churches except the Cathedral. In fact, we left so

many things undone and unseen at Seville, that I can lay claim to a very imperfect acquaintance with the town until circumstances permit me to pay it another visit. I think I am bound to record these omissions, lest my readers should think that my silence on that score showed a want of appreciation of much that I have most reluctantly left unnoticed. The fact is, that I only describe what I have seen, and not what I have heard and read about Spain, and am more inclined than the severest critic could be to lament that I was obliged to leave so much unvisited.

GIPIY DANCES.

No one, however, could be expected to leave Seville without having seen a specimen of the celebrated Spanish dances. In these again, at the risk of appearing to be a *nil admirari* observer, which of all things I most detest, I must confess myself disappointed. The dances were but moderately graceful, and certainly most unattractive; the gipsies themselves were pretty, but the room was small and stifling, and the noise deafening. In spite of the universal admiration of *connoisseurs* from the time of Martial, I was extremely glad to make my escape again into the open air, and refresh myself by a stroll in *Las Delicias* before going to bed. I saw a *funcion* of this kind at Granada, at the house of the captain or "king" of the gipsies—Antonio, I think, by name. This man is one of the best guitar-players in Spain, and his performances gave me great pleasure; indeed, I had never



BEGGARS AT A CHURCH DOOR IN ANDALUSIA.

known the *power* of the instrument before. A guitar is generally said to "tinkle," but in the hands of Antonio it seemed to become imbued with all the fire and energy of its master, who, although a gipsy by birth and a blacksmith by trade, is none the less a *Tartini* in his own way. M. Doré's sketch represents a *pas seul*, such as may be best seen, perhaps, in the gipsy quarter at Granada. Although faithful to nature, M. Doré has invested the scene with a charm of his own genius; and the Titianesque contrast of the old hag and the sprightly girl may possibly convey a somewhat exaggerated notion of the attractions of a



GIPSY DANCE.

gitana dance. After all it is a great mistake to be too severe in such matters. Perhaps M. Doré was more fortunate than we were. Let us hope that our turn may come yet.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

There is, however, one thing—and that we have left to the last—without seeing which no one can really be said to have been at Seville, and that is the picture gallery. The collection, indeed, is very small, and nothing can equal the “chill penury” of the old chapel upon whose now whitewashed walls the pictures are hung. The frames are wretched, poor, and half gilt, and the whole place has such an appearance of misery that we could hardly believe we had come to the right place; and it took us some time to get *échauffés* by the beauties of the individual pictures. But even a Murillo does not look effective at first sight, with a whitewash background and a frame whose market value is about eighteenpence. But of the two hundred and fifty paintings which adorn these wretched walls, there are nineteen Zurbarans and twenty-four Murillos, among them many of the finest works of these great masters. There is a French epigram, happily turned by Warburton—

“Of water though the channel bare is,
A royal bridge o'er Manzanarès
Upstairs its head on high;
That costly bridge, if it were sold,
Then might King Philip with the gold
A little water buy.”

In like manner it appeared to us that if there is not enough money in the Spanish treasury to pay for the gilding of the frames, and the painting of the walls in the *Museo* at Seville, would it not be a good thing to sell a few of the least interesting pictures and devote the proceeds to the service of the rest? But Spaniards are too proud for such proceedings; and many of the old nobility, who find the greater part of their revenue consumed in keeping up properties and houses in various parts of Spain which they are too poor to visit, refuse to part with “an acre or a stone,” and live all their life in obscurity at Madrid or Cordova, on pride and a cigarette. In many of the public

offices of the capital there are hundreds of valuable and interesting pictures, the spoil of the suppressed monasteries; and as the Government has no gallery in which to exhibit them to the public, and cannot afford to build one, they lie rotting in holes and corners, their very existence unknown even to many of the people of Madrid. Through a strange mistake, which it would take too long to enter into here, I was permitted to see some of them, if *seeing* indeed it could be called; but I feel sure the Spaniards would as soon part with Cuba as with one of the despised objects of artistic lumber. To return, however, to the gallery at Seville. Zurbarán is a painter who is, unfortunately, too little known in England. He flourished during the first half of the seventeenth century, and died in 1662. A “Crucifixion” at Seville is, to my mind, one of the most striking productions of his brush. Nothing is to be seen but the Saviour hanging dead on the accursed tree, with an expression of calm dignity upon his face, and deep black darkness all around. The “Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas” is, however, considered to be his masterpiece, and contains a large number of figures, among whom are St. Paul and the inevitable Charles V. The Murillos are of course the great feature of the gallery, and it would require more space than I have been able to devote to the whole of Seville, to give any adequate idea of their merits. My favourite was “St. Tomas de Villanueva distributing alms,” of which there is a smaller replica in Sir Richard Wallace’s (Hertford) collection, inferior in execution as in size to that at Seville, and which visitors to Burlington House last winter may remember to have seen in the third gallery. A “Virgin and Child,” said to be painted on a napkin, and called *La Servilleta*, “St. Francisco embracing the crucified Saviour,” two pictures of “St. Antony of Padua on his knees before the infant Christ,” and “SS. Leandro and Buenaventura,” may perhaps be singled out as the most attractive. But it is difficult to particularise in such matters, and to attempt to describe, would be as idle as it would be uninteresting. We must therefore take our leave of the *Museo*, but not of Seville, where we intend to linger until the beginning of next month, and perhaps find a few words of interest to be said at the beginning of our next chapter.

Notes of a Naturalist in the North-Western Provinces of India.—I.

BY CHARLES HORNE, F.Z.S., (LATE) B.C.S.

THE following notes were written at Benares and Manipur, chiefly in the early morning, that being the principal time for relaxation of an Indian official, and they comprise a little of what at first strikes an observer, should he have any turn for natural history.

The house in which I lived at Benares was of one storey only, with a flat roof, and had a broad verandah running around it. This verandah, which was roofed with tiles laid on a framework of bamboos, was much used by me for morning resort and purposes of observation, so that most of these notes date therefrom.

My house at Manipur was perched on a rising ground,

artificially raised, and covering some eight or ten acres, surrounded by thirty to forty acres of wild land, enclosed by a bank and ditch. Near to the house was a sloping flower garden, with lawns on which grew fine timber; and a vegetable garden; not forgetting an orchard of oranges, lemons, guavas, &c.

This mound was piled up of old—*i.e.*, some 1,800 years ago—by the Buddhists, by excavating one or two feet of soil from the surrounding country to a great distance, and so rises to a height of thirty or forty feet above the general level of the country, which is very flat. The labour bestowed on such a work must have been prodigious, and one’s surprise is greater

when one considers that there are scores of such mounds, generally crowned with ruins, scattered through the Provinces.

In many places the drifting sand has filled up the shallow excavations; whilst in others they have become swamps, cultivated in the dry season with rice, and impassable, save on raised roads to the ruins.

A flight of steps leads to the roof, from whence is obtained an extensive view of a richly-cultivated country, interspersed with fine groves of mango and other trees, and dotted with villages. The Ganges Canal runs on one side, spreading fertility; whilst on the other, the small river Esa winds about on its way to join the Jumna, being partly fed by the waste waters of the canal, which at a higher point has absorbed much of its stream. This river Esa often floods, and overflows the country for miles, when it becomes the resort of many aquatic birds, turtles, alligators, &c. In it I have often, of an evening, watched the pelicans fishing, and, as I may not again allude to them, I will here describe their sport as watched by me with great interest.

The parties generally consisted of from three to seven birds, and I have only seen them fishing when the water covered the fields. Extending on either flank from a centre, they would swim along towards the shallow field-bank, driving before them all the small fish. The birds being nearly equidistant, they would advance more rapidly on the flanks, and soon present a half circle, all closing to the centre as they neared the bank.

These birds swim, so to speak, flat, *i.e.*, their huge beaks lie along the water before them, the upper mandible lifted. By the time the shore is nearly reached, the enclosed waters are alive with small fry, and one sees the beaks rapidly tossed up, by which movement scores or hundreds of fish, frogs, water-beetles, &c., are doubtless pouched, for I saw plenty of frogs in the neighbourhood, and I believe they swallowed everything. This bird is the *Pelecanus Phillipensis* of Gmelin: it builds an untidy nest on low trees near water, whilst, from its singular flight and its size, it attracts the notice of the least observant, and when roosting near the black cormorant, the contrast is very striking.

Some of the trees lose their leaves in the cold weather, so that the view is then rather more extensive; although, as a general rule, by a wise provision of Providence, they are not generally deciduous.

As the country is very sandy, my mound, where not laid out and cultivated, is planted with a coarse kind of grass, *Andropogon*, called, "seentha." The roots of this plant bind the loose soil, and it grows in the driest places, reaching a height of seven or eight feet. The coarse leaves, with their finely-serrated edges, are used for thatching; from the stalks, or reeds, chairs, stools, and a variety of articles are made; whilst from the fibres, picked out from near the roots, fine string and ropes of great strength are fabricated. It is, however, the resort of snakes; whilst, on the other hand, it gives good cover for game of all kinds. Amongst this grass I made many winding paths, to enable me to observe the birds and wild animals at home, and, in consequence of my not allowing these to be disturbed, I had plenty of hares, partridges, quail, and peafowl, so that I have counted as many as twenty-seven of the last-named, including two splendid tailers, roosting in the large dead tree I left for that purpose in the midst of the grass.

After these preliminary remarks, I proceed to transcribe a few of my notes at Benares, dated August 24th, Sunday morning, 6 a.m.:—Sitting in the verandah over a cup of tea

at this, the coolest time of the day (thermometer 82° Fahr.). I have been trying to enjoy the quiet Sabbath, disturbed only by the pulling of the punkah rope over a wheel, to which one in a manner becomes accustomed from force of habit, a troublesome cough keeping me at home, and I console myself by noting the natural phenomena of my immediate neighbourhood. Immediately in front of the verandah stands a fine tree growing very like an open umbrella, a straight stem for twenty feet, and then lateral boughs at right angles, curving downwards, and covered with a very pretty flower, now developing into a fruit resembling small, beautifully-carved Chinese ivory balls. Its native name is *Kadam* or *Kêm* (*Nauclea Kadamba*), and before the fruit set I had observed almost every butterfly in its season sporting upon it in company with other classes of insects, for the flower is of delicious perfume, and yields much honey. On this present morning I see an abundance of the pretty little striped squirrels, commonly called the palm squirrel (*Sciurus palmarum*), and I have been feeding them with bread, for they are very sociable and fearless.

There sits one before me on his haunches, holding the bread in his forepaws and eating it, whilst a second with a piece of toast in his mouth, is being chased all over the tree by another. A third is busily engaged in knocking off the earthen galleries made by the white ants (*Termites*), on the trunk of the tree, and then eating their occupants as the blind insects try to get up the bark or retire to shelter, being cut off from retreat by their broken tunnel. A fourth is seen playing with, and jumping at, some birds feeding under the tree, whilst others are standing on their hind legs eating the seeds of the grass growing near to its roots. This (the tree) they will not leave far in the distance, for it is their castle, and they are very canny.

Squirrels are found at every house in this neighbourhood. They live in the thatch, make their huge nests of whatever they can pilfer—cotton, cloth, hair, wool, and fibres, such as hemp and tow; an old wig would be a perfect treasure to them. Of these materials they construct a nest forming a mass of perhaps nine inches or one foot square, placed generally in some hollow or crevice, or upon a beam. They then line it with the softest materials, and in this they bring forth four or five young ones, blind, naked, and very helpless-looking.

I remember watching them building a nest in this very verandah. It was placed just where, if rain came, it would be wetted. It did rain, and the old ones made a fine chattering with their shrill cries. Presently, in an incredibly short space of time, perhaps an hour, another smaller nest had been prepared in a snugger place, quite dry, and then the mother brought down the wetted infants, one by one, in her mouth, and put them into their new home, which, I have no doubt, she afterwards made more comfortable for them. Sometimes, too, they are very impudent, and always up to tricks with one another.

I saw one playing one day. He had found an empty drain-pipe lying in the garden, and he was amusing himself by running backwards and forwards through it. This was the more strange as he was quite alone, and did it evidently for nothing but amusement. Another day I saw one stealing quietly along a parapet railing, on which was sitting a large black crow (*Corvus splendens*) eating some delicate morsel which had excited the cupidity of our friend. When he got quite close (and the crows generally do not heed their companions on the housetop) he gave a sudden jump right on to his back, which so frightened

him, that he dropped his morsel, and flew away. The squirrel seized it, but the crow would have recaptured it had not a convenient hole been near (a waterspout), into which the squirrel bolted, and the crow could not follow.

These squirrels, too, are great thieves. They will rob birds' nests for their lining of moss, wool, feathers, or hair, and on one occasion, I find recorded, that they cut down with their sharp teeth a number of nests of the weaver bird (*Ploceus baya*) for the sake of the material, which, after all, I fancy they could not use, as it is too harsh and sharp, being strips torn from the *Andropogon* or seentha grass, before-mentioned, with all its serrations woven into a mass. They certainly did not eat the eggs in this case, although I have seen them suspiciously near nests where I knew there were eggs. The natives give them the credit for doing so, and I have once seen one with a dove's (*Turtur humilis*) egg in its mouth. They are in general vegetable feeders, are often tamed, and, although at first a few bites may be expected, they make as nice pets as the English squirrel.

The way they dodge behind a bough to prevent you seeing them is very curious, and, considering their small size, the leaps they take from tree to tree and the height from which they will jump without apparent injury, is almost incredible.

But enough of these pets. Let us look around. Here is a large black crow, almost a raven in looks—*Corvus culminatus*. He has espied the breakfast, and wants to take some of the squirrels' food. See how he puts his head on one side as he eyes it wistfully, and then gives a questioning "caw" as to whether it would be safe to rush and seize it; and then, when I alarm him, he flies but a bough or two distant, never losing sight of it. However, in this case, under my protection, the squirrels were not molested by him.

I am sorry to say that he had his revenge a day or two afterwards; for when one of the younger squirrels left the tree and got into the open grass the crow was after him, and he never reached another tree alive; for he was snapped up, and the black villain, with one of his mates, made a meal of him. My little dog sometimes captures one of them in a similar way. It station itself very quietly a little distance from the tree, and when it thinks the squirrels are too far away it makes a rush for the trunk of the tree, and thus often catches one frantically rushing back, having fairly cut off its retreat up the friendly trunk.

Under the next tree, which is a "burr," or wild fig (*Ficus Indica*) are five black crows squatting over some of the fruit which has fallen. This *Corvus splendens* is much smaller than the species last mentioned, and frequents all houses in India, being very bold, and picking up scraps about the kitchen, &c. This bird often uses odd materials for its nest. Perhaps the most extraordinary was that shown to me in Calcutta, —viz., soda-water wires! upon which the eggs were laid: the nest was certainly well ventilated. The most common story told of these birds is how two of them will rob a dog of a bone, one attracting the dog's attention by pecking at his tail or otherwise, when the other pounces on the coveted prize. I several times had the experiment tried on my dog, but without effect, for it always rushed after the enticer, with the food in its mouth, and without attempting to bark.

But both kinds of crows are great robbers of birds' eggs, and it is a wonder to me how the doves, who make scarcely any nest, and whose eggs show so plainly, ever escape. I have now four eggs which I have taken from the crows as they were

being carried off, and on one occasion I made a crow drop one on our lawn unbroken, whilst pierced and emptied shells are very common. Before leaving the subject of crows I must tell a story about them. In the year 1857 when I was at Ghazipur, at the house of a friend, I saw, one morning, sitting on a rail close to my door, which opened into the verandah, a crow without a beak. He was quite tame, and seemed to be asking for food. It seems that one day the cook was making mincemeat with a chopper, when a crow came in and began to snatch up bits of meat. The cook made a chop at him, and cut off both mandibles. The crow flew away, but, returning shortly, seemed to throw himself on the cook's mercy. He (cooks in India are men) accordingly got it some soft food and fed it regularly, and soon the beak had hardened (it did not seem to have grown), and the bird could pick up ordinary food.

But now what have we here? A flight of ground thrushes, called *panj bhaias* or *sath bhaias*—i.e., five brothers or seven brothers, because they always go about in parties of from five to eight—*Malacocircus terricolor*. First they alight from their weak wavy flight on the *kadam* tree, and then one by one descend from aloft, and soon, others having joined them, there are eight, hopping about and turning over the dead leaves, seeking insects under them, and it is with these birds in particular that the squirrels have the greatest games, elevating their tails and jumping at them with a shrill little squeak. They are very common, and have pretty blue eggs, rather like those of an English thrush.

But here comes another, *Coracias Indica* (called the jay by Europeans in India), with a harsh grating cry, and pounces upon an unfortunate insect, which he gobbles up, and then flies off to resume his watch on the bough. He has his nest in some hole in a tree, and lays beautifully-enamelled white eggs.

Some happy sociable "mya" birds (*Acridotheres tristis*) come next. In habit and figure these much resemble an English starling, and each one is accompanied by his mate. They run along the ground, and whenever one finds some tid-bit, he always calls the other to share it. These birds deserve a few words. They are among the most generally-distributed and best-known birds of North-west India, and have no fear of man, living under his eaves, and making their huge nest in some corner of a beam. In fact, the mynas and the squirrels have many a fight for material, and there is a strong family likeness in their nests. I have often seen a myna trying to carry off a piece of paper, eighteen inches square, for its nest, and there is nothing that comes amiss for this purpose. They often build in and block up chimneys, and I once took about two sacks of material from one, the accumulation of some years' work of a pair of these birds. They lay a pretty blue egg. They incessantly chatter to one another, and when nest-building or feeding their young, rush in and out with great fuss and hurry. No heat seems to daunt them, although I have seen them occasionally at noon sitting still, with open beaks.

But here is another pretty little bird, with a short tail, bright green body, large beak, and with a red rim round the eye—a barbet (*Megalaima caniceps*)—a kind of *becafico*, as the Italians call the allied species which eats their figs. Ah! there he is, looking so comical, hanging head downwards from a bough, peeping into a hole! I wonder if he sees a little moth or beetle who thought himself snug; and so he hops about,

and, finding nothing, goes off to another tree. He has a wonderful call, heard from a great distance, and at times quite startling. This resembles the noise made by a coppersmith—viz., that caused by a large wooden mallet struck upon a

gallery to it, at a right angle along the bough, for perhaps one or two feet. At the end of this he scoops out a small chamber for the nest. I saw one in which the gallery was several feet in length, and I have read of their making a second entrance



WEAVER BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

wide-spreading copper dish. His nest is very curious, the place for it being excavated from the solid wood of a bough. The bird selects a horizontal branch, and in this he bores upwards a clean round hole, large enough for him to enter. Having got inside the timber, he begins to hollow out a

near to the nest. Perhaps this was in a subsequent year to that in which the first gallery and nest were made.

"On one occasion I dug out under the roots of a tree high in a bank the nest of an allied species, when the young birds were seven feet from the opening. This was in the hills below

Bheem-Tal. Another barbet now came nearly twice as large, but he made a very short stay, and was succeeded by three or four bright green parrakeets, with long tails flashing in the sun, who rush up with their shrill cry, just settle for a moment on the highest bough to see if the fruit is ripe, and finding it green, whirl off again with a similar scream to make their breakfast off my guavas in the garden. These parrakeets (*Palæornis torquata*) are the plague of this part of India, and they commit great havoc in the grain fields, destroying ten times as much as they eat. I have seen many thousands scattered over a few fields, and at roosting time immense flights pass over *en route* to the mango-grove, where they pass the night. Arrived at the spot, they make a tremendous screeching and noise before they settle down, and they are all off again at a very early hour in the morning.

They hover above the heads of barley and other grain, cutting them off with their sharp beaks, and carrying them in their claws to the nearest tree. Here they drop a great many, having first extracted one or two grains only. A curious case came before me in court in connection with this. A poor traveller was brought up by a *zemindar*, or landholder, for having stolen four pounds of grain from his field. The grain was found upon him, and he pleaded that he had sat down utterly weary under a solitary tree which stood in the midst of the fields, and through which ran the footpath. Whilst resting he looked up, and felt and saw many ears of corn falling on and around him. He gathered them up, and rubbed out the corn, which was what we saw. This grain had been brought by parrakeets, and the prosecutor could not even identify it. The man was, as a matter of course, released.

They are most pugnacious birds, and as every female has generally two males in attendance, the squabbling at the breeding season is incessant. One, however, of the males seemed to be in waiting, ready to take the place of the husband in case of accident, or if he were stronger, to take his place at once, and reduce the said husband to the situation of *cavalier servente*. They build in holes of trees, for which they often fight for days with the rollers, who affect similar situations, as do the little owlets (*Athene Brahma*). But now it grows late, only one squirrel remains munching his bread; and I hear nothing but the soft cooing of my pet doves (*Turtur risoria*) in the cage behind me, and the chirruping of the "amadavads" (*Estrela amandava*) as they sing their little song. So no more to-day.

A week has passed, and again at seven a.m., on September 4th, I am sitting in the verandah, the swallows (*Hirundo rustica*) flitting around, reminding one much of home and old times. But such illusions are short-lived, for a loud call resembling "Kō-ël! kō-ël!" tells us we are in a strange land. It proceeds from a large glossy black bird (*Eudynamis orientalis*) like a cuckoo, to which class it belongs; and he, first of all the birds in the morning, gives forth his joyous, but somewhat monotonous cry. He is shortly followed by his mate, very much spotted, barred, and banded with white, and they are pursued by the inevitable third. All come to feed on the fruit of the adjoining *burr*, or fig-tree, and as they arrive the air is resonant with their calls. The female lays her egg in the nest of the common crow (*Corvus splendens*), and it is difficult to distinguish it as regards colour. Its size, however, is perhaps a little less, and it is more smooth and glossy in texture. When

the young one is hatched, it is said to get those of the crow on its back, and so hoist them one by one out of their own nest. I have never *seen* this done, but I have found young crows (two) lying under a nest in which was a cuckoo. This is not so necessary as in the case of our English cuckoo and wagtail, as the difference in size, and consequently in the quantity of food required is so much less. The crows know their enemy well, and whenever a koel appears there are generally some of its victims pursuing him. In a similar manner I have often discovered owls who have ensconced themselves in the leafiest trees, and whose presence was thus betrayed. They are very fond of the fruit of the *kadam* tree, as also of the fig, and are therefore my constant visitors.

With regard to the *third* bird I may remark that I have observed the same with magpies in England, and that the koel is nearly allied to that class of birds.

And here is another near ally, the common Indian magpie (*Dendrocitta rufa*), a very handsome bird, black and ashy, with a long tail. He, too, is very clamorous as he flies from tree to tree; and all the three last-named birds have a restless gliding way of moving amongst the branches, much like that of the English cuckoo. But in looking above, we must not forget what is going on below the tree. Look at that exquisite mite of a bird amongst the flowers in the flower-pots! It is a little honey-sucker (*Arachnechthra Asiatica*), the long name indicating its habits, as will be hereafter described, scarcely larger than a hummingbird-hawkmoth, hovering over, and inserting his long curved beak into each flower. He is a charming little fellow, glossy purple-green, with a little black, crimson, and yellow, so that in the sunlight he glistens with purple and gold. The natives call these birds *shukrora*, or sugar-eaters, and their nests are very curious. They are generally founded, so to speak, in the midst of a mass of spiders' webs, in the heart of a prickly bush, or in one of those confused balls of silky web left by the sociable caterpillars of several species of moth. To this they attach various fragments of wasps' paper, bits of sloughs of snakes, web, small straws, &c., till the whole assumes an ovoidal shape about five or six inches in length. An opening to this is left near to the top, and a porch constructed of the seed-heads of fine grasses, the entire fabric presenting the most curious instance of construction that I have ever seen, more especially when three or four pairs of beaks are thrust out demanding food, and the yellow-and-brown mother is fearlessly feeding them in one's presence. I remember a nest built in a creeper in a porch, close to a door which was in continual use; and I heard of an instance in which it was made on the tangled knots of an old line hanging across a verandah at Etawal, and in front of a window.

Close to these little gems on the trunk of the tree, see that pretty garden lizard, stealthily crawling with his long finely-tapering tail, and his bright black eyes, like pieces of jet, peeping round at me! No insect comes amiss to him; and he will catch the sharp-stinging wasp, or the soft-bodied moth alike. He rejects only the *Cimicidae*, with their rank tallowy smell, and the *Meloe*. Watch him now creeping quietly and cunningly, now running swiftly, and now darting savagely, but seldom missing his prey. I have often watched these creatures at their amatory play, when they appear to bite each other very severely; but I suppose it is all taken in good part, and that they are used to it. I have, too, at times found their eggs—which are large as compared to the size of the depositors—

under stones, and in crevices of the garden wall. Their bite is perfectly harmless, although dreaded by the natives.

But what is that which makes the grass to move in long quiet wavy lines, so gently under the tree? What makes the old hen bristle up with alarm, as she calls with clucking voice all her foster children—the little guinea fowls—to her? Ah! I see you, you old rascal, as you stand on your hind legs for a moment and look round, and then drop so quietly down again! and the grass waves towards the chicks. It is a *neola* or *mongoose* (*Herpestes Malaccensis*), an animal much like a weasel, or the *ichneumon* of Egypt, after my fowls. In this way he is a great villain, although useful at other times in killing snakes, to which he seems to have a natural antipathy. It is most curious to watch them when they see one another. The snake is all on the alert, and would quietly slip away, if he could, without giving his enemy an advantage. So he stands with head erect, ready to strike the foe. The *neola*, on the other hand, moves hither and thither, getting as near as he can without coming within reach of those murderous fangs, when, quick as lightning, a spring, a confusion, and the snake is bitten through the back of the neck, and its head almost parted from its body. The *neola* sometimes eats a portion, but oftener leaves the body, and if it chances to be bitten is said to rush off to feed on some leaves reputed to be an antidote to snake poison, and said also to be always found near to where a snake may be.

I remember one of these animals getting into my duck-house one night, and killing forty-nine teals by biting their throats, from which he probably drank the blood. Each department of the poultry-yard has, at some time or other, suffered from their depredations; yet they can easily be tamed, and are often kept as pets. I had one which lived in my garden, and came to me when I went out; my dog always accompanied me, and one day, as was her nature, she rushed at the poor *neola*, and would have killed it, had I not rescued the animal, and given the dog a good beating. After this, when I went into the garden, the *neola* used to come and run before me, whilst Fanny (the dog) ran behind. At last my pet played such havoc amongst my choice plants, that I let Fanny have her way, and the victim lies buried under a fig-tree.

In another house there was a pet *neola*, who had a family in a box placed for her, and nothing could be more singular than to see the mother with her three little ones, *fac-similes* of their parent, come into the dining-room when called to have some fish, of which they are very fond. When alarmed, the bristles of their tails stood out like those of a bottle-brush, and they scampered off. This pet always slept on the coverlet of its master's and mistress's bed, and although never tied up, yet it would never leave the house.

A pair of wild doves (*Turtur humilis*) have alighted on a bough. They do not seem to care about feeding, being too busy fighting, billing and cooing. I never knew such birds for nesting, and I have found their eggs at almost all times of the year. The nests consist only of a few sticks, and the peril their young run of being destroyed is very great, hence perhaps the extraordinary fecundity of this bird. Their cooing is beautifully soft and pleasing, and it has often soothed me as I lay ill; for these birds constantly abide near the house, and build on the capitals of the verandah pillars. The bold coo of the male is replied to in a subdued fluttering manner by the female, and, as in all the pigeon tribe, the male seems proud when talking to his mate.

It is now March, and I am at Manipur, sitting in my room, which opens to the verandah, at a quarter-past four a.m. All is still, with that peculiarly solemn calm which precedes sunrise. The only sound is the chirping of a small cicada on a tree; but, no! a fox barks, the sound being exactly like a large door grating on rusty hinges. This animal (*Vulpes Bengalensis*) is a very pretty creature, and does not much molest the poultry-yard, as he is content with all kinds of other food, and my chief complaint against him is the destruction of young game. It is much smaller than the English fox. Its bark is, however, quite unheeded when I hear the large rock or horned owl with his hoarse laughter or solemn hoot, once slowly, and twice more rapidly repeated. "Dōōr-gōōn" is somewhat like the sound. This is a noble bird, generally of a bright tawny yellow, with wide streaks of rich dark brown with five aigrettes of feathers resembling horns, and very large eyes, so that as he sits on a bare bough in twilight he looks just like a cat, measuring more than a foot in height. When disturbed he flies off quietly, which seems strange when one remembers that the wings extend more than three feet. I have several times found their nests on ledges in the steep banks of the canal; the eggs are large, round, and white. I reared two young ones, feeding them on rats, and had them sent, when full-grown, to the Zoological Society of London, but I believe they died on shipboard.

I hear, too, in the tree by the verandah my pretty little owlet (*Athene Brahma*) with her clear, round, yellow eyes—"Too-whit! too-whit!" a rather pleasant call, say I, although many people do not like it, holding it to be of evil omen. This little bird makes its nest in the holes of trees, and lays very round polished eggs, like most owls. It is very sociable, and often to be seen even in daylight, although it feeds chiefly on insects by twilight. I have seen large owl hawking over the grain-fields at night for beetles, mice, and moths, but I cannot be certain as to the species. In the room, as I sit writing, there is a steady subdued hum, like that of gnats on a river's bank at home on a summer's evening, but here it is caused by mosquitoes. Like the gnats in England it is wonderful whence the millions on millions come: of course from the water, although one does not see such swarms of their larvæ. When one contemplates the very large number of bats, swallows, swifts, and other creatures who feed much on them, the supply seems scarcely larger than the demand. And here comes a pipiselle or some other small bat. I cannot see him, but I hear his little "snap, snap" as he catches his prey, and I feel the air caused by his flight as he sweeps past, kindly clearing off my tormentors. It is still dark, but the light is breaking, and now the sad plaintive cry of the awakened lapwing, "Ti-ti-ri! ti-ti-ri!" arrests the attention. Two of these birds had tenanted my court-house roof, and had laid three eggs, of a dirty speckled colour, on the bare mortar without any nest, and just as the young birds were hatched a kite swooped down and carried them off to feed her own young! Their wailing and crying all day was such that I could scarcely carry on my work. Again and again they did the same, with always the same result. Another pair occupied the roof of my house, but their eggs—which were placed on the flat surface of the plaster, their small ends pointing inwards, and surrounded with a circle of small pieces of mortar, as my man suggested, to prevent their rolling—were invariably carried off by the crows, who were constantly on the watch for them.

Recent Explorations in Madagascar.—I.

IN the first volume of ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS we gave an account of Madagascar from the observations of M. Charnay. The descriptions contained in that article referred, however, to only a limited portion of the island, and that which has been most frequently visited; namely, the neighbourhood of Tamatave, and other parts of the eastern coast. Since M. Charnay's visit, a far more extensive journey has been performed by a well-known French savant, M. Alfred Grandidier, a gentleman

is tolerably correct in his assertion that hardly one of the accounts of Madagascar hitherto published are at all reliable, in whatever language they may be written. There is one author, indeed, a countryman of his own, to judge from the name, M. Legueval de Lacombe, who has published an account of his travels from north to south, and from east to west of the island, in which the most precise details are given of journeys which M. Grandidier assures us could not possibly have been



HOVAHS.

who, in pursuit of his favourite studies in natural history and geography, has visited many parts of the island previously unknown to Europeans.

Great and insurmountable have been the obstacles which, until within these last few years, have frustrated every attempt to gain a more accurate knowledge of this magnificent island, the superficial area of which is 200,000 miles; that is, nearly double the size of the British Isles. Although it lies in the line of trade between South Africa and India, and possesses in the elevated lands of the interior a fine healthy climate, Madagascar is still very imperfectly known, either to traders, geographers, or naturalists. A glance at the best modern maps will show at once the meagreness of our knowledge concerning it. Round the coasts there are indeed a good many names of places marked down, but the interior of the country is almost a blank. We are inclined to think, therefore, that M. Grandidier

made by the writer. M. Grandidier comes to this conclusion, not merely from a perusal of the book itself, and a comparison of the account there given with his own experience; he was assured by the natives that M. Lacombe had never quitted the east coast. And yet so little was known actually of the country, that map-makers seized eagerly on any new material, even although it might be fictitious, and thus the interior of the country is marked in modern maps with false rivers, mountains, and places, based upon this imaginary narrative.

It was in the year 1865 that M. Grandidier first set foot in Madagascar. He landed at Point Larrey, a promontory opposite the little French colony of Sainte Marie, which has been established on the small island of that name on the north-east coast. In making choice of this part of the island for his starting-point, he hoped to escape the notice of the Queen of the Hovahs (in whose possession it is) and her chiefs, since,



WRESTLING MATCH BEFORE THE COURT OF TANANARIVO.

in the vicinity of the French colony, strangers are, of course, not so uncommon as in every other part of the country. At the same time he wished to avoid the well-known route from Tamatave to Tananarivo. He was well aware that the Hovahs were averse to any foreigner advancing into the interior of their country, and his chief object was to penetrate into the very heart of it.

Unfortunately for him and his enterprise, the suspicion and mistrust with which this tribe had always regarded Europeans, were at this juncture aroused afresh by the demand for indemnity made by the French in this same year, 1865. Every European was looked upon with suspicion, and the governors of the north-east provinces subjected M. Grandidier, directly he stepped on land, to a strict and perpetual surveillance. Which ever way he turned, his progress was immediately arrested. He was, in fact, a prisoner of state. He might, if he pleased, go to the island of Sainte Marie, but not a step into the country.

All attempts at conciliation failing, and it being useless to remain longer at Point Larrey, which was little more than a sandbank, he returned to Sainte Marie. From thence he took his passage in a schooner belonging to the local governor, to Mananhara, a village situated a little further north, just beyond Cape Bellona, at the entrance of Antongil Bay. But there he encountered the same difficulties—no chance of penetrating inland even here. At last, as a special favour, he was permitted to return to Point Larrey along the coast, a distance of about fifty miles. And thus terminated the first campaign, which had lasted six months. All that had been accomplished was a determination of the exact position of ten villages situated on the coast line, between Mananhara and Point Larrey, together with the small rivers which there fall into the sea.

This was a truly disheartening commencement, but the traveller consoled himself with the consideration that, on the whole, the time had not been so wasted as at first sight it would seem to have been, for he had occupied himself with studies with which it is well for every would-be explorer to be conversant before attempting to traverse new and barbarous countries, and they are, the language, laws, manners, and customs, and, above all, the superstitions of the natives.

Having so entirely failed in his endeavour to get a footing in the country of the north-east, M. Grandidier's next attempt was towards the southern part of the island. This district is inhabited by the Antandroins and the Mahafalys, whose possessions are joined on the south-west by those of the Sakalaves. The inhabitants of these countries bear an evil character for rapacity, and, indeed, it was reported to be very unsafe for travellers to venture amongst them, but, as they were independent of the Hovahs, M. Grandidier hoped that perhaps they might not have the same disposition to obstruct his progress by the obstacles which had proved so insurmountable in the east. Another inducement which attracted him was the consideration that while his first attempt had been made on comparatively well-known ground, no geographer or naturalist had ever visited these countries of the south, with the sole exception of a Mr. Peters, who had hastily passed through on his way to Tulleur.

M. Grandidier sailed from St. Denis de la Réunion (whither he appears to have gone after his failure at Point Larrey) in June, 1866, on board the barque *Indefatigable* one of four vessels which, during the last few years, have ventured to trade along the inhospitable shores of the south, between Fort

Dauphin and Morundava. Owing, however, to a sudden and unexpected gale of wind when near to Fort Dauphin, the *Indefatigable* was compelled to put out to sea again, and thus M. Grandidier was prevented from visiting this ancient possession of his countrymen, which is now entirely abandoned to the mercy of the Hovahs. They continued forward, therefore, along the south coast until they arrived at Cape St. Mary (the extreme southerly point of the island) where they cast anchor. This was the first year in which vessels had ventured to anchor off this coast, nor can we wonder, after reading the description of it, at their reluctance to make its more intimate acquaintance. Facing the sea is a line of desolate *dunes*, almost destitute of vegetation, and without any trace of inhabitants; while, below, banks of rock stretch out at the water level a great distance from the shore, against which the huge waves of an open and furious sea continually dash themselves with irresistible force. It is clear that anchorage under such circumstances must be an exceedingly difficult matter, and that vessels which venture to brave the two elements, whose conduct here is so riotous—for the winds are as furious as the waves—must be in constant danger of swift and certain destruction. And there would appear, at first sight, to be nothing whatever which could attract ships to these desolate and dangerous shores. Barren, however, as the country seems, it in reality possesses some source of wealth for the children of this generation, who find a use for, and make use of, everything.

It appears that on the bark of the stunted and thorny shrubs characteristic of these deserts, a tinctorial lichen (the *Orchilla*) grows in great abundance, and it is for cargoes of this product that ships venture on this dangerous coast.

The hills at this point rise in a single mass, at a slope of some 40°, and to the height of about 500 feet, almost from the water's edge, leaving a shore of some seven to ten feet in breadth, which is composed of quartz, or sand largely intermixed with granite. At one part where, owing to the shape of the coast-line, they are less exposed to the force and violence of the south-east winds, there are two distinct ridges of elevation, separated by an intermediate plateau of some hundreds of yards in width. These *dunes* are also remarkable for their rectilinear summits. "At a distance," says M. Grandidier, "one would take them to be fortifications constructed by the hand of man; they are, however, but the work of the winds." The marl of which these *dunes* are formed, is composed of the débris of shells ground down to fine powder, out of which struggle, here and there, thorny shrubs, whose dark foliage is barely distinguishable from the soil in which they grow. On the slopes M. Grandidier found numerous fragments of eggs of the colossal bird of Madagascar, the *Epiornis*. This part of the coast lacks one element of life, and that is, fresh water, and the plateau on the cliffs is hardly better supplied with this necessary than the rest.

The people of this desolate country—the Antandroins, a tribe independent of the Hovahs—are subject to the authority of several petty chiefs, and are continually at war with one another. They occupy a tract extending from 42° 30' to 44° 20' east longitude, and inland to a depth of from forty to fifty miles. The poverty and misery of the inhabitants is very great. Civil wars are incessant. They are never safe in their own dwellings, and the rapacity of these wretched beings, who are half destitute of the simplest necessities of life, is almost incredible.

M. Grandidier made his way northwards into the interior

of this desert country, for a few leagues, until he arrived at the village of King Isifaniky. "I traversed a vast plain," he says, "covered with thorns and briars; not a hillock, not a tree to be seen. I never remember in all my travels to have met with such a desolate region."

Each Antandroin family has its plantation of nops, just as the European peasants have their field of corn, and the figs which these nopal-trees bear are, with a few watery roots, the principal resources of these poor people, who are often, for months at a time, without cereals or fresh water.

In many parts of the island the inhabitants set fire to the scrubby thickets and brushwood which cumber the earth, and having by that means cleared a space and fertilised the ground, they are enabled to cultivate maize, millet, pumpkins, and *antaks*, or Madecasse beans; but in this region the soil is so sandy, that anything of this kind is quite impracticable.

M. Grandidier passed several days hunting around the village of Isifaniky, but whichever direction he took, he found before him the same desolate plain, dotted here and there with stunted and distorted trees. He descried, however, on the distant horizon a line of somewhat lofty hills, and he was told that near to them were extensive forests.

Quitting Cape St. Mary, M. Grandidier next visited Masi-kura on the south-west coast, and thence went on to Tullear, which lies further north. In the course of several voyages beyond this point as far north as Mahabon, in latitude 16°, he ascertained that the Manguka, or St. Vincent, one of the principal rivers of the west coast, falls into the sea thirty miles north of the position assigned to it on the maps, and determined the exact position of thirty villages on the coast, which no traveller had hitherto visited. Nor did he forget to examine the geology of the districts he passed through, and he was rewarded by the discovery of numerous fossils characteristic of the oolite period, which proved the existence of secondary formations, covering a vast extent of country to the south and west of Madagascar.

These small expeditions were but preliminary travels, and made chiefly with the view of preparing the way for future and more important undertakings, for, as we have before observed, it was the intention of M. Grandidier to traverse the island from west to east, and from north to south.

Up to this time he had only succeeded in just getting his foothold on land, and nothing more. Knowing well the dangers which would ever beset him in his researches amongst a cruel and superstitious people in a part of the country where, during the last twenty years, several ships had been pillaged, and the whole of their crews massacred, it behoved the traveller to be wary, and to feel his way, as it were, before venturing into the heart of the country. For this reason he had taken with him only a few scientific instruments, a small sextant and artificial horizon, a barometer, and some scalpels. The suspicions of the natives were so easily aroused, that the meridional observations had to be taken hastily and by stealth. Yet these were of much value, and we can imagine how great must have been the disappointment and sorrow felt by M. Grandidier when a fire most unfortunately consumed these papers, together with the entire work of the two years 1865-66. Several valuable collections also met with the same fate on this occasion. Amongst other specimens, were two skulls of the Sakalave tribe, which had been procured with great difficulty, and not a little danger; some fossils of the carboniferous epoch, gathered in

Passandava Bay, besides sketches, and a herbal of the medicinal plants found on the west coast.

M. Grandidier now determined to return to his native country for a few months, before undertaking the great task he had set himself; for, besides it being necessary for him to procure the scientific instruments required, he had been absent from Europe for five years and a half, and he naturally felt the want of intercourse with civilised people.

In November, 1867, M. Grandidier quitted France, and set forth bent on further conquests. He arrived at the Isle of Bourbon early in December, but was obliged to remain there some months before he was able to meet with a vessel bound for the west coast of Madagascar. At length, in the month of May, 1868, the *Indefatigable*, with M. Grandidier on board, set sail for Yavibule, a port on the south-east, which is frequently visited by coasters trading from St. Denis; but through fear of the strong southerly currents which prevail in these parts, the ship was kept in too northerly a course, and made the land at the mouth of the river Farafangana. M. Grandidier, profiting by this *contretemps*, took meridional observations of the rivers between the Farafangana and Fort Dauphin, and thereby discovered that many of them were wrongly placed on the maps, which errors he was thus enabled to correct.

It appears that captains of vessels sent to Madagascar are often quite ignorant as to the geographical position of the place of their destination; the names of many of the minor ports on the east as well as the west coasts, being either wrong in themselves or wrongly placed on the charts. The sailors, too, and those seamen who by long experience become acquainted with the navigation of these seas, with a most culpable selfishness keep their knowledge to themselves, and rarely, if ever, communicate the results of their experience to their colleagues. Consequently much time is often lost in seeking the port to which they are bound, and the captain of the *Indefatigable*, being a stranger to the south-west coast, although well acquainted with that of the east, had some difficulty in finding the port for which he sought.

From Yavibule the vessel proceeded round the southern extremity of the island to Tullear, the town which M. Grandidier had fixed upon as his head-quarters. Immediately on landing he paid his respects to the King of Fiherenana, whose acquaintance he had made on his previous visit, and with whom he had contracted a *serment de sang*.

"I knew," says M. Grandidier, "that in 1866 the Sakalaves had kindly accorded to me the reputation of being a sorcerer, and therefore I was anxious to gain the king on my side by the force of presents. Well for me that I did this; for during my sojourn in this State of Fiherenana I was summoned to attend numerous 'kabars,' or public tribunals, for the prevention of sorcery, and it was only owing to royal protection that I was enabled to leave that province safe and sound."

There is no accusation so much to be feared as that of sorcery, especially amongst the uncivilised tribes independent of the Hovahs. If the pretended crime is proved, the offender is punished with instant death, and, according to M. Grandidier, there does not exist a people on the face of the earth more stupidly superstitious than the Madecasses. To them nothing ever appears to come naturally. Good fortune or ill-luck, everything that happens, is attributed to charms and talismans. "Ah!" sighs poor M. Grandidier, "what troubles and vexations was I not daily caused by this absurd

fear respecting sorcerers ! And let it be understood that every individual who distinguishes himself from other men, either by words or actions, is at once set down as a sorcerer. Therefore I leave you to imagine what is naturally thought by these ignorant barbarians when they see the traveller gathering information—writing, observing the stars, or conversing with the ‘good God,’ as they in their picturesque idiom term it, handling a number of the most extraordinary instruments, collecting the skins of animals, putting reptiles into alcohol, and so forth. Such actions do not merely give rise to grave suspicions, but the man who performs them is in their eyes unquestionably a dangerous monster, whom it is well to fear, and against whom it is needful to take every precaution. I knew their laws, and I lived their life ; I had, moreover, gained, or rather bought, the goodwill of their chiefs, and yet it would be impossible for me to recount one tithe of all the obstacles with which my progress was impeded.”

Fortunately, the love of gain was the dominant passion in the breasts of these Sakalaves ; otherwise this narrative would probably have been ended here.

At Ambulint-satre, which lies a little north of Tullear, M. Grandidier discovered a deposit of fossil bones, amongst which he had the good fortune to find a new species of hippopotamus (*Hippopotamus Lemerleii*), almost all the parts of a skeleton of the foot of the gigantic bird, *Epiornis maximus*, and two immense tortoises (*Testudo abrupta* and *Emys gigantea*).

On his return to Tullear, he occupied himself in making a plan of St. Augustine Bay. No other place was more fitted for the object that he had in view at this time, which was to cross the island from the shores of this bay to Yavibule, on the east

coast ; and in order to make the trigonometrical survey which he proposed, during the journey, it was necessary to first measure a base from which he could deduce the result of his observations. Having laid down a satisfactory base of about eleven miles for this purpose, he proceeded to carry out a hydrographic survey of the river Anhulahè, or St. Augustine,

adopting the method of natural marks, so usefully put in practice by M. Antoine d’Abbadie. He followed the course of this river as far as Salontè, and just as he was congratulating himself on quitting the country of the unfriendly Sakalaves, and entering one peopled with more amiable tribes, most unfortunately for him a civil war broke out between the Barés—at whose country he had just arrived—and the Antanososes, settlers through whose country he must pass in order to reach Yavibule. Now, the emigrant Antanososes were the men upon whom the traveller had depended to act as porters, and they were, moreover, the only people whom he could trust to follow him to the end of his journey. But, alas ! all the able-bodied men must now go to the war, and it would be an act of madness for a stranger to venture into countries where fight-



MADECASSE LADY OF SAINTE MARIE.

ing and bloodshed were the common order of the day ; his appearance with articles of barter, and scientific instruments, could be but a signal for instant death ; for our traveller had already had experience of the Mahafalys, having been robbed by them, and escaping from them with much danger and loss.

After waiting in vain for several weeks, and things still continuing in the same unfavourable state, and also being much weakened by fevers, M. Grandidier was fain to give up his enterprise in that direction, and return to Tullear ; and



so ended his first attempt to cross the country from the west to the east coast.

After a somewhat long convalescence, M. Grandidier resumed his labours. First he paid a visit to the great salt lake of Mananpetsutsè, which is situated about two leagues from the Mahafaly coast. It was necessarily but a hasty and rapid survey, owing to the dangerous state of the country, and made but to be assured of the existence of a lake of which he had often heard the natives speak. Its northern point is in about 24° , and it is said to extend some twenty miles in a southerly direction. The lake is very narrow, and the water is extremely salt, and appears to contain no fish of any kind—in contrast to Lake Hëontri, near to Marumbè, which is full of shells and marine animals of all kinds.

The hydrography of the river Fiherenana was the next work undertaken, but after a progress of fifteen miles the explorer was again stopped and turned back, in spite of the strict orders to the contrary given by his friend the king. He was told that a little further inland beds of lignite or coal cropped up, but it was impossible for him personally to ascertain the truth of this statement, or even to obtain specimens.

As there was nothing more to be done in this inhospitable part, and as it seemed perfectly useless to expect that the chiefs would relent or become more friendly, M. Grandidier bade farewell to the Bay of St. Augustine, and proceeded northward as far as Menabé, on the Morundava River, resuming his old work by the way—that of rectifying the names and positions of villages, bays, creeks, and rivers, by which he passed. The rainy season had now arrived, an effectual barrier to all further progress, for rivers then overflow their banks and render the roads impassable, and clouds of mosquitoes and gnats infest the west coast. To avoid these unpleasantnesses, M. Grandidier settled down for the winter in the village of Ambundru, situated at the mouth of the Morundava, near to Menabé.

Directly the time arrived when geographical work could be recommenced, this indefatigable Frenchman commenced a survey of the neighbouring rivers, Tsidsubon and Mananbule, being, as he was informed, the two branches of one and the same river, the Mania. But ill-luck still followed the traveller, for although the Sakalave king and his chiefs received the presents which were bestowed with a liberal hand, they refused to allow the donor to pass on. When only twenty miles distant from the coast he was again forced to turn back, not having been even able to visit Lake Andranuvana, which lies about forty miles from the sea, on the right bank of the Tsidsubon, a river which doubtless will one day be of great importance, since its course is direct east, and is navigable by canoes for a distance of thirty leagues.

Advancing north, difficulties increased thick and fast. Mailat, Marah, and Milanga, three small independent Sakalave states, situated between Cape André and $18^{\circ} 20'$ south latitude, obstinately and positively refused to permit any entrance into the interior. The reputation of being a dangerous sorcerer had preceded our author's arrival; and to add to this, the Arab slavers, who here drive their lucrative and horrible trade, and who bear a deadly hatred towards Europeans in general, took care to stir up the already-aroused suspicions of the Sakalaves, and so between them they persecuted M. Grandidier to such a degree that he was obliged to leave the neighbourhood altogether, and hasten to the French settlement, Nössibé, situated

on a small island of that name off the north-west coast. Thence he retraced his steps as far as Madsanga, in Bembetok Bay, the place he had chosen as the next starting-point, with a view of exploring the way from this point to the Hovah capital, Tananarivo, in the heart of the country. This was a route he was more especially anxious to follow, because he had been told that the Betsibuka was navigable by canoes until close upon Tananarivo, and if this were the case it would be comparatively easy to open out a way of communication between the coast at this point and the province of Emerina. But it appeared that these statements were exaggerated, and that the Betsibuka was not in reality navigable beyond its junction with the Ikiupa, so that there remained at least a ten days' march across a waste and mountainous country before reaching the province of Emerina.

Here at last this irrepressible explorer broke through the great obstacle which had foiled him time after time in every previous effort—he obtained permission to pass into the interior, and visit Tananarivo. But he was not allowed to go in freedom and alone; eight officers and twelve soldiers watched and guarded the traveller each hour of the day and night so jealously, that he thought it prudent to abandon all attempts to make a complete and detailed map of all the route, and so contented himself with simply taking the latitude and longitude on every occasion that offered, under the pretence that these observations assisted in the regulation of his watch!

The route from Madsanga to Tananarivo passes through the most desolate and sterile country that it is possible to imagine. For the first seven and a half days the road traverses arid and drearily monotonous plains, covered with scrubby brushwood, and dotted here and there only with palm-trees and bushes. Coming then to the great granite chain of mountains, which extend from 22° south latitude to the port of Radama, for thirteen or fourteen days the traveller finds nothing but a perfect sea of mountains, without a tree save for some small clusters of shrubs which cling to the ravines, without a plant excepting a coarse kind of herb. This country is uninhabited, and indeed incapable of supporting any population. Since the taking of Madsanga by the Hovahs, however, several posts of soldiers have been stationed at intervals on this route to facilitate communications.

The neighbourhood of Tananarivo forms a large valley dotted with hills, on one of which the town is built, and the land is well cultivated, and thickly peopled. The valley measures about eighteen miles in length, and ten in breadth. M. Grandidier had previously been favoured with a personal introduction to the prime minister, Rainilaiarivouny, (observe the moderate length of the Madecasse names!) by the French consul, M. Laborde, and thanks to this, was now able to pursue his labours without fear of interruption, and in peace. He made good use of these unusually favourable opportunities by surveying, and making an accurate map of the province of Emerina, which lies to the south-west of the capital. During the intervals of this work he visited Lake Tasy, Mount Andringhitra, the great peak of Ankaratru, 6,560 feet above the sea, and the loftiest in Madagascar, the falls of Ikiupa, and numerous other interesting localities, and he found the centre of the province of Emerina to be everywhere thickly inhabited.

Returning to Tananarivo after he had completed his exploration of Emerina, he set out in the opposite direction, and

traversed the plains of Ankaye until he came to the source of the Manguru, the largest of the rivers of the east coast; indeed, no other river on this coast is navigable, even by the smallest canoes, for more than eight or ten miles. After crossing several mountains and still travelling almost due north, he came to a large valley inhabited by the Antsikankas, containing the most important lake in Madagascar, that named Alaoutre, which though not very wide, is more than thirty miles in length. From thence, making a *détour*, he traversed the mountains bordering the west side of the plateau, and finally reached the Hovah capital after a twenty-three days' expedition.

These various journeys had been so arranged as to enable M. Grandidier to be at Tananarivo during the new moons in October and November, he wishing to ascertain by this means the true longitude of that town; but unhappily these new moons did not answer his expectations. The weather proved unfavourable, and as from December to April the heavens are usually very cloudy, there was nothing for it but to postpone this important duty until another visit. And so the traveller quitted Tananarivo for the third time, and in the month of November set out to reach Ambundru, on the west coast, where he had wintered the previous year—a journey which would take at least twenty-eight days to accomplish. The way led through the country of the Betsileos, a region better populated than that traversed on the journey from Madsanga, yet so bare of trees that the inhabitants are often obliged to make a journey of three or four days from their villages in quest of wood for building purposes. The little valleys, however, which are formed in these granite ranges by the action of innumerable torrents are of fair extent, and capable of being cultivated with rice. For the first 90 miles the road ran direct south, then for the remaining 150 miles it turned to the west. Passing the Hovah forts of Etremu, Ambuhinume, and Tanzine, the route emerges at the latter point from the sea of mountains in which it has been hitherto involved, upon a vast plain of 84 miles, marking the commencement of the Sakalave country, and which is crossed near to $42^{\circ} 38'$ east longitude, by a chain of mountains so straight that they appear to extend the whole length of the island from north to south.

Having waited at Ambundru until the end of the rainy season, in March, 1870, M. Grandidier proceeded to ascend the little river Mitampate in a light canoe, and reached the Hovah fort of Manga, this being the most southern point occupied by the Hovahs in the Sakalave country. This part of the island is thinly populated, and really dangerous, owing to the continual raids made on cattle and men by the "dzirikas," or robbers, who infest these parts. At this very time, and within a few furlongs of the explorer, a number of independent Sakalaves attacked a convoy of 1,500 oxen, notwithstanding their being escorted by fifty Hovah soldiers and several officers. All the beasts were driven off, ten soldiers and the officer in command were killed, and the rest made prisoners and slaves.

It was necessary to traverse the whole extent of the Betsileo country in order to reach its capital, Fianarantsona, which is the second important town in Madagascar. From thence, continuing to cross an uninterrupted mass of mountains, Mananzarive, a port on the east coast, was reached. The country here proved more fertile and better wooded than that of the Betsileos. It had taken thirty-nine days to traverse the island from west to east.

Our versatile savant next turned his attention to the ethnology of the country, and in pursuit of his investigations, made a short excursion southwards to Matelanana, a place inhabited by men of Arab race, whose forefathers had formerly emigrated to Madagascar. Here he was able to collect many curious and interesting documents respecting this tribe, and also to obtain extracts from their books written in Arabic characters, a difficult matter, as they guard them very jealously. From thence he proceeded northwards again, until he reached Mahanuru. During this journey he examined the series of lagoons and canals parallel to the coast, which extend from Matenana to Tamatave. These channels are sometimes from 100 to 200 yards, sometimes only two to three yards broad, but often two or three miles, and by these it is almost possible to traverse the whole distance from Foule Point to Matenana in a canoe. Here and there are isthmuses, varying from one to ten miles across, but a passage through these might be very easily cut, and in this way a canal would be made 150 leagues in length. The way these channels came to be formed is this. The sea is continually casting up sand on the shore, which gradually forms a barrier, and so prevents the rivers emptying themselves into the sea, unless their streams happen to be very strong, which is not often the case with the rivers on the east coast. The waters being thus dammed up, overflow their banks right and left, and thus form a succession of lagoons. On many of the rivers, too, besides these sandy barriers, there are others of rock, which render them altogether impassable to boats.

But to return to M. Grandidier. At Mahanuru, he left the coast and struck out for Tananarivo; here he found the country very mountainous, but, relatively speaking, fertile. The day after his arrival at Tananarivo, he had the satisfaction of obtaining two lunar observations, giving fresh determination of the longitude of the Hovah capital. These, added to many previous observations, both for latitude and longitude, enabled him to fix its position with great precision.

His researches in this province being now concluded, he returned to the east coast by the well-known route from Tananarivo to Andavorante; thence he proceeded to Tamatave, and on to Point Larrey, and so he once more arrived at the point from whence he first started, and had really accomplished the task he had set himself five years before, though not without many a struggle, many trials, and the exercise of patience and of marvellous perseverance. The traveller thought that he had earned a rest; he was wearied out and much weakened by fevers, and he felt the want of his native air, and so he finally quitted Madagascar at the close of August, 1870.

"There still remained much to be done," he says, "and I felt a lively regret at having been able to lift only a corner of a veil which has for so long hidden this curious island from the eyes of Europeans, but it gives me pleasure to think that I had been able, by careful personal observation, to correct many erroneous opinions concerning it. I trust," he continues, "that the souvenirs which I left with the Madecasses will tend to make the travels of future explorers less difficult. The first step is made; and when these superstitious people perceive that, far from doing them the least harm, I have the rather done them good, then perhaps they will cease to follow with incessant persecutions those geographers and naturalists who wish to make a study of their interesting country."

Let us now try to give briefly an idea of the general aspect of the country.

The island may be divided into two distinct parts—one division containing the north and east, which is altogether mountainous; the other, the south and west, which is, relatively speaking, flat.

There are five chains of mountains, all of which bear more or less in the same direction—north-north-east to south-south-west. The first chain which one encounters on leaving the west coast is comprised between 21° and 25° south latitude; the second, the Bemaraha, extends from 16° to 25° —this chain, at first narrow, at 22° joins the preceding chain, and forms with it one vast plateau; the third chain commences like the first at 21° , but ends near to $23^{\circ} 30'$. To the

coast. Thus all the zone situated south and west of the granitic mountains belongs to the secondary formation, of which the northern limit appears to be the coast south of Narinda Bay. In all this vast area, the soil is fertile, and the country inhabited only along the banks of the rivers or streams, and these are rare enough. All the mass of plutonic mountains which is situated west of the eastern slope, is still more sterile, with the exception of those valleys which have been formed by the gradual filling up of ancient lakes and marshes with the debris of the neighbouring mountains. The slope facing the Indian Ocean is very fertile, thanks to the continual rains which fall on the east coast.

There is a narrow but continuous line of forests from north to south which, joining those of the west, form a belt or circle,



VIEW NEAR FORT DAUPHIN.

west of $48^{\circ} 20'$ east longitude, there is but one immense mass of granitic mountains, which appears owing to at least two different periods of elevation. One upheaval has given rise to the great chain which extends from Anuruntsangane to 22° south latitude, measuring more than 100 miles; the other, that which runs the whole extent of the island, from north to south, from Vohemar to Fort Dauphin.

The first three chains of mountains are separated from one another by sandy plains, or arid plateaus cut by shallow ravines; they belong to the secondary formation. The great central range, which is much broken up, does not rise on an average to an altitude of more than from 3,280 to 6,560 feet.

In the whole of the eastern part there is no level ground except that of the small valleys, which are utilised by the natives for the cultivation of rice.

Here and there amongst these plutonic mountains, portions of mica-schist strata crop out like islands, and to the south of the granitic range which terminates at 22° , there are slightly undulating plains of secondary formation, which extend to the

in the centre of which there is nothing to be found but sterility and barrenness.

Respecting the rivers, it has already been said that on the east coast there are not many worthy of mention; indeed, there is only one of importance, the Mangoro, which rises in latitude 18° on the southern side of the mountain chain, which separates the plateau of Ankaye from the valley of Antsihianake, and falls into the sea a few miles south of Mahanoro. On the west coast there are several rivers which are navigable for some thirty or forty miles from the coast; amongst others, the Tsidsubon, the Betsibuka, and the Manguka or St. Vincent.

If the east and north-west coasts abound in water-courses, the same cannot be said of those of the south and south-west, for from Fort Dauphin to Cape Kimbihi only the following rivers are to be found:—The Mandrèré, the Mananbuvu, Menarandra, Ilinta, which flows into Nasikura Bay, the St. Augustine, Fiherenana, Manumbè, Kitumbu, and the Manguka or St. Vincent, the Mailampak, and two other streams at a little distance, the Morundava, the Andranumene, the

Tsidsubon and the Mananbule, two branches of the Mania. Twelve rivers in all, the first four of which are of little importance, as their embouchures are very often dry. Between the Ilinta and the St. Augustine there is a distance of more than fifty leagues without the smallest stream of water, and between the Manumbè and the Manguka, there is also a portion of the coast which, for forty leagues, is in a like condition.

With regard to the lakes of Madagascar, there are not very many. Antsihanake and Tasy, the lagoons of Nusiè, Rasoabé, Rasonamasaye, Rangazavake, and Namorune, which have been already described as the channel, parallel with the east coast, the salt-lakes of Mananpetsutse in the Mahafaly country, and of Héontri at Fiherenana, lastly, Lake Ranumene on the right branch of the Tsidsubon and that of Kinkury near to Manzaraye.

Of the different routes by which the capital, Tananarivo,

west coast would be a gigantic undertaking, and entail immense labour, but, should the attempt be made, M. Grandidier thinks that the route from Mananbule which passes near to the Hovah fort, Ankavandre, is far preferable to that from Madsanga.

Such is the information concerning the physical aspect of Madagascar which M. Grandidier gathered, but added to all this, he tells us that he fixed the latitude of 188 different points, the longitude of twenty-four towns; he took more than 1,500 observations with the theodolite; he examined the coast-line for a distance of 1,250 miles; registered three times a day as regularly as circumstances would permit the indications of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, respecting the weather

and the temperature's maximum and minimum; and he also made numerous collections of mammals, of birds, reptiles, and insects, plants, trees, and shells, both terrestrial and fluvial.



THE "PANDANUS MURICATUS."



MADECASSE VILLAGE.

may be reached from the east or west, the shortest is that from Andevorante, and M. Grandidier is of opinion that by a little engineering skill, it might very easily be made a more practicable carriage road than any of the others. As yet it is the only one on which villages may be met with, and, consequently, provisions obtained. To make a good road from the

He discovered sixteen new species of animals, ten of birds, and more than twenty-five new reptiles, amongst which were five tortoises, eighteen lizards, one snake, and several batrachians, also two fishes, and many insects, of which about a dozen were *Lepidoptera*, and many *Coleoptera*. He took the measurement of twenty-three individuals of different tribes, in addition to

numerous photographs of persons also, who appeared to be typical specimens of their race.

In the midst of all this more purely scientific work, he found time to study the religion, laws, manners, dialects, and oral traditions of the different people amongst whom he dwelt.

The results which rewarded the labours of this indefatigable and accomplished Frenchman, possess the highest value, and the perseverance, assiduity, and undaunted determination with which he carried out to the end his bold enterprise, must command our warmest admiration.

The Andaman Islands.

THE Andaman Islands, which are situated in the Bay of Bengal, about 300 miles south of Rangoon, between 10° and 15° north latitude, and in 93° east longitude, have just acquired a sad notoriety through the circumstance of the assassination of the late Governor-General of India. They are forty miles distant from the nearest group of islands, called the Cocos, which lie to the northward, and are seventy-two miles distant from the Nicobar Islands to the south. The largest and most important of the group is that termed the Great Andaman; and about twenty miles to the southward is situated a second large island, considerably smaller than the other, and which is termed the Little Andaman.

The large island is divided into three distinct tracts of land, separated by narrow passages; its northern section is some forty-four miles in length, with an average breadth of fourteen miles. In this part is situated the splendid land-locked harbour of Port Cornwallis, and a few miles to the southward of it rises to the height of 2,400 feet, the most considerable mountain peak in the whole group, known as Saddle Mountain. The centre division of the Great Andaman is known as the Middle Andaman, and is the largest of the three, being fifty miles in length, some fifteen miles long, with an average breadth the same as that of the northern division. In this portion there are two commodious harbours, bearing the names of Port Blair and Port Meadows: and on the western coast, also, are situated two harbours, known as Port Mouatt, after the distinguished medical officer who was chief of the Committee of Investigation appointed by the British Government to report on the Andamans in 1857; and Port Campbell, so designated in honour of Captain Campbell of the Indian Navy, who commanded the Honourable East India Company's ship-of-war *Semiramis*, which conveyed the committee to Burmah in that eventful year, and supplied the guard of seamen attached to it.

The strait separating the Southern from the Middle Andaman, unlike the passage in the north, is navigable in the entire length; and near its western extremity is an excellent harbour, discovered by Major Houghton, the officer who succeeded Dr. Walker, the first superintendent of the convict settlement. There is also a small island to the southward of the South Andaman, called Rutland Island. The whole of the shores of the group are fringed with continuous coral reefs.

The inhabitants of these islands, known as Andamaners or Mincopie, are a short, sturdy race of savages, having skins of an intense blackness; but they are not cannibals, as has been represented. Professor Owen, to whom an entire skeleton of a defunct Andamaner was sent, observes regarding them, quoting from a report to the Government of India, "It is impossible to

imagine any human beings to be lower in the scale of civilisation than are the Andaman savages; entirely destitute of clothing, utterly ignorant of agriculture, living in the most primitive and rudest form of habitations, their only care seems to be the supply of their daily food." Their chief weapons are bows and arrows, and some of the males carry spears, the iron heads for which weapons are obtained from wrecks.

The Andamaners are very powerful, though diminutive in size, and are swift runners, and can climb like monkeys, ascending in search of honey the straight lofty trees without branches. They are also excellent swimmers from their childhood, and wonderful divers. Three or four of them have been seen to dive into deep water, and bring up in their arms a fish six or seven feet long; and they make a practice of fishing for shell-fish at great depths in the sea, and can shoot fish with arrows where Europeans cannot see them. They spin rope, make wicker-work baskets, and large nets for catching turtle; and they scoop out their canoes from fallen trees by means of a small kind of adze tipped with a semicircular blade of iron. But these are the only acquirements that raise these savages above the brute creation, and their low stature and black colour increase the similarity to the ourang-outang or gorilla; but they are, on the other hand, well shaped. The stature of the full-grown male sent to Professor Owen, and which is, I believe, now to be seen in the British Museum, is four feet ten inches, which is about the average height.

By old writers they are very generally called Negrillos, or dwarf Negroes; and it is said, though there is no foundation for the statement, that they are descended from African Negroes, imported by the Portuguese, and wrecked on these islands. The Andaman islanders manufacture various articles and implements, but they are of very simple construction.

Their canoes, as described by Dr. Mouatt, are of a peculiar character. The natives first select one of the tallest, straightest, and thickest trees, and then set to work with infinite patience to bring to the earth this king of the forest. As their tools are of the most primitive description, it takes a considerable time to fell and hollow out the mighty trunk; and it is surprising how they ever succeed in reducing the shapeless mass to the condition of a canoe, hollowed out and completed with consummate neatness and finish. The shell is no thicker than a lady's deal bonnet-box, and yet, though extremely light, they are found to be strong enough to keep the sea in very rough weather. These boats are fitted with outriggers similar to those in use among the Cingalese fishermen, and which renders them incapable of being upset. It is supposed that these outriggers must have been adapted from one of the Point de Galle fishing-

boats having been driven to the eastward and wrecked on their shores, for in speaking of these islands, early writers never refer to their existence.

The Andamaners proceed to sea on fishing expeditions often as far as forty or fifty miles. The paddles used to propel these boats are also specimens of fine workmanship; they are made of sizes varying from three or four feet in length, and are generally the handiwork of the women and children.

During some trials of speed between the Mincopie canoes and the cutters and captain's gig of the Honourable Company's steam frigate *Semiramis*, while that ship was at the Andamans, in 1858, the islanders, when seeking to escape, invariably beat picked crews of the man-of-war's men, much to the chagrin of the latter.

The first credible account we have of these islands having been personally visited by others than the natives, is taken from Pemberton's collection of voyages and travels. In the ninth century two Mohammedan travellers visited the group while travelling over a great part of China and Asia, and their description of the inhabitants and of their customs is so grotesquely exaggerated that it is extremely doubtful whether they even saw what they pretended to describe.

The next account we have of them is of the time when Aurungzebe was Emperor of the Moguls, in the latter years of the seventeenth century. Again, in Hamilton's account of the East Indies, reference is made to a ship that was wrecked on these islands, when it was supposed the crew were devoured by the islanders; but we must come down to more recent times before we can be certain of learning reliable information regarding the Andamans and their inhabitants.

In the latter part of the last century the Indian Government despatched Lieutenant Archibald Blair, of the Indian Navy, and Colonel Colebrooke, of the Bengal Army, to survey this island; and from the report of these two very able and distinguished officers most of the present information is derived. The official report of Lieutenant Blair, one of the early hydrographers of a service that subsequently produced such surveyors as Moresby and Haines, was, in June, 1789, laid before the Marquis Cornwallis, the then Governor-General of India. Speaking of this report, Dr. Mouatt says: "It not only contained a minute and accurate account of the survey conducted under the superintendence of that able and enterprising officer, but it was also illustrated by a chart, in which the situation of the most important localities was distinctly marked, accompanied with a plan of three harbours, which he had found to be secure places of refuge for the shipping that stress of weather or other causes might drive on the Andaman coasts. The report merited and obtained much praise for the clearness with which it was written, and the intelligible manner in which various operations of the surveying party were described. The chief geographical features of the island were delineated with a fidelity that has secured the approbation of subsequent explorers."

Colonel Colebrooke's report was equally valuable, and contained a vocabulary of the Andaman language, which, however, Dr. Mouatt, in his intercourse with the natives, found of little service, probably owing to defective pronunciation.

So favourable were the reports of these officers that the Indian Government decided on establishing a penal settlement; and, accordingly, a colony, under the charge of Lieutenant Blair, was organised on a site then known as Port Cornwallis, near the southern extremity of the Great Andaman.

The name of Port Cornwallis was subsequently changed to Old Harbour, and again to Port Blair, in honour of its surveyor, by which it is at present known. The spot chosen for the first colony in Port Cornwallis was Mark Island, now called Chatham Island, which was likewise proposed by the expedition of 1857 as the best site for the penal settlement.

Captain Blair had taken with him a large staff of artificers from Bengal, as also provisions for six months. His first act was to raise a redoubt, on which he mounted the guns of his ship, the *Ranger*; and then the colonists, under the superintendence of their able chief, turned their attention to clearing away the rank vegetation. While doing so they were frequently engaged in conflict with the natives, who came over from the mainland in considerable numbers, and greatly harassed the working parties by the insidious method of attack they adopted. A convenient watering-place for ships was, however, at length cleared, and a reservoir constructed; sheds were also erected within the redoubt, and the settlers were fully occupied in the cultivation of land, which soon began to recompense their labour. On the 19th December of the same year, Commodore Cornwallis, brother of the Governor-General, with H.M. ships *Ariel* and *Perseverance*, arrived at the settlement, and the commodore, in his report to Government, stated that he found it "fully equal to what it had been represented."

During the three years the penal settlement was established here, Captain Blair occupied his time in completing his surveys, and sailed round the island, when he discovered another large and more commodious harbour, about 2° to the northward, and on the eastern shore of the same island, in 43° 28' north latitude, and 93° 12' east longitude. To this place, also called Port Cornwallis, the colony was removed in 1792, and in March of the following year Captain Blair was succeeded in command of the settlement by Major Kyd, of the Engineers. In consequence of the war with France, the colony was put into a sort of defence, and large reinforcements were sent, and more guns mounted on the redoubt, to guard against an apprehended attack from the enemy.

On the 14th May, 1794, the council of the Governor-General reported that the situation of Port Cornwallis was unfavourable to the health of the settlers; and in the following year fifty deaths occurred among the native convicts during the rainy season. In February, 1796, accordingly, we find that orders were issued by the Indian Government for the abandonment of this settlement; and the removal of all the settlers to Prince of Wales' Island, as being a more healthy locality.

Major Kyd, in his report on the climate of Port Cornwallis, says that only four months of fair weather can be counted on, viz., December, January, February, March; though part of the months of April and November may be added to this estimate. During this period the weather is dry, and the air clear and pure. Towards the end of March, and throughout April the thermometer is seldom lower than 83° in the shade during the day, and sometimes ranges as high as 98°. From the middle of May till November it continues to rain with little intermission.

The country about Port Cornwallis is described as covered with lofty trees and thick underwood, the former affording most excellent timber for ship-building purposes. The soil also is excellent; the scenery here, as elsewhere in the group, magnificent; and the foliage of the rich luxuriance proverbial in the East.

In the year 1795 Colonel Syme, while on his way to Ava, visited Port Cornwallis, and devoted a chapter to it in his work on the results of the mission to Ava. He describes Chatham Island, in which were erected the houses of the commandant and of the penal colony, which at that time numbered, including guards, some 700 souls. After its abandonment we hear nothing further of Port Cornwallis until the year 1824, when the fleet that conveyed Sir Archibald Campbell and his army to Burmah made this their rendezvous. The expedition consisted of about 11,000 European and native troops; and the immense fleet of transports that carried them was convoyed by three vessels of war, under Commodore Grant, and by the *Diana*, a little steamer recently built in Calcutta, and the first that ever floated in the waters of the East. What astonishment must have been created in the minds of the simple islanders by the sight of this immense armament, and the singular vessel that formed a portion of it! Major Snodgrass, in his history of the war, briefly notices Port Cornwallis.

In the year 1840, Dr. Helfer, a Prussian savant in the employ of the Indian Government, visited the Andamans for scientific purposes, and, while carrying on some observations on shore was transfixed by a spear hurled by a savage concealed behind a bush. Madame Helfer, who accompanied her husband, immediately drew a pistol she carried in her girdle, and, with a presence of mind worthy the niece of Field-Marshal von Bulow, shot the murderer on the spot.

At length reports of the outrages continually committed on shipwrecked mariners induced the Government of India to order a committee to proceed to the Andaman Islands, and report upon them with reference to the establishment of a penal settlement for the notorious sepoys of the Bengal Army, and for native convicts from other parts of British India. The committee appointed were in every way suited for their duties, and consisted of Dr. Mouatt of the Bengal Medical Staff, with Surgeon Playfair, and Lieutenant Heathcote, of the Indian Navy. The first-named officer was selected to take general charge of the expedition, while to Dr. Playfair was entrusted the medical and scientific, and to Lieutenant Heathcote the hydrographical duties of the committee.

In November, 1857, they sailed for Moulmein, on board the Honourable Company's steam frigate *Semiramis*, commanded by Captain Campbell, of the Indian Navy. Here the *Pluto*, an iron war-steamer of light draught, was placed at their disposal; she was admirably adapted for navigating the shallow water, and the coral reefs of the group of islands the committee were about to visit. On the 9th December, they sailed for their destination, having first been supplied with all appliances necessary for the proper attainment of the objects in view, as well as with a guard of twenty well-trained seamen, who had been carefully selected by Captain Campbell from amongst the crew of the *Semiramis*. Colonel Fytche, the commissioner, also made over to the committee twelve Burmese convicts used to forest life, with a native guard, for the purpose of cutting a path through the jungle, or for boring for water while on surveying expeditions, for which they were supplied with boring-rods.

The *Pluto* arrived at Chatham Island on the 11th, and then was commenced the series of observations which was embodied in a combined report submitted to the Governor-General, and which was published in 1859, as the twenty-fifth number of the "Selections from the Records of the Government of India."

Dr. Mouatt has published, in addition, an exhaustive work on these interesting islands, and also submitted a paper to the Royal Geographical Society, which was read at the meeting of that learned body on the 13th January, 1862, and from which works have been drawn much of these materials.

The *Pluto*, with the members of the committee on board, first examined the east coast of the Great Andaman, from Port Cornwallis in the north to Rutland Island in the extreme south, which was also explored. They then proceeded along the west coast as far as the North Reef Island, incidentally paying a visit to the Andaman Strait, between the North and Middle Islands, and the Middle Strait between the South and Middle Islands.

In their report to Government, they spoke in the highest terms of the picturesque magnificence and great security of the harbour of Port Cornwallis, the one occupied as a settlement in 1792, and abandoned in 1796, owing to its unhealthiness, which the committee ascribed to an extensive bog of mud, skirted by belts of mangroves on the south-western extremity of Chatham Island. The remains of the old settlement were disentangled from the dense brushwood, and the fragments of brickwork were found in good preservation.

The original settlement, now known as Port Blair, was considered by Dr. Mouatt as the only desirable spot in which to establish the convict colony contemplated by the Government, and thither accordingly were removed some of the Bengal mutineers under the charge of Dr. Walker, who was well known in India for his intimate knowledge of native character, and who established his head-quarters at Ross Island, in the harbour of Port Blair. This island, as also Chatham Island, and several bays, were cleared by the convicts; vegetables of different sorts were planted and appeared to thrive. Paddy (rice) was also cultivated with good prospects of success, and wheat was sown. About 2,000 convicts in all had arrived towards the end of 1858. They were permitted to engage in their respective callings, and those who were not skilled were allowed two annas (3d.) a day, and were employed as labourers in clearing jungle, and making roads.

The records of the settlement do not, however, show an unqualified success in the management of the convicts committed to Dr. Walker's custody; for whereas between the 10th March and 12th of June, 1858, 773 felons were landed at Port Blair, only 481 of them remained in the colony on the 16th of June in the following year. Statistics show that of the original number, 64 died in hospital, 140 effected their escape, 1 committed suicide, and 87 were executed for a murderous attempt to overpower the guard.

Dr. Walker resigned his appointment in 1859, and Major Houghton was appointed superintendent. After a successful governorship, he was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Tyler, but in 1863, was reinstated chief authority in the Andamans, with an increased salary of £2,100 per annum.

An Indian Government return recently issued, contains a report on the vegetation of the Andamans by Mr. Kurz, curator of the Herbarium of the Calcutta Botanical Gardens, in which the writer gives it as his opinion that these islands are in a sinking state, and must eventually disappear. Mr. Kurz has arrived at this conclusion from having observed, at various points of the island, a vast extent of decaying vegetation, stumps of trees, &c., covered by, or open to, the action of the sea. There are at the present time upwards

of 17,000 convicts located at the penal settlements at the Andamans, but there is no occasion for immediate anxiety on their behalf, for, according to Mr. Kurz, the submersion is proceeding only at the rate of one foot in 100 years, and 1,000 years must therefore elapse before all the stores and houses along the beach at Ross Island can disappear under water.

During the last few years the discipline enforced among the convicts located on the Andamans has been of a very lax character. Too much liberty has been allowed, with the result that the convicts have given way to habits of rum drinking, and unlimited idleness. Recently a Port Blair European felon,

James Devine by name, was convicted of murdering a comrade in a drunken quarrel, but was recommended to mercy on the plea that the crime was due to "disgraceful laxity of discipline and want of proper control." It was in consequence of this discreditable state of affairs, that at the suggestion of Lord Napier of Magdala, General D. Stewart, a stern disciplinarian, was recently appointed Governor. Unhappily, he had not been sufficiently long at his post to effect so necessary a reform as restricting the liberty of fanatics like Shere Ali from wandering at will over the settlements. Thus, a most valuable life has been sacrificed, it is to be feared, to a preventible cause.



THE DENIZENS OF THE SWAMP.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—V.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

TOWNS WITH NATIONAL NAMES.

CONTINUING to ascend the St. John's River, its channel again began to narrow about eight or ten miles above Mandarin. Here, on both sides, there are several settlements; one on the west bank being the nucleus of a future city, dignified by the title of "Hibernia"—perhaps receiving its baptism from some patriotic Patlander who has been its founder. On the opposite shore is "New Switzerland"—in all probability so called from a similar prompting by one of the countrymen of Tell.

Hibernia stands upon an island, the projection of which into the river is the cause of the channel being at this point contracted. The island itself is about five miles in length, separated from the mainland by Doctor's Lake; a broad inlet already mentioned, which, obliquing from the river in a south-westerly direction, terminates, several miles off, in an extensive tract of marsh.

Hibernia is situated on the east or river side of the island,

and can boast of an hotel, which stands conspicuously near the landing-place.

The little town, or rather its surroundings, has certain attractions likely to make it a favourite place of residence. Among these is a fine promenade under a grove of grand trees—live-oaks—in local phrase known as the "river walk."

Like most of these village settlements on the St. John's, Hibernia has its proportion of invalid visitors; and provides for their recreation not only hotel and boarding-house accommodation, but boats for picnic and fishing excursions.

A place more specially intended for the residence of invalids is Magnolia, three miles further up the river, and on the same side with Hibernia. Here, in 1851, an enterprising physician, of the name of Benedict, erected a sort of hospital hotel, named Magnolia House, capable of accommodating some fifty or sixty patients.

In the Southern rebellion, Florida, notwithstanding its remoteness from the political and military centre, saw its share

of the stirring events to which the great struggle gave rise. During its continuance Dr. Benedict's building was devoted to various uses, and so damaged as almost to become a ruin. Since then, a speculative company of New Englanders have restored it to its former condition, and placed it under the charge of another disciple of Esculapius, to be continued as a sanatorium.

Between the two places, just after passing Hibernia, a considerable affluent of the St. John's enters the river from the west. It is known as Black Creek; and, with its numerous smaller tributaries, waters a large tract of country, chiefly occupied by the county "Clay"—called after the celebrated Kentucky statesman. Inland upon Black Creek, there is some fertile land, and several flourishing settlements.

A SANATORIUM FOR DYSPETICS.

Two miles above Magnolia, still on the western side of the St. John's, is a mineral spring of some repute, called "Green Cove." It is of the kind known as "sulphur," and said to have proved efficacious in the cure of chronic rheumatism, cutaneous diseases, and that peculiarly American complaint, dyspepsia.

Its fountain has a natural basin some forty feet in diameter, in the bottom of which is a hole, through which the mineral water ascends in large volumes, and with such velocity as to have given it the name of the "boil."

Some years ago the bed of the basin surrounding this aqueous embouchure gave way, and for a time the "boil" was obliterated. But as Green Cove has also its hotel and boarding-houses—keenly catering for guests who suffer from rheum and dyspepsia—the choked throat was soon cleared out, and the "boil" re-established for the use of drinkers and bathers.

After passing Green Cove, the St. John's preserves a goodly width for several miles; the land on both sides lying low, and presenting the same monotonous aspect to any one sailing in mid-channel. It is only by hugging its shores, or rounding some convexity of its extremely sinuous banks, that anything like an interesting view may be obtained; and this will chiefly consist of the grouping of forest trees, of the reaches between, and the varied vegetation. Here and there the estuary of a tributary stream causes a break in the line of woodland, giving diversity to the landscape.

One of these, called "Six-mile Creek," enters from the east, coming from the direction of Florida's ancient capital, San Augustine. Its name, I believe, has reference to the distance at which the road, leading from the St. John's to the latter city, touches upon a curve of the creek.

Our boat party did not debark on any part of the river's bank for twelve miles above Green Cove Spring. On this part of the river there are no towns, nor any settlements, save a few wretched and not very prosperous plantations. The shores are low and swampy. Above Six-mile Creek they again approach each other, contracting the channel; which once more widens, and again grows narrow at the point where stands Picolata.

PICOLATA.

This, though one of the oldest settlements on the river, and historically celebrated, can scarcely be called a town. It has not even the usual hotel, and travellers who stop at it must be content with "Bridier's boarding-house." And yet

it is the entrepôt, or landing-place, for all who, having so far steamed up the St. John's, intend going "overland" to San Augustine. It stands at the point where the old Spanish military road, leading from the latter city to St. Mark's, on the Mexican Gulf, passed over the river; and is still the crossing-place of what is termed the "Federal" or "Bellamy" Road. It is about eighteen miles from San Augustine—not the point of the river nearest to this city, but that most practicable for a road. The route above designated makes a considerable deflection northward, both before reaching Picolata and after crossing the river, to avoid the low-lying marshy lands of Clark's Creek.

Picolata is, of course, on the eastern bank of the St. John's, on land slightly elevated above the water surface of the river. Here, again, we had evidence of the same terrestrial change already noticed as having taken place, and still going on, near the river's mouth, where Fort Caroline once stood.

At Picolata the channel has encroached upon the eastern bank quite as much as at the spot rendered historic by the bold Ribaut, the gentle Laudônière, the cruel Menendez, and the heroic De Gourgue. As proof of this, we have the truthful record of Bartram, written a century ago. He says:—

"By noon I came abreast of Fort Picolata. I landed, but, to my disappointment, found the fort dismantled and deserted. This fortress is very ancient, and was built by the Spaniards. It is a square tower, thirty feet high, invested with a high wall, without bastions, about breast high, pierced with loopholes, and surrounded with a deep ditch. The upper storey is open on each side, with battlements, supporting a cupola or roof. These battlements were formerly mounted with eight four-pounders, two on each side."

The old traveller goes on to say, that the works were constructed of hewn stone, and cemented with lime. He describes the stone as of "a pale reddish brick-colour, and a testaceous composition, consisting of small fragments of sea-shells and fine sand." He further states that it was "cut out of the quarries of St. Anastasius Island, opposite St. Augustine, where it lies in horizontal masses on the quay, and constitutes the foundation of that island." Bartram adds: "It is well adapted for the construction of fortifications." Bartram here speaks of the composite rock of Anastasius Island, known to the Florida Spaniards as *coquina*, and of which most of the old dwellings of San Augustine, as also its fortified castle, are built. The accomplished old naturalist traveller is justified in describing it as "well adapted for the construction of fortifications;" since against it the said castle successfully resisted the siege guns of more than one hostile attack—signally that of the English colonists of Carolina, under their ambitious and flagitious governor, Colonel Moore, who was compelled to retire in humiliation from before its walls. The soft *coquina* stone can be penetrated with cannon-balls almost as easily as a bank of clay. But the shot produces about the same effect as upon a *fascine*, or a sand-bag.

A FORTRESS NOT TO BE FOUND.

The proof of river encroachment at Picolata is, that not a vestige of the fort described by Bartram now remains!

The traveller speaks of it in his own time as being "very ancient." Of course it could not be older than San Augustine itself, to which it was an outwork.

On the opposite side of the river the Spaniards had a corresponding fort, called "San Francisco de Poppa." The

site of this can be determined by the remains of earth-works still traceable about a mile below; that is, northward of the present landing-place. These show that the fort of San Francisco de Poppa could not have been a structure either so grand or important as Picolata.

Most steam travellers up the St. John's, bent upon a mere tour of pleasure, land at Picolata, and thence cross over to San Augustine. There is an air of romance about this old Spanish city that attracts. And well may it do so, being the oldest town in United States territory—that is, the oldest built by Europeans. For it must be remembered that the aborigines of America had their towns—many of them deserving the name of cities—long before Columbus ever thought of a new world lying westward. Even the Indians of Florida dwelt in towns, with houses substantially constructed, before Ponce de Leon set foot on its shores, and there unfurled the conquering flag of Castile.

ON UP THE RIVER.

San Augustine has around it all this attraction—a halo of the olden time: enough to tempt divergence from the route we had mutually agreed upon. We might have been seduced from it, but for the reflection that we could “do” the ancient capital of Florida on our return. Sport was now our lure, the sport of the hunter; and towards San Augustine was not the direction for this. The place to seek it was up the St. John's—as far up as we could go—the further the better for a follower of St. Hubert.

More than one of our party had an ambition to reach the head of the Floridian River—strange to say, a problem yet undetermined, as the sources of the Nile!

Thinking of this: thinking of the savannahs lying beyond Lake George—of the grand, though little known Lake Okechobee, and the equally unrevealed “Everglades,” stretching almost to Florida's extremest southern point—imagining all sorts of mysteries to be met with in this famed wonder-land, almost a *terre inconnue*—we sailed past the fort of Picolata, leaving San Augustine to be visited at a future opportunity.

Above Picolata there is a long reach of river where the channel is of great width. There the settlements on either side are few and far between, there being no town of any note. The land on both banks is but slightly elevated above the water surface, showing tracts of sedgy swamp, interspersed with forests of the kind called “low hommock,” in which live-oaks grow, luxuriantly mingled with magnolias, scarlet maples, the water-loving tupelo-tree (*Nyssa aquatica*), gordonias, “loblolly” bay (*Laurus Borbonia*), and two distinct species of palms (*Chamærops*).

At the distance of two or three miles from the river's edge a higher ground is reached; where the timber is chiefly pine and scrub-oak, with an undergrowth of the saw palmetto (*Chamærops Adansonii*). The pine lands are generally of a sandy and sterile character—the very opposite to that of the “low hommocks.” In these the soil is of exceeding richness, capable of producing sugar crops for an indefinite period, without any need of manure. The only drawback is the difficulty of clearing them; and, it may be added, the danger from malaria. When the peninsula becomes more thickly populated both may be got over; when the thick-standing timber falls before the settler's axe, and is consumed by his fires.

About ten miles above Picolata the St. John's makes a sharp turn; bending in a direction nearly west—or rather east,

if we speak of its descending course. On this part there are several settlements, the chief one called “Buena Vista,” from its commanding view of a long reach of river.

On again assuming its customary longitudinal direction, the channel begins to contract, and continues narrowing up to the town of Pilatka.

Pilatka is a noted place; after Jacksonville, the chief city on the St. John's. The steamers from Charleston and Savannah run up to it; and there are several smaller boats belonging to it that ply along the inland lakes and rivers of the peninsula. Also, a mail stage-coach runs from it to the town of Tampa, more than a hundred miles off from the Gulf. Upon the other side it holds communication with San Augustine by a road known as the Pilatka Road.

Pilatka is built upon a sandy bank elevated some fifteen feet above the level of the river surface, and has a population of over 1,000, mostly occupied in “lumbering” and the cultivation of oranges. There the tree, growing in a more congenial climate than that of Jacksonville, yields its golden fruit with less danger from frost-blight.

The town stands on the site of an Indian village, seen by Bartram on his ascent of the river in 1774. Although he has not given any name, there can be no great difficulty in identifying the place from his description of this part of the river. He speaks of “doubling a promontory” before coming in sight of the village, which could be no other than that now called “Forester's Point.” I am particular about this topographical matter, because Bartram's account of the Indian village is valuable, as showing the condition in which the so-called savages of Florida were living a century ago. As the description is short, I shall quote it entire, in the old traveller's quaint but clear language.

THE FLORIDIANS A CENTURY AGO.

“As I continued coasting the Indian shore of this bay, on doubling a promontory, I suddenly saw before me an Indian settlement or village. It was a fine situation, the bank rising gradually from the water. There were eight or ten habitations in a row, or street, fronting the water, and about fifty yards' distance from it. Some of the youths were naked, up to their hips in the water, fishing with rods and lines, whilst others, younger, were diverting themselves in shooting frogs with bows and arrows. On my near approach the little children took to their heels and ran to some women who were hoeing corn, but the stouter youths stood their ground, and, smiling, called to me. As I passed along I observed some elderly people reclining on skins spread on the ground under the cool shade of spreading oaks and palms, which were ranged in front of the houses. They arose and eyed me as I passed, but perceiving that I kept on without stopping, they resumed their former position. They were civil, and appeared happy in their situation.

“There was a large orange-grove at the upper end of their village; the trees were large, carefully pruned, and the ground under them clean, open, and airy. There seemed to be several hundred acres of cleared land about the village, a considerable portion of which was planted with corn (*Zea*), batatas, beans, pumpions, squashes (*Cucurbita verrucosa*), melons (*Cucurbita citrullus*), tobacco (*Nicotiana*), &c., abundantly sufficient for the inhabitants of the village.”

This account of Bartram, along with other descriptions

given by him elsewhere, leaves no doubt as to the civilised condition of the Indians of Florida before mercenary white men, coveting their lands, found cause to quarrel with them; finally driving them from their delightful homes. If not in a high state of civilisation, they were certainly not the savages they have been depicted. They dwelt in substantial houses, quite as good as the log cabins of the white backwoodsmen who persecuted them. With far more care than these, they cultivated fields and gardens; and although they enjoyed the sport of hunting, they were never dependent on the chase for their daily food. They were, in truth, less hunters than agriculturists.

In the strife which ended in their compulsory exile—this last scattering them through Texas, and as a tribe almost exterminating them—beyond question they displayed a fighting capability, coupled with a heroic valour, quite equal to that shown by their enemies. In the Seminole war, taking its causes into account, it was these last, rather than the Indians, who deserved to be characterised as “savages.”

During the continuance of the war in question, carried on for over four years—1836 to 1840—Pilatka was held as a position of importance; and a military fort was established where the town now stands. Its intention was to protect the line of communication along the St. John's, as also between San Augustine and Tampa. No one without having business there, would think of making stop at Pilatka. For the pleasure-seeker the town has no attractions, its streets being nothing better than sand-beds, scorched by the hot sun, and yielding ankle-deep to the tread of the pedestrian. Its only beauty is in its surrounding of orange-groves—a sight always gladdening to the eye. Our party made only a short stay at it, and then continued on up the river. We were growing anxious to get on to the more noted hunting-grounds around the great Lake George, and beyond. For this reason we had resolved not to stop again, except for night camping, or an hour or two's bivouac by day. The entrance to the lake was still seventy miles ahead of us, and with a favourable wind it might be reached in less than a couple of days.

A COLONY OF NYMPHS.

A little above Pilatka the river contracts to the width of less than half a mile. Here, on its eastern bank, is a place around which may be said to cling a somewhat singular celebrity. It is the site of Charlottia. The reader will ask, What is Charlottia, and why strangely celebrated? In its history will be found the answer, as follows:—

In the year 1763 England obtained possession of Florida, by cession treaty from Spain, and held it for a number of years. During the period of their possession, the English made several energetic attempts to establish colonies in the peninsula. These took the form of grants—large tracts of

land ceded to private individuals, on condition of their carrying over a certain number of colonists, and settling them. Two of these grantees were notable men, and fulfilled the conditions of their grants in a notable, though very dissimilar manner.

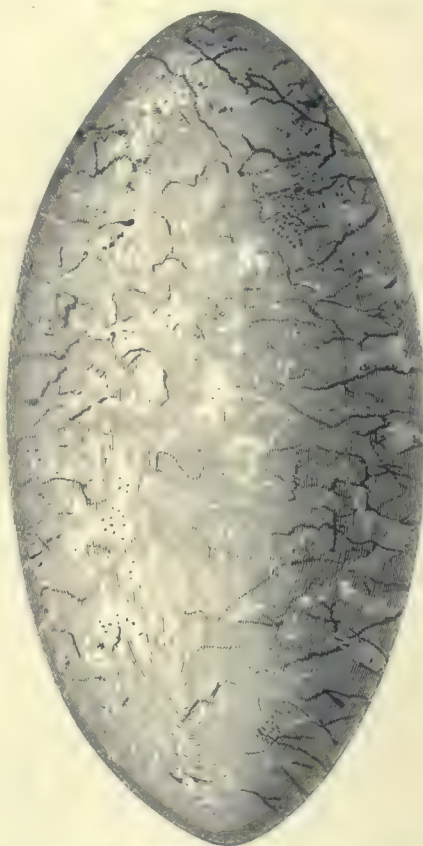
One of them, a London doctor named Turnbull, with a turn for speculation, carried out a colony of 1,200 people; most of them from the shores of the Mediterranean, being Minorcans, Corsicans, Greeks, and Italians. He settled them at a place named by him New Smyrna, on the Atlantic coast, about a hundred miles south of San Augustine. He appears to have acted the part of a hard taskmaster, as well as tyrannical governor, over his colonists of Latin race. After bearing his tyranny for but a few years they abandoned him, and removed

to San Augustine, where their descendants to this day form a majority of the poorer population, and are still known as “Minorcans.”

The other *entrepreneur* spoken of was also a Londoner, but of quite different character from Turnbull. He was a philanthropic gentleman, by name Dennison Rolle, whose hobby was the reclaiming of fallen women. Having received a grant of 40,000 acres of Floridian land, just after its cession to the English crown, he set sail from England in a large ship laden with the frail sisters. His intention was to settle on the Gulf side of Florida, near St. Mark's; but by contrary winds his ship was compelled to put into the St. John's; and after making an exploring expedition up the river, he selected a spot above Pilatka, on the eastern bank of the river, as the site of his colony. There having landed his cargo of nymphs, he built houses for their accommodation, with a grand mansion for himself, and bestowed upon the place the name of Charlottia, from Charlotte, the Queen of England.

Not better than the speculation of the avaricious man did this of the philanthropist prosper. In his quaint way Bartram conjectures the reason, thus:—“It seems, from an ill-concocted plan in its infant establishment, negligence, or extreme parsimony in sending proper recruits and other necessities, together with a bad choice of citizens, the settlement by degrees grew weaker, and at length totally fell to the ground. Those of them who escaped the constant contagious fevers, fled the dreaded place, betaking themselves for subsistence to the more fruitful and populous regions of Georgia and Carolina.”

No doubt “the bad choice of citizens” was the chief cause. With all its flowers, and fair sylvan scenery, Mr. Rolle's *protégées* were not likely to find Florida so attractive as the cities of Georgia and Carolina. They were not nymphs of the sylvan sort. Modern American writers on Florida seem to have made a strange mistake about the locality of Charlottia. Dr. Brinton, the author of “Notes on the Floridian Peninsula,” as also a book entitled “Florida and the South,” places it upon the present site of Volusia—more than a hundred miles



THE EGG OF THE ALLIGATOR (NATURAL SIZE).

further south, and at the other extremity of Lake George. This writer, it may be observed, takes frequent occasion to disparage Bartram, by throwing doubts on his credibility. He should have studied the old traveller with more care, before speaking of him so flippantly. Bartram landed at Charlota on his voyage up the river. It was in 1774, just after the colony had been abandoned by most of its people. He thus speaks of it:—"The remaining habitations are mouldering to earth, except the mansion-house, which is a large frame building of cypress-wood, yet in tolerable repair, inhabited by an overseer and his family. There is also a blacksmith with

evidently meant for Rolle's Town—is placed on this spot. And Rolle's Town was Charlota. On this account Brinton's mistake is all the more inexplicable—inexcusable too, as his work professes to be a "guide-book."

GOOD HUNTING-GROUND.

Above Pilatka the St. John's continues narrowing, and is very tortuous in its course. It has, in truth, no longer a single channel, but several of them, being thus divided by the intervention of numerous islands. The land at this place is lower and more marshy than further down stream. The consequence



A LADEN ALLIGATOR.

his shop and family at a short distance from it. The most valuable district belonging to Mr. Rolle's grant lies on Dunn's Lake, and on a little river which runs from it into St. Juan."

The lake and streams mentioned are the present Dunn's Lake, Dunn's Creek, and the St. John's. There can be no doubt about the place where Mr. Rolle attempted to establish his singular colony. It could not have been elsewhere than upon the elevated stretch of shore a little above Pilatka, and on the opposite side of the river. This elevation is obtained by a conglomeration of shells, now concrete, and of which immense deposits extend along the river for nearly a half-mile, and back for several hundred yards. It is one of the numerous "shell mounds" met with all over the Floridian peninsula, denoting the sites of ancient aboriginal settlements, that existed long antecedent to the discovery of Columbus.

On some American maps the name Rawle's Town—

is, that settlements are scarce, and the country for many miles is still an unreclaimed wilderness.

Our boat party liked this all the better, as promising better sport.

And we were not disappointed. Upon one of the islands where we landed to take a look round, we found game so plentiful, that we changed our minds about hastening on, and determined to make a day's hunt of it. Having moored our boat, and selected a spot for our camp, we started forth upon a stalk.

Our hunt lasted for about four hours, the result being as much venison as we could carry back to camp, making a double journey in its transport. We also succeeded in obtaining a splendid specimen of the black bear (*Ursus Americanus*), and a wolf, the skins of which were added to our trophies. The Florida wolf is generally looked upon by naturalists as belonging to the same species as that found all over North America. If

so, it is a very distinct variety, being not only smaller in size, but quite different in general colour and markings. Its coat is nearly jet-black, uniform all over, the she-wolf having a small white spot upon the breast. Some are said to be spotted black and white, with a mingling of other colours, though we did not meet with any of these mottled specimens. The Florida wolf hunts in packs, which would seem to prove it different from the true *Canis occidentalis*, who is a solitary skulker.

A SPECTACLE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Our naturalist was delighted with the incidents of the day, but more still with what he saw in the evening. While reclining along the grass, smoking the after-dinner cigar, we were witnesses to one of those sylvan scenes for which Florida is famed. On the opposite edge of the glade in which we had encamped, a troop of flying squirrels were observed going through their gambols. At first we saw only one, which, being in flight, we had mistaken for a bird. The naturalist pointed out our mistake, at the same time cautioning silence, so that he might have an opportunity of studying the habits of these singular animals. The one seen had shot down from the top of a very tall tree, alighting on the trunk of another tree, about ten or twelve feet above the ground. There for some moments it remained, facing the tree, with its body flattened out against the bark. Then it took a second and shorter flight, out upon one of the branches; where it seated itself in the erect attitude usually assumed by the ordinary kind of squirrels, flitting its tail in the air. While we were watching it, another shot down from the same tall tree, and then another, and, to our surprise, several others, following in quick succession, until at least a score of the little creatures were collected on what appeared to be their evening playground. It was evident that the larger tree—which was a cypress, and a very monarch of the forest—contained a large colony of them, and was, no doubt, their breeding-place. They had come out in the twilight, the hour at which these animals are most active, like other animals with whom they have a certain affinity—the bats. That the flying squirrel possesses a power of flight beyond that of the mere parachute action of the spread membrane, there cannot, I think, be any doubt. In passing from tree to tree, I have seen them, after sinking down almost to the surface, rise again several feet before alighting. This could only be done by a muscular movement. Indeed, the common squirrel must have some capacity of sustaining itself in the air; else how could it spring from the top of a tree over a hundred feet in height, strike the ground so lightly as scarce to be heard, and then shoot off like a flash of lightning, without having received the slightest injury? This feat I have witnessed at least a hundred times.

We sat watching these pretty creatures, all of us more or less interested in their innocent gambols. But to our chagrin the spectacle was cut short by an intruder, who received chastisement for disappointing us. One of our dogs had scented the strange game, and sprang out towards it. Before he could be called off, the squirrels scattered in all directions, vanishing from our view as if they had melted into the air, or become blended with the twilight.

A SURFEIT OF BIRD-SHOOTING.

Next morning we continued our journey up stream, choosing one of the more intricate channels; through which,

perhaps, boat had never before passed, unless, in olden times, the canoe of some red-skinned hunter.

Here we found ourselves alone with Nature, and only her handiwork around us. In some places the shores were sedgy; but most generally timbered on one side, with a stretch of reedy marsh forming a selva to the opposite bank. The abundance of water and wading birds seen here was something to astonish us. It was one of their favourite haunts, where they are left undisturbed by the fowler, perhaps never having heard the report of a gun. For this reason they were tamer than elsewhere; and most kinds could be approached to within range. So easily were they shot, that we soon became surfeited with the sport; and as none of our party took pleasure in wantonly destroying them, we soon desisted.

PARENT AND PROGENY—A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

During this day we witnessed a spectacle which, though not so pleasant as that of the flying squirrels, was of equal interest to the naturalist.

We had dropped our sail, and landed to make luncheon, it being a little after the hour of noon. While seated upon a projecting point of the river's bank, with a reach of clear water before us, we saw an alligator swimming gently along, the spinal portion of its body being above the surface of the water. It was one of large size, though not of the largest we had seen. As far as we could judge, it was full fourteen feet in length, with a proportionate thickness. It was not its great bulk that caused us to turn our eyes upon it with interest; we were too well acquainted with these *saurians* to care much about the sight. The one in question had a peculiarity attached to it in the shape of a numerous retinue. This consisted of a young brood, not less than fourscore in number, closely following it. They were evidently the year's progeny, and the old one heading them was the mother.

The little creatures were all of one size, each about a foot in length, and as like one another as a school of mackerel or herrings. They were nearly black, with some mottlings of a yellowish colour, giving them the hue of tortoiseshell. As the water was perfectly limpid, we could see every movement made, both by the mother and her numerous family of chicks, as clearly as if we had been viewing them through the plate-glass of an aquarium. The old one swam straight on; passing close to the spot on which we were seated, and apparently regardless of our presence. Her attention taken up with her young, perhaps she had not seen either us or our boat. The little creatures followed her in a somewhat extended line, neither losing nor gaining distance. Nor did they appear to deviate from one another in the slightest degree; but maintained their relative positions, with as much exactitude as a flock of birds in their flight.

We should have allowed them to go unmolested, but science would not be cheated of her chance. The naturalist wished to observe how the old alligator would act under the circumstances, and if it was true that the parent when attacked gives protection to her young by swallowing them. To prove whether the strange story was fact or only fable, a ball was fired, which was seen to hit the old one fair on the side of the skull.

The result was not so conclusive as we had wished. The shot seemed to produce no more effect than if the bullet had

been a boiled pea. The reptile only gave a plunge forward, curled up its thick flat tail, and striking it repeatedly down, raised a commotion in the water for several yards around. Into the space thus agitated the young ones suddenly darted as if there seeking protection; but on account of the disturbance of the water, and the froth now floating on its surface, their movements were no longer observable; and before the water became still again, parent and progeny had disappeared, having all sunk to a depth where their sombre hue rendered them invisible.

THE HAUNTS OF THE ALLIGATOR.

We shortly after came upon a breeding-place of these gigantic lizards, containing six separate hillocks; or, as they may be called, nests. They were of an obtuse, conical shape, nearly regular, their tops rising between three and four feet above the ground. They were in a state of ruin, the young having escaped from the eggs, and only some fragments of the shells remaining. On laying open one of the hillocks, however, we found several eggs, addled, which for some reason unknown to us had remained unhatched. They were white, with the surface much rougher than that of a fowl's egg, the inequality being caused by lines or grooves running in all directions, and looking like Chinese characters, impressed upon the shell when soft. They were about the size of goose eggs, though quite different in shape, being more slender and equally tapered at both ends. One we measured was over four inches in length, the shorter axis being about half the longer one.

The alligator selects a spot of dry ground on which to

make its nest, usually where there is long coarse grass or reeds, and near the water's edge. It proceeds by spreading a compost over the surface, several inches in thickness. It is a mixture of mud, grass, and the leaves and stalks of herbaceous plants. On this she deposits—for it is the female that builds the nest—a layer of eggs, and covers them over with a thick stratum of the same compost. Then a second layer of eggs is voided and spread over the platform. These are also covered in like manner. On the top more eggs are placed till the laying is completed, when all receive a further coat of the mixed earth and vegetable matter.

The heat generated by the fermentation of the latter is supposed to assist the sun in the incubation. Over a hundred eggs will be found in an alligator's nest, but whether all the product of one female is a question. During the breeding season the old ones are exceedingly savage, especially in the neighbourhood of their nests.

A large alligator lying upon the water, with its body well above the surface, may easily be mistaken for a floating log, and is often compared to this. The rhomboidal protuberances somewhat resembling the corrugated bark of a tree, help to heighten the similarity. Often an alligator is seen thickly coated over with mud, and not unfrequently with grass and aquatic plants adhering to it. The mud comes from the animal wallowing in it, while the vegetable substances floating about get caught in it, and there remain, the huge reptile seeming not to regard the incumbrances. Birds of several species may often be seen perched upon an alligator's dorsal ridge, looking as little concerned as if roosting on the limb of a tree.

The Hot Springs and Geyser Region of the Yellowstone River, in the Rocky Mountains.

ENGLISHMEN who take an interest in the preservation by the nation of such places as Epping Forest as tracts of wilderness of priceless value for the mental refreshment of jaded city populations, may well envy and admire the enlightened foresight of the United States' Government, which has already appropriated, by Act of Congress, several large districts in their territory, of great natural beauty, for popular enjoyment. In the words of the various Acts, such districts are "to be held for public use, resort, and recreation; and are to be inalienable for all time." Thus, in 1864, the far-famed Yosemite Valley, a stupendous gorge in the Sierra Nevada of California, with its magnificent waterfalls, a thousand feet in descent, was voted to the State in which it is situated, and the gift accepted and confirmed, with all its conditions as to guard and preservation, by the State Congress. This unparalleled national park, which is already resorted to every summer by thousands from San Francisco, includes a district fifteen miles in length and about three in breadth. It was not, however, the sole appropriation made by the Act; for a second district, of similar dimensions, a little nearer San Francisco, called the "Mariposa Big-tree Grove," containing the most beautiful group yet remaining of the gigantic cedars of California, was

voted and accepted in the same manner. Again, in the present year, Congress has decided to reserve another extensive tract of country, situated in the Rocky Mountains, and remarkable for its thousands of hot springs and geysers as well as its wonderful scenery. This district, situated near the source of the Yellowstone and Firehole Rivers, has only recently been discovered, or at least explored, and is therefore much less known than the now familiar excursionist resorts of California.

The "Wonderland" of the Upper Yellowstone, as it is termed by Mr. Hayden, the not too enthusiastic geologist whose mission it was to explore it in 1871, is situated about midway between the Pacific coast of Oregon and St. Paul, on the Upper Mississippi. Although the locality is remote and difficult of access, the surrounding country is fast becoming settled up, and Mr. Hayden's party found there a number of invalids, trying with some success the healing qualities of the various mineral springs. It is situated between the parallels of 44° and 45° north, or nearly in the same latitude as the Pyrenees. The Yellowstone and Firehole Rivers are both tributaries, flowing from the south, of the Upper Missouri, and their beds lie nearly 6,000 feet above the sea-level. The centre of the

district forms a mountain valley, in which lies a beautiful sheet of blue water, the Yellowstone Lake, diversified with islands and jutting promontories, and twenty-two miles in length by an average width of ten or fifteen miles. Although in the midst of a region containing hundreds of springs and violent spurting fountains of hot water, the lake water itself is cold, and it is of great depth, from 150 to 300 fathoms, the ultramarine hue, with clear green shading, contrasting on a distant view with the pure white snow of the surrounding peaks, some of which are nearly 11,000 feet high. The Yellowstone River emerges from its northern end, and burrows its way through the mountain ranges that form the northern border of the "Wonderland" in a series of deep cañons. The whole country—upland valley and mountain slope—is clothed with a forest of pines, growing straight as arrows 100 to 150 feet without a branch, and so close together in many places that there is not room for a pack-animal to pass between the serried columns.

The real wonders of this charmed district, however, are its volcanic phenomena. It is supposed that in former geological times the whole basin, forty miles long by thirty wide, formed one vast crater made up of thousands of smaller rents and fissures, through which the fluid matter of the earth's interior was erupted in prodigious quantities. Hundreds of volcanic cones are still remaining, but the subterranean fires manifest themselves no longer on the prodigious scale to which they are the very eloquent witnesses, and now limit themselves to the ejection, through countless narrow passages in the earth's crust, of boiling water, which dissolves the lime and silica contained in the carboniferous and cretaceous rocks, and pours it forth from thousands of springs and fountains. These springs are distributed in numberless groups over the whole area, at various altitudes, and they offer great diversity in their manner of action, chemical composition, temperature, and so forth. Thus, some are placid founts, forming pools of tepid water, lined with calcareous secretions of the most picturesque

forms; others are intermittent boiling geysers; some are intermittent whilst others again are always at the boiling point, throwing up the water in jets from two to six feet high by regular pulsations. The colours of the borders of the quiet springs and of the channels which drain them to the river, formed by the mineral incrustations reflected through the water, are described as most beautiful, brilliant, aniline dyes, from scarlet to light purple, bright sulphur-yellow, various shades of green, and so forth. One of the geysers, visited by

Mr. Hayden, threw up at intervals a column of boiling water ten feet in diameter to a height of thirty feet, the eruption lasting about fifteen minutes, and eight of these paroxysms occurred in twenty-six hours. Some of the springs throw up mud; from the largest of these, having a funnel-shaped basin twenty-five feet in diameter, a column of steam is continually ascending 500 feet or more, and the mud is ejected with a noise like distant thunder. On the shores of the lake there are two vents which keep up a constant pulsating noise like a high-pressure steam-engine; columns of steam being ejected at each pulsation to the height of 100 feet. Geysers were seen which project at intervals, without much preliminary warning, a column of water, six feet in diameter, to a height of 150 feet, and by a succession of impulses keep it up for fifteen minutes.

At no distant day the Yellowstone hot-spring district will, no doubt, become the chief sanatorium and watering-place of the North American



INDIAN OF THE LOWER YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

Continent. There is room for the invalids of even so vast a population as the United States will soon contain; for the district preserved as a national park is quite as large as Yorkshire, and covered with healing springs of almost every variety. Nature has contrived, too, the most perfect of bathing establishments; for on the hill-sides there are series of quiet pools, formed on calcareous terraces one below another, as the hot-spring above discharges its waters down the slope, thus each successive pool is cooler than the one above it. With the summer weather of that region, many a jaded spirit will feel refreshed.



HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople, and the harbour of Rio Janeiro were, as I was told long ago, three things to be seen if possible before I died; and I am thankful to say that I have been enabled to rejoice in them all. But, though the last is by far the finest of the three, it is seldom visited by any but commercial men, who look with astonishment upon those who go to Brazil simply to enjoy its natural beauties, without the slightest concern in the prices of sugar, coffee, and tobacco. And yet the voyage is pleasant and easy beyond any ocean passage that I am acquainted with; and the limits of a long vacation will admit of a sojourn of nearly two months in one of the most beautiful regions in the world, at the most agreeable season of the year, the spring of the Southern Tropic.

A summer's run across the Bay of Biscay and a day at Lisbon, a distant peep at the Peak of Teneriffe, dreamy hours spent in watching flying-fish flashing through the air, and porpoises running races with the ship, and taking the short purple waves neck and neck like steeple-chasers; the occasional excitement of a few score of whales rolling along like coal-barges turned topsy-turvy; and in twelve days from England we anchor at St. Vincent in the Cape de Verde Islands. Hot enough it is here, and the only people to be envied are the bright-eyed negro boys, who spend the day in diving for coins: as their bodies gleam like great fish through the transparent water, where we can see a plate fifty feet deep upon the sand; we know that they are not only enjoying the luxury of a bath,

but are getting well paid into the bargain, by a harvest of such shillings and sixpences as have survived our departure from home. Our splendid steamer was drawing twenty-one feet of water, but one of these amphibious animals dived from a boat amidships, passed underneath her, and came up on the other side with no symptoms of having made an effort.

The appearance of the island is very singular. Bare, brown, jagged hills rise up from near the sea, almost utterly devoid of vegetation, in a climate where frequently no rain falls for several years together. A few patches of deep green along the base of the hills, as seen from the ship, give promise of better things; but when, to escape the horrors of coaling in a hot and dry air, I went ashore and rambled over burning sand and rocks towards the interior, I found that they only consisted of tamarisk bushes, amongst which now and then rose a magnificent yellow *orobanche*, whose parasitical roots were so far below the surface that it could successfully defy the sun. A beautiful little borage appeared now and then, so dwarfed by the climate as to be more fit for the microscope than the herbarium. The inhabitants are supplied with food from other islands; and the only *raison d'être* of St. Vincent is that the safety of its harbour makes it a convenient coal-cellar for steam-ships.

As the sun went down the last coal-barge was cast off, the last divers turned their boat shorewards, chuckling over a successful day, and we found ourselves once more on our way to sea, not far from Bird Island, which is a remarkable rock

rising precipitously from the sea, and so whitened in many parts by birds that it has very much the appearance of the summit of the Matterhorn rising out of the water. After a few days of very great heat and sundry thunderstorms, between losing the north-east trade wind and meeting the south-easter, life became agreeable again; and, after passing near the wonderful pillar-rock of Fernando Noronha, we found ourselves one morning anchored off Pernambuco, with such a heavy sea and frequent squalls that very few prepared to go ashore except those who were obliged to do so. We contrived, however, to secure some magnificent pine-apples, which at Pernambuco and Pará are seen in the highest perfection. The flatness and monotony of this part of the coast are not inviting; but two days later we had a charming contrast on reaching Bahia, which is built on high sloping land, and is not only surrounded, but even penetrated, by palms, plantains, and mangoes, which spread their verdant beauties in all directions, among the white houses and churches that look down upon the shining bay. The luxuriant and varied vegetation of this place charms the eye of every beholder, and yet one of our most popular novelists has displayed his ignorance by selecting it as the spot where he condemns a misanthropic hero to wander among pathless tracts of sand! Here we laid on board a supply of the famous navel-oranges, for which Bahia is justly celebrated. They are of very large size and full of juice, which can be enjoyed to the utmost, as the pips are collected in a little excrescence on the fruit, and there is no tough fibre in the middle.

Up came the anchor once more, and there was something exciting in the thought that it would not be dropped again till we reached the object of our desire, the world-renowned Bay of Rio de Janeiro. As we turned into bed after our three weeks' voyage, we knew that next day we might expect to see the wondrous forms of the Sugar-loaf, the Corcovado, and the Organ Mountains. Nor were we disappointed. It has been my good fortune to go into Rio four or five times; but I have never seen the entrance to such advantage as on my first voyage. In the dull, early morning or in cloudy weather scant justice is done to a scene which revels in and requires the glorious presence of the sun. We had passed the fine headland of Cape Frio in the morning, and in the earliest afternoon strange forms began to appear, rising in a faint blue haze out of the sea before us. These were the conical granite islands which seem to guard the entrance to the harbour. The weather being perfect we soon found ourselves gliding between two of these islands, called Pai and Mai; so near, that we could see the cactus clinging to the stony clefts, to say nothing of the green shrubs that, lower down, cast their reflections into the deep clear sea; and soon afterwards the entrance to the harbour was close before us. A rude, old-fashioned fort on the right crowned the rocky point of Santa Cruz, against which the peaceful but huge swell of the Atlantic was surging upwards in towers and pillars of white foam; and on the left, the Sugarloaf Mountain rising to the height of 1,200 feet out of the sea with an almost perpendicular wall of granite towards the harbour, presented the appearance of a gigantic sentinel. In a few minutes we had left the great Atlantic and passed through this narrow entrance into a land-locked bay of about twenty miles in length by fifteen or sixteen in breadth, capable of containing all the armed ships of the world. Nearer and nearer come the glimpses of the city and its shining suburbs,

enveloped in masses of luxuriant vegetation, amongst which the mango gives a deeper shade than I have ever seen thrown from any other tree. Immediately behind the Sugarloaf is the lovely Bay of Botafogo, with the vast hospital of the Misericordia at one end of its arc and the Lunatic Hospital at the other, with shining white houses and gay gardens stretching round the chief part of its graceful curve.

Then comes the small island of Villegagnon, named after the French traitor who, in the days of Coligny and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, led a Protestant emigration to Rio de Janeiro and then sold them to their foes; and presently the ship stops to receive the custom-house officers on board, and to satisfy the curiosity of a Brazilian Board of Health. When our doctor, speaking from the gangway, has been able to convince these local magnates that we are not all dying of yellow fever or something equally disagreeable, we are allowed to proceed again, and the engines thump away sturdily as we glide past the man-of-war anchorage, and welcome above all the glorious ensign of Old England. Slowly we creep up among the multitudinous shipping, and a crowd of boats gathers about our sides, eager to avail themselves of every stoppage to put some of their passengers on board. Consuls and agents and merchants, bent on business, are talking with the captain or the purser of the ship, and asking for papers, letters, and the last news from Europe, as the telegraph has not yet been permitted to anticipate intelligence in this portion of the globe. Brazilians slip on board, and are seen kissing and hugging their returning friends like school-girls after the holidays; while the hardier Northerners are devoting themselves to the price of coffee and the rate of exchange. The ship becomes like a swarm of bees or a disturbed ant-hill; whilst we who, like Gallio, care for none of these things, are devoting our attention to the glorious spectacle all round us, and watching the operation of mooring the ship to the island which is our temporary rest. Let them go, these kissing natives and these busy men! Their boats are jammed together by the ship's side, and their sable crews are cursing and swearing in Portuguese and the purest tongues of Africa. The custom-house barges appropriate our heavy baggage, and we are in no hurry with our light effects. We are content to look at the Bay of Rio.

And what a view it is! The first thing that astonishes a new-comer is the wonderful form of the neighbouring mountains. Immediately behind the city is the Corcovado, the summit of which is about 2,400 feet above the sea. The northern side is completely covered with vegetation, and a very fair road has been carried up to the top of the mountain, though to anyone looking at it from below the work would seem impossible; but the side looking towards the Sugarloaf and the Atlantic presents an absolutely perpendicular precipice going sheer down into the rich forests that cling about its base. The Tijuca Mountain seems rather higher, but not being so precipitous it is clothed with forest to the summit; and these together afford a perfect background of rich colour to the white city, which branches out right and left till its most advanced outposts lose themselves in scattered groups among the trees. The Gavia and other strange forms are a little further to the north; and then, beyond the head of the bay, at the distance of thirty or forty miles from the city, runs the long chain of highlands rising on an average to about 4,000 feet above the sea, over which again the marvellous peaks of the Organ

Mountains, at the height of 7,000 or 8,000 feet, are seen ranged in fantastic line against the sky. They owe their name to this row of pillar-shaped peaks, between which, when I first saw them, the declining sun darted long rays of golden light across the purple shade that was already shrouding the rest of the mountain-side.

The city itself is more than usually picturesque, from the fact of its being built on very irregular ground, including several well-marked hills, each with its varied forms of houses or churches with groups of rich foliage between them, and gardens ending with trees that dip their branches in the sea. The absence of smoke gives the sun liberty to illuminate the scene, and to impart full life and gaiety to every part of it. At night there is always an illumination of another kind. Probably no city in the world is so well lighted as Rio Janeiro; and the reason is said to be that the contract of the gas company with the Brazilian Government was that they should be paid a certain sum for every light erected. The consequence is that it is well worth while to take a boat at night to see the effect. All along the shore and even round the Bay of Botafogo the closely-placed lamps encircle the city with a luminous fringe, and the varied elevation of different parts of the place enables us to see countless lights along the ups and downs in every direction, even to remote suburbs where scattered houses hide themselves among their orange-trees. There can scarcely be anything of the kind more charming to the eye than this fairy-like spectacle; and nothing can be much more humiliating to the Englishman than to contrast it with the effect of darkness made visible by the lamps of London.

There is, in spite of all the natural charms of Rio, one great deficiency about it; that is, in the matter of hotels. I have always stayed at the Exchange Hotel, kept by a very worthy Englishman, M'Dowall, who has always done his best to make people comfortable; but his space is extremely limited, and he has not been able to adapt it to modern requirements. At the Botafogo end of the city is the Hôtel des Étrangers, somewhat pretentious in appearance and so admirable in situation that it is difficult to get a room there without giving a month's notice. It is out of the main noise and bustle of the place, and is on the very edge of the sea in face of Botafogo Bay and the Sugarloaf. There are plenty of others, but I never heard a satisfactory account of one of them. On the whole, Rio may be said to be well supplied with most things, if you are willing to pay rather dearly for them. There is an abundance of capital carriages that can be used either open or shut; and a very useful article is a kind of cabriolet in which there is only room for one passenger, who sits with the driver inside. An immense success has been achieved by tramways, which run from the very heart of the city to the furthest suburbs. Nothing can be better fitted for a large and rambling city in a hot climate, where walking is apt to be disagreeable, and where the private carriages are too costly to be always indulged in, except by the rich. Each tram-car is drawn by two mules, and holds about two dozen people, who get a quiet ride and rest for 200 reis, about 5d. English. No gold or silver coinage is in use, and these tram-tickets are allowed to pass for small change; they are flimsy scraps, easily lost, and it is said that this feature in them is a considerable source of profit to the company. The bustling activity of the principal streets is very great, and groups of powerful negroes are passing continually with their heavy burdens, and

singing their strange chants as they go. Some of these Minas Africans are the finest specimens of humanity that I have ever seen in the world; when stripped for work they are like magnificent bronze statues, and with their graceful figures and perfectly-developed muscles, they realise the highest ideal of the human form. Their young women are equally fine, and, in spite of prejudices against a brown skin, it is impossible to deny that their splendid figures and native gracefulness of action can hardly be surpassed. They are, like all their race, very fond of gay colours, and nothing can be more picturesque than the appearance of one of them in the favourite white turban, with a blue or pink dress and an amber scarf thrown elegantly across her shoulders, presiding over a fruit-stall, and displaying a perfectly-formed hand and arm as she presents an orange to the purchaser. There was one near the door of the hotel whom any artist in Europe would have gone wild about.

Heavily-laden coffee-carts are continually thundering over the stones, suggesting some idea of the vast quantities of it that Brazil supplies to the world. The trade is enormous; one of the leading Englishmen at Rio told me that in the previous year his firm exported 400,000 bags of coffee, each bag containing 5 arrobas or 160 pounds; and this I believe is about a quarter of the whole quantity exported from the city. There are plenty of good shops, but everything is very dear in the principal streets. The most novel and attractive objects to a visitor are the exquisite fans and head-dresses made from the feathers of the many-coloured Brazilian birds; and nothing but impecuniosity would enable him to resist their temptations as he passes through the Rua do Ouvidor. Here, too, are the shops where the favourite ornaments made with beetles of various kinds are sold at very high prices. Their splendid green hues, in gold mounting, produce an admirable effect; but I would advise an intending purchaser to buy the beetles in their natural state and have them mounted by a London goldsmith; the work would be much better done for about half the money. In the matter of provisions the difference of price between the products of the country and articles brought from Europe is of course enormous. Brazilian bottled beer does not cost one-third of the price of English bottled ale and porter, which become articles *de luxe* at three shillings a bottle, but are nevertheless consumed in vast quantities. Brandy costs ten shillings a bottle, but *caña*, the spirit made in the country costs only 500 reis or about one shilling, and for my own part I prefer it. Light French wines are moderately cheap, but exorbitant prices are asked for those of a superior quality. On the whole, living at Rio is not now much more expensive than at other places, certainly very much less so than in Paris, and I believe that those who are thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the country can live very cheaply indeed.

One of our first excursions was a drive to the Botanic Garden at the back of the Corcovado, and about eight miles from the hotel. The weather was magnificent, though still rather hot for the month of May, which corresponds with November in Europe, and taking a little luncheon in the carriage, we rattled out of the Rua Direita towards Botafogo, near which the road is carried along close to the margin of the sea. Here the crowd and bustle of Rio is all left behind, and most of the houses belong to wealthy citizens, who come out to enjoy themselves in the evening at the end of their day's work. Most of them have fine palm-trees planted in front,

or along the lines of walks in their gay gardens. The most popular shade-giving trees appeared to be the mango and the bread-fruits of two kinds, *Artocarpus incisa* and *A. integrifolia*, or jack-fruit, all so densely rich in foliage that merely to look at them had a cooling effect. Hanging over the walls were magnificent creeping-plants in endless variety, *Bignonias* of divers colours, yellow *Alamandas*, and mauve coloured *Bougainvilleas*, but perhaps the most striking feature in these gardens was the abundance and luxuriance of the blood-red *Pointsettias*. These, instead of the little plants which in England are used for table-decorations, become in Brazil about fifteen feet high, and I have measured some of their crimson stars nearly two feet in diameter. At a bend in the line of the bay we came to our first bed of aloes on a sloping bank, and then turned sharply to the right with the steep side of the Corcovado directly before us; for several miles we passed between villas, more and more scattered, gardens which supply flowers and vegetables to the city, and orange-groves loaded with fruit. At length we stopped at an open gateway, and found ourselves at the beginning of the famous avenue of palms.

Much as I had heard of these, the reality far surpassed my expectation. A broad walk of about 600 yards in length has been cut across the garden from the entrance, and on each side of this is planted a row of cabbage-palms (*Oreodoxa regia*) at regular intervals through the whole distance; and a smaller cross-avenue has been treated in the same way. These palms are about 100 feet high, and have grown with marvellous evenness of stature, their magnificent crowns still seeming in perfect health and vigour: the lofty grey-white stems crossing the deep blue sky made it look more blue than ever, and the grandeur of the general effect was never to be forgotten. As an American traveller observed, these magnificent trees form "a colonnade of natural Corinthian columns, whose graceful bright green capitals seem to support a portion of the blue

dome that arches above them." The avenue is divided near the middle by a reservoir and fountain, forming the foreground of the illustration, which therefore gives only half of the entire length. One of the palms startled me considerably. I heard a sort of swishing noise overhead like that of a miraculous rain out of a clear heaven; and, while I was wondering what

it could be, a warning cry from a bystander made me jump aside in time to avoid the fall of a dead leaf, twenty feet long with a stalk as thick as my arm. Not long after leaving the avenue one of my companions had a narrow escape from a huge bread-fruit, which fell like a cannon-ball on the path where he had just crossed, and gave us notice to avoid such missiles for the future.

The natural situation of this garden is remarkable from the fact that, while it has a tramway and civilisation on one side, it terminates in dense forest and jungle on the other, without any intervening barrier but a long stream about one foot wide, which brings down water for a mimic cascade. Stepping over this I found myself in a bed of the ivy-leaved *Doryopteris* fern in great beauty, and several species of *Adiantum*, mixed with masses of a greenhouse favourite at home, the *Thunbergia*, with its buff-coloured blossoms and dark eye. Stooping among these, I lost the opportunity of securing a splendid blue butterfly that flashed across the little stream to a place where I could not follow it. The water is led in dark shade over fern-clad rocks to a pond covered with water-lilies of various kinds, near which are clusters of huge bamboos, feathering outwards and forming natural umbrellas to cool the excited butterfly-hunters as they enjoy their sandwiches and Bordeaux. The delightful climate of Brazil, with its alternate rain and brilliant sunshine, gives a perpetual freshness to the great lawns which spread out from both sides of the avenue, sparkling with gay butterflies, and ornamented with palms of every kind, from all parts of the world, screw-pines, camphor-trees, bread-fruits, aloes and sago-plants, bananas and



THE GREAT AVENUE OF PALMS IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



BOTAFOGO BAY AND THE CORCOVADO

bamboos. Close by, the grey precipice of the Corcovado rises with infinite grandeur out of the forest which borders the garden; and among the dark green trees about its base we could see others with masses of purple and yellow blossoms, with which we were afterwards to be better acquainted. There were also trees which seemed to be covered with flowers of pure white, which, however, turned out to be the white leaves of a species of *Sumambasia* or sloth-tree, the stems of which being perfectly hollow, are used for water-pipes in the country. At length we turned unwillingly from this delightful spot, and found our coachman who, with his horses, had reposed for several hours under the shade of a group of trees near the entrance to the gardens. We bought a bottle of wine at the stall close by for about one-third of the hotel price, and drove back to Rio in time for a very welcome dinner, for which one of my friends concocted a most admirable salad, with the great prawns, for which Rio is very justly celebrated, to do duty instead of lobsters.

We were very anxious to ascend the Corcovado on the first opportunity, and for more reasons than one. In the first place, it was evident that from the summit of the Corcovado there must be a complete panorama of the neighbourhood of Rio; and in the second place, the mountain appears so excessively steep that, accustomed as I was to the highest peaks of the European Alps, I was curious to see how it could be possible to get there. An occasion soon arose, and the weather being perfectly fine, we made up a party, including two English ladies, and determined to start next day, under the special guidance of Dr. Gunning, who has lived for many years in Brazil. Good Mrs. M'Dowall was charged with the preparation of sandwiches enough to fill one basket, while Dr. Gunning placed sundry bottles of wine in another. An English horse and saddle were found for one of the ladies, and sent on to the foot of the hill, while we went by the tramway to meet them at the lovely suburb of Laranjeiras, or the orange-groves. The road, after getting out of the thickest part of the city, bends among charming houses, with gardens of very much the same kind as those of Botafogo, and gradually getting more and more distant from each other, till after a ride of about an hour the carriage stopped at the base of the mountain, where, on the very edge of the woods, a few beautiful villas stood embowered among trees and blossoms. Here we found the horse waiting, in charge of a man who undertook to carry the luncheon, while one of the ladies rode, and the rest of the party prepared to walk. The ascent began at once, on a steady incline of no great severity, but as we had the whole heat of mid-day to encounter, we confined ourselves to a gentle pace, looking for ferns and flowers by the way. There were, still higher, a few scattered houses, inhabited by those who thought themselves compensated for the labour of going up-hill by the draughts of fresh cool air at night and the lovely view of the bay which soon begins to develop itself. Presently even these were left sunning themselves far below us, and we found ourselves following a very fair horse-road cleverly cut in long zigzags, up through the forest, on the steep hill-side. This afforded every possible charm to such a walk. Sometimes we were cooling ourselves under the dense shade of overhanging trees, and making sorties into the woods to collect plants, while the ladies rested by the roadside; and then again, emerging into a more open space, we saw before us the view of ever-extending beauty, the sun lighting up the tops of

evergreen trees below us, the great white city at our feet, and the shining waters of the bay beyond it.

We had been told, that higher up, and close to the reservoirs which supply water from the living rock to the people in the city, we should find some sort of refreshment place. When we got there, towards one o'clock, we were hot enough to enjoy a cooling drink, if it could be got; but we only found a few cottages, shut up, with the exception of one that was being repaired. This was a disappointment; but one of the men succeeded in producing from a corner an old woman, who combined the extreme of ugliness with an expression of the greatest possible good-temper. She had some of the distinguishing features both of the African and of the American Indian, and must have been a cross between the two. The mixture of grey wool with the broad Indian face and nose had a very comical effect, but she seemed so merry and contented with herself in every way, that we did not like to offend her by any inquiries as to her parentage. To our great satisfaction she produced from a dark hole several bottles of the *cerveja nacional*, or national beer, a liquor by no means to be despised, though of course very inferior to the productions of Bass and Allsop. She seemed very much delighted at seeing two English ladies in her den, and gave us a smiling adieu as we started for the last and steepest part of the ascent. Luckily this was to a great extent in the shade, for the heat had become rather severe for climbing. By the side of the road we killed a large brown snake; and a little further up I was startled by something flying towards me with much the appearance and the flight of a woodcock just flushed. My first idea certainly was that it was a bird, but I soon saw that it was a very large grey-spotted Imperador moth, many specimens of which I have seen measuring eleven and twelve inches across the wings. Near this spot we tried in vain to catch a singularly beautiful butterfly, with large green wings, apparently fringed with gold, the Imperial colours of Brazil. Two or three of them were enjoying themselves in a sunny place, and as they flashed through the air their appearance was marvellously brilliant. We were all now obliged to come out into the sun, and the last quarter of an hour proved to be rather hard work. It was far too steep for the horse to be of any further use, and the path was necessarily carried straight up a narrow ridge, the only way of getting to the summit. There is scarcely any soil at this height to cover the ledge of granite, and nothing but small shrubs could exist; so there was nothing left for us but to face the blazing sun and tow the ladies up the steep incline till we reached the top at two o'clock.

I have stood upon the highest peaks of the European Alps and seen many startling effects from those ice-bound summits, but I much doubt whether on any of them I have ever felt such sensations of pleasure and surprise as those which were aroused on the Corcovado. After climbing up by a road through tropical forest, which never permitted our seeing anything of our destination till we were on the last ridge, to emerge upon the summit with such a view before us, could not but be exciting in a high degree. The actual top of the mountain is a narrow arching slab of bare rock, ending in vertical precipices on every side except the ridge by which it is reached; and so dangerous-looking is the place, that the Government long ago built a strong wall of stone, about three feet high, to protect people from the perils of giddiness or a false step. With this assistance we could comfortably devote

ourselves to the enjoyment of a matchless view under a perfectly cloudless sky. The peculiarity of the situation is, that here we have a mountain rising out of, and almost overhanging a large and picturesque city on one side; while a few paces down on the other side, the forest with its ornaments of ferns and orchids, takes away all thought of proximity to civilisation. Turning to our right as we leaned over our little wall of defence, we looked down upon the Botanic Garden, and saw the avenues of giant palms looking very humble now, some 2,400 feet below us. The beautiful Bay of Botafogo was glistening in the sun, surrounded by its belt of white houses and deep green trees, and beyond it the Sugarloaf showed itself, rising out of the sea in the direction most favourable for seeing its extraordinary form. Then came the gateway to the Atlantic, where a line of smoke marked the retreat of a large steam-vessel; the fort of Santa Cruz; and range upon range of hills to the westward of the bay beyond Niterohy, the "Hidden Water" of the Tamoya Indians. The whole harbour lay before us bathed in glowing light, washing the shores of palm-crowned islands, and bringing up happy memories of former cruises, when I had sailed blissfully among them thinking of Tennyson as I went "from island unto island at the gateways of the day." Rio itself, the great city, with more than 300,000 inhabitants, seemed to lie sleeping at our feet, so singular was the effect of looking right down upon its countless streets and houses from such an elevation as to prevent our hearing a sound. Perfect stillness reigned all round our lofty perch, and I much doubt if a similar phenomenon could be met with in any other part of the world.

The scene beyond the head of the bay is, however, the grandest and most interesting part of the view, where the Organ Mountains rise high above the purple shades, and where we know that Petropolis and Theresopolis are nestling among their forest-covered hills. A speck on the bay, with a trail of dazzling light on the water behind it, was the steamer going to join the railway at the base of the Serra, whence is carried, at a height of 3,000 feet above the sea, that magnificent road into the province of Minas, by which countless treasures of coffee and of minerals have been poured down upon the capital of Brazil. There too, among the purple hills is the favourite abode of the fern-hunter, who, amongst cooling streams and deep-shaded waterfalls in the virgin forest, will find an inexhaustible field of research. The thought of that well-watered region, with tree-ferns for umbrellas, was enough to make anyone contrast it with our present position of being broiled in the sun, on the uttermost rock of the Corcovado. It was agreed, however, by all that the position should not be abandoned as long as it was tenable, and taking the best advantage of a slight shadow thrown by the little wall, we lunched upon the spot, and remained to admire the glorious view till time compelled us to go down again to Rio.

The descent required great care throughout the steep part, for the long continuance of fine weather had baked the smooth soil as hard as a brick, and a fall would have been serious. In due time the horse was able to come into play again, and we again reached the abode of our ugly friend of the morning, who welcomed our return with the proffer of fresh bottles of beer, and a cheap selection of insects collected on the mountain. On the way down we had more leisure for examining the plants within reach, and found several new

ferns, besides having the opportunity of observing that the opposite mountain, now *en face*, contained amongst its green forest trees some glorious patches of purple, which we afterwards found to be luxuriant trees of the family of *Melastoma*, in full blossom. We took a different route down to Laranjeiras, to visit the reservoirs, and to follow for awhile the covered way, by which the sweet mountain water is conveyed to the city by the aqueduct, built by Jesuits about 100 years ago. The reservoirs are very large, and constructed of solid masonry and iron, but they are not sufficient for the present requirements of the city; and negotiations have lately been in progress for a greatly extended water supply from this part of the mountains, which in conjunction with the streams of Tijuca, will make a vast difference in the means for cleansing and purifying the capital. A fine broad road from hence leads down by the line of the aqueduct, overhung by an endless variety of evergreen trees, spreading an atmosphere of cool deep shade, which seemed doubly delicious after our long exposure to the sun upon the upper part of the mountain. From time to time, through the openings in the trees on our right hand, we had ever-changing views of the city, still far below us, and the countless vessels riding idly on the glassy bay: and when the eye was almost weary of looking at the sunny prospect, we had only to turn to our left and place our hands upon the cool fern-clad side of the water-course.

On the damp walls in this part of the excursion, besides abundance of maidenhair and other ferns we found an immense quantity of the delicate *Gymnogramma leptophylla*, one of the few ferns which has penetrated far northward, and is popularly known as the "Jersey fern." And as we look at this fine aqueduct, carried sometimes underground, and sometimes over noble arches into the heart of the city, it is impossible not to do some justice to the Jesuits who did such wonderful work in South America, and received nothing but ingratitude by way of thanks. They achieved the only great missionary success in modern times by civilising and bringing into orderly habits about 100,000 Indians in Paraguay and the Missiones; they promoted and executed everything that tended to the welfare of the country, and when their work seemed almost complete they were cast out of the continent by intrigues with Europe, and "other men entered into the fruit of their labours."

The sun was setting as we once more approached the orange-trees of Laranjeiras; a golden gleam was lighting up the varied forms of the distant mountains, and the dark blue shadows were enfolding the countless islands of the bay, as we returned into the city after a day of unmitigated happiness, in which, amidst the cloudless splendour of a Brazilian sky, we had been fortunate enough to see what is probably the most varied and most beautiful scene in the world—the view of Rio Janeiro and its surroundings from the summit of the Corcovado. To those who have seen the rich vegetation and gorgeous colouring of tropical scenery it must ever remain a cause of wonderment that the artists who, every year cover our walls with cornfields and cottages at Bettws-y-Coed under every possible circumstance of weather, should not go further afield; and whilst delighting themselves, perchance induce some of their fellow-creatures to follow their example, and to revel in what would probably be the greatest enjoyment in their lives.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—VI.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

SEVILLE.—ACADEMY OF PAINTING.

WE concluded our last chapter with an account of the *Museo* or permanent picture-gallery of Seville. But the Sevillanos are the artists *par excellence* of the Peninsula, and there is also an academy of painting which organises exhibitions from time to time after the manner of our Royal Academy at Burlington House, with the exception that copies of the great works of the old masters are not only admitted into the exhibition, but form an important part of the whole number of pictures exhibited. There had, however, been no exhibition for three years when we were at Seville, and the opening of the galleries in the second week in October was looked forward to with some interest by the *aficionados*. We were obliged to leave Seville before the eventful day, but through the kindness of the secretary, we were permitted to have a private view of the pictures, and even to carry away some of them which we particularly admired. The Academy of Seville is of some antiquity, having been founded on the 11th February, 1660, and its first president was Murillo; Herrera, Valdès, and other celebrated masters, being original members. Zurbaran was at Madrid at that epoch, where he died two years afterwards having been for some time Court painter to Philip IV. Murillo lived until 1682 in his native city, and was buried in the parish church of Santa Cruz.

BEGGARS.

No sketch of Andalusia would be complete without at least a few words about the beggars. These pests of Spain still play an important part in Spanish society. There are no societies for "organising charitable relief and suppressing mendicity" in the Peninsula. On the contrary, *El dar limosna nunca mengua la bolsa* is the saying; and certainly the dreadful creatures who present themselves to your charitable consideration are calculated to inspire pity, if that tender sentiment is

not overpowered by disgust. By a journey in Spain one may, I think, become acquainted with almost every species of human deformity. Every part of the human body assumes some extravagant or loathsome peculiarity, and one is tempted to ask if Spain alone is cursed in this terrible way; or if not, where the afflicted inhabitants of other countries hide them-

selves from the sight of their fellow-men. Another strange feature of Spanish mendicity is that an alms is taken as a matter of course. This may perhaps best be illustrated by a story for the accuracy of which we can vouch. A gentleman who lived in the suburbs of Granada had occasion to pass over a bridge every day on his way to the town, and used to give a *cuarto* to an old beggar who took his station on the bridge. Business compelled our friend to be absent from Granada for some weeks, and on his return he found the old beggar posted as usual, and offered him the accustomed alms. This the jolly beggar indignantly refused, and demanded thirty-six cuartos for *arrears*! I have heard many stories of a similar nature, but I give this as having absolutely happened to M. Mauzaisse, a French artist, and settled at Granada. But the police are just beginning to consider that this state of things is not quite perfection, and things will no doubt get better as rapidly as any-

thing can be done in Spain. For these town police, in spite of their long swords, are really very good, and second only to the country *guardia civil*. As to their swords, they must have been rejected by the cuirassiers and heavy dragoons. Hooked up, they reach from the man's armpit to within an inch of the ground; and when drawn, they must be most formidable weapons.

EL NODO.

No one who has visited Seville can have failed to remark *El nodo*, the badge of Seville, which is to be seen at every turn, and is thus represented—"No. 8. Do.," a fanciful spelling of *No*



COUNTRYMAN OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SEVILLE.



ANDALUSIAN BEGGAR AND DAUGHTER.

me ha dexado (It has not deserted me). The 8 is supposed to be a knot (and is painted thus, 8), in Spanish *madexa*, which is the key to the hieroglyphic. This badge was given to the city by Alonso el Sabio, and from its constant use Sevillanos would appear to be very proud of it.

RELIGION.

Seville indeed has much to be proud of, having been in many respects, at various times, the real capital of Spain, if not of the Peninsula. To say nothing of its more ancient glories, it was Seville that first received the wealth of the New World, and became about the same time the head-quarters of that power which kept in awe both Old and New—the Inquisition. But if Seville can boast of having seen the first *auto da fé*, and of having set an example to the universe of Catholic piety, in her zeal in the service of the Holy Office, she can also lay claim to having been the first of the Spanish cities, after the liberty of public worship was established after the last revolution, to welcome, with open arms, the Protestant religion. Such impartiality in religious zeal is truly Andalusian, but the result is in the highest degree interesting; although, indeed, it can hardly be realised without difficulty, that in Spain, where formerly to profess any other religion than that of Romanism was a crime punishable and punished with penal servitude, now, Jews, Turks, infidels, and Protestants, can think and even pray as they please; that at Seville, whose stones are charred with the flames of *autos da fé*, and whose pavements are crimson with the blood of heretics, the “new religion” should have made greater progress, and to all appearance be more firmly established than at any other city in Spain. There are at present no less than seven Protestant churches at Seville, and one of them, recently purchased from the State, is the old chapel of the Jesuits’ College, and those walls which once rang with the voice of persecution, are now startled with the strange preaching of religious liberty.

It would perhaps be out of place in a sketch like the present to give any detailed account of the rise and progress of Protestantism in Spain during the last three years, but the subject is one of the greatest interest from more than one point of view, and worthy of the most careful consideration of the student, whether of history, of religion, or of national characteristics, and the phases and cycles of national life.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

There is also something else in Spain well worthy of the attention of the student, and that is the proverbs. I think I have already remarked that no one should attempt to travel in Spain without, at least, a conversational knowledge of the language of the country. The acquisition of such knowledge is not difficult, and the work most interesting, while the learner gives an additional zest to his studies by a constant reference to that proverbial literature which, according to the most competent critics, are all models of pure Castilian, “wells of Spanish undefiled,” to say nothing of their being fountains of wit and wisdom well inexhaustible.

One of the most remarkable features in the history of the Spanish literature, and one which is peculiarly striking in the study of ancient proverbs, is the very slight change which the language has undergone during the last three centuries. “Don Quixote,” after two hundred and fifty years, remains about the best book in which to study the Spanish language; the construction of the sentences differs very slightly from that of the

best modern Castilian writers, while the vocabulary is even richer than that in common use at the present day. “Language,” says Archbishop Trench, “is fossil history;” and in this petrification, so to speak, of the Spanish language we may see the state of the nation itself.

The state of Spain, indeed, reminds one of the fairy tale, in which all the inhabitants of a certain castle were punished with a sleep of a hundred years, while the rest of the world went on as usual. I think that the sleep of the Spanish nation has lasted three hundred. I fear I shall offend many respectable prejudices when I say that the spiteful fairy of this national enchantment has been Ferdinand the Catholic, who destroyed the old nobility, the noblest body of men who ever gave lustre to a country; and established the Inquisition, which broke the spirit, and destroyed the enterprise, of the rest of the nation. The proverb *Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton!* is indeed fossil history, and a record of policy which has petrified Spain into the fossil thing she is. Let us contrast the spirit of two modern Castilian proverbs with that which animated the proud *hidalgos*, who drove the Moors from Granada, *Socorros de España, tarde ó nunca* (Spanish help comes late, or never); and *En España se empieza tarde, y se acaba NUNCA* (In Spain they begin late, and never finish!).

DEPARTURE FROM SEVILLE.

And now we must leave Seville, its pictures, its beggars, and its cloudless sky, and begin our journey homeward. It is, I believe, considered the proper thing to feel a “glow of pleasure” under such circumstances; but, I confess, I felt rather a chill come over me when I thought in how few days I should exchange the courts of the Alcazar for those of Quarter Sessions, and the blue Sevillian sky for the more familiar atmosphere of London in November.

TO CORDOVA—OLIVE OIL.

At length we tore ourselves away, and took the morning train to Cordova, where we proposed to spend a day or so, before taking our final leave of Andalusia. The scenery on the road is by no means so wild as the greater part of that which we had hitherto seen in Spain; and the country had altogether a rich appearance, which was very different from La Mancha and the Castilles. The neighbourhood of Seville is celebrated for its olives, which are considered the richest in Spain, and a vast amount of oil is annually manufactured on the spot, by the rudest possible machinery. The olives are picked in the autumn, and pressed almost immediately. The process resembles that of the olive-farmers of Provence and the Italian frontier. The olives are gathered for eating before they are ripe; hence their green colour, for those in the mill are of a rich purple hue, which gives a dirty look to the refuse in the press after the pale green oil has flowed away. The pigs are very fond of this rich refuse, and, as may be imagined, they find it an exceedingly fattening food.

CARMONA.

Less than half-way between Seville and Cordova rises the picturesque old town of Carmona. We did not stop here, but its appearance from the railway is very striking, and we were very sorry that time did not permit us to examine more nearly its ruined Alcazar, its Moorish walls, and the various picturesque and interesting antiquities which we felt sure they enclosed. The view from the top must be magnificent. According to

Ford, it is something like the panorama of the Grampians from Stirling Castle, on a tropical and gigantic scale. From this point also, a view may be obtained of the Sierra Nevada.

CORDOVA.

In a short time we reached Cordova, and a well-appointed diligence drove us through the narrow and tortuous streets to the door of the best hotel in Spain—La Fonda Suiza, kept by an Italian, brother of mine host of the Fonda de Europa, Seville. The site of the Fonda Suiza has been occupied successively, according to reliable authority, by the houses of the Roman, Moorish, and Spanish governors. The half-ruined remains of the latter were pulled down a few years ago by an enterprising man, and the present white marble palace rose on the time-honoured spot. Cordova is a very quiet, not to say dull, old city—more strikingly a city of the past than any I ever remember to have seen. In the days of its greatness Cordova numbered over a million inhabitants, but now the remnant that is left scarcely exceeds forty thousand. The streets are without foot-paths, and, indeed, almost without foot passengers, and are paved with large round stones. The shops are few, and difficult to find; for, as every street is exactly like another, and none go more than a few yards in the same direction, the town resembles a labyrinth.

THE CATHEDRAL.

We found our way, however, to the *Mezquita*, or Mosque, as the cathedral is still called, from the building being the same—properly disfigured, blessed, and purified, of course—as that in which the original Moslem possessors of the town were wont to worship. This cathedral is certainly the most interesting, if not the most beautiful, in Spain, and pleased me more, I think, than anything we saw on our tour, the Alhambra itself included. Although low, the building covers a very large extent of ground, the superficial area being very nearly as great as that of St. Peter's at Rome. The building is square, the roof being supported by 1,100 columns, each composed of a single block of marble, the spoils of the world. Nîmes and Narbonne, Tarragona and Seville, Rome, Carthage, Constantinople, and many cities of Africa, all contributed to the glory of the *Mezquita*. The character of the various pillars differs as their origin; and jasper, porphyry, serpentine, verd-antique and every variety of marble, is gathered together in what is called the *labyrinth* of the great Cordovan mosque.

In the centre is a gigantic modern choir, built in the time of Charles V., and in that too well-known style which I always associate with the emperor, but which is to a certain extent veiled if not hidden by the multitudinous pillars of the labyrinth; although of course the character and original *tout ensemble* of the Moorish building is entirely destroyed. This choir is, however, exceedingly rich and handsome in itself, and is the most satisfactory and pleasing specimen of that style of architecture that I have ever met with. The roof is lofty, and the details sufficiently simple to give an air of grandeur to the whole. A magnificent candelabra of massive silver and noble proportions hangs from the ceiling before the high altar; while on either side are two pulpits wonderfully carved in *palo santo*. These, together with the *silleria* or stalls, are in themselves worth going all the way to Cordova to see; to say nothing of the massive brass gates with enormous steel locks, which lead into or rather keep you out of the *coro*. The *Mezquita*, it must nevertheless be admitted, is not an easy

place to enjoy; for to say nothing of the beggars and touters with which the place swarms, and who do not allow you a moment's peace, Ford gives so meagre an account of the beauties of the cathedral, and indeed of Cordova generally, that at the very time one is persecuted by unwelcome strangers, one is deserted by the Englishman's best friend, the faithful Murray! All round the cathedral are little chapels of more or less interest, notably in one is a most exquisite mosaic; indeed there is a good deal of Moorish work still remaining scattered about the building, reminding one of the Alhambra, but, if possible, more elegant and more delicate, as it has proved more lasting in its execution. One of the most celebrated of the Moorish chapels is the *Capilla de la Villaviciosa*, in which may be seen the original recess where the Alkoran was placed in the days of the glory of Cordova.

SIGHTS OF CORDOVA.

But it is not alone the interior of the *Mezquita* that is deserving of attention. The belfry tower; the immense courtyard, with its orange-trees and fountains; the miliary columns; the colossal Moorish doors; the sombre wall, six feet in thickness, and sixty in height, which surrounds the whole, are all striking and interesting objects. In fact, it would be impossible to give an account of all that we saw at Cordova; and yet we were compelled to leave with the consciousness that we had not seen half that was beautiful or interesting in the town. The bishop's palace, the ancient city walls, many of the gates, the old fortified bridge, were little more than glanced at by us; and except, perhaps, Avila, I do not think we ever quitted a place with more regret.

OLD TESSELATED PAVEMENT.

Just as the omnibus was about to start for the train which was to convey us on our homeward journey, a local antiquary informed me that a Roman pavement had been just discovered in the course of excavating a foundation at no great distance from the hotel. As Spanish omnibuses are usually timed to arrive about an hour before the departure of the train, we left our *impedimenta* to the care of the *mozo*, and walked round by the *Calle de la Sangre* with our obliging friend. The mosaic pavement was well worth the walk; and a full description of it may be found by those who are interested in such matters in the *Athenæum* of October 21st, 1871.

CORDOVA TO ALBACETE.

Our train left Cordova about ten o'clock in the morning, if I remember rightly; and we made very slow progress until we reached Manzanares, something over twelve hours afterwards. With the exception of the passage of the Sierra Morena, which we have spoken of in our first chapter, the country through which we passed was very uninteresting; but the humours of the company in our carriage made up for the deficiencies of the landscape. We had a sick captain of infantry, with a robust wife, and two irrepressible children, one of whom upset the family water-bottle, and compelled me to rescue the *alforjas* from the flooded floor with great precipitation. Then there was a good-looking young Frenchman, who had served in the Zouaves de la Charette, in the second army of the Loire; a refined *padre* from Bilbao; a fat farmer; a family going to Barcelona; a very fat *dame seule*, with a very pretty face; and sundry men in gold-laced caps, who were in some mysterious way connected with the Government—or the railway company—and who were for the most part very agreeable, lively fellows

Our party was varied from station to station by the entrance and departure of the *guardia civil*, who relieve guard, so to speak, by means of the railway. This may seem a pretty good carriageful; but the second-class carriages in Spain are open from one end to the other, and are seated for fifty people. As to the first-class carriages, no one ever thinks of travelling in them except on the long journeys by the express trains, where there are usually no other carriages.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

In due course of time we arrived at Alcazar de San Juan, where we had to change trains for Albacete, and where we had, of course, some time to wait, according to the unfailing custom at Spanish junctions. And here we were refreshed by a sight which had not delighted our eyes for some time—a real, live Englishman. We first caught sight of him in the waiting-room at Alcazar, and there was no mistaking him. He was a youngish man, about the middle height, and clad in a short blue pilot coat, a pair of striped inexpressibles, a collarless shirt, and a hat which looked something between that of a stage Irishman and a stage bandit, which he assured me afterwards was *sunproof*. Just before the train started for Albacete, we saw our compatriot in difficulties about his ticket, and volunteered our assistance on discovering that he could not speak one word of Spanish. He appeared a very amiable sort of creature, and as for some unknown reason we spoke of him as Smallweed, in our ignorance of his real patronymic, he is remembered by us as the bearer of that name. I had no doubt after a few minutes' conversation, that Smallweed was a man who, in his native country, would appear before his admiring fellow-citizens in the quiet and unobtrusive costume that has been appropriated by English gentlemen; and why, on attaining a certain distance from Charing Cross, he should break out into stripes and spots, lay aside his shirt collar and assume the head-dress of a policeman, is one of those unexplained and inexplicable peculiarities of the *homo Britannicus* which people are accustomed to say "puzzles foreigners," although why it does not puzzle *them* I never yet could make out. Smallweed was certainly, however, a man of some pluck; for to travel from Lisbon to Alcazar as he had done, and from Alcazar to Valencia, Madrid, and Burgos as he intended to do, without understanding one word

of the only language that is spoken in the country, was an enterprise almost worthy of Ulysses, and only to be undertaken in modern days by an Englishman.

I soon found, however, that his purse was taxed to supply the deficiencies of his brain, and that whether his travelling could be said to give him experience or not, he certainly paid pretty dearly for it. At the same time some of his expedients were certainly ingenious. When he wanted an egg at Badajoz he told us he had crowed like a cock, and the pantomime he went through in my presence at Albacete in order to provide himself

with cigars and matches was inexpressibly amusing. His mode of payment in all cases was exceedingly simple—he opened his purse and allowed the vendor to take as much as he chose; and it really says a good deal for Spanish honesty, or at any rate moderation, that such a financial system could carry a man through the country without absolute pillage. But as I am not writing the "Odyssey" of this modern Ulysses, we will sing no more of Smallweed, who accompanied us as far as Albacete, where we put up at the Fonda del Reloj.

ALBACETE CUTLERY.

In the rude omnibus which conveyed us from the station to the fonda, we had a companion who at first rather puzzled us; he was a short, thick-set man, with greyish hair, speaking Spanish perfectly, but evidently not a Spaniard. We had been induced to stop at Albacete, in order to see the head-quarters of Spanish cutlery, and had certain romantic notions about "Albacete blades." But—alas! for romance—our mysterious fellow-traveller turned out to be a German

bagman, travelling for a Sheffield "house." *Sheffield at Albacete*—it was too much! This prosaic man also informed us that no razors at all were made in Spain, and that every blade wielded by every Figaro throughout the Peninsula was made either in Germany or England. It quite distressed me to learn this. Fancy if Spain were ever to be at war with those countries—the war happily would not last long: but what would become of the beards of Spain, and the craft of those incomparable men who shave them? Had I been talking of any other country I should have said scrape; but Spanish shaving is a luxury neither to be forgotten nor to be laughed at, save by those whose chins are insensible to the caress of a razor and their hearts to the sweet sentiment of gratitude. As a



INHABITANT OF ALBACETE.



A STREET IN ALBACETE.

general rule, Englishmen care little for the pleasure of being shaved, preferring to grumble at the misery of shaving themselves, or drowning their cares in a beard.

ALBACETE.

Albacete is a queer old town, and M. Doré's drawing gives a very good notion of the general appearance of most of the streets; but whether it was that our German bagman's revelation had given our minds a turn against the place, or whether it had anything to do with the hotel, or with Smallweed, or whether we had eaten too many eggs in oil of late, I don't know, but we did not appreciate "the Sheffield of Spain." A good account of Albacete cutlery as it was and as it is, together with some of the mottoes which adorn the blades, will be found in Ford's "Handbook to Spain," Part II., pages 61 to 63. Apropos of mottoes, I may mention that a sword in the possession of my family bears the following inscription on the blade: *No me saques sin razon: no me embaines sin honor* (Do not draw me without right: do not sheath me without honour).

Looking at our sketch of Albacete, a woman may be seen in the centre of the group holding an earthenware water-bottle on her hip. The bottle and the attitude are most faithfully copied from nature, and will be recognised at once by the classical student. The man walking towards her wears a magnificent *capa de monte*, and appears sufficiently proud of it. In fine, the children, the mule and its trappings, and even the melons are thoroughly characteristic of Southern Spain.

TO VALENCIA.

Our next move was to Valencia, where we arrived in the

afternoon from Albacete, and found the town in a state of the greatest excitement, and the hotels full. It seemed that there was a *gran fiesta* in honour of Saint Somebody or other, and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring country had flocked into the town to see the religious processions, the bull-fight, the masses, and the dances, and all the other accompaniments of the day. Smallweed got a bed at the Fonda de Madrid, and through the kindness of an officer whom we had met in the train, we got a room for ourselves at a *casa de huéspedes* in a small street. We wandered about the town after nightfall, and I never saw so many gay, happy, pretty faces collected together as we did that night in the streets of Valencia.

LA FIESTA.

The next morning was the great day, and the Valencianos seemed to have gone pretty nearly as mad about the *fiesta* as the sober Londoners did on the occasion of the Thanksgiving procession of the 27th of February of this year. But I dislike processions, whether in London or Valencia, and, as the service in the cathedral had no greater attractions for us, we amused ourselves by watching the gay and good-humoured crowd, and seeing as much of the town as we could under the circumstances. In the afternoon, of course, we went to the bull-fight, which was all that could be desired, the greatest talent in Spain having been "specially retained" for the *corrida*. It is, of course, the correct thing to be disgusted at a bull-fight, and still more be shocked at the conduct of anyone who goes there; so we will here bring our chapter to a close, in order to give our readers a month to recover from the shock, and make up their minds whether they will read the next part or not.

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—VII.

THE mountain of Karli is two miles to the north of the road from Bombay to Poonah. Its temples are hollowed out half-way up the hill, and a winding road cut into steps leads to the entrance. Although not a long ascent, it is fatiguing.

The most remarkable of the excavations is a kind of Buddhist cathedral, one of the most ancient of India. The dimensions given by Lord Valentia in his work are correct. The temple measures 130 feet in total length, the nave being 82 feet 6 inches. From one wall to another there is a width of 47 feet, the width of the nave being 26 feet.

To the left of the porch there is a sixteen-sided column, surmounted by eight lions, supporting a cornice in the shape of an inverted cup. On this column is an inscription which has been partly translated by the celebrated Orientalist, Mr. Prinsep. Mr. Stevenson, who revised this first translation, gives it as his opinion that this temple was excavated seventy years before Christ, under the superintendence of a Grecian architect, whose name was Xenocratus.

The façade of the chaitya is very dilapidated, but the portico is decorated in the interior with some well-preserved sculptures. The great height of this portico has not allowed of a gallery being placed above the entrance, as is the custom in most of the Buddhist chaityas—such a gallery being con-

structed, as has already been explained, so as to allow the light to fall on the shrine, which is the express object of worship, leaving the rest in gloom. The temple of Karli is better lighted than others in the same style. It is very probable that formerly the chaitya had a less elevated vestibule, without carvings, and that the ordinary gallery existed. More recently, perhaps about the commencement of the fourth century after Christ, this temple underwent great alterations. Excavations on such a large scale could not possibly be finished in a limited number of years, and therefore one seldom sees a chaitya uniformly complete in all its parts.

The façade is pierced with a square door, and above this door may be seen the semi-elliptic opening by which the temple is lighted. This huge window is within a horseshoe arch, which projects beyond the façade, and is supported by a series of cubical corbels, indicating the extremity of the beams on which it would naturally rest. The upper part of the façade is covered with small horseshoe arches of similar design, united by a lattice-work of stone, which imitates that wooden trellis-work formerly common in Indian houses. All this exterior ornamentation proves that when first this chaitya was excavated, art was in its infancy. The architect, in order to decorate his handiwork, drew inspiration from surrounding

objects. Noticing the elegant effect produced by the windows and balconies of the palaces, he commenced copying them on stone.

On each side of the door of entrance are figures of dancing-girls. Within, on both sides, elephants are placed, which appear as if supporting the rock on which they are chiselled. All these bas-reliefs, in accordance with the inscriptions engraved above them, which were translated by Mr. Stevenson, date about the year A.D. 336.

We must not stop to describe the impression made on most visitors by this magnificent chaitiya of Karli. It is impossible not to admire it, and not to feel that it is, in its way, as worthy a temple of the Deity as our own Gothic edifices. No temple in India can be compared to it for simplicity and beauty of proportions. The very lofty vault has a grand effect. It is arched over with teak—the hard wood of the country—and this probably dates from the origin of the temple. Certain authors fancy that these buildings are imitations of wooden edifices. Certainly no Indian building in the first centuries of the Christian era was vaulted. It is possible that the wooden beams served as props on which to fix the white linen suspended in the chaitiya—a custom which prevailed before *chunam*, or stucco, was used as cement. This is the more probable since the wooden beams in question are about a yard asunder, and this was the exact width of the bands of linen nailed or fastened to the vault.

In this farthest extremity is placed the dagoba, or actual altar, on which the faithful offered up their sacrifices whilst addressing their prayers to Buddha. It consists of a hemisphere on a cylindrical base, surrounded by a sort of stone fence. An oblong box, with a trellised surface, in imitation of

a reliquary, crowns the altar and supports four slabs of stone placed one above the other, increasing in size, and on this is placed the royal wooden umbrella, which, judging from its form and construction, was no doubt covered with some white material.

The pillars which separate the lower sides of the nave are thirty in number. The eight belonging to the apse are octagonal, having neither pedestal nor capital. The apse is semi-circular, as is the case with the dagoba it contains. The other columns have a plinth composed of four slabs of stone, receding one from the other; their base consists of a spheroidal vase of stone, or *chattie*, from whence springs an octagonal shaft, similar to that in Kanheri. The upper part of the shaft is formed by another inverted chattie, resting on a series of four slabs rising in steps. On this species of gorget is placed the abacus, of which each face is sculptured in high relief. On one side are two elephants, on the other two horses bearing human beings on their backs; one of these animals is depicted standing sideways, of the other the full front is presented. It is probable that the carvings on the capitals and bases were made at the same time as the bas-reliefs on the façade, viz., towards the end of the third century, or at the commencement of the fourth. It would seem likely, on careful investigation, that before this epoch those columns which on feast-days were draped in white, had a square base and a square capital, as also an octagon shaft. The teak ribs, which, at the present day, rest on no supports, render it certain that, after being placed where they now stand, the cornice was removed, in order the better to raise up the pillars and ornament the existing capitals with sculpture. The low sides are so constructed in consequence of the division into castes which existed in Buddhist countries.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—III.

AN ANCIENT AZTEC TOWN.

CHALCO is something more than a village, and may be termed a town. In point of size it takes rank with such places as Tacubaya and Tlalpam. Its population, however, is composed of very different elements, being too distant from the capital for a place of suburban residence. The communication is also difficult, the road round Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, as we have seen, being barely passable for wheeled vehicles; indeed, there is scarcely any traffic along the road, other than the local intercourse between the few insignificant villages lying along the foot of the southern sierra. The commerce of Chalco with the capital is made by water-way, by the canals already mentioned as running through the lake of the same name, and the sister one of Xochimilco. Its remoteness from the Mexican metropolis, and comparative inaccessibility, give to the town of Chalco a character of its own, somewhat differing from that of the other valley towns. It is a place of ancient Aztec celebrity, and the majority of its inhabitants are of pure aboriginal blood; even its *alcalde*, or chief magistrate, is not unfrequently an Indian. It is a quaint, crowded place, with narrow streets and the usual mud-brick dwellings, many of them, however, being plastered and whitewashed, or otherwise coloured, so as to resemble buildings of stone.

Its commerce is considerable, a portion of it, as already stated, being tropical productions from the *tierra caliente*, which reach it over the mountains from the district of Cuatla, for there it is the *entrepôt* or shipping-port of the lakes, as Xochimilco is for similar merchandise brought into the valley by the road of Cuernavaca; they are thence forwarded to the city by canal. In addition to these, Chalco sends to the capital a large amount of produce of its own growth. It is one of the chief sources of supply for garden vegetables; and the fertile plantations (*haciendas*) in this corner of the valley produce abundant crops of wheat, barley, *frijoles*, *chile*, and Indian corn. The maize of the Chalco district is esteemed the best in this part of Mexico, in the capital commanding a higher price than any other.

We made some stay in Chalco, where we were domiciled in a *fonda*, kept in the country fashion, and fed upon *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and stews of various kinds, all piquantly *enchilada*.

LAKE CHALCO.

The object of making a stay at Chalco was a desire to obtain information about the valley lakes which I had felt ever since my arrival in Mexico.

These great bodies of water are invested with a peculiar

interest, not only in a historical and hydrographical sense, but on account of many strange customs and indications connected with them. The idea of towns standing upon little islets, having no communication with the shore save by boats, is of itself attractive; but when to this is added the fact that in these lakes men live upon other islets that are movable and might themselves be termed boats, no wonder our curiosity should be piqued.

Chalco being the head-quarters of the lakes' commerce, and consequently of their lore, was the place to look for the desired information; and there I found it, as follows:—

Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, whatever they may once have been, no longer merit the name of lakes—that is, they are not sheets of water with a clear, open surface usually thus designated. On the contrary, both are covered with a green mantle of living vegetable matter throughout nearly their

Scenes sacred to history, spots dear to the archæologist, quaint customs, strange costumes, and curious manners, to say nothing of the many remarkable things belonging to the domain of nature, here have existence; but they are not to be seen by the mere tourist, or “steam traveller,” to which class belong nearly all who have written books about Mexico.

Will the reader pardon this digression, and return with me to Lake Chalco?

THE CINTA.

As I have said, the vegetable stratum covering the lake is not rooted to the bottom soil, nor in any way connected with it; it forms an independent mass, afloat upon the water, and, as regards its vegetation, self-sustaining. The term *epiphyte* is employed by botanists for certain plants fancifully supposed to live only on air, as parasites are those drawing their sustenance from other trees. Taking a little liberty with scientific nomen-



GOING TO MARKET.

whole extent. This vegetation is of the most luxurious kind, and, what is more singular, it grows without any roots reaching the bottom. It is true there are several species of purely subaqueous plants that also form a bottom growth; but those upon the surface have no connection with the latter, and the two may be regarded as distinct strata of vegetation, one growing over the other.

It is to the surface stratum—by the Mexicans called *cinta*—that most importance is attached, as also the greatest interest, since it is from it was formed, and still is, the far-famed *chinampas*, or “floating gardens,” spoken of by Cortez, and since affording much matter of speculation to travellers and savants; most of which, I may here say, has been erroneous, the descriptions of the learned Humboldt not excepted. For it is a fact, and a singular one, that no traveller who has visited the Mexican Valley appears to have seen anything in it save what may be observed every day in the streets of the city itself, or along the two or three great roads leading out of it. Objects in every way worthy of observation, and in wonderful variety, are to be found in it.

clature, I propose for the plants that form the floating mantle of the Mexican lakes the title *aquatiles*, or *hydrites*, if the Greek synonym be deemed preferable.

Of these plants there are many distinct species, though among Mexicans they are known by the general name of *tule*, an extensive mass of them being called a *tulare*. The word is Aztec, *tollin* being the orthography of the aborigines. Nevertheless, the different kinds that compose the *cinta* have all particular local names, the Indians knowing them better than any botanist, since nearly all have a bearing upon their domestic economy. To enumerate the different species would be to give a somewhat extended catalogue; I have observed at least twenty, though the principal plants composing the *cinta* are various kinds of *juncus*, *iris*, *equisetum*, and *carex*. The large bulrush, which is more especially called *tule*, figures conspicuously among them; and there are *water ranunculus*, *lilium*, and *polygonum*.

The roots of all these interlacing form the *cinta*. At first it is only a thin structure, becoming thicker as it attains age, partly through the deposit of its own decaying stalks and



IN THE JUNGLE NEAR RIO.

leaves, partly from other contributions brought thither by birds, by scum drifted over it in time of high-water, as also dust carried from the adjacent shores during violent storms. These uniting form a spongy fibrous mass, in thickness varying from eighteen inches to more than four feet. Being of less specific gravity than water, it keeps afloat, though of course only its upper portion is above the surface. Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco have an average depth of seven or eight feet before reaching the subaqueous vegetation, which, with the soft mud underneath, gives another four or five feet to the firm bottom bed; therefore, below the *cinta* there are several feet of clear open water.

A vertical section of this vegetable mass exhibits a curious network, roughly resembling the surface of a cocoa-nut mat. Cut into thin flakes, it still adheres, as if woven; and in this way is employed for various purposes by the people who dwell around the lakes. Large slices of it, rendered light by desiccation, are made use of to protect the tender shoots of garden vegetables, or flowers, from a too hot sun or a heavy shower of hail-stones. In the dry season of Mexico—the winter months—the *cinta* in many places can be traversed by pedestrians; and even cattle are driven over it to browse on the fine herbage it produces. It sinks beneath their weight, and in weak spots the hoof will sometimes break through, though with cautious management there is not much danger.

The *cinta* may be said to extend almost entirely over the lakes, though there are here and there stretches of open water, and the vegetable mantle is not in all places of equal density or consistence. It is only where there are extensive tracts of it firmly anchored that it bears the name of *cinta*. Other lesser portions, that have become detached by high winds or the movement of the waters, go drifting from place to place. They are called *bandoleros*, or rovers.

FLOATING GARDENS.

The *bandoleros*, however, are not the famed floating gardens, which are partly of artificial construction. The mode pursued is as follows:—A spot of *cinta* is selected, the upper surface of which stands well above the water. From this a piece is cut containing several perches of superficies, and in the shape of a regular parallelogram. It is sawn out very much in the same manner as the Americans do their ice in the storing of the "ice crop." When thus separated, it is pulled off and moored in whatever part of the lake its proprietor may have chosen as his place of abode; for his abiding-place it is henceforth to be. Now commences the task of turning it into a chinampa. This is done by dredging up the ooze from the bottom of the lake, and spreading it in a thick layer over the surface. By this means an elevation is obtained several inches above water-mark, while the mud, composed of pure organic matter, forms a rich manure, capable of yielding the most luxuriant growth of garden vegetables. Upon it these are sown or planted, as also such flowers as may be saleable; and in a short time the chinampa is established, being itself a little market garden. Its proprietor erects a hut upon it of light construction, the walls being of poles riveted together, with a thatch of *tule* (bulrush). In this he makes his permanent home, and can be seen on the chinampa at all times, with his family; leaving it only to convey its produce to the market.

When any part of the surface shows signs of sinking, he

patches up the place with a fresh layer of slime, thus restoring it to the general level; and at each putting in of crop he adds a coat of the same compost. With the weight thus constantly increased, the lower surface of the *cinta* at length touches the bottom, and becomes firm, solid land. It is still a garden, though no longer a floating one, and its proprietor continues its cultivation as before. Two questions will here naturally suggest themselves. First, why should all this trouble be taken for a few square poles of land? The reader will easily answer this for himself. He has only to reflect how light such toil would appear to an English labourer, if in return for it he could but obtain the same size of a garden plot for the cultivation of his cabbages. It is to be remembered that the chinampa gardeners are the poor labouring people of Mexico—the long subjugated Aztecs.

The second question will be—why, if free to it, do they not use the extended surface of the *cinta* itself, instead of cutting it up into small parallelograms, and moving these elsewhere? The reason is evident. The chinampa requires open water around it, not only to give its owner way for his boat—he could not otherwise leave or reach it—but in order that he may be able to obtain the bottom mud necessary for establishing and keeping up its fertility. On the surface of a continuous tract of *cinta*, covered with its luxuriant sedge, the manure could not be got at, and of course no garden vegetables be grown.

For this same reason the chinampa is always cut in the form of a regular parallelogram; its breadth being limited, so that mud fished up on either side may be easily thrown over it.

In several places, both on Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, these curious floating gardens may be seen to this day, though it is generally supposed they have ceased to exist. Some writers have denied that they ever did exist, treating Cortez's account of them as fabulous. The scepticism is a mistake; the chinampas are there, as they were when the great *Conquistador* launched his brigantines almost beside them. Usually a number of them will be seen side by side, with open spaces of water between, all regularly aligned, like squares on a chessboard. Each will have its little *choza*, or tent, with a resident family; the whole collection forming a sort of miniature Venice.

Modern writers on Mexico speak of seeing *chinampas* near the capital, by the side of the canal where it terminates at the Paseo de las Vigas. It is true there are a number of little market gardens there of parallelogram shape, and separated by drains or ditches of water, like the *chinampas*. There are others farther along the canal, at Ixticihuatl, still more like the *chinampas*, and known by this name to the people of the city.

But in these places the garden-plots are *fixed*, not *floating*, and in other respects differ from the true *chinampas*. These can only be seen in Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, in places somewhat inaccessible and too remote to be visited by the "steam traveller."

Lake Chalco is of an irregular circular shape, having a superficial area of more than forty square miles. As already stated, its average depth is about seven feet, without reckoning the substratum of ooze; though there are spots where the lake has a depth of fully ten feet. It varies some twelve or fifteen inches, according to the seasons; during that of the rains, Chalco discharging its surplus water into the sister lake

Xochimilco, through the canal of Tlalhuac, while in the dry season the current sets in the opposite direction.

A HYDROGRAPHIC PUZZLE.

There is a hydrographic puzzle connected with the two lakes. Although several considerable streams flow into them, some of which are constant, there is no increase in the body of their waters, excepting that noted as appertaining to the change of seasons. The discharge of Xochimilco through the canal of Las Vigas, and thence on to Lake Tezcoco, is not of sufficient quantity to account for the singular phenomenon. Neither can it be explained by the ordinary theory of evaporation; nearly the whole surface of both lakes being under a mantle of vegetation, they are but little exposed to either sun or wind, and consequently cannot lose much by evaporation. The Mexican engineer Iglesias, and some others, hold the belief that there are vents at the bottom of Lake Chalco through which its surface water is discharged. As a considerable subterranean stream rushes through the cave of Cacahuamilpan on the southern slope of the sierra, this theory is not so absurd as some hydrographers have pronounced it.

By way of compensation for this loss by subaqueous drainage, if there be such, both lakes receive large accessions of water from springs that issue from various places in their midst, as also around their shores.

In Chalco there are three islands, each having its little village, inhabited by pure-blooded Aztec Indians. The most notable of the three is Xico, which lies near the centre of the lake. It is a *cerro* or mountain, in reality an extinct volcano, having a deep crater on its summit. There are many of these miniature volcanoes scattered throughout the Valley of Mexico. The Indian village is at the mountain's foot, on its northern side, and holds commerce with the mainland by the *acalote* (canal) running from the town of Chalco to the capital, which touches at the island. Xico also communicates with Ayotla, on the northern shore, by another of these waterways, while a third branching from the latter, enables the Xiceños to reach the other island of Tlapacoya and also the north-eastern angle of the lake, at the *embarcadero* of Santa Barbara.

The isle of Tlapacoya lies in this angle. It is also a *cerro*, and has its village; the latter situated on its northern side, and having communication with the mainland by a narrow artificial causeway or *calzada*.

AN AZTEC GOLGOTHA.

The third island, Mixquic, lying in an embayment of the lake on its southern side, has been already noticed. It, too, has its Indian town, of celebrity in the time of the *conquistadores*, and long before. Mixquic has led Humboldt and other writers into a somewhat ludicrous error. In the Aztec picture-writings the name of this town is represented by the drawing of a skull, which was in fact its coat-of-arms. The great German traveller, misled by the grim hieroglyphic, fancied it was designed as a symbol of unhealthiness in the climate of these marshy lagoons, and so pronounced it. The fact, however, is otherwise, for the villages in and amid the southern lakes are as healthy as any others in the valley, quite as much so as the city itself. No doubt the great elevation above sea-level, with the consequent extreme tenuity of the atmosphere, does much to counteract the bane of miasma.

The commerce of the lakes is carried on in boats of a very rude construction, in no way differing from those used by the ancient Aztecs. Those that ply along the *acalotes*, and make their trips to the capital, are of large size, with a crew of eight or ten men, who propel them with poles where the water is not too deep, using the oar only occasionally. The boats are of rough planks, very unskilfully joined, and look like punts or "flats." They are simply shallow boxes, sloping upward both at the stem and stern, but not tapering at either end. Sometimes their quarter carries an awning of coarse cloth, woven from the fibre of the *maguey*. The men who manage this navigation are all Indians; a considerable number of the poor people around the lakes get employment in this branch of industry.

Besides these large boats, there are smaller craft, belonging to particular families. Every man who owns a *chinampa* must have one, and there are others employed in the capture of water-fowl, in fishing, and collecting certain vegetable substances that figure in the domestic economy of the valley.

Notes on Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—IV.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

NATIVE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN BOMBAY AND POONA—THE BYCULLA SCHOOL FOR HALF-CASTE GIRLS, AND THE MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS CONNECTED THEREWITH—THE RAILWAY TO POONA—THE BHORE GHAT—KHANDALLAH AND THE CAVES OF KARLI—PRESENT ASPECT OF POONA—MAHABLESHWUR, AND THE NEILGERRY HILLS—THE MALABAR COAST—CONCLUSION.

A GOOD deal has been done in Bombay and Poona by earnest-minded men, deputed by the missionary societies of various European and American Christian denominations; but though the results are not inconsiderable, yet, the field of labour being a vast one, they are scarcely discernible in the teeming population of these cities. One seldom comes across a con-

vert in daily life beyond the compounds of the missionaries and their schools, and I have no recollection of having seen a converted native employed in a domestic capacity in any European family. Still, as I have said, for the money expended and the energies applied without stint to the task of Christianising the Hindoo and Mussulman, there is, what may be regarded, a fair return: and it would be singular were it not so, for no country can place among its religious records the deeds of more able and zealous soldiers of the cross than India. In Bengal and the Upper Provinces the names of Martyn, Marshman, and Duff, were in past years household words; and doubtless their

successors are not less exemplary in their lives, or remarkable for their noble unselfishness, which reckes not of time, or trouble, or health, in furthering the good work to which they have devoted their lives. A recent account of the missions in Bengal and the North-west Provinces contains the following interesting particulars concerning the schools:—

"Yesterday our kind and excellent minister took me to visit some of the schools, which you will like to hear about; but first we went to the house of a native pastor, a visit with which I was much pleased. We went out early, and drove through a native part of the town, where we stopped at a house with a chapel beside it; this is the American mission, and our friend is the ordained native minister of the congregation here. He is a converted Brahmin from Ahmednuggur, and has been a Christian for above twenty years. We found the pastor in a large airy room, half of it separated for the use of his family by a screen. He went behind it and brought out his wife, his grown-up daughter (a beautiful girl), and two nice little brown

ankles glittering with gold and silver bracelets, often the whole wealth of the family. One great drawback, however, in native day-schools like this is, that the girls go away so young; none of them stay beyond the mature age of eleven years, when they go away to be married. However, such is Miss W——'s personal influence among her pupils, that she never goes out into the bazaars without being surrounded by them, bringing their children, telling their histories, and showing that they have not forgot her lessons of love."

In Poona, formerly the centre of Mahratta power and of Brahmin theology, there is a school of 400 youths under Christian instruction, though the value of this assurance by the writer above mentioned is diminished by the admission that they are "not themselves Christians." This school was instituted under the auspices of Dr. Murray Mitchell, of the Free Church of Scotland, an excellent man, who possessed much influence, and was greatly beloved by his pupils; but who was compelled, owing to failing health, to relinquish his labours.



TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

children. They were dressed neatly and simply in native costume, the father in white turban, and all the women without any ornaments. The mother could speak no English, and the father very little; but the daughter had been well educated by the American ladies, and spoke it beautifully. She is a very devoted missionary herself, and was able to do a good deal in teaching the poor women in the country, before she came to Bombay. This family has been here only a month, and the pastor says, 'It is a hard field to work in (compared to Ahmednuggur), and there are many obstacles.' I have not time to tell you of all the schools that we saw; but I wish I could photograph one of them for you—the excellent school of Miss W——, of the Church Missionary Society. The children there were most admirably taught, and answered in a way that showed that their minds were engaged. The boys stood on one side, the girls on the other; a tall native teacher walks behind; Miss W—— stands in front, full of animation and loving energy. The scene is one to please the eye as well as the mind; the small dusky forms of the little maidens, their lustrous almond-shaped eyes, the blue-black hair so smoothly braided, the clinging drapery hanging on them like statuary, but gorgeous in colour, crimson or deep yellow, white, blue, or pink; flowers in their hair, and their slender arms and

The school is held in an old palace, once belonging to one of the *sirdars* or nobles of Poona, when it was known as the Palace of Delight. It is described as adorned in the best style of native art; the hall is surrounded by arches and cloisters of dark old carved wood, with a vaulted and richly-painted roof. The various classes are held in beautifully ornamented rooms looking into a quadrangle, and approached by curious narrow stairs; the course of studies embraces Sanscrit, poetry, English, astronomy and other sciences, while the use of the turner's lathe and other handicrafts are taught here.

There is also at Byculla, one of the suburbs of Bombay, a school for boys and girls, chiefly half-castes, many of whom are orphans, and some foundlings. The instruction imparted embraces religious and moral training, and the institution is supported by the voluntary contributions of the European community. The boys are taught various trades, the cleverest when old enough becoming government clerks; the girls either remain until they marry, or are engaged as attendants on European ladies. The matrimonial arrangements for the girls would be thought in England very peculiar, and perhaps objectionable; but, having regard to the exigencies of society in India, where wives for Europeans of the lower classes form

one of the most pressing wants of the community, the system adopted is perhaps the best that can be devised, and is followed at the Lawrence Asylums and similar institutions for girls in the other Presidencies. A lady-patroness of the Byculla School thus describes the course adopted when a husband is wanted for a marriageable pupil:—"Should a European, or a half-caste, in the middling rank of life, desire to find a wife, the mistress of this establishment, being apprised of his wishes, he is invited to her tea-table, where she has taken care that several pupils of fitting age shall be present. From among these dark beauties the aspirant selects one for his helpmate,

hair, found himself suited with a dark female of Portuguese origin, speaking broken English in the manner peculiar to "Cheechees."

The Byculla schoolroom is nearly 100 feet long, very airy and well ventilated, with many large windows. This apartment also serves as a dormitory for the girls, who lie on the floor on carpets, which are easily removed in the morning. This sort of bed would be regarded in England as unfit for the use even of a workhouse bantling, but it is not so in Bombay, where during the hot season all the bedding one requires for comfort consists of a mat and pillow, with or without a sheet, for a



COTTON STORE, BOMBAY.

and, making known his choice to the governess, he is at once accepted (of course with the consent of the girl and that of the committee of ladies belonging to the school), if, on inquiring into his character, he is found to be respectable.

"All, however, who go to the above tea-parties are not equally pleased with the appearance of the young ladies, for I heard of a sergeant in a regiment, who, when asked by his captain if he had made his choice, replied, 'Lor, sir, no! they ain't got no 'air on their 'eads.' The girls are certainly singularly plain; their complexions being all kinds of neutral tints and shades of yellow; their hair is cut short; their dress is scanty, and of the greatest simplicity."

An equally comic story is told of the wrong young woman being sent to an expectant husband, who, being a non-commissioned officer in a Highland regiment, and perhaps having a marked preference for a daughter of Scotland with red

coverlet is not absolutely necessary—to the gentlemen, at least, among whom it is the custom to wear *paijamas* or loose sleeping drawers, made of the finest fabric.

We will now proceed to Poona, which has, within recent years, been connected with Bombay by an unbroken line of railway. Commencing at Negapatam, the most southern terminus of the present Madras system, and proceeding to Bombay, Jubbulpore, Allahabad, and Lahore, to Mooltan on the Indus, a continuous length of about 2,800 miles of railway has been formed. All this has been effected at a cost of about £70,000,000; and profits at the rate of three-and-a-half per cent. upon this sum were earned in 1870. A further sum of about £18,000,000 has been expended upon the other lines open for traffic, and upon those which are in progress, making a total outlay of £88,000,000 upon railways up to the 31st of March of last year. Up to that date the extent of railway communica-

tion opened in India for this expenditure of money, was 5,050 miles, and of this total 566 miles were completed in 1870, and 211 during the first three months of the past year, from which it will be gathered that the Indian Government is fully alive to the necessity of having railway accommodation for the vast country committed to its charge, the development of the unbounded resources of which may still be said to be in its infancy. That much has been done will be allowed when it is considered that Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay are now united with Agra and Lahore, the capitals of the North-west Provinces and the Punjab, thus completing the system of trunk lines as laid out by that most able administrator and Governor-General, the late Lord Dalhousie. Much progress has not at present been made on what are termed the State lines—viz., those which the Government of India has determined to construct under its own immediate supervision, without the intervention of companies. A small branch from the Great Indian Peninsula Railway to the cotton mart of Oomrawuttee of seven and a half miles in length, has been opened, making the second line of this description which has been constructed by Government in the Central Provinces; but the line from Lahore towards Peshawur has not been advanced beyond laying it out as far as the Jhelum, a distance of 102 miles. Delay in proceeding with the works in this undertaking has been occasioned by the proposal to alter the designs, which had been prepared for the standard gauge, and to adapt them to the narrow gauge. Now that this question has been settled in the affirmative, and the gauge has been fixed at three feet three and a half inches, new plans are being made, and operations will commence in earnest. Among the State lines in construction or under projection, are the Punjab Northern, from Lahore to Peshawur, (a town on the extreme frontier of India, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass), some 270 miles in length; the Indus Valley, from Mooltan to Kotrie, 500 miles; some lines in Rajpootana, the chief of which are those from Agra to Ajmere, 236 miles, and one from Delhi, with which it effects a junction, 125 miles. There are also to be other short branch lines on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, from Indore to Khundwa, and from Wurda to the coal-fields at Warora.*

The railway from Bombay proceeds over the Ghauts, a range of mountains which separates the Concan from the Deccan. The village of Khandallah, which is on the summit of the Bhore Ghaut—the term literally means “step,” and is applied to any steep pass or mountain ascent—is about 1,800 feet above the sea-level. It is perched on the edge of a deep chasm; mountains rise up into sharp peaks on both sides, and it commands a magnificent view over the plains of the Concan. The outline of the Ghauts is remarkable, consisting chiefly of a “plane table summit, or else a long horizontal ridge, supported by sides as steep and regular as if artificially scarped, with natural terraces at uncertain heights each with its own precipice, affording a striking specimen of what is called the trap formation.” There is a good deal of forest timber on the sides of these hills, and the gorges of the valleys are thickly wooded. Near Khandallah is a waterfall, which descends in three or four successive leaps into a deep and gloomy valley. The railroad up the Bhore Ghaut is certainly one of the grandest engineering feats of this wonder-working age. For a distance of 220 miles the only passes for wheeled vehicles from Bombay to the

Deccan are the Bhore and Tal Ghauts, so precipitous is the scarp which forms this portion of the mountains, dividing the plateau of the Deccan from the Concan. At the foot of the Bhore Ghaut, on the Bombay side, about four and a half miles from Khandallah, is the village of Kampuli, barely 200 feet above the level of the sea.

The railroad incline down the Ghaut is upwards of 15 miles long, the rise being 1,831 feet, and the average gradient 1 in 48. In this distance there are 2,535 yards of tunnelling, 8 viaducts, 18 bridges, and vast labour in cutting and embanking.* The best known work of this kind in Europe, is at Semmering, across the Noric Alps, but that of the Bhore Ghaut exceeds it in length, height, and steepness of gradient. After the heat of Bombay, Khandallah is bitterly cold, and the chill mountain wind sweeps without restraint over the stupendous hill-side, and across the ravines, which have a sheer fall of over 1,000 feet.

Not far from Khandallah is the rock temple of Karli, which is hewn on the precipitous face of a steep scarped hill rising to the height of about 800 feet above the plain. The cave cannot be seen from the road, and indeed the ascent to it is almost impracticable, owing to the masses of rock and thick jungle. The excavations consist of the principal temple having a height of 120 feet, by 46 in breadth, and many smaller apartments and galleries in two storeys, some of them ornamented with great beauty.

Like those at Kennery these galleries were evidently intended for the lodging of monks and hermits, and the great temple is on the same plan as that of Kennery, but half as large again, and far more richly carved. They were dedicated without doubt to Buddha, whose worship—the original and purer form of Hindooism, before the perversions of the Brahmins had been adopted—is still the religion of Ceylon, Burmah, Cochin China, and other portions of Asia, including parts of China. A mean and ruinous temple forms a sort of gateway to a great cave, and a similar small building stands on the right hand of its portico. The approach, writes Bishop Heber in his “Journal,” “is under a noble arch, filled up with a sort of portico screen in two storeys of three-inter-columniations below, and five above. In the front, but a little to the left, is the same kind of pillar as that seen at Kennery, though of larger dimensions, surmounted by three lions, back to back; within the portico, to the right and left, are three colossal figures in alto-relievo, of elephants, their faces looking towards the person who arrives in the portico, and the heads, tusks, and trunks very boldly projecting from the wall. On each of the elephants is a mahout very well carved, and a howdah with two persons seated in it. The internal screen is covered, as at Kennery, with alto-relievos very bold and somewhat larger than life, of naked male and female figures.” As the details of the cave have been described in Lord Valentia’s “Voyages and Travels,” and in other works, it is only necessary to observe here, that they bear a general resemblance to those of the great cave at Kennery; although this rock temple is indisputably finer, and its ornamentation more elaborately designed and executed. The capitals of the columns are very beautiful, consisting of a large cap like a bell surmounted by two elephants, with their trunks entwined and carrying two male and one female figure; the timber ribs which decorate the roofs are also very perfect and have a fine effect. After leaving Khandallah and the Ghauts, we arrive in the

* See the last Annual Report, by Mr. Juland Danvers, Government Director of Indian Railway Companies.

* Markham’s “Travels in India.”

Deccan, by which term is generally meant the whole of India south of the Nerbudda and Mahanuddee Rivers, though sometimes the modern Deccan is understood to have a more limited area.

Arrived at Poona there is much to interest in this former capital of the warlike Mahrattas. The climate is always drier than that of Bombay, and the vegetation is not on that account so luxuriant as at the capital, though as usual in Eastern countries during the dry season, a visitor would regard it as incredible that a scene bearing a striking resemblance to an arid desert could after a few days "blossom like the rose," and be instinct with vegetable and insect life. The streets of Poona may be regarded as wide for an Oriental city, and are crowded—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brook
In Vallombrosa,"

though not with the varied nationalities forming so marked a feature of Bombay and its bazaar.

There are many large houses of two storeys, with much richly-carved woodwork about the balconies and doorways, similar to what is found in the bazaars of Bombay. The walls of the houses of the wealthy are also elaborately ornamented with frescoes of gods and goddesses, and scenes in the lives of the Pandoos and Krishna. One of the chief specialities of Poona is the perfection attained by the gold and silver smiths, and by the workers in copper, brass, and wood. There are numerous temples, but none remarkable for either size or beauty, though all are adorned with frescoes. There are several large houses; some built round courtyards, and mostly originally owned by the Sirdars of the Peishwas of Poona, but, since the extinction of the Mahratta Empire, converted into Government offices, or used for private dwellings; the remains of the old palace of the Peishwa form one side of an open square, where the market is held, and are surrounded by a high wall with semicircular bastions. The entrance is by an archway, in which is a large door studded with huge iron spikes, as in European feudal fortresses; the gateway is flanked on either side by solid towers, which communicate by means of a small balcony. From this balcony, or a terrace near it, in the year 1795 the young Peishwa Mahdoo Rao Narrain threw himself in a fit of melancholy, and expired of his injuries after two days' suffering.* Twenty-two years before this event the then reigning Peishwa, Narrain, was murdered in this same palace by his uncle Rajonath Rao; and many another deed of darkness has been committed within its gloomy precincts.

In the Boodwar Palace, once belonging to one of the sirdars, is the native school already described, and also public offices. Among the chief temples is one belonging to the religious sect called the Jains, and there are musjids painted with gay colours and quaint ornaments.

A favourite drive is to the foot of the rocky hill of Parbuttie or Parvatie, the summit of which is reached by a long flight of handsome steps; the hill is crowned with six temples, the largest of which—that dedicated to Siva—was erected by Peishwa Ballajee Bajee Rao, in 1749, at a cost of £100,000. The sacred edifice is surrounded by a solid-built wall, with a covered gallery, an open rampart above, and a covered gallery, with quaintly-carved wooden balconies, from one of which, in 1817, Bajee Rao, the last of the Peishwas watched the final defeat of his army at the decisive battle of Kirkee, which brought about the restoration of the

* Grant Duff's "History of the Mahrattas."

Rajah of Sattara, and the sovereignty over his vast dominions of the great "Koompani Bahadoor." Besides these temples are the ruins of the Peishwa's palace, of which nothing now remains but one side of a wall, it having been struck by lightning in the fatal year that saw the extinction of Mahratta power. The view from the summit of the hill is magnificent; on the western side is the great city of Poona, with its bridges spanning the river, and the houses interspersed among the trees. Beyond can be seen the windings of the rivers Mula and Muta, tributaries of the Krishna, and the bridge at the Sungun, where these waters unite, and whence may be had a most lovely prospect. To the left is the village of Kirkee, famed in history, with the churches, bungalows, and cantonments of the British troops, always stationed here as the head-quarters of the Bombay army.

On the road to the hill of Parbuttie you pass the Hira Bagh, or diamond garden, having some fine trees, including tamarinds, mangoes, and palms. In a small villa in this garden took place the interview with the Peishwa, described by Lord Valentia in his "Travels." Near this garden is a large tank, having in its centre a wooded island, and some fine peepul-trees on its banks.

Eight miles from Poona is Dapoorie, the residence of the Governor of Bombay during the monsoons. It was built by Major Ford, commander of a brigade of troops in the Peishwa's service, and whose defection to the side of the British, at the battle of Kirkee, contributed materially to the success of his countrymen. When the hot season sets in, all Europeans who can afford it start off for the Mahableshwur Hills, though the proper name of this range—which derives its designation from a small village about three miles from the table-land where the European community reside—is the Syhadree. These mountains are about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, which may be seen from the windows of the bungalows. Panthers, hyenas, and cheetahs, afford good sport to sporting men; and even tigers are occasionally shot in the jungle, which abounds with snakes. Most commanding and magnificent views of the Concan, the road up the Bhore Ghaut, and of the sea, may be had from different points of the Mahableshwur range; and the scenery among the recesses of these glorious hills is magnificent beyond conception, and can only be surpassed by the sublimity of the views in the stupendous Himalayas.

Another famous sanitarium for invalids and the "upper ten," who annually resort to it as people in England go to the seaside or the Continent in the autumn, is the Neilgherry Hills, distant about eighty-five miles from Calicut, on the Malabar coast. Hither flock the Madrassese, and folk from the southern part of the Bombay Presidency. The loftiest peak of this range is nearly 9,000 feet above the sea-level, and the climate is most salubrious. The nights are never sultry; the air is clear, elastic, and free from mists; and the ravages of those direful diseases, fever and cholera, are unknown in this happy spot. A great portion of the hills is under cultivation; and roses, honeysuckles, geraniums, and all the plants known and prized by us in Europe flourish here, as also raspberries, strawberries, and other English fruits.

Among the most interesting places on the Malabar coast, though now of no importance, is Severndroog, noted during the first half of the last century as the stronghold of the pirate Toolajee Angria, from which he was driven on the 3rd April,

1758, by the prowess of Commodore James of the Indian Navy, who with a small squadron captured the castle mounting fifty guns, for which the gallant officer received a baronetcy. Further to the south is Rutnagherry, which signifies the Diamond Mountain, and Viziadroog, or Gheriah, a fortress situated on a rocky promontory, where, in 1707, Conajee Angria established an independent sovereignty, and which was held from the 12th to the 14th February, 1756, by his successor, Toolajee, against a combined military and naval expedition dispatched from Bombay, under the command respectively of Colonel Clive and Admiral Watson. Here, again, Commodore James, who was in command of

formerly belonged to the French, but was taken from them in 1761 by Major Hector Munro, and after various vicissitudes restored to them in 1815. Other places of note are Cochin, where, in 1503, Albuquerque—who made his name famous not only in India, but in the Persian Gulf at Ormuz, and in Arabia at Aden, the former of which he conquered and settled—founded one of the first settlements in Malabar, and erected a fort to protect the factory. Cochin fell into the hands of the Dutch in 1663, and was taken by the English in 1795, in whose possession it has since remained. Still further to the south is Trivandrum, the capital of the Rajahs of Travancore, and Anjengo, where Orme, the historian, was born in 1728, as also



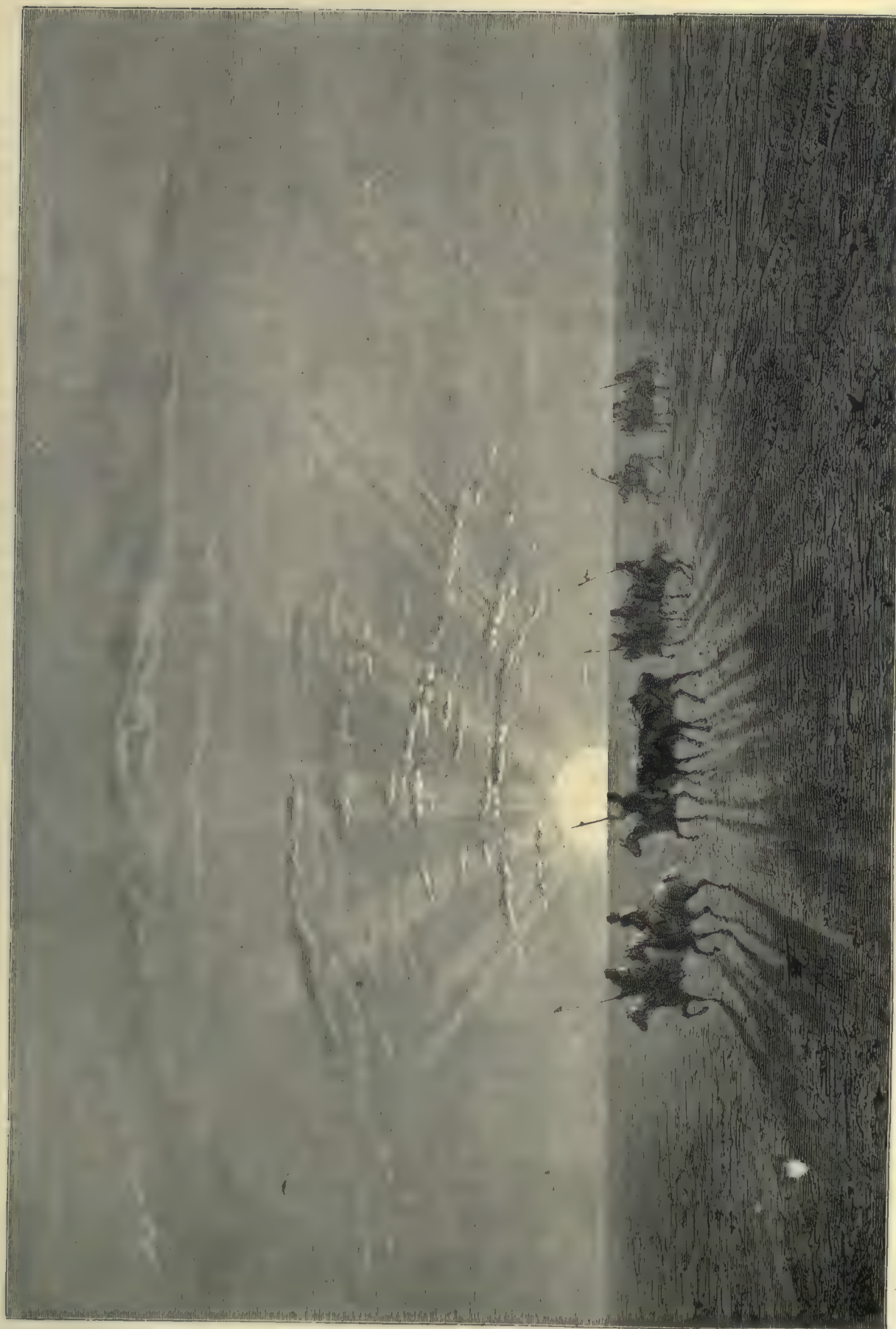
BRAHMIN AT PRAYER.

the squadron of ships of the Bombay marine, greatly distinguished himself; and, indeed, his intimate knowledge of the port and fortifications induced the admiral to give the commodore the place of honour, his ship, the *Protector*, of forty-four guns, leading the fleet into action. Passing Vingorla, the city of Goa, with its numerous churches, is sighted. This place, the capital of the Portuguese Government in India, was conquered in 1510, by that renowned commander Albuquerque, who greatly strengthened its fortifications. The cathedral is a really magnificent edifice; and within the church of St. Dominick is preserved the remains of St. Francis Xavier, which are enclosed in a sarcophagus of black marble, and a coffin enriched with silver and precious stones. Among places of interest on the Malabar coast are Mangalore, where the Portuguese once had a factory, Cananore, Mahé (there is also an island of the same name in the Seychelles Group), which

the unfortunate Mrs. Draper, better known as the "Eliza" to whom Sterne addressed his "Letters," and who lived at Mazagon in Bombay, where her husband held a high official appointment.

Our list of places of interest on the Malabar coast would be incomplete indeed were we to omit Calicut, of which scarcely anything now remains, though here the English established a factory in 1616. The name arouses historic associations of the highest interest, for at this point that bold seaman Vasco de Gama first landed on the 18th May, 1498, after a voyage of ten months and two days, during which he steered his barque and handful of gallant hearts—

"Through seas where sail was never spread before," and astonished the natives of Western India with the first sight of that mighty race of pale skins, who were to conquer and enjoy the land of promise, which both Hindoo and Mohammedan had shown their inability to govern.



TRAVELLING ACROSS THE DESERT OF KHIVA

Superstitions in Central Asia.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

IN no other country of Asia had Mohammedanism a more difficult task in overcoming the superstitious beliefs inherited from paganism, than in Turkestan, where the faith of Islam planted itself partly on the ancient creed of Shamanism and partly on the old religion of the Parsees, or fire-worshippers. If you enter the tent of the Tartar in the steppes, or the house of the more refined Usbek and Tajik in town, you will be everywhere surprised by this striking feature; and a hundred, nay, thousand times, you will wonder at the tenacity and staunchness of these time-sanctioned habits of man. Whenever the variegated and motley picture of my past adventures in Turkestan passes before my eyes, I find myself naturally lingering on recollections connected with this peculiarity of Central Asiatic life. If the tales of wonder, the folk-lore of our western Christian world, be a favourite study even to the enlightened reader, if we look smiling at many superstitions of civilised Europe, why should we not like to be acquainted with the similar usages of the distant East, where single rays of Western life have only quite recently penetrated, and where man is still exhibiting the very colours of social life which his forefathers for a thousand years have worn as an attribute of the infancy of mankind? It is true, several years have elapsed since I witnessed these strange products of fancy and religious speculation, but they left an indelible trace in my memory, so that I can relate them with the same precision as if they had been listened to only yesterday.

THE YADA TASHI.

It was in the sultry days of July, 1863, that the caravan from Bokhara kept me waiting in the small town of Kerki, on the left bank of the Oxus. A lengthened suspense belongs always to the disagreements of life, but it will weigh a thousand times heavier upon you if the fear of being detected accelerates your pace, if want of money and an empty sack compels you to get on, and if a killing hot climate, besides, is continually threatening you with diseases. No wonder, when hurrying away from the dismal and filthy cell of the convent, I felt happy on reaching the light tent of the Ersari Turkomans, who inhabited this part of Central Asia 200 years ago; a sufficiently long time to exchange the nomadic habits for those of settled life—to bury Pagan superstitions in Mohammedan lore. But still I found my Turkomans, as far as regards their interior life, almost unchanged, and many are the interesting observations I made here amongst them. One evening, whilst sitting in the company of a few soi-disant Turkoman *mollahs*, I noticed an animated conversation going on between an elderly *ishan* (priest) and a *bakhshi*, as the wandering poets are called, in which the inspired student of Mohammedan religious science in strong terms rebuked the troubadour for his turning the people from the right path of the creed by his chiromantic formulas and particularly by the use of the Yada Tashi. This was enough for me to approach the bard, and after an acquaintance of two days he produced, in order to satisfy my curiosity, from a small silk sack the square oblong black stone about the length of the middle finger as the instrument for which the *mollahs* continually reproached him,

but which he nevertheless asserted to be a great miracle-worker, with the aid of which he cured many people from diseases, healed the wounds of venomous snake-bites, discovered more than one thief, and succeeded more than once in bringing rain or sunshine to fertilise the melon-fields and to multiply the flocks of sheep. Of course I looked smiling at the man on hearing these extraordinary assertions, but what he said was only the influence of public opinion. Indeed, we can scarcely trace the antiquity of the superstition founded on the Yada Tashi; it exists amongst the Mongols on the Gobi Desert, in spite of the opposition of the influential Buddhist priests; it is practised among all the Mohammedan Tartars, whether nomadic or settled; and was in former times, as I learn from historical sources, employed also during battles, with the intention of bringing defeat in the ranks of their enemies. It is from the Memoirs of Baber that we learn how the Sheibani princes, whose Mohammedan zeal was never doubted, ordered their sorcerers to operate with the Yada Tashi during the battle against Thamasb Shah, the King of Persia; and the same was done during the reign of the next following dynasty in Bokhara whenever they were engaged in a serious strife. Now-a-days the Yada Tashi is but rarely wanting under the tent of a Turkoman or Kirghis chief; and if there is no *bakhshi* to handle it, an old matron will certainly be found, who proves the value of using this stone in many of the vicissitudes of life.

THE ROODA-PAI.

If sailors on their long voyages delight to banish loneliness by inventing sundry tales of witches and fairies, of albatrosses and water-nymphs, why should the reader be astonished to hear that men plying the oars on the muddy waves of the Oxus are not less powerful in imagination; that they too have their own Lares and Penates on different spots of that famous river of antiquity. Whilst crossing the Caspian Sea in a small bark, I experienced a foretaste of these poetical inclinations of the Central Asiatics. Our boatman was a pirate, whose hands were stained with blood, but who nevertheless, when touching the cords of his primitive instrument, recited with much skill the tales of the water-nymphs, who clinging to the prow of his boat or catching the striking oar in the darkness of night, prevent the sailor from reaching land. I heard on the Caspian, about witches sitting on the top of the sail, who lull the sailor by their wonderful songs, and suck the blood from him when he falls asleep. I heard other wondrous tales, reminding me of the kindred productions of the West, but nothing struck me more than the relation of the Rooda-Pai, said to inhabit a prominent rock on the right bank of the Oxus after passing Khoja-Ili. The Rooda-Pai is depicted as a creature whose upper part represents a fine-looking girl, gifted with all the marks of beauty of her sex. Imagination gives her blue eyes, golden curls, and, above all, a very sweet melodious voice, whilst the lower part of the body is said to consist of two heaps of bowels, whence she has taken the name, Rooda-Pai, or "bowels-feet" in Persian. She appears at moonlight at the top of the rock, beguiles the sailor with her songs, and whilst the latter stands listening to her melodies, she extends

her bowels-like feet and entangles the traveller in them, and draws him to her nest under the water, of course there to be devoured. This strange nymph, the sister of which will be easily recognised in the Lorely of the Rhine, may be the more interesting to the European reader, as he will find a new proof of the cognation of the tales of two so distant nations as the Germans and the Central Asiatics. But both—I mean the aborigines of Central Asia—belong to the same stock, namely, the Iranian, and the affinity that exists between them may be easily explained.

THE DJINNS,

or invisible spirits, who haunt the isolated quarters, the half ruined houses, and sometimes even certain nooks of flourishing mansions. Whilst in Khiva, I happened to spend an evening in the well-built *madrasah* (college) Medemin Khan, which may be considered the most luxuriously endowed school in the Khanat, and inhabited not only by young men tormented by the thirst for science, but also by rich officials and private gentlemen of independent fortune. The different cells being almost continually overcrowded, I nearly failed to get a shelter for the night. "Every inch is occupied," said the chief tutor, "and it is only the cell occupied by the Djinn which is empty. I warn you of it; no man who ever ventured to spend a night there has left it alive the next morning." Of course I paid no attention to his advice; I quartered myself there, and when I presented myself the next morning, unhurt and unmolested, the astonished mollahs attributed my safety to the circumstance of being a foreigner, as the Djinn are supposed to have regard for the laws of hospitality. As gossip carried about in the town the news of my daring feat, I was questioned by everybody, even by the Khan himself, about the preservative I made use of; but my assurances of having heard nothing and of having seen nothing were scarcely listened to, as being utterly unworthy of belief. The Djinn live not only in the town, but also in the desert. To them is ascribed the plaintive sound in the reed when agitated by the breeze, the wild roaring of the tempest, and sundry phenomena of nature. They bring diseases on men and cattle, they assist marauding enemies in making themselves invisible to the objects of their attack, and are, what is the worst of all, a weapon in the hands of unbelievers and bad men.

A FIRE.

Whether the high esteem in which this element is held by the Central Asiatics be ascribed to the ancient religion of Zoroaster, which extended far beyond the Oxus and the Jaxartes, or to some other creed of bygone ages, it has always surprised me to find fire as a great factor in the superstitious ceremonies of the Turanian nomads, as well as the town-inhabiting aborigines of Central Asia. When lighting a fire it must be always done with the left and never with the right hand; to spit in the fire is regarded as a great sin, and food even, when hot is not allowed to be cooled by blowing, but the vessel must be either exposed to the air or kept agitated in the hands until it becomes tolerable. There are many diseases which are cured by fire. They take for various ailments different kinds of dried plants, roots, or woods, and light a fire in the presence of the patient, who by the heat he experiences very frequently finds his sufferings redoubled, but who still endures it in the hope of a final cure. When a young girl wishes to know from what direction her lover will come, she

lights a fire, pours into it camel or sheep fat, and from the vibrations of the flame she believes she can guess the geographical position of the path by which her sweetheart will approach. Pregnant women do the same when desirous of knowing the sex of their offspring. They may use any kind of fat, but must not forget that the thinly outshooting flame betokens a boy, whilst the thick one gives evident proof of a female child. Sometimes a fire is lighted before women in childbirth, over which old matrons leap several times, singing various songs or reciting exorcising formulas. This is also practised for sick children believed to be possessed by demons, who get seven strokes on the back, accompanied each time by the saying, "Köllerke kit! tchöllerke kit!" (Go to the seas! go to the deserts!)

THE GOOL, OR GOBLIN OF THE DESERT.

This plays, as may be easily imagined, a pre-eminent part in the life of the nomads, as well as in that of the traveller over the solitary deserts. When in Etrek, under the tent of the most advanced Turkoman encampment, my travelling companions used to awaken me very frequently from my sleep, asking me with trembling voices if I did not hear the lugubrious sounds echoing from the desert. Sometimes I answered negatively, having indeed heard nothing of the kind, at other times I was obliged to remain in expectation until the shrillness was again audible. I tried in vain to persuade my companions that this was nothing but the cry of a camel from a distance, which had probably missed his way or lost his grazing foal. All was useless. Nothing could allay their fears; they were long most fervently praying, while I again fell asleep. When the supposed cries of these gools are heard, the most courageous robber even will not be easily induced to quit his tent. Women stand with chattering teeth and folded hands, children cry, horses neigh, all lose their temper, and the aspect of the nomads in such a state is really bewildering. Of course the apparition of this demon is a thousand times more dreaded than his voice by the caravans on their way through the desert. Here his apparitions are not only nocturnal, but he becomes visible also in full daylight, nay at noon, when Phœbus is darting his hottest rays. The gools are said to be visible at that time, hovering in the air, and surrounding the spirits of those who have perished in the desert. If the wanderer is tortured at such a time by the pangs of thirst, the gools are said to betray the sufferers by showing with looking-glasses water-like spots in the distance. The more a man strives to reach them the more distant they will become, and more than one unfortunate traveller has lost his life in this way. At night the gools have the habit of crossing the deserts in large crowds, dancing diabolic dances in their way, deafening the travellers by their horrible cries. Sometimes they dart in the distance in the shape of blazing figures from the earth, blinding the eyes of those who look at them. But a thousand times more terrible to the lonely traveller, who has lost his way amidst the sandy hills of the desert, is this malignant spirit. If a man is exhausted by the fatigue of finding the right path the gool is sure to associate himself with the erring man. As a mute companion he wanders at his side, and leads him astray, so that soon the wretched man is sure to be devoured by monsters following in the track of the goblin. Numberless are the accounts of this dangerous spirit, and it would fill pages were I to relate all that I have heard and read on the subject.

A Boat Adventure in Behring's Sea.

THAT portion of the North Pacific lying between the American and Asiatic coasts, with Behring's Straits on its north, and the long straggling archipelago of the Aleutian Islands for its southern boundary, is usually known to geographers as Behring's Sea. Though generally a rather shallow sheet of water, there are some spots in it where the whale fishery is carried on with profit, the "right" whale, "fin-back," and "California grey," with several other species, frequenting Behring's Sea in considerable numbers.

Some years ago I was one of the crew of the whaling ship

belonging to the *Crusader* being busy from early morn to late twilight striking "leviathan." In the midst of this success, and about the second week after our arrival in Bristol Bay the boat to which I belonged as "tub-oarsman" harpooned a magnificent specimen of the "right" whale, and held fast to him. He was of the sort well known among whalersmen as "vicious"—a fierce old "nor'wester," who seemed not disposed to show us any play, but tore through the water at racehorse speed, running us away from the ship directly to windward.

The boat was under the command of Mr. Ransom, the



AN ARCTIC SCENE.

Crusader, engaged in this fishery, when an adventure befell me in common with several of my shipmates, which, as it illustrates some peculiarities in the life of the whaler, may be worth recounting.

We had been up through and along the shores of Kotzebue Sound, where we had cruised several weeks without much success. We had even got into danger among some rotten in-shore icebergs, where we might have had sport in shooting polar bears, that in this place appeared to be in great plenty; but we were at the time too seriously beset to think of this sort of trifling, and only too glad when one morning a favouring breeze wafted us clear of the bergs, and into open water.

Leaving the "Polar Basin" and repassing Behring's Strait, we sought a better cruising ground, and found it in that part of Behring's Sea known to whalers as "Bristol Bay," lying to the north of the Aleutian Islands. For several successive days we had an uninterrupted run of fishing luck, every boat

second mate, a brave fellow, and as good a whaler as ever lanced leviathan. For all that, as the whale went off, towing us ten knots an hour, and likely soon to take us out of sight of the ship, Mr. Ransom's discretion prompted him to cry out, "We'll have to cut loose, and let him go. It's almost night, and I'm afraid he will run us out of sight of the ship. With this light air, she can never work up to us."

"I wouldn't cut as long as we can see her to'gall'nt sails, Mr. Ransom," said Easton, the boat-steerer. "I think he must bring-to, soon, and if you can get one good lance at him, we'll be all right."

"Yes, but he won't give me the chance. He seems as strong as ever; and, so far as I can see, has no idea of bringing-to."

In the ardour of the chase during the afternoon, we had become separated from our comrades, having struck the whale when there was no other boat within supporting distance.

They had done their best in vain attempts to reinforce us, but were now so far astern as to be no longer distinguishable. We had not as yet been able to approach the monster near enough to lance him effectually, and we had no bombs with us, the ship having only one gun, and this was in charge of the chief mate, as commodore of the light flotilla.

Still onward rushed our tireless steed, his trumpet-blast ringing loud and clear, as ever and anon he brought his spiracles to the surface for breath; our light boat dancing in his wake, splitting the seas with her sharp prow, and sending a cloud of fine spray in our faces.

The second mate turned and threw another anxious glance at the distant mastheads of the *Crusader*, rapidly sinking on the western horizon; while the working of his features plainly

"Lay round, Easton. Give me up the mast and sail. Hold on! Your compass first, and let's set the bearing of the ship. Quick, my boy!"

The little boat-compass was pulled out from its chest under the stern, and quickly—but too late. The bank of mist had rolled toward us, and the topgallant sails of our floating home were no longer in sight. Before the compass could be opened and steadied for setting bearings, we were enveloped in the fog, and our visible horizon limited to a radius of fifty yards.

"Up sail as fast as you can," said Mr. Ransom. "Oars! Quick, boys, and give way with a will! We can do no more than pull square to leeward. If it had only held off till we could have got the ship's bearings! but the compass is of no use to us now."



IN THE MIDST OF "LEVIATHAN."

bespoke the conflict of feeling natural to a young and ambitious officer under the circumstances.

"I *hate* to cut from a whale," said he, "for I know I could muckle him if he'd show me the ghost of a chance. But there's but little more daylight, and we mustn't run the risk of losing the ship. You all see how it is, boys?" he added, interrogatively, as he flourished his boat-knife in the air, and——"

"What's yonder? A fogbank shutting down," I interrupted, as I saw an ugly mist rising over the water. "You see it, sir?"

"Cut!" shouted Easton, as his eye followed the glance of mine. "Cut quick, Mr. Ransom!"

The officer no longer hesitated. A single stroke of his keen knife severed the line; and the whale, as if in triumphant joy at being released, struck the surface with a thundering flat blow of his ponderous flukes, and vanished from our sight beneath the disturbed water.

This is one of the dangers to which the whalesman is peculiarly liable in the higher latitudes of the North Pacific. We were at the time cruising to the northward of the Aleutian or Fox Islands, and had been quite successful. Fogs which shut down very suddenly, as in this instance, had proved our greatest drawback.

We knew that we were in danger. It is beyond the power of the most experienced cruiser in these seas to predict how long one of these fogs may continue. No other ship had been in sight of us during that day, and our only chance of safety lay in finding our own. For this we had no other guide than the direction of the wind, which was light and fickle. It might, at any moment, veer round into another quarter; or, what seemed still more probable, die away to a calm.

Only those who have been similarly situated can appreciate the peril we were in, or understand our feelings, as in silence we plied the oars.

For a full hour we toiled at them, when, as if to render our isolation more complete, darkness settled down over the sea, and the gloom that shut us in seemed actually tangible. Only one in such a situation can comprehend how bewildering, how completely subversive of all estimates and calculations, it is to be surrounded by a dense fog, even during the daylight.

"Heave up and rest, boys," said Mr. Ransom. "I'll get the lantern out, and strike a light, so that we may see the compass. We shall now have to depend upon that. It will be a flat calm in half an hour more. Keep all your ears open for a gun; and make sure of the direction of the sound."

The bag containing the lantern and materials for making a light being brought out, the little compass at our feet showed that the wind had proved a treacherous guide. We were making a course several points astray from that upon which we had started.

"This won't do," said our leader; "we must run by the compass now, near as we can. The ship ought to bear from us about west-nor'-west, so far as I can judge. Pull ahead!"

In silence, and with anxious hearts, we resumed our oars; and after the lapse of half an hour Mr. Ransom judged that we had passed over two-thirds of the distance to the ship. But the great difficulty was to know how much we had deviated from a direct course.

As we rested on our oars for the second time, the boom of a gun was heard. It fell upon our ears with a dull, muffled sound, as if coming from behind a wall. It was not ahead of us either. Some thought it was astern, but the greater number agreed that it was nearly abeam to the northward.

We turned in that direction, again vigorously plied our oars, and made all speed toward the quarter whence the sound seemed to have come.

But steering with any degree of accuracy was impossible; and when, after the lapse of about fifteen minutes, we heard the gun again, the boom seemed abeam of us; and the boat's head was once more swung round.

As a matter of course, a few such traverses completely bewildered us, more especially when, instead of the sound seeming nearer to us, it appeared as if receding at each successive repetition.

"There, peak your oars," was the order from Mr. Ransom. "We've been flying round like a spun button, till I hardly know which is the head and stern of the boat; and yet we don't gain any on the gun. Judging by the last report, it can't be less than three miles off."

We had estimated our distance from the ship when cutting from the whale to be fully eight miles. With no true magnetic bearings, and nothing to guide the eye, a ship on the waste of waters is a small object to steer for. The reader needs not to be nautically educated to understand that a very slight deflection from the true course would, in running that distance, carry us entirely wide of the mark; while the deceptive character of a sound at sea, under such circumstances, must be understood by every one.

In despair of reaching the ship, we at length ceased our exertions, "peaked" the oars, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night. Luckily, we all had our jackets with us, and at that season of the year the weather, even in the latitude of fifty-six degrees, is mild enough when the wind chances to be light. We had about four gallons of water in the boat, with the stock of hard bread which is always

carried in a tarpaulin bag; but as anxiety had blunted our appetites, we decided to make no attack on the provisions for that night, but husband them for a time of need, which we had good reason to anticipate with fear.

We stretched ourselves across the thwarts, and tried to sleep, setting one of our number as a look-out, if such he could be called. "Listener" would be perhaps the better term; for he might as well have essayed to look through a stone wall as the impervious mist that on all sides enveloped us.

Little sleep came to our eyelids throughout the night; we were up and down by fits and starts, the boat being left to drift wherever she might. Mr. Ransom announced to us, however, that if the fog still continued into the next day, it was his intention to make to the southward, trusting to the chance of landing on one of the Aleutian Islands, or falling in with some ship that might be upon the cruising-ground south of us.

Luckily, the summer nights are short in these latitudes. The darkness wore away at last, and daylight found us all astir, and impatient to be doing. It was only a question as to what we should do.

Breakfast was served out sparingly to those who cared to eat it; and while thus engaged a light air began to be felt, coming from the north.

It seemed a favourable omen. We set the sail to take advantage of it; and our boat, gathering headway, was soon cleaving the sea to southward.

"No use fagging ourselves at the oars," remarked Mr. Ransom, "we are as likely to be running away from a ship as toward one. If the breeze freshens from this quarter, as I think it soon will, the fog must lift."

His prediction was correct. Within an hour the mist became thinned, then rose up like a scroll, and rolled away before the breeze, that had freshened and was now blowing upon us raw and chill, as it came down from the colder latitudes.

With what a thrill of gratitude we saw the fog disappear; and then, rising erect, and standing with necks outstretched, we strained our eyes to sweep the horizon around us! Nothing in sight!

"Look sharp!" was the order again. There was no need to give it. Every man was looking sharp, as if for very life.

No other word was spoken; we gazed in each other's faces, and the barometers of our hopes fell rapidly down, down to the lowest gradation on the scale. We were alone on the expanse of ocean, and the wind was increasing, as we all knew too well, to a gale.

"A reef in the sail, Easton," commanded our officer. "Let us take turns at the steering-oar. We must run before it. The Fox Islands are ahead of us, at any rate."

Mr. Ransom tried to say this cheerfully, but the very effort showed how faint was this last forlorn hope, and how slight the prospect of our reaching land in safety.

With our sail reefed down to a mere rag, we rolled off before the fast-following sea; while an angry, murky sky lowered above us, and the norther blew cold and merciless upon our backs.

The horizon now kept clear; but hour after hour went by, and no sail or other object broke the level line separating sea from sky.

Easton stood upon the "clumsy-cleet," steadying himself by the warp in his hand, thus commanding the largest possible range of vision.

"I'm afeerd," he soliloquised, loud enough to be heard, tha. we must be to the s'uthward of all the ships. We've run all o' fifty miles since morning, and should be well off the cruisin'-ground by this time. See! Yonder's something floatin' off the port bow," he suddenly exclaimed. "Luff a little, Mr. Ransom! Luff quick! You see it, sir? There it heaves up on a sea! It looks like a 'drug'!"

At this he sprang nimbly down, and bent his body over the bows. The boat's course was quickly altered, and in a minute after he and the bowman were jointly endeavouring to lift something into the boat, which, sure enough, was a "drug."

To the surprise of both, their efforts met with an unexpected resistance.

"There's a line fast to it—a sunken whale!" shouted Ransom, letting fly the sheet, so that the boat's head flew rapidly into the wind's eye. "Under-run the line, and bring it into the chocks. Roll up that sail, you Manoel! Quick! The wind is piping on fast and heavy, but if we can hold on to this line it may be our salvation."

In a few minutes we had gathered in the stray line, and were riding short, up and down—anchored, as it were, to the sunken whale.

We now "veered and hauled" to ease the strain; while another piece of line was bent, as low as possible, for a "pre-venter." Then every precaution was taken against its chafing.

"It's safer to ride here, head to the sea, than undertake to run on through the night," suggested the young officer. "It's going to be a blow, and we'll have it mountains high before morning. Examine the drug, Easton; see if there's any ship's mark on it."

"There is, sir," replied Easton, turning the piece of wood over, and showing some letters burnt deeply into one of its sides.

They were "*Pie IX., Rouen.*"

"*Pius the Ninth*—French whaler," muttered the second mate. "I knew she was on this ground, somewhere."

On saying this, he pulled out a codfish line, which happened to have been left under the stern-sheets after being used two or three days before—for Bristol Bay affords a fishing-ground as inexhaustible as the banks of Newfoundland.

Throwing the lead overboard, he let the line run out to the bottom.

"Forty-seven fathoms," he said, looking at his marks. "A good depth for codfish. Not so deep but that the whale might be saved, if a ship had good hold on him, in moderate weather. Well, we must lie by it to-night, and trust to Providence for our safety."

We made our supper, if such it could be called, on hard-tack and water; while the gale piped on harder and harder, and our situation grew every hour more unsafe. The angry, chopping swell, raised by the wind blowing over a shallow sea, tossed our little craft about like an egg-shell, now and then coming in over the bows, so as to keep us bailing for dear life; while the icy blast, coming direct from the Polar Sea, and striking against our drenched bodies, chilled us to the very marrow.

But we hung on to our strange anchorage as to an ark of safety, while the shades of night came down and closed over us again, with no abatement of the storm, and no object in sight save the wild sea raging angrily around us.

In vain we gazed dimly through the spray at each successive

rise of the boat upon the crest of a swelling wave. The apathy of despair had settled down upon us as the darkness upon the deep.

All at once we were roused to fresh life by an exclamation from Easton.

"Our line's slack'd up," said he, "and we're drifting to leeward! The line's parted, or else we've drawn the iron!"

"God help us, if we have," answered the second mate. "But no; I don't think it," he continued. "Gather in the slack and see. The whale must be coming up. Hurrah! There he is, high and dry!"

We all echoed the shout as the immense mass loomed glittering against the gloom, springing suddenly up to nearly half its huge bulk above the surface of the water; while a terrific snapping was heard, as the confined gas made its escape through the lance-holes, and a perfume, not of Arabia Felix, came sweeping into our nostrils.

Luckily, we were far enough to leeward as the huge body bulged up. Had it risen directly under us, the boat would have been capsized, and all of us left struggling in the sea.

"Hurrah, boys!" again shouted the young officer, as the whale buoyed up before us. "This is a perfect God-send. We shall make good weather of it now. We shall have a floating anchor, and a large 'slick' to windward of it."

It will be readily understood that the rising of the whale to the surface was simply the effect of natural causes. The process of decomposition had been going on for two or three days, and the buoyant power of the pent-up gases would soon have been sufficient of itself to overcome the pressure of the water at that moderate depth. Added to this, the agitation of the mighty mass caused by our strain upon the line was sufficient to start it. Rising very slowly at first, but with gradually increasing velocity, it was tossed to the surface with great force, and shot into view like a volcanic island suddenly uplifted by some terrible latent power exerted from the bottom of the sea.

This change in the situation of affairs proved, beyond all doubt, the salvation of our lives, for the gale continued throughout the night with even greater fury than before. But we were now enabled to ride head to the wind, under the lee of the whale; while a large extent of surface on both sides and to windward of us was smoothed down into comparative calm by the oil that had escaped from the dead cetacean, forming what is well known among whalers by the name of a "slick." The waves no longer broke over this enchanted ground, nor ventured within its limits; and, in spite of the war of elements still raging around, we felt as the Israelites in the Red Sea—in perfect security.

A thank-offering was sent up from all our hearts, a silent one, but not the less sincere. We gave thanks to the God of mercies, whose outstretched arm had thus so strangely protected us.

The chilling blast swept over us; the odour of the decaying flesh was almost overpowering to the senses; the hoarse screams of ravenous albatrosses, themselves sitting sheltered in the "slick," rang in our ears; but we cared not for these, since the yet more ravenous sea had been stilled by the Omnipotent Hand, and by such unexpected means that we felt confident of safety.

Daylight came again, and along with it a joyful cry. It was from Manoel, our keen-eyed Portuguese midship-oarsman, whose watch it was.

"Sail ho!" shouted he; "to wind'ard."

We followed the direction of his extended arm, and beheld a vessel lying-to under goose-winged maintopsail and storm-staysails. She was not more than two miles off; but it was still a question whether those on board of her could see us. The more doubtful, because there were bergs drifting about, and all her attention would be given to them. There were whales, too, a large school of them, ploughing the sea like porpoises, seeming to enjoy the storm that was causing us only dread.

We had no fear about the strange vessel becoming diverted from us, through giving attention to them. At that moment he would have been a rash, reckless whaler, who would lower a boat after leviathan, even with the prospect of a hundred barrels of oil. The crew of the ship in sight had no thought of harpoons then; they were too busy with their storm-trysail.

"Step the mast," were the words that came from Mr. Ransom; "she may see that. She can't help noticing this 'slick,' and may keep off her course for the chance to follow it down. We must hold on where we are. It would be no use trying to leave our safe moorings and to pull towards them; we could make no way to windward."

The stranger kept on till nearly abreast of us, when her head fell off, as we thought, more than is usual for a ship lying-to. We stood with suspended breath, watching her every movement. Was it only a yaw?

"No," cried Easton, "she is keeping off to examine the 'slick'!"

Joy! We now saw the mizzen-staysail collapse, and come down with a run.

She might be wearing round for the other tack. But no; the helm met her again, and, obedient to it, she turned with her head directly toward us.

A cheer rose spontaneously, sent up from six sturdy sets of lungs, for we felt that if we could get alongside of her in smooth water we were saved.

Nearer and nearer she approached, rolling majestically in the trough of the sea; and now we could see men in the rigging. Surely we must be seen! The body of the whale and our mast rising near it were conspicuous objects. She was luffed-to in such a position as to drift directly down upon us, and the masterly skill and judgment shown in doing this placed the matter beyond dispute. Our doubts were gradually changed into certainty.

"We are seen!" at length shouted Ransom. "We shall be saved if it be within power of that brave seaman to get us on board his vessel. Up goes the tricolour to his gaff. It must be the *Pius the Ninth*, for I know of no other Frenchman this season on the ground."

The nautical reader will readily appreciate the difficulty of approaching a ship and getting on board in such weather. But the whole operation was most admirably managed by the French captain. His ship sagged directly down upon the whale, and a line was dexterously thrown at us. We caught this, and were ready to haul upon it before slipping the other one we had attached to the carcass. But the operation of hauling under the ship's lee was a delicate one; and before we were close enough to think of climbing her side she had forged ahead, so as to run almost beyond the narrow limits of the "slick."

The crew of the Frenchman had now clustered along the lee rail, in the waist, and were swarming in the main-chains; bronzed, bearded faces, lighted up with kindly sympathy, looked down upon us, and strong arms were ready to seize us at the first opportunity. At one moment they would be nearly twenty feet above us, at the next—so heavy was the rolling of the ship—their hands almost touched us. Carefully we watched for a favourable chance.

"Gather in, now!" was the word.

The ship rolled scuppers-to, and our movement had been well timed.

"Now!" was again repeated; and my companions were all laid hold of at the same moment. I alone had lost the chance, by falling over the thwart.

Once more the French faces were looking down from above. A dozen ropes, with bowlines at their ends, were flung at me. Seizing one and slipping it over my head and under my arms, I gave the signal by a wave of my hand, and was jerked upon the rail. Next moment the ship brought her main-channel down upon the boat, that, yielding like a chip, rolled over and filled. With the next heave of the huge vessel, the warp snapped like a thread, and she was tossed off, a shattered wreck, just as I, with bruised body but grateful heart, after being lifted over the bulwarks, stood safe on the Frenchman's deck.

Six weeks later, as we lay in the outer anchorage at Honolulu, we saw another ship just heaving in sight round Diamond Head, whose well-known rig told her to be the *Crusader*.

It was dark before the rattle of her chain announced that she had chosen her berth, and was anchored only a little distance from us.

Hastily we manned one of the Frenchman's boats, and pulled for her.

"Boat ahoy!" was hailed from the ship; followed by the challenge—"Who are you?"

"Cast-away *Crusaders*!" answered our second mate, in his natural voice.

Our tender-hearted old captain leaped upon the rail, crying out—

"Mr. Ransom, is it you?"

"Ay, ay, sir. All right!" was the answer.

"Are your crew safe?"

"All here in the boat, sir."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the good old man, in a choking voice, while a fervent "Amen" was returned by all of us.

He had cruised all over the ground where we had been lost, day after day, hoping against hope; he had found and secured the whale from which we had cut loose, and which had afterwards died from the wounds we had given it; he had spoken every vessel seen, in the hope of hearing from us; and had at length given us up for lost, supposing we could not have outlived the gale, which had been the heaviest experienced that season.

It was the finest sight in the world to behold the brave old fellow shedding tears, as he shook hands with us all; and I am sure that neither he nor any of us who were in the boat will ever forget this episode of our lives, or cease confessing our gratitude to Heaven for preserving us by means apparently so miraculous.



CHARGE OF THE BLACK RHINOCEROS.

Life in a South African Colony.—I.

MORE than ten weeks at sea having passed away and the utter idleness of a passenger's life having grown rather more than irksome, myself and fellow-travellers were much pleased when we first sighted the fine bush-clad Bluff, and the beautiful land of Natal. All were soon gathered on deck, gazing eagerly on the land of their adoption, as the sun rose and the bright light gradually broke over Bluff, hill, and plain, and illuminated the long line of breakers which denoted the harbour bar—that greatest of all existing drawbacks to the colony at Port Natal.

Signals were soon hoisted at the Bluff signal-station, announcing that the bar was impassable, and therefore no communication could be held with the shore otherwise than by signal. Making up our minds for another day at sea, we lounged about the decks, admired the great beauties of Natal as seen from the roadstead, and such of us as had the hunting instinct at all developed within us already began to talk of African game, in the knowing manner in which most men discuss subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant. During the day guns, rifles, and revolvers were brought up on deck, and their various beauties and advantages pointed out and explained.

One passenger had brought with him what he called an "elephant gun," carrying a bullet which we unanimously compared to a kitchen-clock weight. Cumbersome long Enfield rifles with sword-bayonets were in great abundance, as well as handy little breech-loading rifled carbines; the excellence of this little weapon has since been thoroughly tested. Many of us had merely brought stout double-barrelled

fowling-pieces of large bore, and most excellent weapons for South African shooting, generally, we found them prove.

Early the next morning a cargo boat came sailing out from the port to our ship, the heavy sea upon the bar having to a great extent subsided during the night, and in little more than an hour we landed upon the quay of Port Natal. Business at the "Point," as the port is called, had already commenced, several wagons having arrived laden with sugar and hides, and while we were inspecting the African wagons, with their long lines of bullocks, twelve or fourteen in number, harnessed, or rather yoked in pairs, and drinking coffee or Bass's beer at the refreshment rooms, the train from Durban, distant about one mile, came puffing into the railway station, bringing a number of business men to the port, who very evidently recognised us as fresh arrivals.

Among other peculiarities of attire, the extraordinary sheath-knives, with which some among us were decorated, certainly do not form part of a colonist's ordinary town costume. By the way, a common butcher's knife in a leathern sheath, worn on a waist-belt, makes a capital hack and hunting knife, light and handy, easily kept sharp, and inexpensive to replace if lost or broken.

Making our way through the bawling, yelling, and singing groups of Kafirs and coolies (large numbers of coolies have been imported from India as labourers) we make for the railway platform, and travel up to the town of Durban by the train. The whole town of Durban is built upon a flat of deep white sand, and is the hottest place I have ever lived in during my stay in South Africa, a period extending over several years.

The sand is also blown along the streets in a most disagreeable manner during windy weather. Having appeared before the resident magistrates, we obtained permits to carry our firearms, going through the usual form of stating that we required them for our own use and protection. Each gun and pistol is stamped by a Government official, with a number and letter corresponding with the number and letter of the permit, and a duty of ten shillings on each gun-barrel has to be paid by the owner. The duty on a revolver is, I think, five shillings. Gunpowder and percussion caps are only to be obtained of those specially licensed by Government to sell ammunition, and upon the production by the buyer of a magistrate's order. The reason, of course, for all these somewhat troublesome precautions is to guard against the natives obtaining firearms and ammunition.

During our first afternoon in Durban we witnessed the most tremendous thunderstorm that those of us who had not been ashore in the tropics had ever beheld. About four o'clock p.m., we observed heavy masses of black clouds gathering and hanging over the Berea and town of Durban, the horizon rapidly darkened, and the lightning flashed out for some time almost continuously, while peal followed peal of thunder in a manner almost deafening. The darkened sky illuminated for an instant by the brilliant forked lightning darting earthwards, with the almost simultaneous roar of the thunder, produced an effect really startling. A fellow-passenger remarked that "it looked like the end of the world."

During the evening we had some conversation with a thorough old South African colonist, who told us that he well remembered a large elephant being killed on the Berea, within a mile of where we sat. A number of Kafirs had hunted and *been hunted by* it for several hours, when it was finally shot by some Dutchmen. Elephants had long since, he told us, left the vicinity of the colony, though within his recollection they were to be met with frequently in the Bluff bush. "Shooting ivory" had become a business of itself, and was not generally considered a lucrative enterprise, the proper equipment for a shooting and trading trip into the elephant country being expensive, the journey long, the travelling rough, and the climate not healthy during a great portion of the year. In some parts of the interior the "Tsetse fly" abounded, the bite of this little insect, hardly larger than a common house-fly, being actually fatal to oxen and horses. A good deal of ivory was bartered for with the natives, who, though they possessed but few guns, evidently contrived to kill elephants. In fact, he said, to hear some of the South African "niggers" talking at night over their fires, of the deeds of valour they had performed in the hunting field, the listener would be led to imagine that such a band of heroes had never before existed. But still the fact remained; their weapons were not apparently very serviceable, and yet they procured, and were ready to barter, ivory with the trader for his goods.

Our time in Durban passed away pleasantly enough, every day bringing with it something fresh to be seen or done.

For some time we took great interest in hearing the cases tried in the Magistrates' Court, the offenders for the most part being coolies or Kafirs. In many cases the coloured people employed English lawyers to conduct their defence. Then there was almost continually a horse to be looked at, as, although there were plenty of horses for sale, it took some time for us all to suit ourselves, out of the extraordinary collection

of animals offered. The Saturday sales by auction afforded a good deal of amusement. These sales were generally attended by a good many of the planters and farmers, as well as by the "Durbanites." A most miscellaneous collection of articles was to be found on sale; furniture, maize, rice, flour, clothing, karosses (rugs made from skins of buck, silver jackal, tiger cat, &c.), ostrich feathers, books, bacon, pictures, and other things too numerous to mention. Later in the day, the horses, oxen, and wagons were brought to the hammer. The horses, as a rule, were ridden up and down before the spectators, and then the saddles were removed to show the state of their backs; a saddle-galled back often rendering a horse unsaleable. I secured a capital journey horse at a moderate price, who turned out very well, free, hardy, and docile, his age rising eight years, a good age for work.

Towards evening we frequently betook ourselves to the Berea bush, where the *spoor* or footprints of the little blue and red bush buck were to be seen in the red sand.

"Still-hunting" for buck is not, according to my taste, at all an exciting kind of sport. The hunter, after making his way into the thick bush, having often to crawl upon his hands and knees until he finds a spot where several runs or passes meet and cross each other, and where the spoor of buck is abundant and looks recent, squats down, concealing himself as best he may behind some thick bush or trunk of a tree, waiting as quietly as possible for the chance of a shot, either at a blue or red buck, or at that handsomest of all the coast bucks, the "bush buck" or *inkonka*. While waiting and watching in this manner a number of puzzling sounds are heard in the bush, which at another time would pass unnoticed, caused by various little birds and small ground vermin, and even by insects, some of them emitting the most singular notes and cries.

A most provoking bird, about the size of an English magpie, makes a noise among the leaves and dry twigs so precisely resembling the sound of the movements of a buck in covert as to deceive almost any ear. This bird is of a light brown and dirty white colour, and is called *ifokwa* by the Kafirs.

For "still-hunting," clothing of a grey, brown, or some dingy colour should be worn—white or any bright colour should be especially avoided. The white puggaree, if worn, should be removed from the hat before entering the bush. Any spot in the bush where a little stream or pool of water is to be found is an excellent place to lie in wait for buck, especially towards sunset. After a hot day the hunter will often find the bush intensely hot.

One of the most enjoyable days during our stay in Durban was passed in fishing and shooting, at Sea Cow Lake. Sea Cow Lake is a large lagoon on the north of the river Umgeni (which river divides Durban county from Victoria county), and about two miles distant from the sea. Sea Cow Lake, though only distant about five miles from the town of Durban, still contains four or five "sea cows" or hippopotami, which although very shy and wary, are occasionally to be seen floating on the lake, the tips of their ears and noses just showing above the surface.

Alligators are very abundant here, as are also coarse fish, "African barbel" (the *Silurus* of the naturalists), eels, and a fish somewhat resembling the English perch, though without the beauty of appearance or delicacy of flavour of the English fish. During favourable weather great numbers of fish are to

be caught in this lagoon with the rod and line, worms being the bait used. We were lucky enough to secure far more fish than we could carry to town with us. Although we had our "barbel" curried by an Indian cook, we afterwards came to the conclusion that they were neither a particularly savoury nor a particularly wholesome fish. We also shot some beautiful specimens of aquatic birds, including a couple of snowy white egrets and a black and white kingfisher, the plumage of this last bird having a gloss upon it of a beauty which it is impossible to describe.

Other days were passed upon the Bluff, wandering about among the thick bush, shooting various birds of brilliant plumage, fishing from the rocks, with but very indifferent success, and gathering and eating oysters; these little oysters are really excellent, rather smaller than the smallest English oysters, and are found so firmly attached to the rocks as to require an iron chisel and hammer to remove them.

Snaring crawfish was another of our amusements, which is pursued after the following method: a number of mussels are detached from the rocks and pounded up into a mass with a hammer or large stone, and this mass is dropped into one of the basins or pools among the rocks. The snare consists of a noose made of thin brass or copper wire (similar to the snare used by poachers in England for rabbits), and is attached to a light stick about three or four feet long, and as the crawfish, attracted by the bait, of which they soon become aware, leave the holes and tunnels in the rock in which they conceal themselves, and make their way towards the mussels, the snare is adroitly and very cautiously—as these crustaceans are quick in their movements while in their own element, and wary to an extent hardly to be believed by those who have only seen them out of water—slipped over them from behind until it has reached to about the middle of the body; a touch of the wire causes the crawfish to draw himself together, thus in a great measure securing his own capture, and with a jerk the noose is tightened and he is brought ashore. This sport, which, of course, can only be pursued at low water, is really rather amusing. It is curious to watch the cautious manner in which the crawfish emerge from their hiding-places, the long feelers sometimes appearing and disappearing many times before the owner ventures to make his appearance in the open pool, and should the snare be felt before it has been slipped far enough up the body to secure the prize, a thick cloud of sand kicked up in the clear water is all that will be seen, under cover of which the intended victim will regain his hiding-place. These crawfish are perfectly wholesome, and their flesh is very similar to that of the English lobster. They are not armed with claws.

After a stay of about a month in the town of Durban, my friend T—and myself agreed upon taking a trip into Zululand with a trader whose acquaintance we had made, and who was about starting on a regular trading trip.

We soon came to terms, and after purchasing a few blankets and beads, which we intended bartering for cattle, under the advice and direction of our trader friend, we set to work providing ourselves with such trifling personal effects as we should require for our journey, not forgetting blankets and surcingles, and head-collars, and "reims" for our horses. "Reims" are strips of hide which are used in place of halters; buffalo, eland, giraffe, and ox hide being used, the two first named being considered by far the best. Our stores

consisted of a bag of flour, another of rice, a little coffee, tea, sugar, spirits, and tobacco.

We also provided ourselves, acting under the advice of our guide, with a small quantity of quinine, as the rainy season was hardly over, and there was some probability of our trading enterprise taking us into the more feverish districts.

The wagon would evidently be comfortable enough as a lodging-place, not being over full, and being chiefly laden with blankets, which would make a good foundation for our sleeping arrangements. Our "span" of oxen consisted of twelve only, but the owner intended adding two to their number as soon as he should succeed in trading a couple of young oxen in Zululand, breaking the fresh cattle into the yoke as we travelled. Our armoury consisted of three double-barrelled large-bore fowling-pieces and a single-barrelled-rifle; we also had a couple of small revolvers, these last weapons certainly of little use on a hunting trip.

Our wagon loaded and dispatched in charge of the Kafir driver and "foreloucher" (the leader of the span, who walks before, leading the front oxen by the "reims" attached to their horns), we saddled up and rode on to Pinetown, distant about fifteen miles from Durban, having planned to pass the night at one of the hotels, and await the arrival of our wagon the next morning.

Pinetown is a straggling town through which the Government road passes, lying at a considerable height above the level of the sea. The neighbourhood of Pinetown is generally considered very healthy, and Pinetown is sometimes called the "Cheltenham of Natal."

From here to Pieter-Maritzburg is generally considered a day's journey on horseback; however, wishing to see as much of the country as possible, which I am bound to say is in this part peculiarly uninteresting, we rode easy stages, and arrived in the capital of the colony, with our wagon, after four days of very quiet travelling.

Pieter-Maritzburg is a nice clean town during dry weather, but during and after much rain the mud is simply abominable, a greater nuisance than even the deep sand of Durban. The whole town is supplied with water by means of *sluits* (open watercourses), which run through the streets between the footway and dwelling-houses or stores. A rather pretty public park adjoins the town, and the Australian blue gum and English willow flourish in Pieter-Maritzburg. The leading streets, which run parallel to each other, are wide, and the houses, for the most part, well built. During our short stay in the town we added some "up country" bacon, and a sack of oats for the horses, to our stores.

Leaving Pieter-Maritzburg three days after our arrival, we started *en route* for Greytown, our trader friend having some business to transact there, and we being nothing loth to visit a fresh colonial township. Greytown is the chief town of Unwoti county, and is in the midst of the horse, sheep, and cattle breeding district. The climate in this neighbourhood is considerably cooler than that of the coast. The district is an open *veldt* country, varied by hills, valleys, and *krantz*s (a *krantz* is a precipitous cliff). On the plains about Greytown we first commenced burning our powder, shooting a few partridges and quail. Here we purchased a couple of dogs, one a rather more than half bred and scarcely half broken pointer, and the other a large and powerful-looking sort of lurcher. Greytown contains but few houses and stores, and is

a small and scattered-looking settlement, the chief object of interest being a row of very fine Australian blue gum-trees, which have been planted on the outskirts. The blue gum-tree, though growing to a great height, is not, unless grouped with other trees, a particularly handsome object; in growth it is something like the English poplar, the leaves are of a bluish green tint, and the trunk at certain seasons has a very ragged appearance, as the tree sheds its bark annually; this bark is said to be a strong tonic and febrifuge.

On the borders of the Tugela thorn country we were hospitably entertained at the house of a Dutch farmer. The house was situated in the midst of a large grove of trees, chiefly orange and lemon. Here we met with a fellow-countryman, who was filling the office of tutor to the Dutchman's numerous

Dutch host that a sea cow (hippopotamus) had been seen for some time past in that part of the Tugela, within a mile or two of Summahash's kraal, and offered to accompany us on the following day to the spot. Soon after our arrival at the kraal we had an interview with the chief, Summahash, and went through the ceremony of drinking the native beer with him; he taking, according to the custom of the Zulu tribe, the first draught, from the black clay pot, thereby showing that he bore us no malice, and that the liquor which he offered to us was wholesome. Summahash is one of the most powerful of the Natal Kafir chiefs, and would be able to bring a great number of men into the field. In person he is a tall and powerfully-built man, but like most of the middle-aged chiefs, too corpulent. His temper is, I suppose, at times violent; one of his



COLLECTING IVORY.

family. This gentleman showed us a large collection of very beautiful birds which he had shot among the neighbouring thorn-trees. Not being a skilful taxidermist, he had adopted the plan of carefully removing the entrails and filling the vacuum with some drying and antiseptic chemical preparation. The brains were removed through the beak, and the specimens were dried in a current of air. Whether the experiment answered according to his expectations (he intended sending his collection to England) I am unable to say, but I certainly did not place much faith in it at the time.

Having sent the wagon and Kafirs on with directions to outspan at the nearest wagon drift across the river Tugela and await our arrival, we proceeded to the *kraal* of Summahash, where we intended seeking shelter for the night.

Our trader friend here met with a Kafir who had previously been in his service, and who manifested great delight at again meeting his old master. This fellow had been much in the service of white men, and confirmed the statement of our

wives informing us that a terrible scar across her breast was caused by the *inkos* (chief) striking her with a brand taken from the fire.

Having agreed to pass the night at this *kraal*, a hut was swept out and put in order for our accommodation, and old "October" (such was the name by which our new Kafir was generally called by his master) having informed us that there was a regular roosting-place for guinea-fowl within a short distance, we shouldered our guns and started off under his guidance.

Approaching some clumps of tall trees in a deep valley, as the sun was fast sinking, we were soon assured of the presence of our game by repeated shrill cries, much resembling the words "Go back! go back!" Walking quietly under the trees, we continued for some time loading and firing, knocking down the guinea-fowl as they flew in a bewildered manner from tree to tree. These birds resembled the domesticated guinea-fowl of England, but bore a horny crest upon their heads,

which I do not remember to have seen in the English poultry.

Gathering up our game, very soon after sunset, as we have but little twilight in South Africa, we made the best of our way back to the kraal, where "October," after plucking some of the game and splitting them down the back, broiled them upon the embers, and several *intombis* (girls) bringing us supplies of milk, both fresh and clotted, and native beer (*chualla*), we made a most satisfactory meal, after which, spreading our blankets upon the smooth, polished earthen floor of the hut, we lighted our pipes, and conversation naturally

know—I and a mixed breed after-rider, a fellow part white, part Kafir, and part Hottentot, whom I often took with me on my trips, contrived to get a couple of bullets into a black rhinoceros, which we came suddenly upon while riding through a bush path. Our game did not hesitate a moment, but came down upon us at a furious pace; my niggers—all my goods carriers were with me—did not seem to know where to run, and charging among them, he leapt over the nearest, who had presence of mind sufficient to throw himself flat upon the ground, and came blundering along, apparently undecided as to which he should attack first, when my horse, generally



FARM IN THE TUGELA THORNS.

turned upon hunting, and as to which was the most dangerous of large game.

"Well," said our trader, knocking the ashes from his pipe into the circular hollow in the middle of our hut floor, which served the purpose of a fireplace, "buffaloes are dangerous, at times *very* dangerous, and most big game may be made to fight, except perhaps the poor old fat eland, but for a thorough going *skellum** commend me to a *bichan*† (black rhinoceros); when you wish to hunt him, it is more than likely that he will hunt you. He takes a good deal of killing too. I remember once when I was down among the Amatonga tribe—the Amatonga land is the other side of Zululand, you

steady and reliable, gave a loud snort, and leaping into the air, went off through the rough thorny bush. Jan, my after-rider, galloped off down the bush path, but I well knew that he would keep with us and be ready in time of need. If I had had the advantage of open ground I felt sure that my horse could have easily distanced the rhinoceros, but we were among tangle and timber and upon rough broken ground, and worse than all, my horse was frightened, and a horse is never so useless as when he is frightened.

"Well, after a very short time—what with the ducking and dodging to avoid the trunks of trees and overhanging boughs, and my efforts to guide my horse with safety to himself and rider, which were becoming momentarily more difficult, and to see as much as possible of the game, who followed grunting and groaning in my tracks, hunting me much as a foxhound hunts a fox—I was beginning to feel uneasy, and anxious to

* *Skellum*, a Dutch term of abuse, much used by the white settlers and Kafirs of the colony. The English terms "villain" or "ruffian" are the nearest interpretation.

† The black rhinoceros is called *bichan* by the natives.

bring matters to a crisis. The blood was flowing, I could see, from the two bullet-holes; but as the wounds were not near a vital part, I knew they would be of but little consequence to the rhinoceros. Just behind the shoulder is generally to be considered the best mark when shooting big game, and a bullet in the neck often seems quite to paralyse an animal. I can't explain why; but am quite sure that it is so. But it was quite impossible to get a shot with any hope of inflicting a serious wound. Every now and then, after being lost to sight for a time, he would come charging out upon one or other of us with his nose to the ground, making the hard dry earth ring, and kicking up pieces of hardened soil, and crashing through the thick thorny tangle. Seeing that my light-coloured steed only made me a conspicuous object for a charge, and that riding with anything like safety was impossible with a terrified horse in a heavy bush country, I watched my opportunity, slipped from his back and handing him over to one of my Kafirs, hurriedly directed him to get away to the safest spot he could find. Although he afterwards indignantly denied the charge, my own impression is that he fastened the horse up somewhere in the bush and then clambered up into a tree. I hastened to reload the empty barrel of my large-bore gun, and clapping a spare bullet and a percussion-cap or two in my mouth, began to steal cautiously through the bush. While creeping along, almost bent double, I felt a light touch upon the arm, and found that one of my Kafirs had come up with me, who immediately seized my arm to stop me, and pointed to a piece of thick covert on my left, whispering almost under his breath, 'Nanqua! nanqua bichan!' ('There! there is the rhinoceros!') I had no sooner made out the outline of the back, when he went thundering away, apparently in mad pursuit of something, affording me a rapid shot at his shoulder. This made him alter his course, and brought him down upon me; but, leaping on one side, I emptied the other barrel, planting the hard bullet of lead and tin, driven by a tremendous charge of powder, just behind the shoulder. This last shot

brought him to his knees, though he rose again and tried to charge once more. Jan now again arrived upon the scene, and handed me his double-barrel, both barrels of which I discharged at the region of the heart. Even while lying at the point of death, there appeared to be a vicious twinkle, and a look indicative of anything rather than surrender in the eye of the black rhinoceros.

"After a good deal of shouting we collected all hands, and lying down under a tree quite exhausted, I confess that I was oblivious of everything for some time, my only real wish being for utter quiet and rest. Jan's horse had broken away, and had to be spooried for a long distance before he was recovered."

After other similar stories, we began to feel the effects of a long day spent in the open air; and after a last look at our horses, who, closely knee-haltered, were cropping the grass among the stunted mimosa, all were soon in the land of dreams. As the horizon began to redden the following morning, we paid another visit to the guinea-fowl haunt, and succeeded in bagging a few more head; although we found the game far more wary than on the previous evening. Finding a small rivulet, we refreshed ourselves with a bath. Certainly, the greatest of all luxuries in a hot climate is a bath early in the morning, while the water is really cold. Upon our return to the kraal we found October busy cooking our breakfast, and a troop of *intombis* waiting our arrival, with sundry clay-pots filled with clotted milk called *amarsi*. Having paid for as much as we required by presenting them with a number of small black and ruby-coloured beads, both favourite colours with the Zulu tribes, and also handing over some brass-wire for the supplies of the previous night and an implement of iron and wood, facetiously called a knife, for the rent of our hut, we breakfasted; and saddling our horses, amidst vociferous cries of "Hamba gushla! hamba injallo!" ("Go on happily! go on continually!") from men, women, and children, we bade farewell to the kraal of Summahash.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—VII.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

BULL-FIGHTS.

WE promised in our last chapter to say a few words about the *corrida de toros* which was such an important item in the menu of the great *fiesta* at Valencia. We do not of course intend to give a detailed account of the horrors which are usually considered to be the only attraction of a bull-fight. A "feast of bulls" is not by any means all "blood and entrails;" and we prefer dwelling upon those parts which interest and excite the spectator, and which keep out of mind, so to speak, the accompanying cruelty—just as the essential charms of pheasant-shooting or fox-hunting draw off our attention in England from the torture we inflict upon the pheasant or the fox.

The outside of a bull-ring is well depicted in the accompanying engraving, when the *picadors*, completely dressed and equipped, are making their entry into the building amid the

applause of the assembled multitude. The dress of the foot combatants (*lidiadores*), who are variously known as *chulos*, *banderilleros*, and *espadas*, or *matadors*, is too well known to need any description; and we will proceed at once to say that we took our seats fashionably early, and employed ourselves, according to custom, for nearly an hour in seeing the vast building gradually fill itself with gaily-dressed and excited spectators. The Spanish people are not under any circumstances nearly as grave as they are supposed to be; but if you were to judge of them only by what you saw at a bull-fight, you would set them down as the most mercurial people in Europe. There is a good deal of excitement naturally generated, even before the appearance of the first bull, when 17,000 people get together, especially if the thermometer is standing at 90° Fahrenheit, or thereabouts.

PLAZA DE TOROS.

The form of the arena must be too well known to need any description, although the only building that I have seen out of Spain that reminded me of one, both inside and out, is the Albert Hall, at South Kensington. The Spanish *plaza de toros* is, however, without a roof; consequently, the seats on the west of the building are in the full sun from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m., which is the usual time for a bull-fight. The seats on this side are cheaper than the others, and every occupant is furnished with a brilliant-coloured fan, at the modest cost of about one halfpenny. Until the trumpet sounds to "clear for action," the middle of the arena is full of men selling these fans, oranges, and water, for which the people shout as they want them with lungs of brass. I never heard such shouts out of a bull-ring—so good-humoured, so excited, and so stunning! The oranges are thrown up to the purchasers who may be seated on the higher benches, and are caught with a style certainly that would do credit to our best cricketers.

PROCESSION.

As soon as the trumpet has sounded, two cavaliers, gorgeously dressed, and mounted upon magnificent horses, issue from the gates leading to the stables, bow to the president, and ride solemnly round the arena. In a few minutes all is clear, the gates again open, and a procession moves slowly out. First the *matadors*, then the *banderilleros* and inferior^a foot combatants, and last of all the *picadors*, with their broad-brimmed hats and blunt lances, and mounted upon their wretched-looking and ill-fated horses. They advance slowly to the "authority," and make a low obeisance. (One cannot help thinking of "*Ave Cæsar imperator, morituri te salutant.*") They distribute themselves about the arena, the gorgeous cavaliers on their magnificent horses disappear, the trumpet sounds, there is a moment of breathless expectation, the door of the *torril* opens, and out rushes the bull.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

If two bull-fights were ever alike, their popularity would soon diminish; in the variety and unexpectedness of the incidents lies one of their greatest charms. The bull, however, generally charges the men and horses with great fury at first, dashes into a horse or two, and chases the *lidiadores* about the arena. After a few minutes of this, the trumpet again sounds, the horses disappear from the scene, and the *banderillas*, gaily-ornamented darts about three feet long and barbed at one end, are brought out; a favourite *banderillero* is greeted with the applause of the multitude. Holding the darts at the shaft-end, and pointing the barbs towards the bull, he awaits his charge; and just at the moment the animal lowers his head to toss him, and, as the novice imagines him already transfixed by the terrible horns, he darts both the *banderillas* into its neck, and slips aside. The pair should be planted so that they hang down one on each side of the animal's neck. The trumpet now sounds for the third and last time, the combatants retire, and the *matador* steps into the arena, and advances alone to meet the bull. His dress does not in any way distinguish him from the other *toreadors*, but he stands forth on his personal merits a *hero* before an admiring multitude. He holds in his left hand a small piece of scarlet cloth on a short stick, and in his right a long, straight, and sharp-pointed Toledo sword. The attention, which has previously been divided among the other *toreadors*, is now concentrated upon

the *matador*. As far as he is concerned, bulls may be roughly divided into two classes—those which rush impetuously upon him, and those which keep their ground, refuse to charge, and watch their opportunity. The former are killed with greater ease and brilliancy; the latter call forth all the powers of a great *espada*. In any case he has studied the disposition of his bull many minutes before he confronts him, as he has taken a part in the previous proceedings along with the inferior *lidiadores*.

We were most fortunate at Valencia in the variety of our bulls; but I will not weary our readers with an account of their various characteristics, nor even relate in what manner each met his end. Everybody has heard or read how the catastrophe of the great tauric tragedy is brought about, but only those who have seen it can know what it really is. To these happy few let me say that *Lagartijo* excelled himself, and it will be enough.

PLEASURES OF THE SCENE.

I suppose I am bound to say a few words of apology for presuming to enjoy such a degrading amusement. I confess I enjoy a bull-fight much in the same way as I enjoy—and I hope my readers do also—a *pâté de foie gras*. We are all perfectly aware that the poor goose which contributed its swollen liver to that delicate preparation finished its miserable existence nailed to a plank before a slow fire; but without being in the least cruel, we forget the sufferings of the goose in the flavour of the *pâté*.

The bulls and horses in the arena are no more connected in my mind with the bulls and horses of every-day life than is the tortured goose with *pâté de foie gras*. There is, however, something very exciting about a *corrida*, apart from the actual combat; the enormous concourse of people, the climate, the fresh air, the blue sky overhead, and the gay dresses of the multitude, gleaming many-coloured in the rays of a southern sun, and, above all, the bewildering, exciting roar which during the whole time expresses the feelings of the spectators with the nicest accuracy. In the largest theatre in London the most universal and vociferous applause is due to the efforts of but a few hundred people; and I doubt whether it would be possible for anyone who had not heard it, to conceive the result of about 17,000 spectators all shouting together as the excitement waxes and wanes. The result can only be compared to the tones of a gigantic organ, now sinking, now swelling in its roll, and as varied in its expression as Paganini's violin. The classical scholar feels something of the old Roman spirit as he looks into and around the arena; and the most careless spectator feels that it is no trivial show he is about to see, when he is told that a priest is always in attendance with the consecrated elements, ready to administer the last rites of religion to a dying *toreador*. But apart from all these exciting accompaniments, there is a fascination about the bull-fight itself that cannot be reproduced upon paper. The quiet coolness and daring pluck of the men, their continued feats of strength and activity, that hardly seem feats, so naturally are they done; and, above all, the extraordinary judgment and science, so to speak, displayed in their every movement, cannot fail to rivet the admiring attention of the spectator.

Smallweed appeared to enjoy himself immensely, and stayed to the death of the last bull; but he told us afterwards that he considered a bull-fight a very disgusting and barbarous exhibition.

SIGHTS OF VALENCIA.

We had strolled about the town on the morning of the *fiesta*, but had not seen much beyond the streets and the outside of some interesting buildings, the *Lonja* or silk-hall, the University, and the Archbishop's Library, and the charming Botanical Gardens, which need but a little skill and care to make them an earthly paradise. Perhaps the most curious feature of these gardens, and indeed of the entire *huerta* (Lat., *hortus*), or neighbourhood of Valencia, was the innumerable channels and conduits for the purposes of irrigation. Sun and water make Valentian vegetation what it is, but the water has to be applied artificially. What a pity it is that as we have so much water in this country, we cannot convey a little sun on to our damp fields!

We went out the next morning at eight o'clock. Our first

CATHEDRAL.

The cathedral, as Ford well says, is one of the least remarkable in Spain. It contains, however, a few good pictures, but like most of the Valencian churches, the interior is so dark that it is impossible to distinguish them, much less to judge of their beauty. The ornamentation of ecclesiastical edifices with valuable pictures was no doubt prompted by a very laudable spirit, but apart from the vexed question of their fitness or unfitness for a place of worship, there is no doubt that in nine cases out of ten their beauties are obscured, if not altogether hidden, even from those who would approach them with the most reverential feelings. Were the ecclesiastical paintings of Spain to be transferred to national galleries and their places supplied by ornamentation or *restorations* more in character with the sacred edifices, the æsthetic world would certainly be



TOREADORS OUTSIDE THE ARENA.

point was the market, which we found in full activity. Such ample supplies of fruit and vegetables can only be found in a city surrounded with leagues of luxuriant *huerta*. Tomatoes, potatoes, pulse, beans, pimientos, cauliflowers, vegetable marrows of every shape and colour, grapes, pears and apples, peaches, and small black figs, &c. The market-women and the servant girls buying them were all neatly clad, for the most part in print gowns with shawls on their shoulders and black mantillas at the back of the head; the hair carefully and often tastefully arranged and fastened with large pins set with imitation stones or pearls. We went to the *Plateria*, but found the shops poor, and the articles displayed coarse and ill-wrought. We visited the churches of St. Martin and St. John and the cathedral, and ascended the tower "del Miguelete," 150 feet high. The panorama from the tower is most beautiful—the city and plain of Valencia, the Mediterranean, and the encircling mountains, the fertile *huerta*, and the glorious sky of deepest blue above.

much the richer, and I do not think Religion would be any the poorer.

MUSEO.

There is, however, a *Museo* at Valencia, in which a few examples of the local school may be seen to great advantage. Vicente Juanes, whom Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell considers the "peculiar painter of the Divine Son," Ribera, Ribalta, Espinosa, and Orrente, are the most celebrated painters of the Valencian School, of whom perhaps Ribera is best known in this country under the name of *Spagnoletto*.

Between the *fiesta* and the shortness of our stay, we saw Valencia but very imperfectly. Indeed, it was quite an after-thought our going there at all, so we had allowed no time for it in the original plan of our tour, to which, with this Valencian exception, we had kept very faithfully ever since we had crossed the frontier at Irun.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Valencia is a busy as well as an interesting place.



YOUNG WOMAN OF VALENCIA.

There are about three thousand five hundred women and girls employed in the tobacco manufactories, and over five hundred men in silk-spinning, while one thousand two hundred looms for velvets and those rich Valencian serges which are occasionally seen in this country as curtains or table-covers, are in constant work. Add to this the manufacture of fans, of which no less than 15,000 dozen are said to be produced in the course of a year, and the trade in esparto grass, both raw and manufactured, and the vast export trade in oranges, raisins, and fruit of all kinds, and it will easily be seen that Valencia is a busy and thriving town.

EL GRAO.

The port *El Grao*, about two miles from the town, is perhaps the finest in Spain, with a minimum depth of twenty feet of water. There is a fine *muelle* or mole; but the harbour is still somewhat exposed to south-westerly gales. We drove down to *El Grao* in a *tartana* or Valencian cab, a springless covered cart, a cross between an English country carrier's cart and an Irish "inside car." The driver perches himself upon the right shaft as in the *calesa*, and the passengers sit sideways as in an omnibus. The road from Valencia to *El Grao* is charming, being shaded for a great part of the way by an avenue of trees, and refreshed by a rivulet or running stream on each side of the road, from which it is sprinkled from time to time with water by men stationed along the road for that purpose.

AZULEJOS.

We cannot leave Valencia without saying a word about the *azulejos* or glazed tiles, for which the neighbourhood has so long been celebrated. Throughout Spain, from the floor and walls of the humblest cottage to the newly-restored courts of the Moorish palaces of Granada and Seville, these *azulejos* are to be met with. The antiquity of this manufacture is as great as that of Valencia itself; but by one of those extraordinary and most interesting enigmas in the history of so many manufactures of the higher class, the art of giving to the glaze the opalescent or mother-of-pearl-like appearance so characteristic of the old tessellated work, has been lost. Every one who has seen the old and the new tiles placed side by side in restorations, notably in the Alhambra and the Alcazar at Seville, must have been struck by the wonderful inferiority of the new manufacture to the old, even in durability, owing to the absence of the *nacre* glaze.

EXCURSIONS FROM VALENCIA.

The thing that distressed us most in leaving Valencia was that we had not been able to visit the numerous places of interest in the neighbourhood, and it is but right to chronicle our mistakes and our regrets as well as our successes and our pleasure, for the benefit of those who may come after us. The neighbourhood of Valencia is indeed one of the most interesting in Spain. The Lake of *Albufera*, *Burgasot*, and *La Cartuja de Portaceli* are all places of favourite resort of the citizens; and a little further off *San Felipe de Jativa* (the Roman *Sætabis*) and *Murviedro* (the ancient *Saguntum*) are of the highest interest to the tourist or the antiquarian. *Jativa* is said to abound with antiquities of every description, both Roman and Spanish, and is the birthplace of *Rodrigo Borgia* (Alexander VI.), and *Ribera* (el *Spagnoletto*). At *Murviedro*, the Roman theatre and the ruins of the castle and the great temple of *Diana* are the chief attractions.

WOMEN OF VALENCIA.

Before we take our leave we must say a word for the fair ladies of Valencia, of whom M. Doré has given a very typical specimen in the accompanying engraving. The richly-ornamented pin (*aulla de rodete*), which may be seen in the hair, is very characteristic, and is worn by almost all *Valencianas*, old or young, beautiful or ugly. As regards the latter, I record it on hearsay evidence, or rather by a process of induction; for I never saw an ugly woman in Valencia, and I am bound to say that, disappointed as we were on the whole with the beauty of Spanish women, the *Valencianas* were certainly as a class the most beautiful women of any in Europe, as far as our limited experience goes, and give the lie direct to the proverb, *En Valencia la carne es yerba, la yerba agua, el hombre muger, y la muger NADA* (In Valencia flesh is grass, grass water, man woman, and woman NOTHING!).

VALENCIA TO MADRID.

The railway journey from Valencia to Madrid takes about sixteen hours; taking up the passengers from *Alicante* at *Chinchilla*, and those from *Andalusia* at *Alcazar de San Juan*, whence we join the *Cadiz* "express" to Madrid. We started in the afternoon, and for miles around beautiful Valencia the line passes through groves of oranges and pomegranates, vineyards, rice fields, plantations of sugar-cane, enclosed within hedges of aloes and cactus and woods of the never-failing olive; a wonderfully fertile plain, thanks to the careful irrigation of the hard-working inhabitants. The approach to the mountains near *Jativa* is very fine, but night soon closed in upon the view, and our carriage being very full, we had a comfortable journey to *Alcazar*. Smallweed had picked up an English acquaintance at Valencia, and had stayed behind for a day's wild-fowl shooting on the Lake of *Albufera*, which is a famous place for such sport. At *Alcazar* we changed into an empty carriage, and laying ourselves down at full length upon the cushions, got ourselves locked in by a friendly official, and went off to sleep—to awake just six hours afterwards in sight of our dreary old friend Madrid.

MADRID TO AVILA.

As I refrained from saying anything about Madrid on our way to *Andalusia*, when we stopped there over a week, there would be no excuse for me going over old ground on our return, when we only remained in the capital thirty-six hours to *descansar*, and took the afternoon express train, the day after our arrival from the south, for a place which is little visited and less known; but where a fortunate word from a discerning friend induced us to stay a day on our way home—*Avila*. We gave up two nights in bed for this visit, and thought ourselves well repaid. After all, you can sleep anywhere, especially at home, and *Avila* is not to be seen every day. In fact, it is pre-eminently one of those places of which it is said that there is only one in the world.

AVILA.

We left Madrid by the train at 3.30, the dreary brown plateau is corn-covered no doubt in spring; indeed, it is not fair to describe a southern country as we see it in its autumn garb. Presently the railway fights its way through granite rocks, and then passes through a wooded region which must be very picturesque, and at 51 kilometres from the capital is the station of *El Escorial*, near which we obtained a glimpse of the huge pile—palace, monastery, and mausoleum—so dear

to Philip II., who lived, died, and is buried in its gloomy precincts. We reached Avila station, 114 kilos from Madrid, about 9 p.m.

We were not at all certain what sort of entertainment we should find at this out-of-the-way town. Judge of our surprise, then, when we were greeted in our mother-tongue by a fine, stalwart-looking Englishman, and shown up to a comfortable bedroom by his English wife and an English maidservant! It seems that our landlord, who gloried in the national name of John Smith, had been employed to superintend the construction of the line of rail from Valladolid to Madrid, and having become a perfect Spanish scholar and got a liking for the country, he had invested his savings in house property at Avila, including the Fonda del Casino. After a capital and perfectly *Spanish* dinner, we retired to rest, and awoke the next morning ready for the fatigues of the day, or rather for the next few days, for LONDON was to be our next halt. The cathedral was just opposite the windows in the hotel, and claimed our first attention. This building is as old as the eleventh century, although naturally it has been added to at various times since that date. It is almost as much a fortress as a church, and the apse especially has a look of great strength. There are some tombs of the thirteenth century and some pictures of the early part of the sixteenth, while the *silleria* and a good deal of the carved work is Renaissance. On the whole, the interior of the cathedral is not only very beautiful but very interesting, and would require a profounder knowledge of architectural peculiarities and periods than I possessed in order to be fully enjoyed. Indeed, at no time and at no place have I felt so ignorant of the mysteries of architectural and archæological learning as at Avila, and nowhere could I have more regretted my shortcomings. How I sighed for the company of Mr. L——, a friendly F.S.A. As it was, we wandered about Avila, understanding only half of what we saw, distressed at our ignorance, but pleased, almost intoxicated, at the discovery of so many new objects of beauty and interest. Not only the cathedral, but the houses of the *grandees* in the town, of which there appear to be two or three in every street, are strongly fortified, and strengthened with massive towers, stone balconies to the windows, machicolated angle turrets, and heavily-wrought iron gratings. The arms are invariably carved in some conspicuous places, and in the courtyard are rudely-carved stone beasts, primitive in design and execution, and whose meaning, as we afterwards heard, has been a puzzle to greater archæologists than myself. The number of these ancient arms sculptured in the walls of every street, the stone beasts, and, above all, the arches, pillars, and innumerable curious and antique devices to be met with throughout the town, render a stroll through Avila one of the most bewildering feasts of antiquities that it is possible to imagine. After looking through the cathedral, and taking a stroll in its immediate neighbourhood, we returned to an excellent breakfast.

We started immediately after our midday breakfast, taking first of all the parish church of San Vincente, close by our fonda: simple, yet grand in its proportions. There is a crypt in which they show a hole where dwells the serpent who guards the body of the saint (there are a good many saints bearing the name of Vincent). The church is said to have been built in 1313 by a Jew, whose disbelief in this serpent was punished by a dangerous bite, and the wound only cured

by his vow of devoting his wealth to the building. If *la légende* be not *belle* the church is. There is a charming arcade on the south side. The square tower is domed inside at the intersection of the nave. Thence we walked to the Monastery of San Tomas—convent or monastery? There are three sets of cloisters, each of two storeys, saloons, patios, kitchens, so as to include the arrangements of a palace, besides those of the religious community. The high altar and coro are on the level of the upper cloister in the large and handsome chapel of which they form a part; and in the body of the chapel is the beautiful white marble tomb of Don Juan, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella. The recumbent figure is very lovely; long straight hair, cut square on the forehead, long at the ears, the small young hand bare, robes over the armour. This exquisite monument has been lately barbarously defaced by the "Reds." From their carved seats in the *altorcoro*, *Los Reyes Católicos* used to hear mass, and look down on the resting-place of their son.

There is another Italian monument to Juan de Avila and Juan Velasquez, attendants and friends of the prince. On the doors and windows are "bosses," as the peculiar ornamentation; and on the walls, *silleria*, &c., are the "*flechas*" and the "*yuegr*," the well-known symbols of Ferdinand and Isabella. The whole place is full of interest and deserved a longer visit, but I may say the same of all Avila and its churches. The sun was bright and warm; we walked all round the half-circle of the town to see San Segundo, and we got into the Archaic Church, and found the saint kneeling before a stool, on which was a psalter. There was also an arch of very wide span, from whose granite pillars projected two receptacles for alms and holy water, carved from the columns. Avila has many churches intended as offerings to God, not meeting-houses for men; but the day is short, and so we went to no others, but walked round the north side of the wall-bound city, and so finished a hard day's sight-seeing—hard work, but of great interest; and the view of the brown plain stretching away to the granite sierra, in spite of the stern autumn garb, had a beauty of its own quite in harmony with the old world city, its warriors, its saints, its pilgrims, great nobles, wealthy ecclesiastics, dust and rust as extinct in race as they are also in person.

HOME.

And now we had to take leave of Avila and Spain together. We should have taken leave of our readers as far as Andalusia was concerned at the end of our last chapter, or rather on the frontier of La Mancha, somewhere about *Santa Elena*; but we were asked to say a few words about Valencia and Avila. We have said them; and we must hasten home. At nine o'clock on this clear, cold October night we found an empty compartment in the express, exchanged a few civil words with our French engine-driver, and we were off. The line to Bordeaux was pretty familiar to me, and at each important station we stopped at, a thousand pleasant recollections served to wile away the long hours of the night. I did not want to waste my last hours in Spain in sleep. But my readers would care little for my recollections. Suffice it to say that our journey was accomplished as comfortably as only those who have done it can tell, and as successfully and as speedily as anyone who chooses to consult his Continental Bradshaw may see. If he care to consult that well-known publication, he will also learn



ARRIVAL OF THE PICADORS.

that precisely forty-six hours after leaving Avila Station, the expeditious traveller may once more hear the familiar sound of "Keb, sir?" in the regions of Pimlico or Charing Cross.

Having made so much haste to reach London, I can presume no further upon my traveller's rights, and have only to bid adieu to my readers.

Notes of a Naturalist in the North-Western Provinces of India.—II.

BY CHARLES HORNE, F.Z.S., (LATE) B.C.S.

I WILL add yet one instance of the confidence lapwings place in man at their time of incubation. Five or six nests—if carefully-selected small pieces of stone can be called nests—were built on the ballast of the East-Indian Railway—near Etawal, not one foot from the rails, over which the trains were daily running, and on visiting the spot I saw the old bird move away and look on whilst an unscrupulous ornithologist took their eggs, under protest from his companions. They generally, however, lay in bleak places on moors and waste land, and draw off any person coming near by shamming lameness and being wounded, and then when they have accomplished their object, fly off.

And now, in the twilight, I hear a rush overhead. It is a flight of teal (*Querquedula crecca*) leaving their feeding-place in the open marsh, close to a village, where they have been all night, and returning for the day to the safe broad river or some large lake. At what a pace they fly! and how regularly! In spite of their care, they do not all escape, for many get netted by native sportsmen on dark nights, and are kept during the hot weather in darkened houses, where they are fattened for the market.

When in camp, I used sometimes to go out to shoot them just after dark, when there was a little moonlight. Seated or standing on the sloping bank of a stream, I watched them come by ones and twos. They fell, or rather darted down, into the water like a rocket, and I fired after they were afloat. The darkness made this kind of sport very exciting.

But here are two geese following each other. They are the ruddy sheldrake, or "Brahminy duck" (*Casarea rutila*), and are called by the natives "Chukwa chukwee." The ancients held them to be very wise, because they said that if one mingled milk and water in a bowl, this bird could drink the milk and leave the water. They are generally seen feeding or flying in pairs in daylight; but at night the natives say one keeps on this side of the river and one on that. One calls out "Chuckwa," and the other answers, "Chuckwee;" and so they keep a good look-out. I can certainly aver that at night they are constantly calling and answering, wherever they may be.

But it is getting lighter, for the twilight is short; and now moving slowly and stately, in long V-shaped lines, come the grey geese (*Anser cinereus*), making their loud discordant call so well known to every observer, whilst they fly at a great height.

But to look inside the room. What noise is that? Snap, snap! "Geckho, geckho!" It is the house lizard, the common geckho, doing a little entomology on his own account. There you are, upon the ceiling. Pray be careful. Ah! there you go. In its zeal it has jumped forward, and fallen to the ground—flop! However, it seems to matter little to the queer-looking reptile, which runs up the wall again as active as before.

The brightening daylight brings the koel, or Indian cuckoo, with his loud note, and he is followed by the mohawk, or crow-pheasant (*Centropus rufipennis*), with his steady, oft-repeated "Koo, koo, koo." This is a handsome bird, and to the tyro shooting in the jungle looks almost game. It has a long tail, and the colour that strikes one is a bright rufous bay and black. It is a foul feeder, and is ready for anything, from a dead frog to a bird hung up as a scarecrow. Its regular food consists of insects, lizards, scorpions, &c., and it runs with great facility. Its nest is a huge mass of coarse grass, &c., often two feet in diameter, and its eggs are white, with rough shells much blotched with dirt. This often appears as if it had been scratched by the bird's claws, and I have seldom seen an egg without some such marks.

And here now is the dove, whose tail has been plucked off entire by a crow, as he pounced upon her nest to carry off her egg. This nest was inside the verandah by my window. I heard the commotion, and saw the crow with all the tail-feathers in his mouth, which he then let drop. Sparrows and mynas are about in numbers, all awake now. Still the crow-pheasant struts past with a noble air, as much as to say, "See here the early bird that gets the first worm."

I observed the myna with three or four of his fellows to fly into a beautiful tree (*Erythrina stricta*), commonly called the "dâk" tree, now without a leaf upon it, although covered with splendid scarlet bloom, and abounding in honey.

Here they pecked away and laughed and chatted, and ate honey, until, with a sudden rush, down came some thirty or forty "tiliâs" (*Pastor roseus*), a species of starling, to take their share. These are the most cheery, fussy birds I ever saw. They squabble and chatter, and peck the blossoms, so that the tree is alive with them, and showers of flowers fall. A roller comes to look for a beetle, and passes us, when out rush from the verandah the blue pigeons (*Columbia intermedia*), which I will not let build there, because of the dirt they make, and go off to feed in the grain-field, and the green parrots follow them, shrieking loudly. The black crow, too, is here, and our dear little friend the hoopoe (*Upupa nigripennis*), the "Koot, koot, baravi," or "Knock, knock, carpenter," with his long bill and pretty crest. He does not fly into the trees, but digs in the ground for insects; and he seems to be a meek good-tempered bird, for I one day saw one—after immense pains, dig out a worm, being closely watched by a king-crow (*Dicrurus macrocerus*) from a neighbouring bough—let the watcher carry off his prize with a swoop, whilst he went to dig out another. This bird is a general favourite, and many are the fables and legends about him amongst the natives, which I have not time to do more than glance at. How that he was gifted

with a golden crown, for shielding one of the Hindu gods from the sun when he was on a journey. How a shepherd discovered the crown to be real gold, and how the species would have all been killed for their crowns, had not the gods heard their prayers, and changed them into beautiful feather crests, &c. It lives about houses, and conceals its nest so artfully, that I have seldom found one until the young were hatched, when by its assiduity in feeding them it betrayed the situation.

But here is a bird surely out of his place—a kingfisher (*Halcyon fuscus*). His pond must have been dried up, or he must be seeking food on dry land, as many of them do. Brown chestnut is the chief colour, but there is white also to be seen, and his bill is coral-red. He makes his nest in the canal-banks, and it is a difficult matter to dig it out, as the gallery at the end of which it is placed often runs five or six feet horizontally. The eggs are round and white, as are those of all of his class. But now to look down the sloping lawn. Look at the party of peafowl here, all wild (*Pavo cristatus*). A noble peacock, whose tail sweeps the ground for fully six feet, leads, and some five or six peahens accompany him. See, he turns! and immediately begins to spread his fine tail for the benefit of his party, and then, as the natives call it, to dance. See how he stands on the tips of his toes, with his tail fully spread some twelve feet in diameter, and rustles with his wing-feathers like a turkey-cock. Ah, that is fine! My man wants to try to steal quietly behind him and catch him; for he tells me these birds are quite stupid whilst dancing, and that it may be done—which I much question. However, he has almost frightened my nice little hare (*Lepus ruficaudatus*), who was nibbling the grass so quietly beside him, and away runs Puss into the long grass, where sneaks the jackal. There are many of these hares here, and I have often found little leverets in my flower-clumps, sheltering in bushy patches of sweet-smelling flowers. Sometimes I have counted thirteen or fourteen on the walks of the kitchen-garden at one time. They certainly did some harm, but nothing in comparison to the peafowl, which I also tolerated. I have seen rows of peas carefully eaten down the line just after sowing, one by one, by the birds. The jackal (*Canis aureus*) makes havoc amongst the young game, but otherwise does no harm. In fact, he is useful as a scavenger. But at the edge of the long grass may be seen a still greater enemy to the poultry-yard, if he can get admittance—viz., the brindled wild cat, with her thick tail (*Felis chaus*). I caught one of these in a trap, and he stood, with his feet pulled up against a wall, above three feet; and he is more than a match for any ordinary dog.

But where are the partridges? Only now waking up, and calling their cheerful notes before the window from the midst of a thick bush. It is the grey partridge (a species of *Ortygornis*), and needs no particular description. My man had a tame one, a male bird, and he caught several wild males with it. He used to let it run on the lawn. It challenged, when another would come out from the long grass to fight. When they were in the midst of it, he would come up quietly and throw a net over them, for they are the most pugnacious of birds.

But now they are gone. Their eggs are most commonly laid under haystacks or clumps of grass.

And there flies a crow, with an unbroken dove's egg in his beak, taking it to some quiet spot to eat at his leisure, the poor mother flying after him. The crow sits down, makes a small hole, and empties the egg in a surprising manner, never losing a

drop of its contents. Listen now to that queer creaking sound overhead. It is caused by the black ibis or "goördanklêe"—the native name well expressing the sound these birds emit. They have built a nest on the very top of a tall tree near the kitchen, and make this strange cry chiefly when on the wing. They feed in the stubble fields and marshes, eating snails, molluscs, and the like; and they themselves are esteemed by some to be good eating.

The sun is now well up, so we will take a turn in the garden before it gets too hot. There swoops down the kite, who is to be seen near every house, and feeds chiefly on the offal and kitchen sweepings, for which I have often seen him contending with the pariah dogs. At times he may be seen even in Calcutta snatching food from the open baskets, carried there upon men's heads; and I once remember his carrying off the turban from the head of one of my servants, when he (the kite) had been enraged by a supposed attack upon his nest. The claws became entangled in the fine muslin of which the turban was composed, and the weight of the affair soon brought the bird to the ground, when he was captured. They are very common everywhere, and no one molests them. But, bring my gun, sharp! There is an old tree-cat I have long wanted to catch (*Paradoxus musanga*), up in a custard-apple tree, eating my fruit. There, he is disposed off, to the gardeners' great delight; and on looking at him, as he lies dead, I find that he is a little stouter than a weasel, brown, with some black on the tail. He has, too, a good set of teeth. As he is in general a night-feeder, he does great mischief. In the Hills I caught one in a spring-trap, but he left only half his lower jaw, with the teeth complete, behind him. Another was taken by the leg and secured. They used to destroy many more apples than they ate. But what is all this buzzing? A swarm of bees coming in column straight to my large peepul-tree (*Ficus religiosa*). See, they have hung themselves up in a huge cluster on the under side of a large bough, and I fear I shall find it difficult to dislodge them. When disturbed they sting very badly, and this species (*Apis dorsata*), a larger one than our own honey bee, will not brook domestication. The bee kept by the natives in many parts is either *Apis Indica* or *Apis nigrocincta*, both much smaller.

But we must now go in. Look at Fanny snuffing at and following a large centipede, soon to be transferred to a bottle of spirits. I never heard of a dog being hurt by one; although I have seen the arm of a man much swollen which had been bitten or pricked by one—which, I cannot say. And here comes the servant, saying that he just now saw a sparrow carrying off a scorpion from the verandah. Rest assured he killed it first, or found it dead, and so can come to no harm. Many animals kill scorpions, and amongst others, rats. They all seem to understand it. I tried them one time, putting a young rat and a lively scorpion under a bell glass. The scorpion stood on the defensive; but the rat closed in, and bit the insect through the claw or poison gland, and then, getting on it, pulled it to pieces. Just now the sparrows (*Passer Indicus*) which do not appreciably differ from the English, fly in and out of the house, through the open doors, with the most perfect freedom, and as they have young, their visits are more frequent than ever in search of spiders, the most dainty morsels which they can give to their young; and they may be seen hovering about the ceiling beams, catching them with great glee. In this they resemble their English brethren.

We have doubtless different species of scorpions, but I have never studied them. Some are very small and white. These I have taken for young bees of the larger species; whilst in the Hills I have seen them quite black, but still not exceeding two to three inches in length. These generally rest and hide themselves under loose bark, or under stones, and it is this species I observed the yellow or brown bear (*Ursus isabellinus*) eating so eagerly as he turned over the large blocks of stone on the bare hill sides near Gungootra in the Himalaya; yet the natives tell you that these black scorpions are far more deadly in their sting than those of lighter colour. However, as most of these animals darken in colour as they become of mature age, there may be reason in the opinion of the Hillmen on this point. My personal attendant, Khewaj, used to stoop down and catch them up without fear, always holding them by the tail-claw between his finger and thumb. They of course pinched him with their nippers, but this he did not mind, as he never gave them a chance to sting him.

Men in Benares used to go about with them in small round baskets, and take them out and play with them in their hands. Whether the creatures had been first disabled from stinging, I cannot say, but I rather think not. I only heard of one case of death caused by stings of scorpions, and in that case the victim was a very young child. I have often seen persons who have been stung by them. The arm or leg swelled up very much, and smarted intensely, sometimes for three or four days; but the irritation is greatly allayed by rubbing cocoa-nut oil on the parts, and this is all that is generally done by the natives. But I sit down for a moment to note the large black ants in the verandah (*Formica compressa*), which swarm here. They are said to wage war on the white ants (*Termites*), but I find both coexist. Whenever the former has a chance to snap up a white ant straying, he does so, and eats it forthwith; but I have never seen them break down a gallery or otherwise attack a nest. Near my table is the entrance to a colony of a smaller species of black ant (the larger live mostly under roots of trees, &c.); and now four monsters with very large heads and powerful nippers have taken up their station close by, and attack all comers and goers. The moment they meet them they give them a bite, and at the same time curving round their body add a sting. If the ant seems lively after this they leave him for a few moments, apparently for the poison to operate, and then return to eat him. Thus they killed in a quarter of an hour between twenty and thirty ants in the space of a foot or so square, and these were all workers. A warrior came out, and it was long ere he succumbed, and then not until he had received many stings. Another warrior came, and rushed at the larger ant, taking hold of him by the fore leg, upon which the big bully turned his head and bit off that of his adversary, which still clung to the limb on which it had in life fastened. I then transferred him, with the head attached, to my spirit-bottle. Another in my collection remains with both head and thorax attached; whilst I have several in which—dropped into the bottle both fighting and holding on to each other—they have remained attached in death. And this has led to the tailors' joke of a good knot to end his work. The ants abound where the men generally sit working in the verandah, so they leave a little end of thread out, pick up an ant, make him seize the end with his nippers, and then, as he will not let go, they give a pull, when off comes the head, and remains attached as a capital knot! In many houses with large peepul-

trees near them these ants swarm, and are a great plague; but they are, in my opinion, nothing in comparison with the minute red ant (*Myrmica vastator*), which is now walking off with my sugar, grain by grain. Their numbers are incredible. When I first came I tried to kill a few; I put down syrup, which attracted immense numbers, and then with boiling water or a gun-powder train I destroyed them by myriads; but to no purpose. The day I landed in India I went to Cork's, the hairdresser of Calcutta, and he put some pomatum on my hair. I slept at an hotel, and awoke in the morning, my head itching fearfully. Every time I scratched it, it grew worse, and it was not till I got a light and saw the long upward and downward stream of these tiny tormentors, that I discovered the cause. They were eating the pomatum! A plunge in the bath soon dispersed them, and I profited by the warning. I once rescued a very rare beetle from them as they were carrying it off up a wall, and it is wonderful what they can carry. They may be seen lugging up a wall portions of huge crickets, fully an inch long. Some hundreds of them are engaged in carrying one of these bulky masses.

But there is another species very common about houses—also a true *Formica*. I saw just now a stream of these crossing. Presently a caterpillar, weighing six and a half grains, came crawling along. At once a dozen went to attack him. Again and again they charged him on every side. The caterpillar crawled on about four feet, giving every now and then a good wriggle to clear himself and shake off his tiny foes. At last he gave in, and was carried off in triumph. The weight of these twelve ants was just twelve thirty-thirds of a grain, but of course the venom of their stings helped to cripple the caterpillar. Their strength is wonderful.

But now it is well daylight, and the yellow wasps (*Polistes hebraeus*) are beginning to fly about inside the verandah, and select places for their pretty little hanging nests, on which I have not now time to enlarge, although I must give just an instance of the power of retentive vitality—of their makers—which I noted a day or two since. At 6 p.m. I caught a wasp (*Polistes hebraeus*) at the edge of my scissor-net, when the iron frames meeting, off came his head. The body remained lively till half-past ten p.m., and the wings vibrated when the abdomen was touched. The sting also was protruded. Next morning it was stiff. Not so, however, that of a moth which met with a similar fate; for the body in this case retained its nervous irritability from 9 a.m. one day to 12 noon the next. It was a species of the *Bombycidae*.

These yellow wasps have an unpleasant manner of dropping from their nests on to you, when they invariably sting and fly off, leaving a painful smarting and irritation, which lasts for some time. They now abound, and plague one by falling into one's tea or milk-jug, and the fine hornet (*Vespa Indica*) occasionally pounces upon one in a very clever way and carries him off. And now the hot weather is coming, the white ant will be in full work, and many new sights and sounds will soon greet the morning watcher.

Here we are in May, the dreaded hot weather, and I will again record a little of what is passing around me for an hour or two. Many old friends will of course appear, but nearly all shall be new actors on nature's busy stage. It is half-past four a.m. as I enter my study, and I hear the crickets chirruping merrily. In spite, however, of their cheerful noise I always kill them

when I can, for they eat and stain books, leather, paper, in fact everything. The ordinary species (*Acheta domestica*) is the same as the English house-cricket, and has similar habits. It has an enemy in a species of *Galeoides*, a gigantic spider with large, long, hairy legs, and a double set of powerful nippers. These nippers meet one another perpendicularly, and the two pairs being placed side by side, are very formidable; for when the spider seizes, say a fly, with both pairs at once, he moves each pair of closed fangs in an opposite direction, and thus tears his prey in pieces; sucking, meanwhile, the juices which flows from the lacerations. I kept some of these in a box with gauze over it for some months, and fed them with insects. They liked wasps very much; but one of the finest of them died from the effects of the sting of a *Polistes* in a soft part of his body. He finished his meal; but afterwards pined away. They came to know me quite well, and would come when I tapped on the box to take their food: and this reminds me of

He is a charming little fellow, with his thin long beak and wire-like tail. It is the bee-eater, or sun-bird of most residents, (*Merops viridis*). His colour is rather green than blue, and he flashes in the sunlight as he flies after an insect, and quickly returns to his perch to eat it. High or low, it is all alike to him; for I have seen him on a tall grass-stalk, or on a telegraph-wire in mid-air. In fact, one would think that he imagined that these wires were meant for him, so thoroughly has he appropriated the situation. One often sees lines of them, as also of swallows and other little birds on the wires; whilst the posts are occupied by small hawks, kites, and rollers. I observed the bee-eater's nest the other day. I had seen one sitting upon a little bough of a shrub near a raised earthen walk; suddenly it dived down into the ground and disappeared. I reached the spot, but found only what I took to be a rat-hole under the path. So I sat quietly to watch, and presently came my little bird backwards out of the little hole. I then dug out



MY DOMESTICS.

three little actively-jumping hunting spiders I petted and tamed years ago. My writing table was near a closed glass door, and these spiders on the window-panes, which I never allowed to be cleaned, lest my spiders should be disturbed. I used to catch a fly and tap on the pane, when from some corner or other there always came out one or other, and sometimes all three of these spiders, who would fearlessly take the fly from my fingers. I lost my pets when I changed my house. But to return. I open my writing book to find a fine *fish* insect (*Lepisma saccharina*), a flat little silvery creature, very active and not unknown in England, and there called a sugar-louse; but more common in India, where it gets into boxes and destroys coats and dresses, in addition to old books, its general food being paper. Across the window in the dusk outside, passes the flying-fox from feeding on the fruit in the garden, and as I write suddenly uprises the sun (for our twilight here is very short), and with the light comes the mango bird (*Oriolus kundoo*), a beautiful black and yellow fellow; an oriole, which most know, has a clear sweet note, and his coming tells of the ripening of the mangoes, whence his familiar Indian name.

But look at that lively blue-green bird on the creeper frame.

and followed up the hole carefully, and found that it ran for four feet parallel to the surface of the walk about six inches below it. At the end of this was a space a little more hollowed out, and here I found five beautiful little, nearly circular eggs. How this excavator digs out these nests, I cannot imagine. After this discovery, I found others, but none quite so far in. The passage is so narrow that the bird cannot turn in it, and when the young birds come to require food the labour of feeding them must be very great. This bird, as its name indicates, is a great destroyer of bees. I think it kills them as I have seen another small bird (*Drymopsis incornata*) do—viz., by shaking and knocking them rapidly against a reed or its perch. They, however, catch all other species of insects with some exceptions. The last I shall notice is the king-crow (*Dicrurus macrocerus*), or drongo shrike, a bold, wicked, cheerful fellow, who although small—very much smaller than a starling—flies to the attack of almost every other bird, apparently for the mere fun of doing so. I have seen them fly at large birds, such as kites, alight on their backs as they flew, and bring them to the ground. I have several times witnessed this feat performed on crows—so that they merit their common English name.

They generally go together in pairs, and are most sociable; chatter to one another, and, like the bee-eaters, make great use of the telegraph-wires as posts of observation, from which to hawk after almost every insect that flies; although I never saw them pursue a dragon-fly. They almost always bring back their food to the perch to eat it. Their colour is black, and they have short beaks and long tails. Their nests are up in high trees, and they guard them most jealously, never allowing a kite or a crow to come near them. In fact, they make such outcries on any occasion of a visit from either of these birds, that it has led me to find their nests which had otherwise been hidden. Just now two of them are sitting on the

to molest them, on account of the superstitious reverence in which they are held. Our English soldiers had no such scruples, and when the troops first came, they made short work with them, to the great relief of the bazaars. I saw one of them once eating marigold blossoms, which seems a queer taste. But in the same tree I see the grey hornbill; he is a large bird, of a grey colour, with a long tail, short wings, and a large long beak. Being a destructive fruit eater, I shoot him; for unless I do so, I shall have little chance of any figs or oranges. These latter he attacks as they hang on the tree, cutting a hole in them and extracting the interior so cleverly that at first we cannot perceive anything wrong in the orange,



THE BROWN BEAR.

top of my screen which hangs over the verandah to break the glare.

Hark to that liquid melodious note from the tree! It is the call of the "kō-ki-la," a very handsome pigeon; pale green and yellow, scarcely to be distinguished amongst the fresh green leaves. This bird is often brought up from the nest and kept in cages. It becomes very tame, and is a genuine favourite. The nest, consisting of a few sticks only, is placed high in a tree, in a fork generally, and the egg resembles that of our domestic pigeon. But now for a turn in the garden before the sun gets too hot. What a commotion in the peepul-tree! All are trying to catch a monkey, belonging to a species found wild in some parts (*Inuus rhesus*), but which must here have escaped from his master. He is caught at last at the cost of some bites. These monkeys, which I hold to be very repulsive animals, live on the leaves and fruits of trees, and when tolerated as they are near Benares, where they are worshipped and fed, become a great nuisance. They breed freely, and multiply very fast. They plunder the grain-shops and gardens, and no one dares

whereas nothing whatever but the peel is really left. This at least is the case with regard to the loose-skinned mandarin oranges. The small figs he bites off, and then, throwing up his beak, swallows them whole. We may see him again at nesting-time.

But now the gardeners are all collected, throwing sticks and stones into a tamarind-tree, in which I can see nothing. So I shoot the hornbill, and take my gun to see what it is. "How long he is!" cries one. "How thick!" says another. "How cleverly he goes about!" says a third. Meanwhile, I still see nothing. After a time I observe a large snake entwined in the very top of a small tamarind-tree. He is between four and five feet long, gliding about, and actually crossing to another tree growing close by. I soon, however, bring him down, and sending in my gun (seldom used by me here) I pursue my stroll. Looking up, I see swifts, bank martins, and swallows, flying about as they do in England. On the path I notice the work of a very different kind of animal. A number of neat little funnel-shaped holes are seen, from which

little jets of sand are continually being thrown upwards. These are the pitfalls of the ant-lion, a small insect, who, buried up to his eyes at the very bottom, sends up these little dust-showers to bring down the slippery sides of his hole any incautious ant or other insect, which then falls a rapid and certain prey to his rapacious jaws. In a few days this creature will undergo his change, and emerge a most beautiful lace-fly, with gauzy wings and green eyes, as feeble an insect as in its larval state it was fierce, and which would become the prey of the first bird, were it not for an offensive smell it emits, and thus repels most of its would-be assailants.

And now—passing the tank where the water-lilies are preparing to blow, and looking at the fish rising to catch the insects which often fall in, and the beetles so swiftly diving down—let us go to the trellised vinery, where the grapes are now ripening, whilst the gardener is tying up the bunches in muslin bags to protect them from the birds, ants, and squirrels. But be careful, for there are several nests of the small honey-bee (*Apis floralis*). I see three combs all covered with clustered bees. They appear very harmless, and do not fly at me at all, not even when I go quite close. They merely quiver all through and seem alarmed. And now, with a rush, up starts the beautiful dove (*Turtur humilis*), leaving her pure white egg lying on a few sticks close to my face. She well knows that I will not hurt her or her eggs; although it will be well if the latter escape the sharp eye of the crow. But away down by the hedge, where grows the long reedy grass, and where flutter the little sedge birds and reed warblers, with their quick little snappy beaks, and where they creep, and run, and pass in and out, *Drymopsis inornata* being the most common. They are very restless, and keep the grass in a quiver. But look over the hedge into the field, and see the two stone-plovers (*Edicnemus crepitans*). See how they quietly sink down into a sitting posture quite close to me, trusting no doubt to the similarity of their colour to that of the ploughed field now in stubble, or else they will run a little way and then stand still. But whatever they do, their fine large eyes would betray them; and from the odd way in which they behave, they are here called *poglee*, which means *foolish*. I would fain walk on and notice more, but it is too hot; although I do wear a pith hat nearly as large as an ordinary parasol. So I must go in. Passing through the verandah I see the mason wasps or “mud-daubers” busily at work in a corner (*Pelopæus Madras patanus*). This insect is something like an ichneumon, of a steel-blue colour, and it builds masses of cells in all kinds of odd corners, employing mud as material. This mud it kneads by the water-side and carries under its chin. The cells are circular, and it is really curious to see how proud the builder is of its work, patting it, looking at it approvingly, and at last flying off for more material. But I must close this, and we shall be in the midst of the rains ere I write again.

It is now July, and after having endured scorching winds and prayed for a cooling shower, we have now seen the rain pouring almost without intercession for three days and nights. A gleam of sunshine has followed, and the steam rises from the hot earth, which it takes at least two or three good showers to cool sensibly. Every blade of grass is springing up, the driest sticks are budding, birds are singing and pairing; for the season of incubation for most of them has arrived, and insects are swarming into life. No need now to seek for objects

of natural history about which to write. There goes the whistling teal circling round and at last alighting on the tamarind-tree. Last year she laid her eggs in some deserted nest on another tree, and hatched her young ducklings there. Often did I see her head and sharp eyes above the nest on the top of the ivy-clad bough, and wondered how she proposed to get her young ones down to the water. But I never had an opportunity of observing how she did it. Now she has chosen the midst of a small thick tamarind-tree. Maybe she has built the untidy nest herself, but it looks to me like that of a magpie or small heron. In it I found four eggs, of which I secured three, leaving one for a nest egg. After three weeks I again examined it, and found two partridge eggs (*Ortygornis ponticeriana*) in it. This was to me equally strange; for in either case the young would have to be carried to the ground, being ready to swim or run directly they are out of the egg. I have, however, often seen these partridges perching in the trees. But now for a little walk. What are all these holes in the path, nearly as large as one's little finger? I dig one out, and at a considerable depth I find the maker, a large black cricket (*Brachytrypes achatinus*), some two inches long; most noisy in the evening. It is said to feed on the roots of plants, and, excepting in the rains, it keeps very quiet and snug underground. There are other holes, too, much smaller, made by the mole cricket (*Gryllotalpa*), which very much resembles the English species. So, too, the mantis (*Thespis brevipedennis*), sitting in the small plant, looking almost like a part of it. He is ready to catch any insect which comes within his reach. I long petted several of these insects, and their voracity was wonderful. The Japanese keep them or an allied species in little paper cages, make them fight (for they are very pugnacious), and bet upon them as they do on their cocks and everything besides. And this reminds me of a curious scene of which I was a witness in 1844 at Midnâpûr. I had brought in three of these insects—called *prêtres* in France, because of the manner in which they hold up their front legs as if in supplication—and put them under a large glass wall-shade on the table. Here they remained all day unheeded by me. Next morning I called Mr. W. Taylor, with whom I was staying, to see the “field of battle,” for such it had become. He made a sketch of it. In front lay one insect dead, its head sawn off and lying beside it; while the second, without a head, had hold of the third by the neck by his pincers! And this headless insect lived for many hours after.

Thus they had fairly fought it out between themselves. This retention of vitality after an insect has lost its head is very curious. I have before noticed the case of a *Polistes* (species of wasp), and I may here note another case, equally remarkable, in which a moth, one of the *Noctuidæ*, was the subject. “Sept. 3, nine a.m. Once, whilst dressing at Benares I put my hand, by some mischance, on a small thick-bodied moth. His head parted from his body. The wings fluttered, so I took up the said body and put it on the window-frame and left it. At seven a.m., Sept. 4, my man brought me the headless trunk with wings still fluttering when touched, and the abdomen giving signs of life by expanding and contracting, and it was not till noon of the same day that the insect had lost all power of motion.” But to return to my walk. Here is our old friend the grey hornbill (*Meniceros bicornis*). He has picked a nice ripe fig, and is carrying it in his mouth to feed its companion. He alights on the beautiful horseradish tree (*Hyperanthera*

moringa), so called, because when young its roots are scraped and used as a relish. It exactly resembles in flavour the English plant. From this he flies to the sissoo (*Dalbergia sissoo*) on the lawn, and clinging by his sharp claws to the bark near a hole in the trunk, taps with his beak. Well, presently from out the hole appear the points of a beak, which open and receive the fig and then disappear. Again and again this happens, so I take a ladder and look into the hole. There, sure enough, is the female hornbill, sitting upon her eggs at the bottom of it, some eighteen inches down. The entrance has been plastered up with her own ordure, flattened with the sides of her bill as with a trowel. And she will not leave her prison till the young ones are hatched, when it is said the opening is enlarged by the male bird. Having now watched the whole process I can relate it from my own knowledge. This incarceration will be for nearly a month, as the last of the four eggs could not be laid in the nest before fifteen days from the date of entry.

But now to the large pond. This was quite dry a few days ago, but now all is life. Large fishes may be caught, and magnificent frogs, yellow as gold, sit around croaking loud enough to deafen one. I remember well in 1856, when at Bareilly, riding into the station with Sir George Anson, the Commander-in-chief, the morning after the first shower of the season, his calling out, "Look, look! The canary birds!" And truly no Norwich canaries could be brighter in colour than the hundreds of rain-frogs which sat in and around a large tank which had been dry the day before. These frogs were larger than any English frog. How they got there, and whence they emerged, is a great mystery to me. They *must* have been hidden torpid in the mud, with the fishes similarly buried, although I could never find them by digging for them, and I had that very season removed between two and three feet of clay from the bottom of the tank, the frogs in which had elicited the exclamation of the Commander-in-chief. Strange are the superstitious beliefs about these frogs. One is, that if you can catch one of them which has captured a bird, and open its head, there will be found in the centre a "snake stone," which will cure any snake-bite by withdrawing the poison from the wound, and I well remember my head house-servant (sirdar-bearer) and another man spending several hours in a vain attempt to catch such a frog which they had seen merely trying to secure a bird, but after all they lost him in a deep muddy pool, to their great disgust. "Snake stone" has, I believe, been proved to be merely animal charcoal—and the specimens I have examined quite bear out this idea—and in reality it possesses no virtue. On two occasions, both noted in my "Jottings on Snakes" in the *Zoologist*, I have shown how frogs were captured after they had seized birds, but in neither case were their heads opened. But not to digress farther. See that joyous merry throng of birds in the palm-tree. They are weaver birds (*Ploceus baya*), making their beautifully woven nests, all chattering and working each at his own abode. Of these latter there cannot be less than seventy, all swinging about in the wind. The way in which they procure their material is worth a word. They fly to a tall blade of grass, and clinging to its edge with their feet, they bite a notch, about one-eighth of an inch deep. They then fasten on, say one and half feet higher up, and bite a similar notch. Next, taking hold of the grass below the upper notch with their beaks, they fly off, thus tearing an even ribbon of at least a quarter of an inch wide and eighteen inches long. This they weave in,

always being very careful to draw in the grass the right way on account of the glass-like notches at the edge of the grass, which are set on at an acute angle. And now the cicada sings cheerily from the tree, and is answered by the cricket's stridulation almost under one's feet, and the noble dragon-fly darts pass, unpursued by the king-crow (*Dicrurus*), who pursues and catches almost every other insect, except, perhaps, the fine large black bee (*Megachile fasciculata*), who buzzes along with the large oblong piece of rose-leaf in his mouth, which he has so neatly cut out. See, he has entered the hollow bamboo in the roof under the tiles of the verandah, where he is making his nest. This consists of a long series of cells, one upon another, like so many thimbles fitted the one into the other, and about as large. In these they store bee-bread and lay one egg in each cell.

But ere we go in, look up again into the large peepul-tree. There hang the flying foxes (*Pteropus Edwardii*), the great fruit-eating bat, of which I wrote before, with their heads downwards, and their little ones clinging around them. The natives say that these animals have no anal passage, but that all excretions are voided by the mouth, and, seeing how they often throw out balls of skins of fruit, the mistake is not unnatural, taken in conjunction with their peculiar mode of hanging all day, till evening tempts them forth to feed on the garden and wild fruits.

The little insectivorous bats hang up by dozens in my stables, but these do no harm.

On sitting down, I hear a buzzing under my chair and turning it over, I find another bee busily building a mud cell quite regardless of my presence, underneath it. This insect (*Megachile lanata*) abounds everywhere. But enough for to-day.

We are still in the midst of the rainy season, but no rain has actually fallen for some days, and the weather is very sultry and oppressive (thermometer 86°), as the month of August generally is at Manipuri; but Nature still provides the observer with plenty of objects of interest. One of the curious facts is how, when your lamp is lighted, there often comes in quite a flight of moths attracted by the light; whilst for twenty or thirty days there may, perhaps, be only one or two so allured. I never could account for this, but all naturalists have observed it. Again, one species will come in numbers one evening of the year and never again. The appearance of butterflies too, is equally capricious, and often on a dull day, when I have thought it almost vain to take a net, I have secured my best specimens. It is very early, and I hear only the steady hum of the mosquitoes, and the cicadas in the trees, together with the intermittent croaking of the frogs from the distant pool.

But what is that curious little creature which comes into the room with a rapid run, and passes round the wainscot, leaving such a strong rank odour of musk behind it. It is a musk rat (*Sorex caerulescens*), a species of shrew, with a pointed tail and snout, the latter of exceeding delicacy, and in size between an ordinary mouse and rat. Sometimes he gives a snarp little squeak when alarmed. Even the terriers do not like to catch him, he smells so much of musk, and everything he touches is invariably scented, so that it is easy to imagine he is an unwelcome guest. When once packing my books for the Hills, before nailing the cover a musk-rat entered and hid himself in a little space in a corner of the box, and was so fastened in when the lid was secured in the morning.

Adventures in Lazestan.—I.

BY FREDERICK A. LYONS.

ANNO DOMINI 1864 is one of those dates of woe which will not be easily obliterated from the memory of the nations who live on the borders of the Euxine. The Caucasus—the giant mountain-range which has its feet in the deep and its head in the clouds—was shaken that year by the Titanic struggle which sealed the fate of the country. For fifty years the Caucasus had stood the onslaught of the Muscovite masses, but at last resistance ceased, and political servitude became the lot of the children of its soil. The shock re-echoed far and wide, casting terror and dismay in the midst of the surrounding nations. The fugitives from the Crimea, from the steppes of the Kuban, from the heights of the Elburz, spread the alarm, as their fate was looked upon as the warning of an impending catastrophe. "Caucasia is fallen," said the bewildered Abazahs, Lazes, and Turks. "It is all over with us now."

At that time I was with the troops stationed at Batum, a harbour situated on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, in the proximity of the Caucasus. There we witnessed the turmoil which accompanied the war, crushing and bruising thousands and thousands of victims.

The first emigration occurred in 1857, soon after the Treaty of Paris: this migrating host followed so closely the retreat of the Allies, that it might have been mistaken as forming part of their rear-guard. And to some extent it was so, as the Tartars who decided then on leaving the Crimea were those who had dreamt of the revival of the Mohammedan rule, and the expulsion of the Russians from their land. Seeing, however, that their dreams had not been realised, they thought it would be better to emigrate to Turkey, where they would be sure to meet with a state of things more congenial to their tastes. Lazestan saw very little of these Krim-Tartar emigrants, as the vessels which conveyed them southward struck across in the direction of the Bosphorus, without deviating at all from their course. This emigration was effected in good order, due precautions having

been taken for the comfort and welfare of the emigrants. The ships that took them over were spacious and neat crafts, fit for the transport of human beings, and well provided with all that was necessary. The emigrants themselves constituted a very respectable body of agriculturists and workmen, who carried with them some capital, the fruits of their labour.

The manners and habits of these emigrants bore visibly the stamp of culture and refinement, blessings for which they were indebted to the civilising action of European rule. The number of Tartars who left the Crimea at that period may be reckoned at something like twenty-five thousand, all of them active and intelligent people. Their migration into Turkey was a boon for the country, as an element of order and prosperity was thereby introduced among the subjects of the Porte, who have never stood very high as an industrial population.

The Tartar emigrants were received with open arms by their Musulman brethren of Stamboul, who made use of them in order to fill up some empty corners of the Ottoman territory. The plains of the Dobruja, near the mouth of the Danube, received a large stock of these emigrants, who, in a few years, succeeded in giving fertility to that region, and have covered it with their villages and towns. A great number of these Tartars, however, are scattered about the metropolis and the principal ports of Turkey, where they are attached to different branches of industry. Through their activity and smartness they have succeeded in establishing the axiom, that a Tartar will thrive and become rich where a Turk starves. Since 1857 no Tartars have starved; on the contrary, they have grown rich and prosperous. Though the Tartar emigrants form a separate caste and keep to themselves, yet their thorough amalgamation with the Turks is inevitable, as the consanguinity

of the two races, and the identity of their idioms will naturally cement the fusion.

In 1860 another current of emigration set out from Russia



NOGAY CHILDREN.



YOUNG TARTAR OF LAZESTAN.

to the southern shores of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. This time the emigrants broke down *en masse* like an avalanche, hurrying southward in a reckless and disorderly way. This exodus was brought about through the design of Russia to clear the territory comprised between the Kuban and the Don of a horde of savages and marauders, from whom no good could be expected. The Nogay Tartars are the remnant of a once powerful race, who, after the extinction of the empire of Genghis, held sway over vast provinces, both of Europe and Asia. Astrakhan was at one time their capital.

The last relics of this race had established themselves on the steppe of Moloshnia-Voda, near the Azof, and in the proximity of the Kuban. From there they used to play into the hands of the Circassian tribes, giving thus considerable annoyance to the Russians, who had them in their rear while carrying on operations in the mountains. As it is by no means a good thing to have an ill-disposed population in the rear of one's base of operations, so the Russian generals thought it advisable to get rid of the nuisance by compelling the Nogays either to submit or to emigrate elsewhere. The Nogays, on receiving this ultimatum oscillated awhile between submission and expulsion, and the former alternative would unquestionably have been accepted by them, had it not been for the fanaticism of their *khodjas*, or priests, who did their utmost to drive their flocks to perdition.

These *khodjas* had entered into negotiations with their co-religionists in Turkey, who held before their eyes the most splendid rewards in the present and future life if they refused submission and came over to the territory of the Padishah. Tempted by such a bait, the *khodjas* set in action their spiritual influence with a view of overcoming the repugnance shown by the mass of the people to emigration. Exhortations having proved of little avail, they thought of having recourse to one of those tricks with which priestcraft has so often succeeded in beguiling the masses.

One of the most venerable *khodjas* awoke one morning with an air of mystical serenity, and astounded the Nogays by relating a dream, a most fair dream, which had occurred to him during the night. The *Khodja* had seen a swarm of storks, that rose high in the sky and migrated to the south. The storks alighted on a desert place, and were on the point of dying of starvation, when a man with a green turban made his appearance in the midst of them, and with a sign of his hand converted the whole of the desert into a green and fruitful plain. The interpretation given to this dream was such as to impress on the minds of the Nogays that it was in compliance with a

divine order that they were to abandon their native land and migrate to Turkey. The man with the green turban was said to be a saint of Islam, who was ready to help the faithful, and provide them with everything they might require.

The dream and its commentaries produced the effect it was meant to bring about; the Nogays broke off from that day their negotiations with the Russians, declaring that rather than submit to their authority, they preferred emigrating. They abandoned at once their villages and fields, sold at what price

they could get their cattle and horses, and embarked in sailing crafts which the Russians and the Turks put at their disposal. The tableau offered by these emigrants was at the same time pitiful and revolting, for seldom could be met with such specimens of humanity as these miserable and filthy Nogays. Their Mongol features gave them the appearance of so many bony, square-headed bull-dogs, the narrow orbits being sunk within their sockets. On the whole, their looks were so ominous that no one could mistake them for anything else but for a gang of starved banditti. As for their clothing, the best way to define it is to say that they were in tatters, and so filthy that it was impossible for anyone unaccustomed to Nogay society to remain a moment in their vicinity.

The ships which conveyed the Nogay emigrants to Constantinople, or to other points on the Turkish coast, offered a scene of human misery really heartrending. In order to form an idea of what this misery was, one must represent to oneself a heap of women, children, and men lying half dead on deck. The looks of the women were pale and emaciated; while their fathers, husbands, or brothers seemed to be stupefied under the double effect of their own sufferings and the miseries of those feeble creatures who were struggling with



A WOMAN OF LAZESTAN.

privations of all sorts. The hardships which these outcasts had to put up with while contending and negotiating with the enemy were enough to try the patience and endurance of anyone; but what they suffered on their voyage could scarcely be believed possible for human beings to endure. Of course great numbers succumbed under the weight, and died either on the road or soon after setting foot on what they considered to be their promised land.

On their arrival this destitute people threw themselves on the charity of the inhabitants, in the same way as a swarm of hungry locusts would have thrown itself on the crops of the peasant. Many of these, pushed by necessity or by the thirst for lucre, put their daughters and sons to auction and gave them to the highest bidder. Evidently for many it was a very great relief to rid themselves of several months which wanted

feeding; for many others, however, the sale was necessary in order to procure for themselves a little capital which might help them to build their houses and till their new fields. The ever-generous Turks rushed from all sides to the slave market, with the object of getting a good stock of domestics for their households. The emigration of these Nogays was an opportunity, they thought, which no wise man ought to let escape, as henceforward the supply of slaves would become a matter not to be depended upon. It is true that the Nogays, being a notoriously ugly race, the customers who bartered for them could not be accused of being actuated by that lust for which the Turks have acquired notoriety. Those, therefore, who hastened to invest money on a Nogay girl or lad did it with a view of procuring for their households a cheap sort of menial, whom they could employ as it might suit best.

A couple of children, like those represented on page 212, were sold on landing at Constantinople, Sinope, Trebizond, or at any other of the sea-ports of the Black Sea for a mere trifle, averaging between five and fifteen pounds. Though slavery is an institution universally condemned, yet it must be said that in this particular instance the bargains made between Nogays and Turks were equally advantageous to the buyer, to the seller, and to the sold. Evidently, if the Turk was benefited by getting useful helpmates for his household, so also did the Nogays, who managed to free themselves from an incumbrance, profit by the transaction. As for the children, it was better for them to be clad and fed in a Turkish house than to be abandoned in the streets, victims of nakedness and starvation.

As soon as a vessel arrived, the khans and mosques of the locality were filled with crowds of refugees of both sexes, many of whom were in such a state that they had hardly strength enough to drag their weary frames to the spot destined for their reception. The Turkish Government did not fail to give a helping hand to these unfortunate victims of their own aberration and infatuation; but help, however eagerly offered, invariably fails to meet exigencies, and to obviate the harm which has once been done.

The charitable task of affording relief to the poor Nogays was confided to a special commission, which rushed to every spot where help was required. Of course the members of this commission had also their share in the purchase of boys and girls; but, as I have said, this kind of slave-trade constituted one of the principal means of relief, and in that the members of the commission showed themselves as praiseworthy as anyone else.

The number of Nogays who emigrated to Turkey in 1860 is reckoned at 32,000. Of these the greater part was sent to Asia Minor, where they made settlements between Smyrna and Koniah. That this emigration was a boon for Turkey is more than doubtful; for while the Treasury and the country people had to make heavy sacrifices in order to assist the emigrants, these in their turn have done very little to benefit the districts on which they settled. On the contrary, their depredatory proclivities have contributed to render them the scourge of the neighbourhood in which they reside.

The catastrophe of 1864 took everyone by surprise. The struggle between the Circassians and the Russians was, in the belief of the masses, a sort of chronic complaint which defied equally the fatal blow of death and the healing hand of the surgeon. But the crisis was nevertheless at hand, as neither the valour of the mountaineers nor the encouragement of their

foreign abettors could check any longer the onslaught of the Russian hosts. In fact, the Russians, by dint of perseverance and well-devised operations, had succeeded in ascending the northern declivities of the Caucasian range. Once masters of the crests, the Russians in their descent hurled their masses upon the Circassians, driving them to the sea pell-mell, men, women, and children.

The success of the Russian arms having left to the Circassians the alternatives of submission or emigration, they gave their option for the latter course, and decided on crossing over to Turkey. It must be said that those who gave their option for emigration did not constitute the majority of the Circassians. Those who took to emigration as their last resource were the men who had compromised themselves too much to hope for mercy from the conqueror. These people were something like 150,000, old and young, men and women; while those who have remained in the country, submitting themselves to Russian rule, exceed twice that number. This statement will serve to rectify the notion which people have that the whole of Circassia has become a wilderness, where nothing else is to be found but the bones of its slaughtered inhabitants.

Coming now to the emigration of 1864, the appalling disasters which attended it were the inevitable results of a long protracted strife, and of the determination of Russia to put an end once for all to useless bloodshed. Driven on the beach, the Circassians had to capitulate, the sea was on one side and the Russian bayonets on the other. The conqueror was not in a temper to allow them much respite, and thus fighting men, as well as women and children, had to throng promiscuously the little boats and skiffs which were to take them across to the southern shore of the Black Sea. The sufferings which the thousands and thousands of destitutes had to endure during that terrible period are beyond the power of comprehension.

An iron belt encompassed the fugitives from behind, allowing them neither breath nor respite, while destitution and starvation were producing havoc and slaughter in the midst of them. The only hope in such a forlorn position was the sea, but in vain did they gaze on the horizon, and every hour their hope for relief was growing fainter and fainter. The first boats that went to their rescue were assailed, as may be conceived, by thousands of wretched beings, who clung to them as being their last plank of salvation. The boats, however, could each hardly hold more than twenty or thirty people, who escaped the fate of their companions by treading on them and crushing out their last fainting efforts.

But once across, new privations and new hardships were in store for the wretched emigrants, many of whom breathed their last just at the moment they put their feet on what they considered as being a promised land. As neither shelter, food, nor garments could at a moment's notice be supplied to the swarms of destitutes which every fresh arrival left on the beach, every place along the coast was transformed into a hospital or a burial ground. It can be said, without fear of exaggerating, that of those who succeeded in attaining the Turkish coast, a full third left their corpses on the beach, where either the waves washed them off or the birds and beasts of prey devoured them.

But what will scarcely be believed possible, is the fact that in the midst of these horrid scenes, the Turks should have fallen with eagerness on the destitute Circassians in order to pick

up all the niceties their lust could detect. Deaf to commiseration and pity, the wily Turk strolled coolly amongst the prostrated and half-dead beauties, eagerly seeking to pick up some rare jewel. A crowd of slave-dealers hastened from Constantinople to Trebizond, Sinope, Batum, &c., with cash in hand, ready to pounce on any slave they might get hold of. Many of these slave-dealers were people dispatched to the spot by the Pashas of Constantinople, who informed them of the place where the Circassians were to land. With the sagacity of skilful jobbers they had foreseen that it was necessary, in order to make good purchases, to fall on the refugees before they could recover from their panic and destitution. They foresaw that under such circumstances many would not hesitate to sell their wives or daughters in exchange for a few piastres.

Splendid bargains were thus made at that epoch, and a brisk business was carried on all along the eastern coast of the Black Sea without scruple or remorse. These bargains seem to have been so good that the slave-dealers realised their ideal of business, viz., that of filling the Constantinople harems with inmates and their own pockets with money. Pashas and slave-dealers were aware that henceforth the supply of slaves would diminish considerably, as drought would follow the harvest. This accounts for their haste to make hay whilst the sun was shining. The rest of the Circassian emigrants, those, I mean, who preferred not to be sold, were dispatched to different parts of the Turkish empire in Anatolia, as well as in Roumelia.

At Batum I and my party were visited by one or two batches of Circassian refugees, but no business was transacted between us; and that for the simple reason that we had no money to spend on such luxuries as Circassian slaves. But even if we could have done so, I think that few amongst us would have been tempted to part with their money for the sake of creatures who appeared to us anything but prepossessing. *De gustibus et coloribus*, says the old Latin proverb, *non est disputandum*; and thus we may as well drop the subject and avoid entering into the discussion of the attractions possessed by the fugitives from the Caucasus.

But if the beauties of Circassia were incapable of exciting us, the turmoil arising from the sudden collapse of the Circassian tribes awoke us from the lethargy of garrison life. The agitation produced in the Turkish provinces bordering the Black Sea and the frontier line, was so terrible that the inhabitants got it into their heads that the fall of Circassia was a foreboding of the approaching end of the world. This physical cataclysm was to be brought about, according to their belief, through the instrumentality of the wicked Muscovites, who were destined to fulfil the Creator's will and command. In the midst of this panic some comical incidents were to be expected, and the Pasha of Batum was the hero of a farce which had no other ground to stand upon but his inflamed brain.

It seems that this faithful servant of the Sultan had for some time entertained the suspicion that the Russians were meditating a *coup de main* on Batum, a place which, according to him, Russia wanted to get hold of at any cost. Batum, as may be seen on reference to a map, is the only good port of Georgia, to which it ought to serve the purpose of a natural outlet. Turkey, however, has managed somehow to keep it, thus obliging Russia to carry on her trade by Poti, an unsafe bay, difficult to approach, whose only advantage is that it lies

somewhat nearer Tiflis, the capital of the Russian Transcaucasia. Batum, on the contrary, is a well-protected harbour of great depth, where large steamers can lie close to the beach, and find all sorts of facilities for discharging or taking in their cargo. At present, it is true, little use is made of this fine harbour; the shipping returns showing not more than twenty or thirty arrivals and departures a year.

This total neglect of the only available harbour which exists along a coast of two hundred and fifty miles extent—viz., from Trebizond to Sokhum—is the result of the want of communication between Batum and the neighbouring provinces. The Turks are too idle to think of opening a commercial route from this point up to Artvin, Ardahan, Kars, and the Persian frontier; while the Russians do not care to make Batum an outlet for the trade of their Georgian provinces. If Batum was theirs, then matters would assume quite a different aspect, as they would not be long in connecting Tiflis with this harbour by the means of a practical thoroughfare.

The fact of the Russians having their eyes on Batum has the effect of rendering the Turks jealous, and of keeping them on the alert lest their neighbours should pounce upon a slice of territory which otherwise is totally worthless to them. The pasha of the place was, however, a well-informed individual, and as such he was fully aware of the delicacy of his position and of the importance of his territory. This will be enough to explain the constant anxiety in which the poor man lived. Like a faithful dog, his ears were always pricked, while his eyes watched closely the people on the other side of the frontier.

The Circassian catastrophe had naturally the effect of rendering more suspicious and distrustful this vigilant guardian of the frontier, who ended at last by suspecting even common bats and crows of treasonable intelligence with the Russians. While our pasha was in this state of mind, an innocent member of a family of merchants came one day from Georgia and stopped at one of the houses of Batum. This arrival of a Greek merchant from the Russian territory frightened the pasha out of his wits, as he became convinced that the man was a spy, and that his bales of silk contained the ammunition of an invading army.

Under the impulse of an excited mind, the pasha gives me the order to get hold of the merchant and lock him up inside a barn, which on the occasion was converted into a State prison. This first operation was soon followed up by the seizure of Kirie Marcopulos' property, his trunks, papers, bales, and so forth. During the cross-examination to which the unfortunate merchant was submitted, the pasha thought he could detect incontestable proofs of high treason, which would justify him in dealing in a high-handed way with the individual. Fearing, however, to take upon himself too heavy an amount of responsibility, he decided on sending the supposed spy to Constantinople under escort, so as to leave the matter to the decision of his superiors.

Marcopulos was thus removed from his prison and put on board a steamer bound for Trebizond and Constantinople. But no sooner did M. Steyer, the French consul of the place, hear of the treatment to which the merchant had been submitted, than a protest was handed over to the pasha with the intimation that the prisoner must be at once released. In his ultimatum the consul did not fail to threaten the pasha with breaking off diplomatic relations in case satisfaction were not immediately given.

The threats of the consul produced their effect, as the bewildered pasha recanted his hasty policy and promised to satisfy the consul's request. Without loss of time the pasha commissioned me, therefore, to overtake the prisoner at Trebizond, and carry him back to Batum, where he was to be

delivered into the hands of the consul. The *Medjidieh* frigate was at once ordered to leave for Trebizond, and her captain received the injunction to conform himself to my instructions. Two hours had scarcely elapsed after the issuing of the orders than we lifted the anchor and set out on our errand.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—IV.

THE ACALOTES.

THE water-ways that traverse these immense marshes have been called "canals," from want of a better word, for canal is not a correct synonym of *acalote*. The latter differs essentially from our idea of the former. They are simply extended stretches of open water, bordered on each side by a floating morass—the *cinta*. Of course they are without tow-path, or any other practicable roads along their edge. Where they pass out of the lakes and through higher ground, as from Tomatlan to the capital, they bear more resemblance to the ordinary kind of canal. They do not always trend in a straight line, but frequently bend about and go zig-zagging. Not unfrequently, too, they get blocked up by *bandoleros*, or moving masses of the *cinta*, detached by storms, and sometimes by the shaking of an earthquake. These, drifted about by the wind, or carried along with the waters, cannot get into the *acalotes*, and cause a temporary stoppage of the traffic, the boatmen being compelled either to cut their way through them—a difficult and tedious task—or else to make a long détour through some reach that remains open. A curious danger is to be apprehended from these *bandoleros*—almost as great as may occur in an encounter with the real robbers who bear that title. It often occurs that a solitary Indian fisher or fowler, paddling his little craft along some remote water, may get surrounded by the drifting masses, and hemmed in beyond the possibility of escape. The *bandoleros* will not bear his weight, nor can his boat be taken either through or over them; and as there may be nine feet of water underneath, his situation is a hopeless one. Swimming through the thick sedge is out of the question, and his only chance of escape from a visible and lingering death is in having his cries heard by some one, like himself, wandering through the wilderness of the *tulario*.

In some places where the *acalotes* run along the lake's edge they have a bordering of trees, and the scenery is less monotonous. Some of these water-reaches present very attractive landscapes, from the blending of a beautiful green foliage with water of crystal clearness, for Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco are both limpid. Isolated *cerros* appear over the tops of the trees, and in the distant background, when the eye turns in that direction, may be seen the splendid snow-covered cone of Popocatepec, or the equally white, though irregular, profile of Ixticihuatl.

A SNOW-FED STREAM.

Leaving the town of Chalco, we continued our ride around the lake, now going northward.

About a mile from the town we crossed the river Tlal-

manalco, a permanent stream that draws most part of its supply from the two *nevadas* just mentioned. Up near the mountains the river Tlalmanalco affords good water-power, which is made available for the ironworks of San Rafael and the extensive factory of Miraflores, the latter employed in the fabrication of *fresadas*, *serapes*, and other "dry-goods" articles of Mexican wear. There are also the grist-mills of Moral. Shortly after crossing the river we came upon another of the roads leading out of the valley, that which runs through the town of Ameca and up through the pass between the two great snow-mountains. It was the road by which Cortez first entered the valley, coming from the Puebla plain. It is still occasionally travelled, though not to any great extent, as the Great National Road. Around the northern flank of Ixticihuatl is the main route taken by travellers going eastward. The pass between the two mountains is nearly 11,000 feet above sea-level, with an indifferent road, at times rendered more difficult by the obstruction of snow. About a mile beyond the Tlalmanalco River we struck the Great National Road running from Vera Cruz to the capital; it is at this point deflected from its due east-and-west course, so as to skirt the southern edge of Lake Chalco. A group of isolated *cerros* cause the deflection, the most conspicuous of them being the *Cerro del Pino*.

It was at this point the American army met its first obstruction after entering the valley. The road was defended by a line of strong works, the *cerro* forming part of them. General Scott, taking counsel from a skilful artillery officer, Colonel Duncan, decided not to attempt these fortifications, but to take the route around the southern side of Chalco, which a reconnaissance had shown to be practicable. Hence his after-operations in the valley were confined to its southern and south-western section, and the city was eventually entered from the west, instead of along the direct route from the east.

Riding along the National Road, we for a time turned our faces towards the capital—this to get round the before-mentioned mountains before striking northward for Tezcoco.

A FISHING VILLAGE.

We soon entered Ayotla, a place of some repute in times past, though now put a poor mud-built village, as are nearly all those inhabited by the descendants of the Aztecs.

Ayotla is one of the ports of Lake Chalco, and the place which sends its chief supply of fish to the markets of the capital. It is only from the fresh-water lakes of Chalco and Xochimilco that fish can be procured; in the four northern lakes there are none, the waters of some of them being too

highly impregnated with saline substances for fish to live in them, while the others at times become quite dried up.

There are six or seven species inhabiting Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, all of small size. The largest is known as *amilote*, a pleasant-tasting fish in much request upon Mexican tables, especially during Lent days. Another smaller kind is the *xalmichi*, or "sand-fish;" while a species of still smaller dimensions, about seven inches in length, bears the sesquipedalian Aztec appellation of *xacapitzahua*.

There are two or three kinds of small fry bearing a resemblance to our minnows and sticklebacks. One of these

water, commence running and darting about as swiftly as the old ones. The *mextlapique* is also cooked, done up into *tamales*, and eaten by the poorer classes of the population; in fact, the Indians of the Mexican Valley eat of every living thing there produced—insects, frogs and other reptiles, even repulsive tadpoles and the loathsome newt not excepted: This omnivorous and not very nice habit is easily accounted for; it comes from the conditions in which their Aztec ancestors lived when they dwelt upon the islets of these lakes, almost in a constant state of siege by outside enemies. Then they had to avail themselves of everything that could be converted into



A WATER-REACH.

is the *cuittlapellat*, supposed to possess medicinal virtues, and on this account often given by the Indians to their children. One of the most noted of these diminutive species is the *xohuile* of the Aztecs, in its Spanish orthography, *juil*. These little fish look remotely like whitebait, and are equally good to eat. The Mexicans cook them in a peculiar fashion, wrapped in husks of Indian corn, and in this way they are offered for sale under the name *tamales*, from their resemblance to another production of the Mexican *cuisine* bearing the name. The true *tamale*, a sort of maize dumpling mixed with meat, is also encased in corn-husks.

A curious little minnow found in the lakes, as also in the *acequias* or drains near the city, is the *mextlapique*. It is little over an inch in length, and when squeezed between the fingers voids a sort of capsule, containing about thirty or forty young miniature models of itself. These, as soon as set free in the

food; and what was at first only a shift, at length became a habit, to which their descendants still cling.

A PARADISE FOR WATER-FOWL.

From the abundance of small fry in its lakes and *acequias*, the Valley of Mexico is a paradise for fish-feeding birds; and here the king-fisher finds a congenial home. His beautiful azure plumage is often seen as he darts from point to point, or sits upon a dead branch contemplating a fresh spring upon his prey.

The lake system of this singular basin, with its vast surface of rank aquatic vegetation, is attractive to many other birds as well. Almost every species of water and wading fowl belonging to the North American continent find their way hither. Several kinds make it their permanent home, breeding among the sedges of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco,

while others are migratory, visiting the valley only at certain seasons.

A large business is done in the duck-shooting line; and from these, with other birds, an immense amount of provender is procured. It has been computed that not less than a million of them are annually consumed in the city of Mexico and the other towns of the valley. In shooting and otherwise capturing them—of which we intend giving some account hereafter—employment is found for a considerable number of people dwelling around the lakes.

VALUABLE VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS.

The sedges of Chalco and Xochimilco also contribute to the industry of the valley. The white pulpy root of the bulrush is eaten by the Indians, while its culms are employed for thatching their humble domiciles; it is also plaited into *petates*. The *petate* is a thin mat of rectangular form, about the size of an ordinary blanket, which figures conspicuously in every Mexican cottage. Two or three of them may be seen spread upon the earthen floor, with usually one of the family seated or squatting upon them. At night they are converted into sleeping-places, either still lying along the floor, or upon a raised platform equally hard, of mud and stone, sometimes a staging of sticks. Rolled in his *serape*, this is all of bed the Mexican proletarian ever reclines on, and, indeed, in this mild climate there is not much need for better.

In the *tierra caliente*, where the palm-tree grows, the *petate* is woven from its leaves. On some of the high plateaux, as that of the Mexican Valley, the bulrush offers a substitute, though it does not make quite so elegant an article as that of palm-leaf.

Another species of aquatic plant—a kind of *Juncus*—called *atetelzon*, is also eaten by the Indians; as also a species of polygonum (*P. hydro Piper*) bearing the name *achili*. It is so called from its caustic taste, resembling the cultivated species of chili (*Capsicum*). A large amount of forage is obtained from

these lakes, several kinds of aquatic grasses growing on the *cinta* being excellent fodder both for horses and cattle.

A SCANTINESS OF TIMBER.

The arborescent vegetation of the valley is not either very grand or luxuriant. There are forests of heavy timber—mostly pine—on the slopes of the surrounding *sierras*, but down in the valley itself trees are scarce and few in species. This is supposed not to have been the case in the old Aztec times, when many portions of the plain now exposed were shadowed over with thick-standing trees. Two or three grand cypress-groves, still in existence, would seem to confirm the supposition.

The Peruvian pepper-tree (*Schinus molle*) is one of the kinds most met with, and poplars are planted along the sides of some of the roads (*calzadas*), while the *mezquite*, with several other species of leguminous trees, abounds upon the lava-strewn tracts, clothing also the sides of the *cerros*. Here and there an arborescent yucca may be seen standing by the roadside, its thick branches of bayonet-like leaves giving a peculiar aspect to the vegetation, and robbing it of the resemblance to a scene in the temperate zone.

The plants, however, that most contribute to this are the great *maguay* and the different kinds of *Cactus*, and *Echinocactus*, seen everywhere, the former in fields, cultivated, the latter growing wild. Certain kinds of them, too, receive attention from the tiller of the soil, as the columnar cactus, which is planted in rows around cottage gardens, and forms a fence as good as it is singular and pretty.

As shortly after passing Ayotla, we left the National Road and turned our faces northward, we might have fancied there was no vegetation at all within the Valley of Mexico, for before us extended the great salt lake, surrounded by a vast level plain, having all the appearance of a desert. The Sahara itself could scarce show a landscape more sterile in soil or forbidding in aspect than that presented to the view of the traveller standing upon the shores of Tezcoco.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—II.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

UP TO PETROPOLIS.

THE mean temperature of Rio has been recorded for a period of thirty years as 80° in the hot month of December, and 73½° in July, which is the coldest month. Though this does not seem excessive for a few days at a time, yet for a continuance it must be admitted to be rather trying for Europeans. It is tempered about noon by the sweet sea-breeze, without which the heat would often be intolerable; and a period of unusual heat is generally followed by a thunderstorm, to restore coolness to the air and fresh fragrance to the flowers. But a stranger soon finds himself longing to be across the bay and up among the mountains, which seem almost to beckon to him with their strange finger-like peaks. It is easily done.

Having sent forward our baggage with a couple of negroes

and a clumsy cart, we had our usual luncheon of prawn salad and bottled porter, and then hired another black gentleman in white shirt and trousers, who for the consideration of three or four “dumps,” or pence, led us through the intricate streets and crowds of coffee-carts down to the quay, whence a small steamer starts every day at two o’clock. Here, to our great satisfaction, we found that we were to be in charge of an Englishman, who has long managed this line of traffic, and, amidst all the clatter of negroes, and confusion of all sorts of passengers and baggage, seems to be able to settle everything to the satisfaction of everybody. No visitor to Rio is likely to forget George Land, who, in spite of a life of exposure to heat and rain, has preserved the jovial face, the sturdy health, and the cheerful activity of the best sons of Britain. All sorts of

people wanting any communication or business between Rio and Petropolis knew that if he undertook to do it, it would infallibly be done. The price of each ticket is ten milreis, or one guinea, including the steamer, railway, and coach up the serra; but anything in the way of heavy baggage makes a formidable addition to the bill.

We started punctually, with the most motley collection of fellow-travellers that could well be imagined, in a small steamer with a roofed deck, so that everybody could sit in the shade if they liked; while there was nothing to prevent anyone from carrying up a stool and sitting on the roof, to enjoy the unimpeded view of the scenery, if he were not afraid of the blazing sun. Reversing the usual order of things, the best and most fashionable part of the vessel was towards the bows, where we could get the whole benefit of the breeze, while abaft the engines the smell of oil, combined with the tropical heat, would have been fearful. It was abandoned to negro rustics returning from selling their fruit and poultry at Rio, and among them was a mule tied by the head close to an immense heap of loose oranges piled upon the deck and reaching to his heels. The speed was very fair; and as we passed the end of Governador Island, itself eight miles long, and saw islands of all sorts and sizes stretching away to our right, we began to get some notion of the extent of the Bay of Rio. Some of these islands we passed within a very short distance, and found them to be exquisite retreats, crowned with palms, and covered with vegetation down to the very edge of the sea, which rippled in the cool shade of dark overhanging branches. Other islands were merely composed of bare blocks of granite, piled together to the height of only a few feet above the sea, and looking very like groups of detached boulders deposited in a glacial period.

At length the details of the mainland at the foot of the mountains became somewhat more distinct, hill and forest stepping out of a garment of purple haze, and showing the lustre of their individual colours. After a course of fifteen or sixteen miles in an hour and a half, we landed upon a wooden pier connected with the Mauá railway, and felt that we were on the threshold of an enchanted land, as the train carried us through masses of ferns new to us, among golden blossoms, wondrous creepers, and the pure white flowers of a highly-perfumed species of lily. The railway is carried for about ten or eleven miles over a flat country, winding occasionally among the isolated woody hills that rise out of low and sometimes swampy ground, which suggests excessive heat and abundant malaria, the natural concomitants of such luxuriant vegetation. Half an hour of this travelling took us to the terminus at Raiz da Serra, or foot of the range, where we soon found how quickly and systematically all the arrangements of the company in general, and George Land in particular, were carried out. There were eight or ten carriages, with four mules each, ready near the end of the platform, and as each of our tickets had a number corresponding with that of one of these vehicles, no time was lost. The heavy baggage was left to come up slowly after us, and in a couple of minutes the coaches filed out of the yard, and began to rattle up a kind of tropical Simplon.

This road has been made in zigzag fashion through the forests which cover the side of the mountain, and in the course of about ten miles it attains its highest point, which is close upon 3,000 feet above the sea. The original cost of it was enormous, and the perpetual expense of keeping it in repair is

very great, for it is washed by terrific rains, which, falling on the mountains, find the road a convenient watercourse for their escape. Fortunately, the supply of granite all along the line is boundless, and a large number of labourers succeed in keeping it well macadamised, though hardly so completely as before the Pedro II. Railway took away a great portion of the traffic. It is but one step from the railway-station and the hissing engine to the beauties of a road now carried under the shade of the forest monarchs, and now emerging upon some sudden view of the Bay of Rio, the Sugarloaf, and the mountains behind the city, already blue in the distance. Each new bend gives some fresh feature in the ever-extending prospect; and the only regret felt is that the coaches, bent upon business-like punctuality, will not allow a moment's halt, but keep up a fast trot till they reach a place called Botequim, consisting of a few huts and ranchos for mules, about half-way up the mountain. It is a badly-chosen spot, out in the full glare of the sun; but one of the huts supplies refreshments, and while the mules are being hastily changed the passengers, half grilled, jump out of their prisons, and clamour for wine, coffee, caña, or brandy and water, as the case may be. But the fresh teams are ready, and in such a hurry that woe-betide a thirsty dawdler. As you get into the fourth or fifth carriage you will see several of them already trotting up the zigzag overhead, while the rest are coming up from below, where, as the sailors say, you might pitch a biscuit on them. We must wait for an opportunity of walking down the road leisurely, to examine all the delightful objects by the wayside; for while you may always walk up-hill ahead of a Swiss diligence, it is a very different thing with the plucky little mules of Brazil, who never stop to walk; and to alight for a minute of flower-picking would probably involve your being left behind.

There is plenty of time, however, to admire the magnificence of the trees, and the astonishing creepers and trailers that cling to their sides and hang from their topmost branches; and after having frequently travelled over this road at very different seasons of the year, I can safely say that at all times I have seen some or other of them in full and brilliant bloom. We can also see that many parts of the low roadside banks are covered with dense masses of *Adiantum cuneatum*, the maiden-hair fern of English hothouses; while over these stand huge *Blechnums*, *Lomarias*, and *Lycopodiums* of various species, in the intervals between the yellow *Cassias* and gorgeous *Melastomas*, whose branches, in May and June, hang down almost to the roof of the coach, and drop great purple blossoms on the head of the passer-by. There is one particular corner of the road which I never can forget. The tall trunk of a magnificent *Jiquitibá* tree—properly called, I believe, *Couratari Estrellensis*—supported its dark-green head and orchid-clad branches far above its immediate neighbours and the tree-ferns about their feet. By its side, and partly concealing the trunk, was a block of granite some thirty or forty feet high, enjoying the cool shade, and covered with the moss of ages, among which hung down long fringes of the *Nephrolepis exaltata*, with its bright green fronds about six feet in length. The top of the rock was graced with crimson cactus, and a little stream at its feet watered a bed of the most beautiful *Begonias* I have ever seen. Their elephant-eared leaves, of shining dark green above and blood-red below, were crowned by large bunches of pink and white flowers at a height of six or eight feet from the ground, and shone out to perfection against the dark moss of the rock.

The road is carried over the lowest depression of the range, and some time before reaching the highest bends, the sun is hidden from us by the neighbouring mountain; though as we reach the level, and the mules seem to fly round the last corner, we have a farewell view over the now shaded forest stretching some 3,000 feet below us, far away across the Bay of Rio, to the city and to the Atlantic, all still shining in the evening glow. A fresh breeze sweeps through the cutting at the top of the pass, the road declines a little, the gallant little mules seem to make a kind of race in for the last mile and a half, and exactly at six o'clock we find them pulled up at the door of M'Dowall's Hotel in Petropolis. Having given due

before the building of the new palace in the middle of the town, and, as usual in Brazilian country-houses, it had the advantage of all the rooms being upon one floor. We had a set of rooms opening upon a wide marble balcony and verandah, whence a flight of stone steps leads down into the garden. The months of May and June correspond with the northern November and December, but our mountain garden was even then a very brilliant affair. Let me endeavour here, among the London chimneys, to recall some of its beauties. Some large trees of the double *Althea* were covered with their carnation-like blooms, and near them were a couple of *Gardenias*, here about eight feet high, perfuming the air with their



AFRICAN BELLES IN BRAZIL

notice of our coming, we were welcomed by the landlord and his factotum, both Englishmen who have married German wives, after the usual manner of English bachelors settling in this part of the world. There are plenty of Germans in the place, and in German women Englishmen find clean, steady, industrious, and active companions, while it would be difficult indeed to find these qualities in the natives of the country. Dinner at the hotel is always ready within a few minutes of the arrival of the coaches: the mountain air adds greatly to a Rio appetite, and we were none of us in a humour to keep the feast waiting. Then we moved our chairs into the verandah to enjoy the evening cigar by the brilliant starlight, while the bullfrogs amused us with their frantic rattle in the distance, and the fireflies flashed merrily among the trees of the garden which we intended to investigate in the morning.

The house had been a country residence of the Emperor

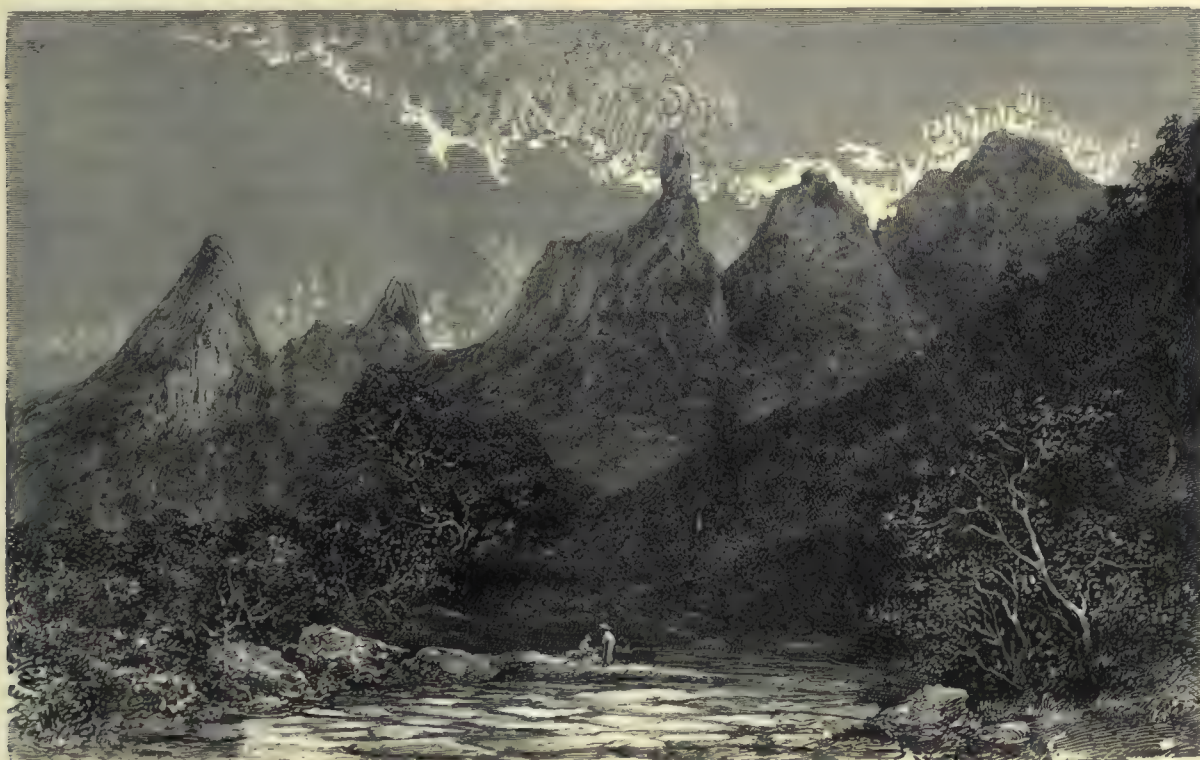
abundant blossoms. The *Metrosideros*, with its flower-stems like crimson bottle-brushes, *Poinsettias* of a still more brilliant red, and *Camellias*, all growing to a height of about fifteen feet, were surrounded by various species of *Mimosa* mixed with white roses, yellow Chinese lilies, Neapolitan violets, and other cultivated flowers, all under the care of a very ugly black gardener, who served as a foil to the beauties by which he was surrounded. Several kinds of humming-birds enjoyed themselves all day among the flowers, and we used to take special delight in watching a dark green one, with a golden tinge, whose particular pasture-ground was an immense red salvia, close to the balcony. They were very tame, and a few were even caught in our rooms and liberated after a severe fright. Beyond the flower-garden, black Matteo loved to tend his vegetables, and beyond these again came a small grove of figs, bananas, and orange-trees, out of which a path had been

cut winding up the natural hillside among the woods. Here we at once found ourselves in the midst of the purple-flowered *Melastomas* and yellow *Cassias* in full splendour up to their topmost branches. Ferns, too, were in very great abundance, among the most conspicuous being two species of *Gleichenia*, whose fronds, branching out like the horns of a stag, hung down the banks for a distance of twenty or thirty feet. The garden wall was a mine in itself, almost covered with ferns, including several *Blechnums* and *Polypodiums*, beautiful plants of silver fern, and the curious *Anemidictyon Phyllitidis*, with its twin-spiked fertile fronds, of which we ultimately found five distinct species.

From this eminence a tolerable idea may be had of the position and appearance of Petropolis. It is a small scattered

front of the Emperor's palace, and have a very graceful form when in the prime of life, but the old ones become very ragged and ugly.

Petropolis has been a successful result of colonisation. Little more than forty years ago it was described as "the miserable little village of Corrego Secco." The Emperor Pedro I. bought up the land and planted German emigrants upon it; his son has followed his example, and made it his own residence for part of the year. Most of the foreign ministers spend as much as possible of their time there, and during the hot season all the pretty houses and gardens in the place are eagerly taken up by the grilled residents of Rio de Janeiro. All this, of course, finds occupation for the quiet colonists and others who bring in fruit and vegetables, eggs,



THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

town, straggling out in all directions according to the lines of valleys separating the hills among which it is built. Two nearly parallel streets are thus separated by a steep hill crowned with palms, bamboos, and fine hard wood trees, while here and there the lower part has been cleared and planted with the coarse grass which is the usual fodder of the country. This variety of vegetation, aided by the beautiful colours of many of the flowering trees, has a very charming effect, brought in as it is amongst the groups of white houses, and looking, so to speak, right into their windows. Bright little streams come down most of the valleys, and unite to form the river Piabanha, which ultimately carries all the water of Petropolis to the Parahiba, after imparting health and freshness to the place by being carried in broad currents between double roads in most of the principal thoroughfares. On both sides of these streams are planted rows of *Araucaria* and *Catalpa*-like trees, which give such shade and shelter that they are commonly called umbrellas. The *Araucarias* are particularly fine in

poultry, maize, and grass from their homes in the surrounding valleys. German is the most useful language after Portuguese, and will generally call forth a smiling answer to anyone who stops to ask about the country. Besides the English hotel, there is the large Braganza Hotel, and several smaller places for poorer travellers. Very good carriages may be hired; and though there is only one good road far out from home, yet there are plenty of very pretty short drives in the neighbourhood.

Here, then, we settled down to enjoy ourselves for a couple of months; and it was evident, from the number of separate hills and valleys, that the variety of excursions would be almost inexhaustible. The first was a drive of about five miles along the high road to a place where, leaving the carriage to be stared at by a family of darkeys living in a hut by the wayside, we walked down a steep and winding path to see the *Cascatinas*, or waterfall of the Piabanha, which here plunges down partly as a fall, and partly as a rapid, through the luxuriant forest on both sides of its banks. It was high

festival for the fern-hunters, and in the first quarter of an hour's delight we filled our *vasculums* almost to bursting-point. Almost the first thing I saw was the branching *Adiantum trapesiforme*, whose exquisite fronds I had never seen except in the hot-house at Kew Gardens. A little lower down were *Lygodiums*, or climbing ferns, several lovely species of *Pteris*, some of which we have not yet been able to name, the curious *Diplazium plantagineum*, with its viviparous fronds, and noble specimens of tree-ferns. Presently we came to the trunk of a huge tree lately fallen across the path, which gave us a good idea of the varied vegetation that contrives to establish itself on the bark of a monarch of the forest. A botanist at Rio once remarked to me that it would take a fortnight to completely botanise such a tree, and I could easily believe it when I saw what a collection of ferns, orchids, mosses, air-plants, arums, and all sorts of epiphytes it had brought down in its crashing fall from heaven. Gay orchids and red and yellow *Bromelias*, which had lived for years in pride and fancied security among its topmost boughs, now lay dragged on the moist earth; and, though lately only accessible to the boldest of monkeys, were trodden under foot by Brazilian cockneys. For in truth this place has been in some degree cocknified by the Emperor, who has supplied a table and benches near the water-side for the convenience of his holiday-making subjects, and they show their appreciation of his kindness by cutting their names on them in a manner worthy of the most sacrilegious Englishman. Close by is a cool spring of water, ornamented with clumps of the handsomest *Lycopodium* I have ever seen; and near this, in a thicker part of the woods, my companion found our first specimen of the *Asplenium mucronatum*. This wonderfully lovely and delicate fern seems always to grow upon the stems of trees, whence it hangs down like ribbons of green lace in bunches of fronds about two or three feet long, and scarcely more than half an inch wide, so light and tender that they almost float in the air as you hold them out by the root. By dint of a little scrambling among rocks and overhanging branches, we got along the side of the river-bank to near the base of the cascade, where we had a close view of the bursting shoots of foam flashing in the sunshine, while we were still in the deep cool shade. Then we sat down and sorted our treasures, as we could only find room for the best of them; and several more visits had to be paid before we could at all flatter ourselves that we had exhausted the Cascatinas. Even then it would have been an idle boast.

Whatever other companions a man may have in Petropolis, before all things it is necessary to carry a strong umbrella. Such rich vegetation requires a great deal of water, and no one can say how soon he may find himself overtaken by a tremendous downfall. Moreover, in the middle of the day during spring and summer the sun is to many people a much worse enemy than the rain, and the faithful umbrella is a protector against both. If there is no need of it in either capacity, it is as good as a stick to walk with; and, if it is a really strong one, it is admirably adapted for digging up plants, and sometimes defending its proprietor from dogs, which are by far the greatest drawback to pedestrians in this otherwise agreeable place. They are an abominable plague. No matter how poor a family may be in these secluded valleys, they are sure to have two or three filthy curs, which rush at any stranger coming at all near the house. Quietly following a narrow path, bent only on enjoying the scenery and botanising by the way, he is

suddenly made aware of the proximity of a house hidden in the woods by their barking rush, instantly followed by their presence in front to dispute his progress. The best thing is, as elsewhere, to pick up a stone if you can find one, which is by no means always the case; but sometimes they are not frightened even by this, and one of my companions would have had a hard fight of it one day if the savage brute that attacked him had not been dragged off by the woman of the house. Another day I came to a place where some women had been washing clothes, which were spread out to dry in front of the house. They had locked up the house and departed, leaving the linen in charge of a horrible black dog, who told me so plainly that he was big enough to stop me, that I preferred retreat to fighting him with an umbrella. A smaller specimen, following at the heels of an old negro, let me pass him quietly one day on the Minas Road, and then without a sound of warning turned round and bit me on the leg. I naturally felt rather uncomfortable about this for awhile, but I soon succeeded in persuading myself that the beast was not mad, and that this was only his way of taking notice of a stranger. So I continued my walk till the evening, when I was told that I ought to have gone back at once and bathed the limb with some wonderful remedy. We heard of an American officer who was so annoyed, that he carried a small revolver in his pocket, and shot a dog whenever he had a chance of doing it unobserved.

THE CONSUL'S VALLEY.

A friend informed us that one of the most interesting things to be done was to pay a visit to M. Waehnelde, the German consul, who lived in a small house away from all the rest of the world, high up among the forest, where a kind of ravine separates two lofty hills. Taking the wrong way at first, we came to a beautiful stream running among rocks, amongst which we scrambled up the stream for some distance, till their steepness stopped us at a spot well worth seeing; for there, among other masses of fern and forest tree hanging over the banks, were fuchsias, fifty or sixty feet high, still in bloom, though late in the season. The true path led us past a retired corner, where an extremely stout and benevolent old gentleman devoted much of his care to growing grapes and strawberries for the benefit of himself and his friends. Immediately behind his garden we came at once upon a new series of ferns, including, among others, *Doryopteris pedata*, with its ivy-leaved fronds; the arrow-headed *Doryopteris sagittifolia*, *Platyloma geraniifolia*, *Asplenium præmorsum*; and, choicest of all, *Gymnogramma tomentosa*. These all grew among rocks, where the forest had been for the most part cleared to make way for grass and mandioca, leaving only a few old trees entirely overgrown with curious parasitical plants, which climb up the trunk, seizing it in the arms which it throws out horizontally; these arms increase in number, and are pressed continually tighter till they exhaust the life of the unhappy object of their affections, crushing it to death like a boa-constrictor. For this reason, this parasite is appropriately called the *matador*, or executioner. A little higher up, after passing some magnificent clumps of *Begonias*, the path is carried up the hill in zig-zags, till at a height of about 500 or 600 feet above the town, it takes a turn round a corner into the mountain garden of the consul. Here, shut in by hill and forest on all sides but one, where he has a splendid view towards the south and west, he lives very much the life of a recluse among a collection of insects,

skins, stuffed birds, and curiosities picked up in many parts of South America; drawers full of prints, and walls covered with a most strange variety of pictures and engravings, which, in spite of the excessive dampness of the situation, were pretty well preserved. We found him full of information on many subjects, and his library contained books in most of the European languages. He has been of great use to his fellow Germans, the Imperial colonists; and the Emperor himself has climbed up to his aerial perch to consult with him. On the last evening we spent at Petropolis, I went up this hill to take a farewell view. The setting sun was hidden by intervening hills from the lower ground and even from the base of the trees immediately below me, but their broad dark crowns were still enveloped in a golden glory, which formed a wonderful contrast with range upon range of hills already buried in the blue shadows.

THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY.

One of our most favourite walks was the longer excursion to the Falls of Itamarity, which was long enough and beautiful enough to make us give it a whole day, and carry a lunch-bag, in addition to vasculums for plants, and the butterfly-net. The way to be followed is the Old Minas Road, now superseded by the magnificent road of the Uniaõ e Industria Company for all but quite local purposes. It gives an interesting illustration of how soon a road, though made of paving-stones like those in the Strand, will fall to pieces from neglect in a country where tremendous rains are working to destroy it, and a tropical vegetation is anxiously waiting to possess itself of every inch that is not covered with solid stone. The old work still appears in patches, but most of it has been washed into the ditch by the side and buried in an impenetrable tangle of trees and plants. For about a mile it rises gradually, passing by a few lonely houses, at one of which some disagreeable dogs were only kept in order by a group of negro laundresses, laughing as only negroes can, till presently we reached the highest point, and saw before us the Itamarity group of mountains, of which the highest summits only are visible from Petropolis. And now we knew the reason of the old Indian name, Itamarity, or the "rock which shines." Half-way up the chief summit is a vast surface of bare precipitous granite, which is kept moist by trickling water from above, and, always shining, is peculiarly brilliant against the western sun. This mountain appeared to be about 6,000 feet high, but a little beyond it on the left was one which seemed to be still higher; however, as it was blue with distance, it was difficult to make a good estimate. As we went down-hill with these wild mountains in front and rich forests beneath us on the left, we found an increasing supply of magnificent butterflies, and here my companion succeeded in securing his first specimen of the curiously lovely insect which is called by the Portuguese words for the number 88. It is blue and black on the upper side and red below, with the exact representation of the number in question on each lower wing; and as it flashes in the sun, turning first one side to the spectator and then the other, the brilliant transformation appears almost miraculous.

I knew that when I saw the place ten years before there was a bridge across the river which comes down from the falls to meet the Piabanha, near Padre Correa, and I remembered that a huge old *Araucaria* marked the spot. There was the ancient tree still spreading out its ungainly limbs, but in vain

we sought for a bridge to cross the broad but shallow stream. We went back to the nearest cottage, and found a very capital little Portuguese boy neatly dressed, but with nothing to protect his feet against thorns and jiggers, both of which are formidable. He took us down again to the water-side, and showed us how, with the aid of a few good jumps, we could make use of rude stepping-stones in default of the bridge which had been carried away in a flood some years ago, and which, in a country where everybody uses mules and none but lunatics are supposed to walk, no parochial or other authorities had attempted to replace. As usual, near the water we found a great increase of butterflies, some of them immensely large and beautiful; but no one who has not tried it in such a country can have any idea of the difficulty of catching the larger species. Instead of fluttering in a timid fashion from flower to flower, they are amazingly wide-awake, and move with such strength and swiftness that it is no easy matter to keep up with the chase. I was right as to my remembrance of the old *Araucaria*; and, after stopping to seize a rather sleepy butterfly on its trunk, we turned up to the right, following a very narrow path close by the side of the rapid stream. Here, in moist shady places, the double-spiked *Anemidictyon* attained a height of three and four feet, and a magnificent *Lygodium* in full fructification had knotted itself into a confused mass like blackberries in an English hedgerow. Some time before, in a hotter season of the year, I had seen an *Iguana* of very large size bolt across this path close in front of me, but none of his descendants favoured us with an appearance in these degenerate days. The path ascends very gradually for about half an hour close by the river tumbling over its rocky bed, but generally concealed from view by masses of wood. Somewhat higher up we found a great quantity of *Asplenium subcordatum*, its branching fronds being three or four feet high, and the smooth black rachis as thick as a pencil. At last, after winding past the base of an enormous overhanging rock, we found ourselves suddenly face to face with the double waterfall. The utter seclusion of this spot, the stillness of all except the rushing water as it emerges from its bed in the dark forest to plunge over the sunny rocks, and the charming groups of trees and ferns, palms and bamboos, above and around, all have a fascination which makes it difficult to turn away. Between the upper and lower falls there is a large pool in the rocky basin, from one side of which the lower and principal fall takes a leap of about sixty or eighty feet; and an unfortunate German, who trusted himself to the tempting bath, was carried over, and killed among the rocks below.

We made an unsuccessful attempt to find an old path communicating directly between the head of the falls and Petropolis, instead of the circuitous route which we had taken; but we were at all events repaid by the discovery of a valley, in which unusually abundant moisture had produced such luxuriant vegetation that we named it the Valley of Giants. Here alone we found the magnificent *Didymochlena trunculata*, with its fountains of dark massive fronds, from six to eight feet in height; and here were some marvellous *Acrostichums*, of which it was hard to believe at first that the barren fronds belonged to ferns at all. Their *pinnae* were large, dark, and shining, like the leaves of a Portugal laurel, and one species presented the strange phenomenon of having the stalk jointed like a geranium, and showing abundant juice when broken.

The fertile fronds of this family of ferns were rather scarce, and their discovery was always hailed with great satisfaction. Very near the same spot my companion found a single specimen of the splendid *Acrostichum pectinatum*, and we returned loaded with a variety of new treasures for our collection. I believe I may truly say that during the few months that we spent among these Brazilian hills, we never took a fresh line without finding something that we had not seen in all our previous expeditions. The interest and excitement were therefore always intense as we plunged into a new part of the dark forests, pushing and forcing our way through the jungle, pulling ourselves up by the aid of rope-plants and branches, and struggling with all the difficulties of insecure footing on a steep hillside, composed of loose rocks, dead trees, and old roots, all overgrown with such dense vegetation that it was impossible to see where to put our feet. We used to keep up communications by an occasional shout or whistle, and when hands and vasculums could contain no more, we pushed our way out again to some open place where, though hot, dirty, and grievously dishevelled, we found our reward and delight in comparing and gloating over our respective discoveries. To give some idea of the joys awaiting a fern-hunter among the Organ Mountains, it is enough to say that we collected and dried 200 species, out of which I doubt much if I had ever seen a dozen growing in any hot-house in Europe. These do not include many which we had not time or room for; and even when we left, there was an endless variety of ground still unexplored by our party.

THE OLD MINAS ROAD.

One day we determined, in spite of all native prejudices to the contrary, to walk by the Old Minas Road to Correa, the point where it unites with the "União e Indústria" line. With this view we took the same route as that for Itamarity till we came to the river, which we now forded with the confidence of experience. Then, instead of turning to the right by the great *Araucaria*, we kept straight on by some old ranchos, now deserted in consequence of diminished traffic on the old road. Similar buildings are still maintained at Correa, but are for the most part in a dilapidated state. These establishments consist of long covered sheds, open at the sides, as stables for mules, and for various kinds of labour, while those intended for human beings are favoured with walls built of mud and wattles, but in hot weather the inhabitants often prefer slinging their hammocks under a projecting roof. In one of them are generally to be found the stores of a drinking place; and, though there is no external sign to attract attention, goodly rows of bottles of wine and spirits, and beer

of the country are there in abundance; and not unfrequently Bass or Allsop may be discovered lurking in the coolest corners to be found.

The last signs of the old paving-stones had disappeared from what soon became a mere rough mule-track, carried up and down the sides of irregular hills, and round and round among woody dells between them, sometimes plunging us in shade, but generally giving us a good view of the river below and the wooded hills on the other side of it, through which came now and then a glimpse of the great new macadamised road, where coaches whirl at the rate of twelve miles an hour, offering a strange contrast to the broken-down track we were

following. Our road was, however, very much the most picturesque of the two, but as the heat of the day increased, and the ups and downs multiplied, without any prospect of coming to an end, we began to think we must have gone beyond our point; and we were very glad at last to come to a stout old gentleman, smoking a cigar on the bank, with his mule by his side, and watching the operations of a nearly naked and rather terrible-looking negro, who was wielding an enormous axe, and chopping timber for his master. The latter told us that we were going right, and we were soon consoled for the heat of an exposed hillside by finding ourselves among groups of magnificent aloes in full bloom. They are not the somewhat grey-leaved American aloe, commonly seen in southern Europe and in English green-houses, but a much larger species, with bright apple-green leaves, perfectly straight throughout. By the side of the road, and partly overhanging it, three of the grandest of them were as close together as their huge size



MARKET GIRL, RIO.

would permit: the leaves of these giants were twelve feet long, from the midst of which rose three flower-stems about forty feet in height, their branches of blossom giving them the appearance of singularly elegant candelabra. It was somewhat sad to reflect upon the doom of these beautiful objects: they have scarcely had time to open their flowers when the plant begins to die from the ground; most of them fall, and speedily rot away, but here and there may be seen dry grey stems, standing like small scaffold-poles, to testify to their former size.

Hot and thirsty, we pushed on over the shoulders of successive hills, till, after a more than three hours hot walk, we met our friends, who had driven down by the new road, and were waiting for us under the shade of a celebrated wild fig-tree, a giant which, until lately shorn by age and tempests, measured nearly 200 yards round the extreme branches. We stretched ourselves on the ground, and during luncheon had the delight of watching scores of humming-birds diving into the pink-flowered air-plants which clustered round the limbs of the fig-tree.

Adventures in Lazestan.—II.

BY FREDERICK A. LYONS.

THE distance between Batum and Trebizond is twelve hours' journey by steamer, so that on starting at night from the former place, one reaches Trebizond before noon. During the voyage we happened to have delightful weather; the sky was clear and placid, while the smoothness and tranquillity of the waters showed that even the Black Sea can at intervals smile. A little before noon we came in sight of Trebizond, but just at the moment our frigate was entering the bay a violent storm arose, which threatened to submerge all of us, crew, craft, and guns. The sudden and terrific way in which the storm overtook us is a phenomenon quite peculiar to the Black Sea, and to which it is indebted for its epithet of Black.

These storms are of frequent occurrence; they come on unexpectedly, and sink the vessels before they can reach a place of shelter. The scarcity of good harbours along a coast

of miles in extent renders these storms still more dangerous, as vessels are often foundered before they can get out of harm's way. Along the coast of Circassia these storms assume sometimes the proportions of a hurricane, which, rushing from the high ridges of the Caucasus, falls perpendicularly on the surface of the sea. If a vessel is unfortunate enough

to find itself under the blow, it is sure to be capsized and sunk in an instant. Instances are known in which a vessel lying at anchor in the Bay of Soudjak has been foundered by a hurricane falling upon it like an avalanche.

Thank heaven, the storm which overtook us when approaching Trebizond was not a vertical wind, but a sweeping gust, which strove to throw our frigate on shore. The storm, as I have said, rose all on a sudden: the sea was smooth and smiling, and the sky was clear and bright on all sides, except to the north-west, where some black clouds were lingering. In a few minutes these clouds were condensed into a thick mass, which seemed as if it were falling on the surface of the water. The eyes of the captain and of every one on board were at once directed towards that cloud, and a storm was predicted; but no sooner had these vaticinations been expressed than the surface of the sea



TEMKALI, THE CIRCASSIAN.

lost instantaneously its smoothness, assumed a crispy appearance, and a violent gale burst on our masts and rigging. The *Medjidieh* was being driven on shore, when captain and mates, with mighty efforts, began to strive to turn her course, and get her out of the bay. The manoeuvre was a difficult one to execute, as the wind and the waves struck our craft on her

side, and prevented her from steering eastward; thus, between the danger of shipwrecking on the coast and that of capsizing, we were very near finding the bottom of the Black Sea, which I dare say must be blacker than its surface.

The storm blew hard during the whole of the night, and the waves tossed our frigate about just as if it had been a walnut-shell. In the midst of darkness we rolled, helplessly ignorant where we were drifting. The captain managed, however, to keep clear of the coast; and, in order to prevent any accident, had the artillery removed to the centre, so as to keep by that means the balance. That operation required the help of all hands, sailors and marines; and mine also, as throwing off my uniform, I grasped one of the ropes, and began pulling, so as to give a good example and cheer up the boys. Such a stimulus was by no means superfluous, as many were yielding to despair, and did not feel quite at ease in the midst of a boisterous sea. As for the captain, he did not seem at the moment to impersonate the aquatic hero who laughs at the wind and mocks the waves; on the contrary, he seemed to be perplexed what to do, and nearly lost his head.

SURMENI.

At daybreak the weather had considerably improved, so much so that the *Medjidieh* was enabled to repair to the bay of Surmeni, which lies some thirty-five miles to the east of Trebizond, on the coast of Lazestan. This bay measures two miles in length, and three in breadth: on the west it is protected by a promontory, which shelters it from the western and northern winds; while in the interior it affords to vessels a good and safe anchorage. When we cast our anchor, the sea was rather rough inside the bay, for the storm of the preceding night had stirred up the restless element from its very depths, so much so that the foaming waves rendered the landing operation difficult.

In spite of this, however, I decided on attempting a landing, with the object of going from Surmeni to Trebizond by land. The reasons which induced me to adopt such a course were, first, the declaration of the commander to the effect that he could not be answerable as to the possibility of my landing at Trebizond within the next twelve hours; and, secondly, the necessity of my reaching Trebizond in due time, so as to prevent the departure of the prisoner Marcopulos for Constantinople. Having thus to choose between the uncertainty of a sea trip and the hardships of a journey by land, I decided in favour of the latter.

Accordingly, I bade farewell to the *Medjidieh*, and was conveyed in one of the boats towards the shore. On approaching, however, we soon found that the risks attached to the landing operation were by far greater than those we had reckoned upon. To run the boat in near enough, so as to allow me to take a leap, was out of the question, as such an attempt might have brought on the wreck of the boat and the drowning of the crew. The officer in command thought of getting out of the difficulty by approaching a rock, on which I and my servant were to jump, and wait for the recoiling of the wave. The jump succeeded admirably, but once on the rock we found a great difficulty in executing the most essential part of the undertaking—viz., that of safely attaining the real *terra firma*. Between the rock and the shore the depth of the water was such as to render any attempt of ours to reach the beach impossible.

Placed in such an awkward predicament as that of finding oneself perched on a rock while the waves roll beneath it, we had no other option but that of plunging into the sea, and reaching the shore by following the onslaught of the waves. This plan once adopted, it was decided between me and my servant that I should swim to the beach first, and that once there he would throw me my clothes and his own wrapped into a sort of bundle, and that then he should join me by taking a ducking also. By this process we both succeeded in effecting our delivery from the fatal rock, and reached the shore without suffering any greater injury than one or two bruises, which are unavoidable when one is dashed on the beach by the rough hand of Neptune.

Once on shore, we did not lose any time in drying or rubbing ourselves, but put on our clothes, so as to reach the village of Surmeni as soon as possible. This village is situated on a vast plain, where the eye would search in vain for any sign of cultivation. Surmeni itself, like all the rest of the towns and villages of Lazestan, is composed of a café and of some few shops and stables. In Lazestan there are no places which, properly speaking, could be styled centres of population; the houses of the inhabitants are scattered all over a district, and have one spot in common, which consists of the café and the warehouses attached to it. It is at these cafés that commercial affairs are transacted, and that friends and acquaintances meet; it is here also that the strangers resort who may happen to pass through the locality.

It was therefore towards the café of Surmeni, which rose conspicuously on one side of the plain, that I and my Circassian servant Temkali directed our steps, as soon as we had done with our toilette. Before going on any further with the narrative of the adventures which befell me at Surmeni, I must introduce to my readers Mr. Temkali, who, though my servant, was nevertheless a person of some notoriety. As may be surmised, Temkali was one of the newly-emigrated Circassians, who, having fallen in with me at Batum, had thought proper to attach himself to my person as a sort of *valet de chambre*, or rather, in order to be more exact, as a sort of *valet de montagne*, who volunteered to help me through my fatigues and toils. Temkali was a native of Circassia, and a member of the feudal aristocracy of that country; he was, however, a poor nobleman, whose only income consisted of what he could get hold of—a precarious sort of livelihood, especially since the occupation of his country by the Russians. Expelled by Russian bayonets, Temkali landed at Batum penniless, and, what was worse, without any pretty girls whom he might have transformed into specie by selling to the Turks.

Having got intelligence somehow of the arrival of a troop of Circassians, I hastened to their lodgings, where I saw this individual, whose physiognomy would have struck anyone as being typical of the brigand; possessing the daring of the wolf, and the shrewdness of the fox. On acquaintance, however, Temkali improved considerably, as one could not fail detecting in him a certain steadiness of character which is so important a guarantee of good conduct. I therefore decided on helping him in his distress, by taking him by my side as a sort of factotum. Of course, on going anywhere on a mission Temkali was to accompany me, as no one was bolder and more hardy than he; his services being worth as much as those of ten other servants put together.

The café at Surmeni was a square building, not very high,

decorated with a fresh coating of whitewash, which gave to it a rather neat appearance; the coffee-room was surrounded by a verandah, and below it there was a shop and a barn. The coffee-room being thus on the upper storey, the way of getting access to it was by climbing a flight of steps which stood outside the building. As we entered the café, we found a crowd of Laz peasants and sailors, who were talking and conferring together. After having exchanged some civil words with a few of these people, I inquired whether there was any possibility of getting horses to carry us without delay to Trebizond. The information I received on that score was not quite satisfactory, as the proprietor of this café as well as his customers tossed their heads in a rather cross way, and said that I ought to address myself for that purpose to the *mudie* of the place.

Having been apprised of this fact, I directed myself, accompanied by Temkali, to the residence of that magistrate, who, as is generally the case in these parts, was the most influential and wealthy man of the whole district. The *mudie* received me with those marks of respect which are due to the uniform I wore, but he failed doing what it was his duty to do, that is, to use his authority in order to procure me the horses I requested him to fetch. The fact is that, as the *mudie* of the district, his interest was to protect the inhabitants from the requisitions of the military. In order to shelter himself from any responsibility, he feigned to comply with my request, and accordingly gave me two *zaptichs* (a sort of rural police), who were to assist me in obtaining the horses I required.

On starting on our errand, I was not long in perceiving that my helpmates, the *zaptichs*, had other things to think of than to assist us in our requisition; nay, their sluggishness and ill-will soon convinced me that through coercive measures alone their services could be made available. Naturally indignant at the behaviour of these men, I had recourse to high-handed measures in order to make my authority respected, and compel those brutes to do their duty. Accordingly, seeing that the *zaptichs* were unwilling to keep step with us, I took one of them before me, and by dint of well-applied blows on his ribs, drove him as one would do a donkey. Temkali on his side applied the same compulsory process on the sides and back of the

other *zaptich*, and thus in the midst of a shower of blows and oaths, we succeeded in again reaching the café.

Once inside the café, we began a process of cross-examination, the object of which was to ascertain whether there were any horses to be had in the vicinity; but it was in vain that we tried to obtain any reliable information. Whoever we asked gave no other answer than that he knew nothing at all about horses and their whereabouts. But while our inquiries were being carried on, I suddenly heard a noise outside, and on looking from the window I saw a troop of horses emerge from the door of a stable under the guidance of a driver who was hurrying out as fast as he could; evidently, this man was effecting his escape with all his stud, which he had tied to each other so as to form one file.

No sooner did I see this than I jumped out from the window of the café, and set off as fast as I could run to overtake the individual who was thus making a fool of me. The race having begun, the driver was doing his utmost in order to drag along the long file of horses which were tied to his own steed, while I was trying to overtake him. As the fugitives had commenced a brisk trot, I called to the driver to stop at once, otherwise I would run him through with my sword. This threat was immediately followed by my unsheathing the sword, and by an onslaught on his right side. As I had a great difficulty in keeping step with the horses, the effect produced by my dash was of no consequence, as the point of the sword perforated the ribs only slightly. The Laz, however, on seeing himself attacked turned against me, and, while hurrying his flight, threw his knife at my head. Luckily the sword, which was up to the height of my left shoulder, parried the stroke, letting the knife fall to the ground.

But while this was taking place the driver and his horses took the lead, and left me too far behind to inspire any more fear by my threats. After having failed in my attempt to stop the horses, I picked up the big yataghan which was lying on the ground, with the intention of presenting it on my arrival at Trebizond to the authorities, and asking for the apprehension of the culprit who had dared to disobey and resist one invested with an official character.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—V.

LAKE TEZCOCO.

LAKE TEZCOCO occupies the central portion of the Mexican Valley, having the city on its western side, at less than a league's distance from its permanent shore. But the overflow at times brings the water much nearer to the city's walls; this being occasioned by strong winds rather than by actual inundation.

In point of size, it is the chief of the six lakes; as also in historic celebrity, since it was upon it that Cortez launched his brigantines for the attack upon Tenochtitlan. Its present superficial area is estimated at 182,000,000 square metres, or over ten square Spanish leagues, the Spanish league being less than the English measurement of three statute miles. The shape is obtusely elliptical—of course irregular—the longer axis being 4.40 Spanish leagues, and the shorter 3.50. These

figures, taken from a modern survey, carefully made by the Mexican engineer Almaraz, are exact, and may be depended upon. Cortez pronounced it a grand "Mediterranean sea." With the above statistics before us, we might be disposed to accuse the *Conquistador* of exaggeration. But it is to be remembered, that the Lake Tezcoco of to-day is not as it was in his time—far from it. Although the historians of the Conquest have given but a meagre account of the hydrographic system of the Mexican Valley, enough is known to show that this lake was then more than twice its present dimensions, and really merited the title which Cortez bestowed upon it. It certainly surrounded the Aztec city, reaching to the hill Chapultepec beyond, and around by Tacubaya, Coyoacan, and the isolated Sierra de Estrella. For the diminution of its

waters many reasons have been assigned ; the chief being the *desagüe*, or tunnel of Huehuetoca—cut through the north-western rim of the basin—by which the Cuatitlan River is diverted out of the valley. A second and subordinate cause is the *calzada*, or dike constructed to prevent the influx of the sister lake, San Cristobal. But neither will account for the immense contraction that has taken place in the volume of Lake Tezcoco. To prove they are but partial causes, we have the testimony of Gomara and Motolina, that in 1524, long before either dike or *desagüe* was made, the gradual diminution of the lake was perceptible. Many theories have been

the first theory—it is equally untenable. For, the supply still remaining the same—excepting the artificial discharges before mentioned—the lake must again rise to its former normal level.

A more natural theory—and perhaps the true one—may be that of *evaporation*. This is connected with the fact of forest denudation ; for it is certainly a fact, that the Valley of Mexico was once partially, if not wholly, covered with timber, which has long since disappeared. At the present time, the greater portion of this splendid plateau is as bare of tree vegetation as the “downs” of Hampshire, or the *puszta* of Hun-



A CAÑON.

put forward by scientific men to account for this singular phenomenon. One among others, that there was a vent at the lake's bottom through which the waters found their way. It was even asserted that there was a sort of Charybdis, where they went down with a whirl, and that some persons navigating the lake had seen it. Considering the danger in which the city of Mexico always stands by inundation from Lake Tezcoco—a danger frequently realised—to determine this point has been a matter of importance : so much, indeed, that a reward of one hundred thousand dollars was offered to him who could point out the whirlpool ; perhaps with the hope that its waste-pipe might admit of being enlarged. As yet no one has claimed the magnificent bounty, and the presumption is that the vortex has not been discovered.

The theory of earthquake clefts, causing an emission of the waters, is also held. But this could only be temporary ; and unless the cracks remained open—which brings us back to

gary. It is not necessary to dwell on the effects of *disforestation*, either upon the climate or the water-supply of a country. It is, in truth, one of the chief causes of aridity, and consequent sterility ; as proved by the present condition of what is sometimes styled the “Great American Desert.” In this there are vast expanses of brown barren plain, strewn with dead organic matter, waiting for water, as if gasping for it, to restore them to verdant and vigorous life.

The evaporation theory seems the most reasonable, for solving the problem of the contraction in Lake Tezcoco. But it, too, is faulty ; since the diminution is still going on. If not observable within a single year, or a decade of years, it is, certainly, within the memory of men who dwell upon its shores. The decrease, too, is not only in its superficial area, but in its depth—a double falling off in the volume of its waters !

The latter admits of an easy explanation. It is simply due to the “silting up” theory, or rather fact—a geological



AN INDIAN BALL-ROOM.

problem that every peasant, living alongside a lake or pond, may have solved for himself. Nowhere could there be a better place for observing this process than at Lake Tezcoco—a water-sheet, surrounded by mountains whose steep declivities are daily pelted by heavy tropical rain—eroding, cleaving, carrying down large quantities of earthy matter. How could it help being shallowed and filled up? In time this lake should become dry, and as a lake disappear, leaving only rivers running in from different sides. But where are they to go, when thus concentrated? Where do they go now? This is the problem that puzzles the Mexican hydrographer.

HUMBOLDT IN ERROR.

A great savant—generally esteemed the greatest the world ever saw, and certainly, before the day of Charles Darwin, deserving this precedence—has given some attention to Lake Tezcoco, and the narrowing of its boundaries. It is scarcely necessary to say, that I am speaking of Alexander von Humboldt; and no one who regards truth, or feels pride in the grandeur of humanity, could speak of him without respect. But it is necessary to note, that in his “*Essai Politique sur Nouvelle Espagne*,” the German has fallen into many errors; among others, a very remarkable one in regard to Lake Tezcoco.

He says: “This lake has a general depth of from *three to five mètres*, although there are certain places where bottom is touched at less than one. For this reason the inhabitants of the town of Tezcoco are put to much inconvenience in the dry months of January and February; since then, the shallowing of the waters hinders them from going to the capital in their canoes.”

In this statement Humboldt must have been led into an error of considerable magnitude. For it is well known—and a very notable fact, moreover—that the “canoes” or boats used in the traffic between the town of Tezcoco and the capital—as over all the lake—are precisely of the same construction, and *dimensions*, as those employed by the ancient Aztecs, and also at the time of which Humboldt speaks, 1803. I have described them as being clumsy craft, of box or bread-basket shape; but although some of them are large enough to carry a crew of ten or twelve, with twenty or thirty passengers, they are flat-bottomed, and do not draw over fifteen inches, even when loaded. Now the greatest difference of level observed in Lake Tezcoco, between that of the dry and wet seasons, is about eighteen inches. Therefore, taking Humboldt’s exceptional shallowest places of one *mètre*, these canoes could never have been stopped in their traffic for want of sufficient water. Nor are they at this day.

But the most singular mistake made by the German traveller is, in the general depth which he has assigned to the lake, from three to five *mètres*. At the present time its greatest profundity is less than one *mètre*, and as near as possible to an English yard. This refers to its state after the “*estacion de las aguas*,” or rainy season, when the volume of water is at its maximum. In the “*estacion seco*” it becomes so shallowed as to give “soundings” of about eighteen inches, even this only along a strip leading centrally across it, which the boat traffic is compelled to take. As established by several hundred soundings, taken by the engineer Almaraz, the average depth in the dry season is less than an English foot.

It is difficult to understand how Humboldt could have

been led so much astray. To suppose that the lake, in 1803, had the depth given by him is altogether out of the question. There has, no doubt, been some silting up of its bed; but it could not possibly have been to such an extent. Besides, if the bottom had been elevated fourteen feet, or even the lower estimate of seven, what has become of the displaced water? The natural result would be to increase the superficial area of the lake. Instead, this, as already seen, has been constantly diminishing.

Of course, it must be admitted that the depth in Cortez’s time was much greater than at present; else how could he have navigated it with “brigantines”?

AN HISTORICAL SCEPTIC.

Some years ago an American traveller, Wilson, sceptical of almost everything connected with the Spaniards’ conquest, cast doubts upon the story of the brigantines, denying that such vessels *could* have crossed Lake Tezcoco. He bases his argument on the shallowness of its waters. His scepticism first appeared in a smartly-written book of travels; and receiving some notice for its novelty, the same writer has since elaborated his speculations into a full history of the Conquest, intended to discredit Prescott. Prescott is far from being correct; as the blind old man, entirely unacquainted with the physical characteristics of the country, was incapable of writing a life-like history of it. His book being a novelty, and skilfully written, has received much commendation; and as a pleasing romance may pass well enough. But when a writer shows no more knowledge of natural history than to mistake an *ocelot* for a *jaguar*, one cannot feel much confidence in his compilation. The history of the “Conquest of Mexico” has yet to be written.

Wilson’s attempt is a worse failure than that of Prescott. Altogether unacquainted with geology, and deriving his deductions from the present condition of the Mexican lakes, he makes it impossible for the great Conquistador to have traversed them with his brigantines. Their shallowness could not have admitted it. The historian seems to have ignored the fact that, in the year 1520 one-half the Valley of Mexico was under water; that it came up to the walls of the Aztec metropolis; which, even without taking into account the silting up of Tezcoco’s bed, would have given the lake a depth of full six feet—certainly sufficient to float the brigantines he would have us think apocryphal.

Beyond doubt the Conquistador had them built, and sailed in them across Tezcoco, to the final assault on Tenochtitlan.

THE TEQUEZQUITE.

This lake, unlike Chalco and Xochimilco, is entirely free from aquatic vegetation. It is a clear sheet throughout its whole extent. Even its shores show no sedge, nor other bordering of green. On all sides of it, for many miles, extends a sterile plain; its surface but a few inches above that of the lake itself, treeless, almost herbless. Only a few plants appear upon it, belonging to the genera of *Gratiola*, *Atriplex*, *Triantema*, and *Chenopodium*: such, in short, as thrive in a soil highly impregnated with saline substances. The Indians term this vegetation *tequixquicatl*; and cattle must be hungry indeed when they will deign to touch it.

The landscape is that of a dreary desert, in places resembling the African Sahara; but in other places more like a northern moorland, with a hoar frost, or a slight sprinkling of

snow upon the ground. For here the *tequezquite* appears coating the surface, sometimes of a snow-white colour, sometimes with a yellowish tinge. It is the natron, a mixture of carbonate and sulphate of soda; the poor people dwelling around the lake collect and bring it to market; and it is employed in various ways: for washing, for the fabrication of soap, and also in the cooking of one of the most common of Mexican dishes, the *frijoles*. They also manufacture a coarse kind of salt out of the earth thus impregnated, by a rough process known to them in the days of Moctezuma. Near the town of Tezcoco there are salt works, conducted on a more extensive scale and scientific principles, of which an Englishman is proprietor. As in many parts of the interior of Mexico salt is a scarce and very costly article, the manufacture of this substance is of considerable importance.

The *tequezquite* occurs in many other of the Mexican elevated plateaux; as also in those of South America. It, too, is a puzzle to the world of science; its origin being still undetermined. It seems to ooze out of the earth, forming an efflorescence on the surface, sometimes to the extent of a uniform stratum of an inch or so in thickness, but oftener coating the stunted heavy grass like a hoar frost.

My space does not permit to lay before the reader the many theories that have been advanced to account for this singular efflorescence. Wherever seen, it is a sure sign of the desert. Around the shores of Tezcoco it occupies a broad belt; broader upon the western side of the lake, where the waters occasionally inundate the slightly elevated ground.

THE "TIDES" OF LAKE TEZCOCO.

This inundation is not periodical; nor does it depend altogether on the rainy season, when the lake is at its full. It occurs also during the ebb. It is due to the winds; when these blow from the east, through the depressions of the "Sierra Nevada." Then the lake becomes agitated, despite its shallowness, rising into billows that endanger the boat navigation. The waves sweep over the western plain, for a time turning it into a sheet of water, receding as soon as the atmosphere is again tranquil. So like to a sea-tide, that Cortez, writing to his king, that the great lake of Mexico was a "Mediterranean sea," also added that it had a tide rising and falling as that of the ocean!

The absence of aquatic plants in Lake Tezcoco, as also the scantiness of shore vegetation, is easily accounted for. Its waters are naturally saline, in the dry season yielding nine per cent. of salt to chemical analysis. They are sometimes so impregnated with the particles held in solution, that these, when dried upon the wings of waterfowl, so impede their flight as to make them an easy prey to the fowler. The Indians, in their canoes, often pursue ducks thus tangled; capturing them with nets such as the angler uses for securing a hooked trout.

In Lake Tezcoco there are no islands; though here and there little islets appear, of a few feet in superficial extent, and slightly elevated above the surface of the surrounding water. A singular phenomenon is, that each of these little "montons de tierra," as the Mexicans term them, has a fresh-water spring in its midst, bubbling up out of the bed of the salt lake! They are covered with a coarse vegetation, similar to that seen upon the shores. By the Indians they are termed *tlalteles* (old Aztec, *tlaltetelli*), and to the canoe-men who navigate the lake

they are often of great advantage, enabling them to quench their thirst when short of a supply of fresh water.

DEVOUT NAVIGATORS.

The navigation of Lake Tezcoco is an industry of considerable importance. It is carried on by the boats already described; several villages around its edges by this means holding communication with the capital. But the chief commerce lies between the city and the old town of Tezcoco; the latter being about the same distance from the eastern shore as the former from the western. From each side a canal leads into the lake; in crossing which it is necessary for the boats to keep a certain course, where the water-channel is deepest. This leaving the Tezcoco side, trends centrally across the lake, on the other side passing through the low-lying plain, by a canal called San Lazaro; the latter, as already stated, being the continuation of the canal Las Vigas, coming from Xochimilco, and acting as the main drain, that reluctantly carries off the sewage of the city.

Nearly in the centre of the lake a wooden cross has been erected, in passing which the devout boatmen suspend, poleing, reverently take off their hats, and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for being so far preserved from the "perils of the deep" (eighteen inches of profundity!). They sometimes give greater emphasis to their gratitude, by chanting a verse of a psalm! Although this may seem grotesquely ridiculous, at times there is real danger in making the traverse of Lake Tezcoco. When the water is three feet deep, and a storm lashes the lake into foaming fury, the clumsy flat-bottomed boats are not unfrequently swamped. This has often occurred, leaving crew and passengers something more than waist-deep in water, with waves surging angrily over their shoulders, threatening to overwhelm them; and to escape them the necessity of wading some five or six miles before they can set foot on shore!

No wonder the Holy Virgin, with Santa Guadalupe as intercessor, receives adoration from these endangered navigators, when they are passing by "La Cruz!"

THE "AJOLOTE" AND AXAYACATL.

In Lake Tezcoco there are no fish. The saline character of its waters does not permit of their existence. Only at the embouchures of the inflowing fresh-water streams is the ichthyological kingdom represented; in those occurring the small fry already spoken of as *juiles*, with another kind termed *jarales*. For all that, there is animal life in the lake; represented by an aquatic creature that has occupied the attention of European savants. It is the *ajolote* (Aztec, *axolotl*), a species of water-lizard or salamander, sometimes seen nearly a foot in length. It is of a mixed black and white colour, having a large head and mouth, with broad cartilaginous tongue. It uses its four legs in swimming, the feet being webbed like those of a frog. A peculiarity in the organs of generation, noticed by the old writers Sahagun, Gomara, and Hernandez, also spoken of by Humboldt, was made the subject of a paper read before the Royal Society of London, by Sir Everard Home. It will be found in the Transactions for the year 1824.

Notwithstanding the hideous aspect of this protean, it forms an article of provision in the Mexican larder. When skinned it shows a white flesh, savoury in taste, and somewhat resembling eel. It is said to be wholesome food; and is recommended as beneficial in hectic fevers, and disease of the

liver. A jelly obtained from it, and mixed with certain herbs, is kept in the apothecaries' shops, and administered in pectoral complaints as a sort of "cough lozenge."

A still more curious production of Lake Tezcoco is the *axayacatl*, a water insect about the size of the common house-fly.

It is the *Ahuatllea Mexicana* of Ramirez, though two separate genera are described by Ménéville, *Corixa femorata* and *Notonecta unifasciata*. The native name *axayacatl* signifies "water-face," which was also the name of the sixth Aztec sovereign, as deduced from his hieroglyphic in the picture-writings: the face of a man, with water over it. The insects are collected in large quantities, pounded into a paste, boiled in maize husks, and sold in the Mexican market. The Indians who deal in the article may be seen hawking it through the streets, with the cry "Moscas para los pajaros!"

MEXICAN CAVIARE.

The eggs of *axayacatl* form a still more important article of commerce under the name of *ahuauhtli*, or "water-wheat." In large quantity they resemble sand, or fine fish roe, and might be termed the Mexican caviare. They are first crushed into a paste, and then incorporated with the eggs of fowls into a sort of croquetté, or omelette, though they are also eaten alone. They are in great demand during Lent, when the eating of flesh-meat is forbidden; and on Shrove Tuesday a famous viand, the *revoltillo*, is chiefly composed of this curious substance.

There are Indians around Lake Tezcoco whose sole calling is to collect these insect eggs; and the mode employed is of itself singular. They plant a number of little bundles of reeds or bulrushes in the lake, a yard apart, these being so fixed in the bottom as to remain erect, while the tops stand out of the water. Upon these the insects deposit their eggs; so thickly, that not only the whole surface of the stalks is covered, but the miniature globules adhering to one another form clusters and depending strings. When the crop is ready for gathering, the Indians take up the fascines, and shake the eggs over a *serape*, or piece of spread cotton cloth, brushing off with their hands those that cling more tenaciously. The reeds are then replanted, to attract a fresh laying of eggs.

In the markets, the "water wheat" is offered for sale in cakes already pounded and cooked; but also in lumps of the "raw material," resembling fish roe.

The larvæ of these insects is also eaten. It is a yellowish white worm, called by the Indians *puxi*. It is collected in large quantities, and prepared for the table,

either entire, or converted into a paste, and boiled in corn-husks.

It is believed by some that the *ahuauhtli* is only the shell of the eggs after incubation, and the larvæ have escaped. In support of this view an aperture may be seen (through the microscope), at one end of the globule, as also a depression at the point where they have been attached to the reeds.

Furthermore, there are several places around Tezcoco—the most notable, near the Cerro of Chimalhuacan—where masses of an oolitic formation—a sort of travertine—are composed of these insect eggs, cemented together by a lime carbonate. It may be inferred, that this formation took place after the escape of the larvæ.

A sort of viscous substance, called by the Spaniards *cucultio de agua*, and by the Indians *cuculin*, is found in large quantities floating over Lake Tezcoco. It is spoken of by Gomara, Clavigero, and Sahagun, and believed by these old writers to ooze from the rocks. It is most probably the *ahuauhtli* under another shape, decomposed and reduced to a jelly. It also is eaten by the Indians, though it does not appear in the catalogue of provisions exposed in the city markets.

DECADENCE OF AZTEC TOWNS.

Riding along the eastern shore of Lake Tezcoco, soon after leaving the National Road, we passed through the *pueblo* of Chimalhuacan; called after the conspicuous *cerro*, near whose base it stands. Here a permanent stream empties into the lake, having its source in some copious springs that flow out from the isolated mountain. They afford sufficient water to give mill-power

to a factory of coarse woollen cloths (chiefly serapes), as also for the grinding of grain.

The *cerro* is basalt and porphyry, its stone extensively quarried, and taken to the capital for house building. The blocks transported across the lake, in the large boats already described, entering the city by the Canal San Lazaro.

After leaving Chimalhuacan we passed through several other *pueblitas*, on the way to the city of Tezcoco. All around this lake the villages are in a wretched state of decay in correspondence with the sterile soil on which they stand. It was not so in Cortez's time, when there were many thriving towns here, embowered in groves and surrounded by cultivated fields. Now not a single tree throws its shadow on the water of this Dead Sea of the Aztecs. All has changed since, and for the worse. The Spaniards may point to the church-spire and call it an improvement on the *teocalli*. But the Indian does not



A DEVOUT NATIVE.

think thus. To him it is a fatal finger continually pointing to his own and his nation's decadence.

We rode into the city of Tezcoco, once the political rival of Tenochtitlan itself, and esteemed the Athens of Anahuac. It, too, shows the ruin of Roman Catholic rule, more than almost any other town of the Aztecs. There is now nothing to be seen of its ancient splendour, which was not apocryphal, as some writers assert, but is attested by every plough and spade that turns up the earth for miles around. Its former luxuriant vegetation is proved by the grand *ahuchuetes* (cypresses) yet seen near—a melancholy memorial. Certainly,

Riding northward, we crossed the river Papalotla, which, flowing down from the eastern Cordillera, becomes a contributory to the waters of the lake.

In the village of Papalotla we halted for a noon rest. Then mounting, we continued on to the Rio de Teotihuacan, which, issuing from the same mountain chain, enters Lake Tezcoco at its north-eastern angle.

TYRANTS AND TRAITORS.

The course of this river is another route leading outward from the Mexican Valley—towards the fine plain of Tlascalla, by



CAROUSING IN THE CLOISTER.

the descendants of Moctezuma's subjects have no reason to rejoice at the discovery of a new world by Columbus.

The present population of Tezcoco is less than 10,000; its people depending for support chiefly on the cultivation of the surrounding district. They have a trade with the capital in maize, wheat, *frijoles*, and *chile*. It is carried on by boats across the lake. A salt factory—that already spoken of—gives employment to a number of people, while others fabricate this necessary commodity in the rude primitive fashion handed down to them from their Aztec ancestors.

We stayed only one night in Tezcoco, riding away from it on the following day. Had we been archaeologists, this would have been the place to detain us. It is a very cemetery of relics. Our tastes did not incline either of us to the study of the past. My own object was more hydrographical, a desire to solve the mystery of the Mexican lakes; and I had set out determined to make their complete circuit.

the town of Otumba. It was that taken by Cortez in his disastrous retreat. It is the same attempted by Marquez, the trusted lieutenant of Maximilian; of all the tyrants Mexico has yet produced, perhaps the most cold-blooded and cruel—and this is saying a good deal. Of traitors, too, the history of New Spain has not one to compare with him. For surely did he intend to betray the noble Austrian archduke—noble despite all his mistaken ambition. Surely, in directing his march for the Tlascalla plain, instead of northward to Queretaro, Marquez had but one object; to reach the coast of Vera Cruz, and with the immense plunder he had collected from the scared *bourgeoisie* of Mexico, escape across the Atlantic. He was but imitating the act of another of Maximilian's faithless allies, Bazaine. The Mexican traitor was not so fortunate as his model, since distinguished by a still greater act of dubious motive, in the capitulation of Metz. Marquez got only as far as the plains of Puebla, from which he had to return, chased

by Porfirio Diaz; so closely pursued that, to save his own life, he abandoned his army to its fate, riding back in a *saute qui saute* gallop to the capital, leaving on record one of the most dastardly deeds in the annals of war.

After crossing the river Teotihuacan, our road turned west toward the *cerro* of Chiconautla, and we soon after entered the village bearing the same name. There we struck another of the exit routes from the valley; that taken by travellers for Tampico on the coast, as also for the Pachuca district and the celebrated mines of Real del Monte. On our left was the Lake-San Cristobal, the fourth in the series of our roundabout ride.

A GRAND EMBANKMENT.

This is in reality a vast dam, formed by a great dike or embankment of mason-work, nearly four miles in length, forty feet in breadth, with a maximum elevation of about ten.

It was constructed in 1604, by direction of the Marquis Montesclaros, then Viceroy of Mexico, its object being to dam back the waters flowing into the valley from its northern rim; and so prevent a rise in Lake Tezcoco, with the consequent inundation of the capital.

The dike was constructed before the *desagüe* or "cut" of Huehuetoca, or rather might it be regarded as the first step in that grand drainage system that does credit to the enterprise of the viceregal government. There are three "compuertas" or sluices in the embankment—one near each end and the third central—by which water may be let into the lower level of Tezcoco, the latter lake being less than a league distant.

San Cristobal is the smallest of the Mexican Valley lakes, the superficial area, when its basin is full, being only four or five square miles. In the *estacion seco* it becomes dried up, only a few small pools remaining. Though its supply is altogether derived from inflowing fresh-water streams, caused by rains, and of course intermittent, it presents the curious phenomenon of being a salt lake! Not to such a degree as Tezcoco, except after evaporation, when the saline element becomes concentrated in the pools. These are then briny and fetid.

The bed of San Cristobal is firm without mud, showing no aquatic vegetation. There is but scant vegetation around its shores, though the pasture is a little better than alongside Tezcoco. The same species of diminutive fishes, found in the fresh-water influents of the larger lake, also exist in those running into San Cristobal.

The Pachuca or Tampico Road, leading from the capital, runs along the summit of the embankment, then turns north, leaving the *cerro* of Chiconautla on the right.

LAKE XALTOCAN.

Following this road, we soon came in sight of Lake Xaltocan, which is in fact the sheet of water that figures on most maps under the name "San Cristobal." The two are separated by a mere strip, and their waters often commingle. But Xaltocan is the original lake which existed in the time of Cortez, and was mentioned by him in his despatches. For good reason; since the capture of the Aztec town of the same name, situated on an islet of this lake, cost the great Conquistador a tough and sanguinary struggle. Lake Xaltocan covers a space of nearly thirty square miles; but like San Cristobal, it dries up in the *estacion seco*, with the exception of some portions where its bed is lowest. Its waters are also

saline, with a muddy reddish tinge, and without vegetation in or around it. Only a reedy marsh at the eastern shore where a permanent stream that runs into it, coming from a copious spring called the *Ojo de Agua*. The title is common to most large fountains, though it is here, as in other places, applied particularly.

There are two islets in Xaltocan, one near its northern extremity, bearing the same name as the lake; the other, Tonanitlan, at a like distance from its southern edge. There is an Indian town upon each, with the usual church and appurtenances; the *curas*, as is most customary with those gentry, leading profligate lives, that withal do not scandalise them in the eyes of their Indian parishioners. It is simply astounding to see how much these Christianised aborigines stand, without having the scales removed from their eyes. In Mexico they are the principal support of the old system of miracles and Popish mummary. The cross is the symbol of their slavery; and yet they regard it as an emblem of glory. We saw *magueys* here and there decorated with it, pieces cut from the stiff blades of the plant, and stuck transversely on its terminal pikes. One devout fellow had a collar round his neck and a pole crucifix in hand, with a knot of ribbon attached.

When the waters of Lake Xaltocan are low its island dwellers hold communication with the mainland by raised causeways (*calzadas*). At other times they have to resort to boats. Both towns are in a state of decay, only the ruined remnants of what they once were. By Cortez's description, the more northern one, Xaltocan, must have been a place of considerable importance in his day, or rather before it; for his despatch tells of his soldiers having burnt it.

DUCK-SHOOTING BY WHOLESALE.

There are several other villages around this lake; all in a like state of stagnation, or rather retrogression. Their inhabitants contrive to exist by cultivating the *terrain* upon its shores, which renders them but a thankless return. Some make a precarious living as fowlers; at times, however, prospering when the lake is full. Then vast flocks of wild geese, ducks, and other water-fowl frequent it. These are taken in two ways.

One is the *armada*, a sort of raft, on which a battery of old guns—and even gun-barrels without the stocks—is placed, to the number of a hundred or more. They are so arranged that a single fowler can discharge the whole by setting fire to a train. There are two separate volleys from the set of barrels—one to rake the surface of the water while the birds are swimming; another from a tier having the muzzles slightly elevated, to take them on the wing as they rise after the first volley. Several hundred head are often killed by a single discharge of the *armada*. The ducks are brought within range of the raft by a man wading towards them screened by a trained horse or ox; the shallowness of the lake allowing of this stratagem.

The other mode of killing them is called *las parejas*. A dozen or more fowlers, in their canoes and skiffs, make a "surround" of a large flock, and gradually approaching, get near enough to fire at the birds on all sides as they attempt to make off. The fright and confusion cause them to fly back and forward within the circle of death, so that many fall before they can make up their minds to retreat to safer quarters.

MEXICAN "MONKS OF OLD."

As we rode around Lake Xaltocan, we came upon one of those huge piles of building, relics of the monastic rule, under which Mexico has so long groaned—the very curse of that country. It was the old monastery of Santa Lucia, now converted into the head-quarters of a maize plantation—a hacienda. It stands several miles from the eastern edge of the lake, and to the west of the Pachuca Road.

It was gratifying to reflect on the change of occupancy, and still more pleasing when its polite owner, asking my companion and self to step in, made us the partakers of a hospitality of which we stood much in need. An excellent dinner, *à la cuisine Mexicaine*, with plenty of *pulque*, the native beer, to wash it down, was a pleasant interlude in our ride. While seated in the *ancien* refectory, our host entertained us with stories—legends appertaining to the place—telling us how the monks, in mock humility, used to drink the purest Spanish wines out of gourds and goblets of cocoa-shells! These pharisaical sybarites relished Xeres and Pedro de Ximenez more than Mexican *pulque*.

In this section of the Mexican Valley, most of the inhabitants obtain their supply of fresh water from *pozos*, or wells. Therefore, in the different *pueblitas* the well plays an important part, as in Oriental lands.

AN INDIAN PIC-NIC.

Passing one of these, we witnessed the spectacle of an Indian dance. It was on a *fête* day, and the villagers were enjoying themselves *al fresco*, having chosen the fountain-head as the scene of their terpsichorean pastime. One of their number was strumming a guitar, another blowing upon a kind of bugle or saxhorn, while a young girl did the dancing, with a stout youth for her partner, or rather *vis-à-vis*. There is no great idiosyncrasy in the dances of the modern Mexican Indians. They are all, or nearly all, but rude imitations of those introduced from Spain, in vogue among the whites, but better done by the mixed bloods or mestizoes. The commonest kind is where a young girl first takes the floor, and challenges a *vis-à-vis* of the masculine gender, who, after performing awhile, yields the place to another; and so on till the "lady" proclaims her preference, or quits the stage from sheer exhaustion.

In this spectacle, there was one thing that led to reflection. We observed that several of the Indian men took hold of the guitar by turns, each showing himself capable to strike melody out of its strings! It would have been a surprise to find such musical capacity among the crowd on an English village green. In one thing, however, we observed too much similarity. The native tippie, *pulque*, had been indulged in beyond the bounds of sobriety.

To the north-east of Lake Xaltocan several passes lead out of the Mexican Valley. One goes by the celebrated mines of Real del Monte, well known to Englishmen, and too well to some English shareholders; another is the route to the seaport of Tampico, while a third trends due northward.

Leaving these, and facing a little westward, we soon came in sight of the sixth and last lake—Zumpango.

This sheet of water, having some seven or eight square miles' surface, is of very irregular shape, its shores being indented with spurs of elevated ground, and lying close to continuous sierras, that shut in the valley on its northern side.

In passing around it, we had, here and there, peeps through rocky chasms (*cañons*), giving views of grand mountain scenery.

Zumpango receives from these sierras its supply of water, which is not constant, but subject to variation, according to the seasons; so that at times, like Lakes Xaltocan and San Cristobal, it becomes nearly dried up. Unlike these, however, its shores are fertile, and not cursed with *tequezquite*. Splendid crops are raised around Zumpango—maize, wheat, *frijoles*, *chili*, and tomatoes. And a still grander yield is sometimes obtained from the Indian corn planted in the bed of the lake when the waters have subsided. The only drawback being, that sometimes an unexpected rain causes inundation, to the complete destruction of the crop.

Lake Zumpango has played an important part in the hydrographic system of the Mexican Valley. Its bed is higher than any of the others by nearly four feet, while into it ran, at one time, the river Cuatitlan, the largest stream belonging to this basin. It comes from the western branch of the great Cordillera, or Sierra Madre. But Zumpango also received, and still does, the considerable influents, known as "Las avenidas de Pachuca," a conglomeration of streams, having their sources in the eastern branch.

THE GRAND DESAGÜE.

The great question of viceregal times was, how to turn the courses of these streams northward, and *out of the valley*, so as to guard against inundations of the capital, and other low-lying towns; inundations not hypothetical, but that had several times actually taken place. The problem was, how to prevent their recurrence.

As already stated, a first step was the construction of the San Cristobal embankment in 1604, under the viceroyalty of the Marquis Montesclaros. This was followed by a still grander effort in 1607, when the engineer Martinez, sent out by Spain, actually succeeded in *tunnelling* the rim of the valley, letting out its superfluous water into the river Tula, which carried it off northward into the Gulf at Tampico.

The work occupied only ten months, but there were 471,154 Indian "navvies" employed on it, with nearly 2,000 women waiting upon them as *cocineras* (cooks) and probably laundresses; though the chronicles of the time do not speak of them in this capacity; perhaps because *blanchisseuses* were not much in vogue among these Aztec "navigators."

Martinez, or rather Velasco, has been charged with inhumanity in the treatment of the aborigines employed on this great work. But statistics show the charge to be utterly groundless; and that, on the contrary, the mortality that occurred during its continuance was unusually light. It was in the labour done afterwards—when the tunnel "caved in," and it was found necessary to make a "cut" of it, the present "Tajo de Nochistongo"—that cruelty was practised upon the Indian labourers. Then indeed both their sweat and blood were freely spilled.

Humanity apart, the *desagüe* of Huehuetoca is a wonderful work. A cut through hills, for many miles of nearly two hundred feet vertical depth, with breadth sufficient to keep it open against land slides!

It has been too often spoken of to need describing here. But as I stood upon the great gap's edge and gazed into its shadowy profundity, I could not help having visions of the past vigour of the Spanish people, and contrasting it with their present imbecility. I had no difficulty in tracing the cause. I did

not need to inquire into that. It was already well known to me—in two words, *prince* and *priest*. These have been the curses of the Mexican people, as they must and will be of every other that puts trust in them.

The great northern route from the city of Mexico to the *provincias internas*, called the "Queretaro Road," crosses the

desagüe near the village of Huehuetoca. It was along this *calsada* that the noble but misguided Maximilian made his last march, after being deserted by Bazaine and Bonaparte. Would that he had never trodden it! After striking this road we turned our faces to the capital, and entering by the *garita* of Guadalupe, completed our ride round the Valley of Mexico.



RIVER SCENE IN THE ZULU UPLANDS.

Life in a South African Colony.—II.

ARRIVAL ON THE ZULU BORDER—SEA-COW—CAMP ON THE TUGELA BANK—LEAVE THE COLONY—CAMP COOKERY—KAFIR CONVIVIALITY—FIRST CATTLE TRADED—BULLOCK-BREAKING—CLIMATE OF THE ZULU UPLANDS—PARTRIDGES, QUAIL, AND BUSTARD—BUFFALO—A LATE DINNER AMONG THE SAVAGES—OCTOBER'S ADVENTURE WITH A LION—ROUGH ROAD—BREAK OUR "DISSEL BOOM"—CROCODILES.

THE country through which we rode after leaving Summash's kraal was different in character from any which we had previously seen, consisting of a succession of steep bush-clad hills and deep gorges. In many of the valleys sharp tall pinnacles were to be seen, partially covered with scrubby bush, olives, and cacti.

The Kafir paths, or rather tracks, winding through this country, were in many places almost obliterated, from want of use. Wherever Kafirs exist, their tracks are to be found, from kraal to kraal; and a traveller once striking, even in the remotest part of Zululand, upon the narrow, barely-defined path, made by the feet of the natives, may be quite sure that by following it up he will ultimately arrive at a kraal.

After a rather toilsome though short journey, during the greater part of which we had to dismount and lead our horses, we arrived within sight of the Zulu country, the river Tugela, the boundary line between the English colony and the dominions of Umpana, winding through the deep valley beneath, and dividing us from a high land rising almost from the river's brink.

Arrived on the banks of the Tugela, we knee-haltered our horses, and dispatched "October" to the wagon for some pro-

visions, bullets, and other matters, whilst we took a tour of inspection along the river.

Though we saw several wild ducks and other aquatic birds, we refrained from shooting, having been informed that the sea-cow in this neighbourhood were very shy, as they had been lately put through a course of shooting, and one of their number killed by a party of Dutchmen. The Tugela in this part abounds in deep pools of considerable length, and the bed of the river is rocky, while the shallows are full of boulders. That the water had risen to a considerable height, and that very lately, was evident from the quantity of drift-wood, which was entangled among the bush above our heads, as we walked along the sandy banks which had, at no distant period, formed part of the bed of the river.

We saw numerous signs of hippopotami in the heavy sand, enormous footprints and hollows caused by the animals having thrown themselves on their sides for repose. These marks were almost fresh, and many of them must have been made the previous night; but, strange to say, we walked a mile or more without getting a glimpse of a single sea-cow or any other quadruped. We were becoming discouraged, when the trader proposed that we should return to the spot where we had fixed our bivouac, as we had seen sufficient signs of game to assure us that it would be worth while "to be on the look-out" towards the close of the day.

Upon the return of October, who reported that all was well with the wagon, a fire was lighted and a meal cooked, after enjoying which, the heat of the day was passed in a siesta beneath some shady trees.

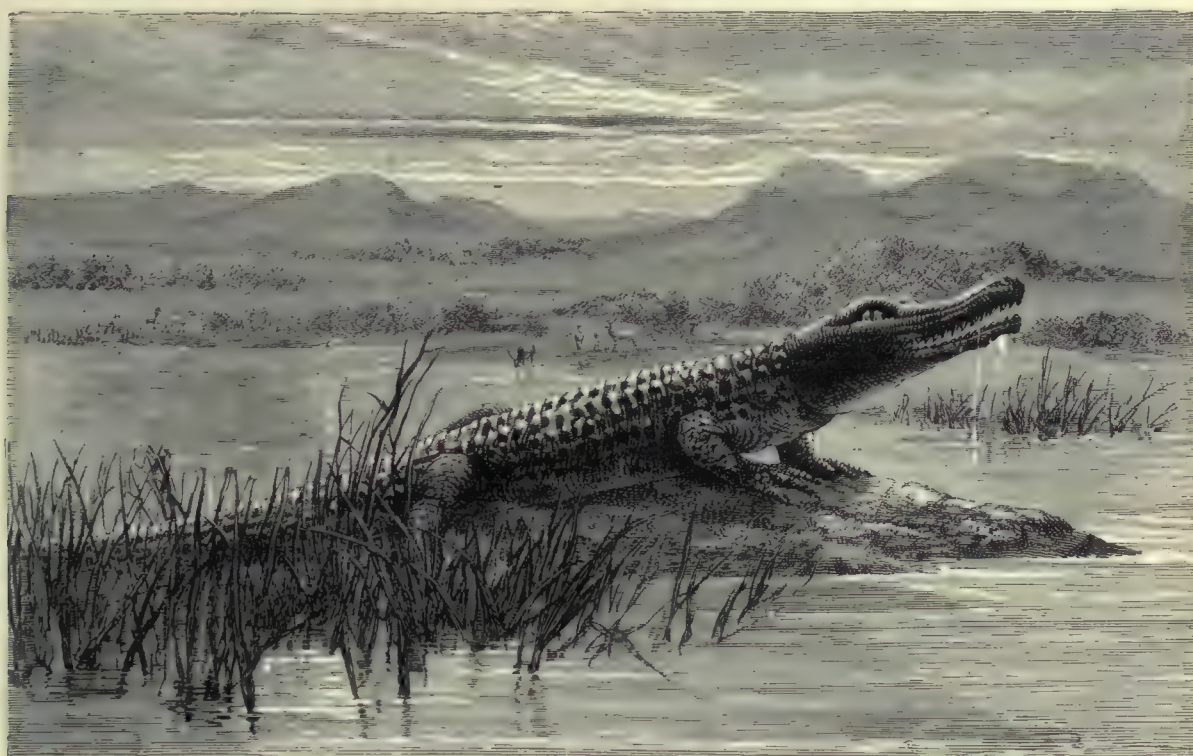
As soon as the shadows began to lengthen, we roused our-

selves and loaded our guns with large charges of powder and hardened bullets, and started for the longest and deepest pool, in the neighbourhood of which we had noticed the most "spoor."

Having concealed ourselves among some rocks, we patiently waited until the daylight was nearly gone. My eyes, which had been scanning the dark-looking water intently for some time, became fixed upon a large form, more like the shadow of a thick cloud than a living thing, which was moving almost imperceptibly beneath the surface, and bearing down towards the spot at which I was stationed. While watching this object, I made out upon the surface of the water the two small ears and the broad muzzle of a sea-cow; and just as the form of the enormous head became apparent, the reports of a

in damp and chilly, a heavy dew falling thickly upon the blankets which we wrapped round us.

We sit around our great fire, regardless of the flying embers which from time to time we have to shake from our wrappers, listening to the Kafirs conversing among themselves in low tones, but with much earnestness and gesticulation. Our horses, carefully blanketed and haltered within shelter of the thicket, loom large in the darkness, their forms dimly outlined against the sombre background of the bush, and there is a something cheery in the sound of their jaws as they masticate the allowances of grain placed before them—in their contented snortings and frequent stamping and pawing of the ground. The huge tongues of flame as they shoot upwards gleam upon the quiet river, and illuminate the surrounding bush; but



CROCODILE.

couple of heavily-loaded barrels rang out in the still evening, and reverberated along the steep banks of the river.

Firing at game in deep water, there is never any difficulty as to seeing whether the bullets have struck. In this case one had missed the object entirely, and the other cut the water over the head of the game. Before the reports of the double shot had died away, the hippopotamus, after throwing his head once above the stream, his great open mouth showing an excellent assortment of valuable ivory, had vanished from our sight, raising a perfect whirlpool, which continued for some minutes, causing us to hope that the wound was mortal; but, before the daylight left us, all was still upon the surface of the water, and we wandered back, considerably disappointed, to our temporary encampment. Here we found that October and some Kafir lads, who were to accompany us into Zululand to assist in driving such cattle as we traded, had collected an enormous pile of drift-wood and portions of trunks of trees, which was immediately lighted, and within the warmth we were glad to take our station, the night setting

beyond the firelight the darkness is becoming more and more intense.

The plaintive notes of the African goatsucker, and the subdued call of the water-fowl, as they seem to be cautiously signalling each other, from time to time break upon the ear, and a large, ghostly-looking owl wings his wonderfully silent flight, even within the firelight. The darkness is of but short duration; the moon rises and floods the whole scene with her bright soft light. Shaking off the lethargy which has been gradually creeping upon us, we once more take up our guns. October, having given the wretched-looking dog which he has brought with him from his kraal into the charge of one of the Kafir lads, with strict injunctions to prevent his following our track, prepares to accompany us; and we are soon stealing rapidly along under the high river-bank, taking advantage of every bit of cover. As we approach the more "likely" pools, old October raises a hand, as a signal for us to halt and be silent, and advancing alone, his large naked feet falling noiselessly upon the sand, scans the water with his keen eyes from

behind the friendly shelter of some rock or pile of drift. But with all our caution, after a walk of some miles along the river, and several long watches by the different deeps, we return to our camp-fire, wearied, unsuccessful, and somewhat dispirited; where, rolling our thick blankets around us, and disposing ourselves in such a manner as to derive the utmost warmth from the burning logs, we are quickly lost in the land of dreams.

Waking as the sky begins to redden with the first streaks of dawn, we sit cowering around the still incandescent embers, listening to the piping and twittering of the awakening birds, and the pattering of the heavy dew-drops as they fall from the leaves, until the sun appearing like a ball of fire above the horizon, we strip the clothing from our horses, fasten on the saddles and blankets—the latter being rolled and strapped to the pommels and cantles—and start for the drift, where our wagon awaits us.

Arrived at the wagon, we find all well and our Kafirs sitting on their haunches around a quaint three-legged pot, each armed with a wooden spoon, devouring their breakfast of hot maize-meal porridge with evident relish. Our dogs leap upon us in a high state of delight at again seeing white men. Dogs which have been brought up among Europeans never seem to take kindly to blacks, while the dogs belonging to Kafirs always show a fear of, and repugnance for, white people.

We order the kettle to be boiled and a meal prepared, while we refresh ourselves with a bath in the shallows, avoiding the deep water, owing to the numerous crocodiles frequenting it. Heartily we enjoy the morning meal after our exercise in the as yet cool air, though the food is roughly cooked, and our coffee made in an iron kettle, and stirred, before removal from the fire, with a red-hot brand.

The oxen are driven up to the wagon, and stand crowded together before the driver; who throws a noosed strip of hide, called a *reim*, a bundle of which he holds under his arm, over the horns of each; after which, shouting their names, he half leads, half drags them, in pairs to the yokes, the foreloup standing in the rear of the cattle administering punishment when necessary with a whip of hippopotamus hide, called a *sjambok*.

The descent into the river is steep and stony, but is accomplished in safety, the roughly-made break being screwed tightly upon the hind wheels. The river is crossed, and, for the first time, two of the party stand upon the soil of a savage potentate.

The day's journey is slow and wearisome, the country being hilly, and travelling with a wagon a matter of great difficulty. At sunset we "outspan" for the night beside a small rivulet, feeling that we have passed a somewhat fatiguing day. A couple of birds which have been shot during the "trek" are roasted over the camp-fire. These birds in appearance are very similar to the bittern of the British Isles, with the same flattened skull, and are called "hammer kop" by the "Africander" Dutch. Although there is a prejudice against eating these birds, owing to their chiefly subsisting upon frogs and lizards, yet their flesh is excellent. The repast over, some grog is "brewed," and we stretch ourselves before the fire, for the enjoyment of a pipe of tobacco and a chat. The small sturdy oxen, who have filled themselves, lie in a little mob close at hand, tranquilly chewing the cud, and giving vent now and then to a low moaning sound. Poor ill-starred trek cattle! truly ye have a bad time! a life of hard work and considerable flagellation, terminating in the shambles!

Conversation commenced by one of us inquiring whether

"sea-cow" were always as shy and difficult of approach as our first experience would lead us to imagine.

"Certainly not," said our companion; "I have before now 'picked a head' from among a number of sea-cow floating quietly around me, and caring no more for my presence than if I had been a log. In some of their haunts, where they are not often disturbed, you may watch them floating on the water, and waddling out upon the banks and islands, often within gunshot. In fact, there is not much real sport in shooting them, and if it were not for those curved ivory tusks of theirs, I don't think the hunters would trouble them often."

"Not quite like rhinoceros hunting then, as regards excitement?" said one of us.

"Not like black rhinoceros hunting," replied the trader; "but the white rhinoceros, as we call the light-coloured one, is not nearly so dangerous; once get up to him, and you may load and fire at him until he is finished. I don't mean to say that he won't ever charge you, but I mean that he is nothing like his black brother. I had a long ride after a white rhinoceros once, though you would not think they were the sort of animals for much pace. I and my fellow Jan first saw him wandering about the open veldt, and rode quietly towards him, sparing our horses, until he should begin to make off and so compel us to break into a gallop. Although we rode up wind towards the rhinoceros, before we had arrived within a quarter of a mile of him, he threw up his head, and, after a steady inspection of us, started over the plain at a pace which was far from bad, heavy and awkward as the animal looked. Now no time was to be lost, and ramming spurs in, away we went.

"For some distance the country was open and level, but for the *aard vark** holes, and my knowing old shooting-horse kept a good look-out for these, and carried me safely, notwithstanding the rattling pace at which we went: I knew that I could trust him, and so let him have his head, and the grass being short he could see any holes in the way, and he always made good use of his eyes. After a smart gallop of a mile or more, the rhinoceros began to take a line of country considerably more trying to our horses."

"Got among the thorns," we suggested.

"Fortunately there wasn't much *vacht um belze* (wait a bit) thorn in the neighbourhood, but the way he rushed up and down the *kloof* sides, kicking up showers of stones and stuff, was a 'caution.' Of course our horses could not live the pace over such a country, and we often had to dismount and lead them; 'nursing' them as much as possible, for they had been hard worked, and almost entirely grass-fed for some time past, and were heaving at the flanks considerably already, although the run was apparently not nearly over, as the rhinoceros was evidently distancing us. I had set my affections upon the fine horn which the game carried upon his snout; and besides this, I did not like the idea of being either outrun or outwitted by a white rhinoceros in an open country."

We expressed surprise that our friend had not fired at a long range.

"Well," he said, "I was shooting as usual, with a smooth-bore; and, as I always like to be well up with my game before I fire, I was never more rejoiced than when emerging from a valley, we found ourselves upon a long stretch of level ground, across which we forced our horses at a good pace again. Before

* Ant-bear or ant-eater.

long we heard the heavy blowing and breathing of our game, which began to show symptoms of distress to such an extent that, before long, Jan, by judicious riding, contrived to turn him. When, riding up to close quarters, I very soon was able to place my bullets as I pleased, and within a very short time the rhinoceros was stretched upon his side in the death agony, but not before he had thoroughly 'pumped' our horses."

Conversation after a long day spent in the open air soon flags, and within a very short time all hands were comfortably ensconced within the wagon for the night, while our Kafirs, wrapped in their blankets, slumbered beneath its shelter. The following morning, after an early breakfast, it is determined to hunt over the adjacent country which, we are told by our Kafirs, abounds in buck. Dogs are unnecessary on ground covered only with short grass, and where large boulders and a few scrubby plants furnish the only cover, so only the lurcher-like animal "Fly," led by a Kafir, accompanies us, and the shooting party sets off, followed by the eager gaze of the two dogs left tied to the wagon-wheel. The country to be hunted over extends over a succession of wild, steep, stony hills. There is hardly a yard of level walking, save here and there, where the summit of some hill forms a small table-land. We mount the broken stony side of the nearest hill, and upon gaining the summit, several bright reddish coloured antelopes are seen bounding down the opposite side, and along the deep valley. Evidently the game here is plentiful. Before walking far along the hill-top, a buck springs up within range, and receives the greater part of a charge of heavy shot in the hind-quarters, as he gallops down-hill which causes him to pitch forward upon the tips of his sickle-shaped horns; but he is up and away again, running well on three legs. The dog is released and acquits himself well, showing good speed over very rough ground; and upon coming up with the antelope, seizing him and holding on with the grip of a vice, though dog and game roll over together two or three times upon the steep hill-side. A Kafir makes his way to the spot, and draws a knife across the throat of the struggling antelope, and the dog, after dipping his tongue once or twice in the blood which flows from the wound, as if he cared very little about it, eager as he has been in the chase, quietly sees the game shouldered by the native, and with hanging tongue and heaving flanks, follows him to the summit of the rising ground.

After a considerable amount of climbing among the hills, three other antelopes fall before our guns; all are of the same kind, *roi rhey bok*, a graceful active animal, somewhat smaller than the English fallow-deer; the males ornamented with curved horns.

During the walk back to our wagon, a little dull-coloured antelope springs up from among some large boulders, and, with arched back, springs from one to the other of the smooth slippery stones, which appear to afford him the most perfect foothold. A shot rolls him over just as he is gathering himself together for a leap. He is a small, compact-looking little animal, covered with a thick coat of hair so coarse as almost to resemble bristles. This buck is called the *klip springer* by the Dutch settlers in South Africa; *klip* being the Dutch word signifying stone.

Venison is plentiful by the wagon-side at night. The skins, stripped from the bucks killed during the day, are tightly pegged out to dry. The fire round which the Kafirs sit is almost covered with meat, cut into thin strips, hissing and

sputtering upon the red-hot embers. Meat cooked in this apparently unsavoury manner is really excellent, the whole of the juices being retained.

For some hours after we have sought the shelter of the wagon for the night, the voices of the Kafirs are to be heard laughing and talking, emphasising some of their remarks by curious snappings and crackings of the fingers.

Very little sleep appears on occasions to suffice for the Kafirs, and although in the event of their falling in with an unlimited supply of meat, they will gorge themselves to an extent perfectly atrocious, yet they are capable of enduring long fasts.

The following sunrise saw our wagon "on the trek," it being our intention to commence trading as soon as possible, and by nightfall a good day's journey had been accomplished.

Early the following morning, a young Zulu made his appearance at our encampment, and inquired whether we had any blankets, of a peculiar kind much appreciated by his tribe. Being answered in the affirmative, he remarked, "It would be good if we would come to his father's kraal."

Loading one of our Kafirs with some of the black woollen blankets from our wagon, and adding a knife or two and a few beads, we set out for the kraal; and after a short walk, over a line of country perfectly impracticable for a wagon, arrived at the little collection of beehive-shaped huts surrounded by a fence of dead wood. We are, of course, immediately saluted by the barking and yelling of a pack of miserable curs, many of them almost hairless, and all looking half-starved. A volley of stones from ourselves, and of abuse from their black owners, sends them growling savagely, and showing their long white fangs in a wolfish manner, among the huts. Now the whole family come trooping up to gaze upon the *Abelungu* (white men). Beads are at once eagerly clamoured for by the girls.

One damsel, with a peculiarly good-humoured countenance, and a figure really statuesque, is very persistent in her demands, and exhibits a white metal decanter-label (the gift, no doubt, of some trader), which she wears suspended from her neck, with much pride and satisfaction. Some of the lads are dispatched to bring the cattle to the *isibyo* (the cattle pound which stands in the centre of the kraal). The Kafir cattle are taken to the feeding-grounds soon after dawn, and are not brought home for milking until the sun has climbed to some height. Although the savages around us are in no way uncivil to the white men, there is a sufficiency of self-confidence in their manner. It is a fact well known to those who have passed much time among the Zulus, that instances of insolence from the older men of the tribe are rare.

The young girls trip lightly from hut to hut, or stand, enjoying the early sun's rays in groups, with arms entwined about each other, their exceedingly scanty attire affording the fullest display of, in many cases, truly fine and graceful figures. Their voices are low and soft, while their light laughter sounds quite musical. The tiny, active children, who seem more than half afraid at the first sight of Europeans, run from us upon our approach, or creep behind their elder and more confident brothers and sisters.

The mothers of the kraal are in many instances of an ugliness absolutely revolting. Their dress consists of a short greasy-looking petticoat of dressed hide, and their heads are carefully shaved with the exception of a small top-knot, which is daubed with a bright red-coloured clay.

The infants ride astride their mothers' backs, supported by

a strip of soft-dressed hide. Helpless infancy forms, however, but a very short period in the life of a South African savage.

But here comes the mob of many-coloured cattle, varying in size from the little *eduna* (very young bull), with his budding horns, to the great oxen, who, never having felt the weight of the yoke, have attained a size which would make the colonial trek cattle, of the same breed, appear very insignificant. The first animal offered for barter is an ill-conditioned, under-sized yearling; this is of course rejected with the strongest expressions of contempt. After some time a fine young ox is brought forward, and the owner holds up every finger of which he is possessed, to indicate the number of blankets required in exchange. His countenance is perfectly stolid, and our shouts of laughter do not elicit the slightest smile, nor does he, apparently, see anything at all ludicrous or exorbitant in his demand. Had nature allotted more than the usual complement of fingers to him, doubtless he would have displayed them all with equal gravity.

After more than an hour has been spent in bargaining and haggling, two stout young oxen, ready for the yoke, are purchased at rather high trading prices, oxen fit for breaking in being always the most expensive and difficult cattle to trade for. The very large oxen are rarely to be procured at any price. The blankets are counted out, and undergo a most searching examination from the owners of the cattle and their brethren, and being found free from flaw or blemish, are accepted; a couple of rough knives being handed over—"placed on top" of the bargain is the trading expression—the cattle become our property.

Returning to the wagon, we send off some of our Kafirs to bring in the new purchases, and in a short time, looking over the surrounding country, we see the two oxen, with tails erect, galloping in all directions except the right one. However, after some difficulty, the Kafirs succeed in bringing them to the spot where all is prepared for their reception, our broken cattle "inspanned" and standing quietly in the yokes. An extra yoke has been attached to the *trek touw**, and two places are in readiness for the necks of "Roman" and "Wildebeeste," as we have agreed to call the new bullocks. Both are secured by *reims* thrown over the horns, and after a rather tough struggle, during which the Kafirs have some very narrow escapes of being gored, fastened to the yokes. Though exceedingly wild and troublesome, they are reduced to subjection by a judicious application of the formidable wagon-whip, and gradually become more tractable.

Travelling with unbroken cattle among the "span" is slow work, because, in addition to the many delays and difficulties with the refractory oxen, the treks or stages must be short, as the yoke soon galls the necks of cattle unaccustomed to bear it. Upon the second day of inspanning, "Roman" thought proper to lie down in the yoke, and was only induced to rise by dint of most unmerciful though necessary flogging, while "Wildebeeste" behaved in a manner so frantic that we, who had no experience of bullock-breaking, began to think that he was unconquerable. By the third day both the new oxen have become much tamer, and walk steadily under the yoke, and the severities which have been requisite during the past two days are happily abandoned.

The climate of the Zulu uplands is very delightful during

* The *trek touw* is the cable of twisted hide by which the wagon is drawn.

the whole of the winter season. The traveller may ride over a succession of downs for miles at a stretch, often fanned by a breeze actually cool, under a blue sky unrelieved by a single cloud.

While journeying through this most enjoyable locality, we amuse ourselves by shooting partridges and quails, though "Shot" is hardly a dog who would pass muster with an English gamekeeper. Here also we shoot some large bustards, though these birds are so wary as to require careful stalking; they are found in large flocks feeding upon the blackened ground—where the Kafirs have burnt off the old bog or dead grass—appearing to relish the burnt snails and slugs which abound there.

In many parts of the Zulu uplands, the fences around the kraals and the cattle pounds in the centre are built of rough stones, piled together, wood being only procurable at a great distance. In these districts dry cow-dung is used as fuel.

It is a curious fact that at almost any time during the day one or more kites are to be observed hovering over a kraal. I have rarely stood for many minutes in a Zulu kraal before I have noticed a kite flying in circles over my head, steering himself in the most marvellous manner with his forked tail. These birds appear to be carrion feeders.

As we travel on from kraal to kraal, cattle are bartered for; the price in blankets, beads, &c., is handed over to the owners, and the cattle left to be picked up on the return journey.

Arriving one night at a kraal in the neighbourhood of some very dense and heavy bush, we inquire of the head of the family if this wood does not contain buffaloes. He replies in one word, "Meningke" (plenty). Though the trader states that he does not always place reliance upon a Kafir's word, still, as October remembers the spot, and goes into ecstasies over the feats performed there by a white man with whom he was hunting some time ago, we agree to devote the morrow to hunting, more especially as a number of the young Zulus are willing to accompany us and act as beaters. Some time is passed by us in the kraal, during which the young fellows who are to hunt with us to-morrow become much excited, and go through the pantomime of a buffalo-hunt of the most animated description, spearing, avoiding charges, secreting themselves in readiness for a shot, and so on.

We are stirring early the following morning, and, arrived at the kraal, make a hasty though hearty breakfast, although, not wishing to spend any time in cooking, we content ourselves with the Kafir food, viz., *amarsi*, or clotted milk. This clotted milk has great sustaining powers, and will keep off hunger for a longer time even than meat, I think. The Zulus are hurrying hither and thither, collecting bundles of assegais, and getting their dogs together, while old October, who carries a gun with which we have entrusted him, looks on with much dignity. His large mongrel dog, "Tigelli," the gift of a former master, or "bos," as the Natal Kafirs generally call the white man they serve, stands by him. I believe this dog was originally named "Tiger" by his white owner, but Kafirs finding the pronunciation of the letter *r* almost an impossibility, the name has become first "Tigel," and ultimately "Tigelli," the extra syllable being added, I suppose, for the sake of euphony. October swears by his dog, and although he admits that he is old and worn, he affirms that his nose is so good that he never "tells a lie" when on the track of game.

All being in readiness, we climb the steep hill-side and enter

the heavy bush, where the Kafirs begin to look for signs of game, and before long are able to point out to us the fresh spoor of a small troop of buffaloes. A council of war is held, and it is determined that the larger body of the Zulus and their dogs shall, as quietly and quickly as may be, reach an opening in the bush about an hour's journey from where we stand, and, re-entering the bush, commence driving towards a spot to which we are to be at once conducted.

Walking in heavy bush is very fatiguing, owing to the constant stooping to avoid hanging boughs, and the frequent entanglements with the thorns and creepers; and we are right glad when again taking breath upon a large open glade, dotted about with enormous stones and reefs of quartz.

As he is walking quietly across the grass "Tigelli" suddenly trots forward a few paces, and stands with uplifted paw, gazing at the opposite bush. Another moment, and "October," by a low call and a threatening attitude, has brought him "to heel," and we are all stealing towards the spot which has engaged his attention, concealing ourselves as much as possible among the large stones. As we approach within ear-shot, the rustling and crashing sounds just within the bush plainly tell us where the game is. The keen eyes of the native quickly make out the forms of the buffaloes and, unable to control himself, October has in a moment rushed forward and discharged his gun. A tremendous rush is heard in the bush, every obstacle appearing to give way before the heavy game, the breaking of the smaller timber sounding loudly as the animals plunge into the depths of the covert. October comes in for a severe rating, in the first place, for having fired before the white men; and is well laughed at, in the second, for having fired at a buffalo which he could not see. His only reply is "Shi eela! Shi eel' impāla!" (Hit! hit, indeed!) and upon examining the spot where the buffaloes so lately stood, the foliage is found to be spattered

with small drops of blood. October makes no remark, but looks quietly triumphant.

After following the spoor for some distance into the densest part of the covert, we are forced to give up the pursuit, in order to make our way with all speed to the passes whither the Zulus are driving the game.

After a long walk through the bush, we reach a broad gully, running through the woodlands, above which we get a view of the clear blue sky. Crossing the gully, we part ourselves to about 200 yards' distance from each other. One of the Zulu youths elects to accompany me, and we sit down behind some thick scrub, among the heavy timber. Here we remain in silence. The crackling sound caused by the movements of some small animal, or the falling of a piece of dead wood, keeps us continually on the alert, and once a fine bush buck shows himself on the opposite side of the gully, in the most tempting manner. He is evidently quite unconscious of any danger, and as he boldly erects his handsome head, armed with its formidable-looking horns, and displays the snowy, crescent-shaped mark upon his chest, he looks, as I shall ever consider him, one of the most beautiful of the South African antelopes. Some sound soon alarms him, and, plunging into the dark-looking cover, he is in a moment lost to sight.

After a time—which seems several hours—has been passed in concealment, sounds of trampling, and of heavy forms forcing their way through the bush, are plainly to be distinguished. These are the game at last, beyond doubt; the breaking of the wood is perfectly distinct, as the branches give before their mighty heads. My black companion, who is only armed with two or three assegais, immediately ascends the nearest tree. Intently scanning the thick covert before me, I soon make out the form of a huge animal moving within it, and after a little patient watching, the head of a buffalo is to be seen, from time to time, among the cover, within twenty yards of where I stand.



SHOOTING A LION.

The whole forehead of a full-grown African buffalo is covered with a mass of impenetrable horn, and I do not consider it advisable to fire at this head as the owner tosses it about, apparently scenting danger, as the vulnerable part of a buffalo's skull is of very small dimensions. At last the animal, in moving through the bush, exposes a portion of his back. It would, perhaps, be advisable to wait for a more favourable shot, but the temptation is irresistible. In a moment my gun is at my shoulder, and, with a heart beating audibly, I pull trigger.

Almost simultaneously with the report of my gun, I hear the "thud" of the bullet; and in another moment I have leapt into the gully, and am reloading my empty barrel among the large masses of rock, and listening to the wounded game, who is plunging, like a restive horse, in the bush.

The gallop of buffaloes, as they break through the wood, makes the ground ring; and before the loading of my gun is completed, I have the mortification of hearing the one I have wounded plunging away in their wake. I hear the reports of four barrels at almost the same time, and in a few minutes we are all standing together again with reloaded guns.

After a thorough, though cautious, search through the surrounding bush—buffalo when wounded being excessively dangerous game—we find that the whole troop have gone off together, leaving a blood spoor. We await the arrival of the beaters, whereupon we set out and track the troop of buffaloes for several miles through dense bush, and over the roughest country. The instinct which a Kafir has for following a spoor is extraordinary; no mark or sign seems to escape him.

At length, thoroughly knocked up, we abandon the pursuit as hopeless, and return to the kraal by the shortest route with which our guides are acquainted, leaving three or four Kafirs to follow up the spoor. From certain signs in the tracks, they were sure that at least one of them was near his end.

We arrive at the kraal soon after sunset, and after a draught of fresh milk which has been saved for us, (the Zulus do not drink fresh milk, saying that it is only fit food for children,) we send to the wagon for various necessaries, intending to rest and take a meal among the savages.

After darkness has set in, October, in his half-Kafir half-broken-English, expresses it as his opinion that we shall soon have plenty of beef. He knew that Kafirs were too much afraid of the evil spirits to remain out during the dark night without some strong inducement.

Before long we hear voices in the distance, singing to ward off evil spirits; and shortly afterwards the party of Zulus we left in the bush enter the kraal, laden with meat. They inform us that shortly after our leaving them they found one of the buffaloes in extremities, and had finished him with their assegais, bringing in as much meat as they had been able to cut off in a short time.

Plenty of large, black, clay cooking-pots are speedily produced, and the beef is packed tightly into them, a small quantity of water being placed in the bottom of each vessel, which is then covered by another smaller clay pot and placed upon a slow fire. A considerable quantity of the meat, however, is broiled upon the embers for immediate consumption, and the natives give themselves up to feasting. Every fire has its complement of beef; and men, women, and children are to be seen snatching the smoking fragments from among the ashes and greedily devouring them. Meat of any kind is only an occasional luxury at the kraals, save and except at the residences

of the chiefs, where cattle are killed so as to afford a daily supply. The Kafir appetite for meat is so strong that every part of an animal, with the exception of the hide, horns, and hoofs, is greedily devoured; and flesh is rarely rejected by them, even when diseased or almost putrid. The short space of time in which the carcase of a large ox disappears is simply astonishing.

Sitting around the red-hot logs, in a hut which has been set in order for our accommodation, we enjoy a well-earned meal of fresh wild-beef steaks, which October cooks for us. He then quietly sets to work to make a kettle of coffee, not forgetting to precipitate the grounds, by the addition of a spoonful of cold water when the coffee is at boiling point. October has been from childhood so much in the employ of Europeans that he is really an excellent servant, as well as a very intelligent fellow. Though invariably deferential in his manner towards his employers, he has a considerable sense of his own importance, and is very sensitive of anything approaching to ridicule. October is, of course, on a far more familiar footing with us than are any of the others of our gang. As a general rule the old adage, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt," applies very strongly in all dealings between civilised and savage men.

Our meal finished, we stretch our wearied limbs upon mats and blankets, spread about the smooth floor of the hut, and talk over the day's sport. While speaking of the dangerous character of the old bull buffaloes which are sometimes found leading solitary lives in the bush, having been driven away from the herds to which they belonged, and are ready to charge down, unprovoked, upon any passer-by, the remark is made that they are more dangerous than lions. October mutters something about a lion being a great "skellum," Anxious to draw the old fellow out, we ask him if he ever killed a lion. He quietly replies, "Ya, Bos" (Yes, sir). With little trouble he is induced to launch out into the following narrative, in his intelligible though very imperfect English:—

"Long time my bos want to see lion. *Tina cingala injallo* (We hunt continually); shoot plenty *inyamazan* (game); not see one lion. One day *Kafulu* (Kafirs) tell us one big lion stop down *umhlanga edusi* (in the reeds near at hand). That night we stop in that place. *Kafulu* sing, and tell that lion *pelil' ensucu sio* (his days are finished). All *Kafulu* make plenty noise. *Gasasa* (at dawn) all go down to big *umhlanga* bush. Bos give me one big gun, *mabile molomo* (with 'two mouths,' viz., double-barrelled); and plenty dogs, plenty *Kafulu* make big noise in *umhlanga*. Long time we go on, by-and-by dogs make too much noise in *umhlanga*. By-and-by one dog *zena cala* (he cries), we know lion kill him. By-and-by lion come out little way, all dogs come on; he lift foot, hit one big dog *la inga fil' anja* (that dog is dead there and then). Lion stop look at dogs; Bos shoot two times, hit him; me give Bos my gun; lion *bani gula* (very ill), lie down little bit. *Tin i saba* (we are not afraid), go up close; Bos shoot one more; lion jump up, come on *tyetcha* (quickly). (October, much excited, here endeavours to imitate the roaring of a lion.) *Tanda ësla tina* (would like to eat us); little way come on *zena lala panse fute* (he lies down again), Bos shoot him *yena file* (he is dead). All *Kafulu* come on, dance, sing, hit lion, spit on him."

"And so that is how you killed the lion, October?"

"Ya, Bos."

Retiring for the night, long ere the Kafirs had concluded their songs and feasting, we slept soundly, notwithstanding the

horrible din, and shortly after daybreak the next morning were again travelling our exceedingly rough road. During the day we had several times to act the part of pioneers, axes and spades being brought into play; and before the day's journey was at an end we had the misfortune to smash our *dissel boom*. The *dissel boom* is the pole of the wagon, to which the two after oxen or wheelers are yoked. Cutting a suitable piece of timber, we succeeded, after much time and labour, in manufacturing and fixing a new boom, and trekked again; our oxen, not having been overworked, maintaining their condition well.

One day we almost entirely devoted to shooting crocodiles, in the large still pools of one of the rivers which we had to cross. The crocodiles, when at rest, covered by the water, are hardly distinguishable from logs until the eye becomes accustomed to

them. By lying in ambush along the banks, we were able to see the reptiles swimming leisurely about in all directions, and occasionally crawling out upon the sand-banks. Though we shot several, it was quite impossible to bag any, as to have entered the deep water would have been almost certain death. It is a singular fact, though one well known in South-Africa, that a dog is the favourite prey of the crocodile, consequently we carefully kept our dogs from the water. On land the hideous amphibian is slow and clumsy in his movements, but in water he is capable of great activity. The eggs, which are frequently to be found upon the banks of rivers and lagoons frequented by crocodiles, are about the size of a goose's, though longer and narrower. The shell is white and hard, and the egg would hardly be supposed to be that of a reptile.

A Ramble in Persia.—I.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

IN writing the account of my adventures in Central Asia, I omitted on purpose all that related to Persia, or Iran, as it is otherwise called, from the reason that this country had been so variously and so well described by many European travellers of the present and former times. Persia was out of the way of my researches; it was only the scene of the commencement of my dervish career, where I had to inure myself to all the hardships, vicissitudes, and emergencies of a long beggar's tour in the interior of Asia. And what could I write new and attractive, or interesting and instructive, after the masterly descriptions of Frazer, Ker Porter, Malcolm, Fergusson, or after the profound and elaborate works of Rawlinson, Niebühr, Chardin, and others. Thus I thought when recently returned from my travels to Europe. Since then, however, I have altered my views in that respect. I argued with myself in the following way:—My predecessors have travelled over Persia in all directions; they have seen and described the people in all their various manners and customs. But they have travelled, seen, and observed, as Europeans, whilst I have crossed this famous seat of ancient Asiatic civilisation, not merely in the garb and character of an Asiatic, but of a Mohammedan, nay, a Sunite Turk. And being almost the only pseudo-member of the last nationality who has visited Iran, from the west to the east, and from the south to the north, I thought it might be worth while to give to the readers of the *ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS* a short account of the mode in which I travelled, and what I saw in Persia.

Supposing that the difference of sect between Sunites and Shiites is pretty well known, I will not detain the reader by a tedious account of the many diverging points of these two chief sects of Islam. I will only allude occasionally to the deep hatred which animates these two divisions, and of which I myself, as a Sunite, had to bear a considerable portion. In going to Persia I chose the general way of Trebizond and Erzerum. In the first-named of these towns several rich Persian merchants joined my caravan for the sake of security on Turkish soil, because, having the character of an Effendi, they believed they would enjoy perfect security under my influence,

and in reality they did so. I was glad, in fact, to be the protector of these enterprising Mohammedan traders of Asia, who, in spite of all the dangers and inconveniences which beset them on their way through a Sunite land, form still the chief link of mercantile communication between India and Afghanistan and the shores of the Atlantic. It is a great pity, indeed, that the Turkish Government, instead of furthering the mercantile interest of the Persians as well as the welfare of the Ottoman subjects themselves, have greatly contributed to divert the transit trade from this part of the dominions of the Sultan, and driven, so to say, the considerable trade, which was carried on formerly *via* Trebizond and Erzerum, to Russia by the safer road of Poti, Tiflis, and Tabris. Whilst the value of merchandise passing across Armenia to the Black Sea in the year 1870 was less by 11,000,000 francs than the total sum of the preceding years, the transit trade of Russia by Poti has increased during the last year by 9,000,000 francs. Russia, of course, fully aware of the importance arising from the fact of making her Transcaucasian possessions the highway to the interior of Asia, has neglected nothing to attract the Persian traders, and affords them all kinds of privileges and facilities. Russian steamers bring the bales cheaper to Poti than other vessels. From the last-named town to Tiflis, a railway has lately been constructed, and from this capital of Georgia caravans move certainly with greater security than in any part of the Ottoman empire.

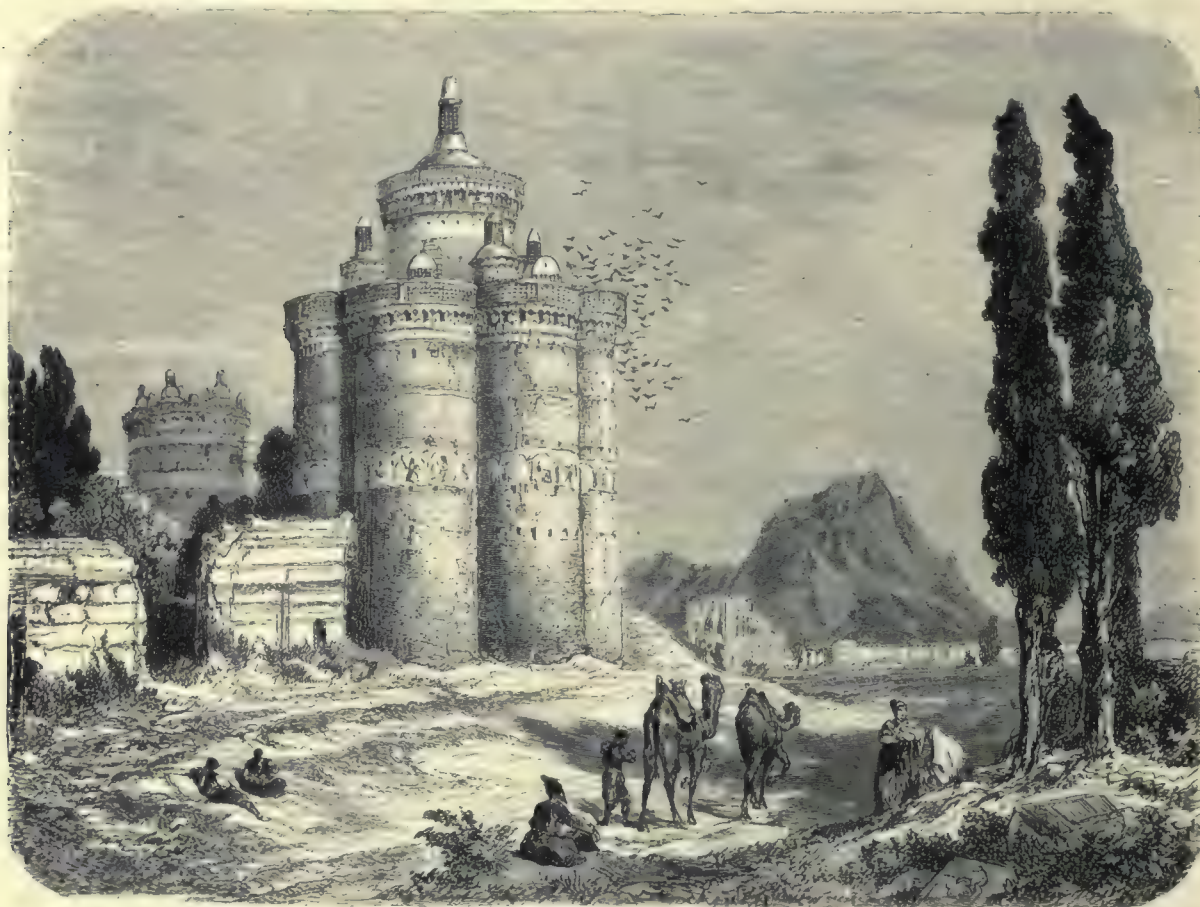
Persians, therefore, unwillingly choose the way across Turkish Armenia, and, as I noticed, their aversion is fully justified. When leaving Erzerum in company with the Persian traders, and as we entered the mountainous defile inhabited by the Kurds, I saw how the apprehension of my fellow-travellers for the safety of their lives and goods was daily increasing. These Kurds, described even by Herodotus as ruthless robbers, have singularly enough retained to this very day their ancient character. Nominally they are subject to the Turkish rule, but, being of indomitable wandering propensities, they move from one rich pasturing-ground to the other, and control over them is

almost impossible. This is particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Diadin, the last Turkish town on the highway to Persia, where, in the absence of a strict frontier demarcation, the Kurds after committing a robbery, for example, on Turkish territory, would escape either to Russian territory on the north, or to Persia on the east.

Treaties of extradition do not exist, or at least are not kept up, and by this irregularity the Kurdish marauders are most efficiently protected.

The traveller who first sees a Kurd in his bright-coloured, thoroughly Oriental dress, as he moves about with a shy and

guise I had assumed): We entered into conversation, and the end of it was that I had to accept their offer of hospitality and to spend a night in the house of the elder of the village, called Eshek Ilias. The first impression of the cleanliness and homely character of a Kurdish mansion is not a pleasant one. It is certainly contrary to our ideas of comfort to spend a night on the raised platform of a long stable in company with thirty or forty oxen. The exhalation from these very useful but unclean animals renders the atmosphere like a Russian bath; and as the only opening of the house is above your head, not for the purpose of ventilation, but to let out the smoke, you



VIEW NEAR ISPAHAN.

timid pace, but with fire-sparkling eyes, will scarcely recognise this old specimen of the Iranian race in his mountain home. When sitting on horseback and wielding his tufted lance, he makes the valleys resound with his long-drawn war-cry, "Hu-lu-lu-lu-lu!" I witnessed such a scene, for the first time, when crossing the Kuroglu Pass. It was on a fine quiet evening that these sounds first reached my ears. Pale, deadly pale, grew the colour of my Persian fellow-travellers; and, not sharing in their anxiety on the principle of—

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,"

I was gazing at the distant prospect when two Kurdish cavaliers suddenly appeared, and with raised lances galloped towards me. "Esselam aleikum, effendu," (Peace unto thee, my sir,) was their greeting, and as I answered with the usual "Vealeikum esselam," they thought that they had to do with a genuine Turk and employé of the Porte (of course, so they believed from the dis-

may be sure of being drenched with water all the night long, and to sniff with unspeakable delight the first fresh breeze outside in the morning. If the hospitable roof of the Kurds be devoid of comfort their manners are certainly still more annoying. You sit down, you undo your bundle, you prepare your teapot, you wash yourself, and the Kurd with his wife and children will be always very close to you, and give you endless trouble. The host will be desirous of trying your gun, to see your knife; the hostess will feel the stuff of your coat, the young girl will study the texture of your linen. All your property is passing from hand to hand, without much prospect of being returned to you entire; for, as a Turk rightly says, "You may have thousand eyes, but the Kurd will steal the button off your coat."

Not less are the annoyances whilst consuming the scanty meal of the evening. The gaze of longing eyes around you accompanies every bit of food from dish to mouth. Politeness



KURDISH BANDITS.

bids you to invite the host, but beware of insisting upon it, because, should he partake of your meal, you will be sure to rise hungry from the table after the day's hard trip. It is particularly with the sugar that I felt most frequently annoyed. Young and old, male and female, being extremely fond of it, they will try all possible means to get a piece or two; and to mantle their voracious covetousness, sugar will be asked from you as a medicament for all kinds of diseases. One pretends to cure the eyes with it, the other a sore finger, whilst a third thinks by keeping it in his pocket he will be delivered from a troublesome palpitation of the heart. Of course the result of it is that your store of sugar will soon be at end. And thus you leave the house of a Kurd, if not always with a light heart, certainly with a light portmanteau.

On the advice of my Persian fellow-travellers, I hired, for safety, a kind of Kurdish escort, consisting of two easy-mounted cavaliers, to accompany us across the Dagar Mountain, a place dreaded always by travellers, where, as I afterwards learned, skirmishes with the Turkish marauders are the order of the day. It is generally the Shiite Persians who bear the brunt of the strife, whoever wins, by the loss of one or two bales of their wares, and sometimes also of the carrier mules and horses. It was on one of the splendid spring mornings so common in this region when we reached the foot of the mountain. In spite of the danger that surrounds you amidst the Kurds, I always felt an unspeakable delight in moving early in the day, whilst the tinkling of the bells of the caravan echoed in the distance. At that time every scene in Asia was a novelty to me; and I was just dreaming of the extraordinary curiosities which awaited me in Iran and in Turkestan when a piercing cry suddenly aroused me, and I saw that the laden mules nearly at the top of the mountain were rushed upon by several strangely-dressed men on horseback, who were just upon the point of putting to flight the drivers and carrying away the valuable property of the Persians. "Robbers! robbers!" cried one of the escort near me. It was the first encounter I had in Asia. How can I conceal the real truth? I own at the beginning a chill ran through my veins. The escorting Kurds had already galloped away to appease seemingly their daring compatriots. My eyes followed them; but when the Persian owner of the bales came crying and weeping like a child, and imploring my assistance, the cold immediately changed into fire. The blood rose to my head, and with full spurs to my charger, I just reached the summit of the mountain as the vociferation had already turned into deeds of violence. "What are you about to do, shameless robbers?" was the question I put to the assailants, when a stout-looking, one-eyed elder, with a long, floating, grey beard, armed with shield, spear, and sword, just as his ancestors were several hundred years before, stepped forward, saying, "Bey Effendi, didst thou not meet any oxen on thy way? we have lost some yesterday and have been searching for them all the night." "Oxen is it that you are looking for, and so well armed?" was my answer. "Shame upon thee; has thy beard become grey in order to pollute this sign of venerable age with the dirt of robbery and theft? Were it not for the many years thou hast seen the Almighty's benignant sun, I would immediately have handed thee over to the Kaimekam (chief of the district), thou impudent waylayer, but now move on and be out of sight." The firmness, or rather boldness, of my behaviour could not fail to exercise full influence upon the marauding company, which consisted of eight

men. Late in the evening we arrived at the station called Mollah Suleiman, a village inhabited by Armenians. There I inquired after the name, the character, and the rule of the Kaimekam, but how great was my astonishment to hear that Mehemed Bey (this was his name) was the very chief of all the robbers in the environs, that my assailants were his servants, and that the escort I took acted as spies in the whole affair. In Kurdistan, of course, such characters are not at all surprising. During the Crimean war Mehemed Bey had volunteered for Russia, and, in spite of his being a zealous Mohammedan, fought valiantly against the Sultan. After the war he was impudent enough to ask forgiveness, and the Turk, with unreasonable indulgence, put him as a governor at the head of a province where the sublime Porte ought to be continually on the alert against the machinations of an ever-intriguing foe.

And so we must not wonder at finding trade, agriculture, and everything laid waste in Armenia. The Christian aborigines, brought to the utmost misery, are scarcely able to maintain their existence. Their cattle is unsafe in the pastures; their grain must be concealed in underground magazines, and the wretched hut which they inhabit must be watched during the night by the young men of the family, who keep outside on the flat roof continual sentinels, whilst the wives and children enjoy their sleep inside the house. It was, therefore, not only the Persians, but myself, the pseudo-Turk, also, who felt relieved on approaching the Persian frontier, where, according to my fellow-travellers, security of roads is better preserved, where robbery is rare, and every outrage is most cruelly punished.

Although Turkey and Persia are the greatest Mohammedan countries in Asia, is it not strange to find no mark to indicate the line of frontier between them? On winding our way slowly up a hill, curiosity caused me to ask, "Which will be my first step in Iran, in that seat of ancient Asiatic civilisation?" The Persians round me answered, "You must notice, Effendi; the moment that your horse begins his downward pace, you have entered the Persian territory." "Well," said I to myself, "where are the signs of the work done by that European Commission which was sent out by England, France, and Russia to lay down the proper frontier line between the possessions of the two Mohammedan potentates? We know the work went on for years and years; more time still was required until the notes of survey were committed to paper. There is now a rumour that the map has been finished after fifteen years' labour; but of what use is it for Asia if in want of local designation Turks and Persians are ignorant as to the end and the beginning of their respective countries." In crossing the chimerical frontier, the first place we halted at in Persia was Ovadjik, the seat of the Hafizi Serhad (inspector of the frontier), an office filled by Khalfa Kuli Khan, a very coarse species of Iranian Turk, known as a capital bear-hunter, whom I found at the entrance of his house in the company of two big, stuffed specimens of these animals. True to my character of an Effendi, I approached the man with a certain degree of familiarity, thinking that as we were both Governmental officials, he would certainly respect the firmans of which I was the bearer. From his indifferent, nay, sour-looking countenance, I soon discovered that my suppositions were wrong, and that Effendis in Persia had to expect no attentions from the vulgar. An Effendi is always received with a sceptical smile in the country of Iran, as, according to the Shiite views of the Persians, no respect is due to those honoured by the

Sunite sect. Knowing this, I prudently withdrew and began to avail myself of the hospitality afforded to me by my Persian fellow-travellers. These men, naturally, were now enjoying all possible comfort. Whilst crossing Turkish Armenia, where the Khans (inns) are mostly kept by Christians, the Shiite must abstain from every kind of fresh food, as this can only be sold to him by Christians, and all that a Christian touches becomes *ipso facto* "nedjis" (or impure) and forbidden to the followers of Ali. Sometimes the Christian *bakal* (grocer) puts the victuals required by the Persians outside his shop, just as if they were without any owner; and the Persian, in order to avoid committing sin, takes them and leaves the money in their place. But this palliative is not generally used, and it is strange enough to see rich Persians tortured by hunger in the very midst of plenty.

From Ovjadjik our way brought us over the small places Kara-iny and Tchuruk to the first Persian town of importance, named Khoi, which I found most beautifully situated in a richly-cultivated valley. And, I must say, that the first impression of this small town, fortified by a mud wall, was a very pleasant one. The way leads along a shady avenue of tall poplars. Quiet and lovely as the sight of the landscape is, you will find everything busy and noisy on entering the gates of Khoi. You come suddenly into the very midst of the bazaar; shops are thronged together; a busy humming crowd is barring your way, step by step, and just as you are beginning to enjoy the novelties around you, you enter the part inhabited by the copper-smiths, and you are bewildered with the deafening noise, and wonder how customers and shopkeepers can keep up a conversation amidst such a hubbub. Of course they speak by signs; but what is still more strange to the foreign eye is that in the very neighbourhood of this bazaar there are two or three public elementary schools, with open fronts, and pretty well frequented by the Persian youth of both sexes. All sit in the general Oriental way, close to each other, with the teacher at their head, who, with a long stick in his hand capable of reaching the hindmost, gives rudimentary lessons in reading the Koran, and in the first principles of the Shiite creed. It is impossible to distinguish the sound of the master and of his pupils, and one would believe that the latter only learn by closely watching the labial movements of their teacher. Curious schools! But we are now in our first true Oriental town, and the strikingly new features of life must not astonish us.

From the bazaar I passed to the caravanserai (and a snug one it was) to hire a cell for the couple of days we intended to remain in Khoi. The caravanserais of Persia, undoubtedly the finest in all Asia, consist generally of a quadrangular building of several storeys. On the ground there are the stables, and in the first floor the cells occupied by the travellers. Windows and doors are represented by one semicircular opening, generally with wooden shutters, so that if you wish to get sufficient light you must expose the interior of your room to publicity. But this does not embarrass an Oriental; he makes his toilette, he dines, sleeps in public, and from the centre of the caravanserai you are sure to see all the doings of the travellers. It was here that I first tried Persian food, which differs essentially from Turkish, and it is certainly worth while to describe the chief points of difference. There is a saying in the East, "The Arab eats till he is satiated; the Turk till he bursts." Fully admitting the truth of this proverb, I will only remark that it is also applicable when speaking of Turks and Persians.

The former is a hearty eater; he has a great variety of dishes, and after finishing his protracted meal he will stare at you with big eyes, just as if he would say, "Oh, help me, I cannot get up." The latter, on the contrary, is very frugal; his chief nourishment is rice, chopped meat, baked in fat or simply roasted, and bread. As for the bread, it is certainly the most primitive in kind ever used by man. The quickly-kneaded paste is extended in thin and long paper-like sheets, baked in a few minutes, and eaten as quickly as made; for you must know, palatable as this bread is when fresh, it becomes bad and tough when only a few hours old. The Persian generally uses this bread, sometimes two yards in length, as a wrapper to his provisions. Often you will see it spread out also as a table-cloth, from which he tears off small pieces to accompany the meat or rice; and after having used the remainder to wipe his greasy fingers, he will next eat up the rest of his napkin, finishing with meal, tablecloth, and *serviette* altogether. All this is effected in the greatest haste, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Turk requires thrice as much time for his meal as the Persian.

Independent of the interest afforded to travellers in the observation of manners and customs in this first Persian town, Khoi has very little worthy of notice in her buildings and environs. From Khoi I continued my way in company with two Armenians, who were settled in Tabris, one of whom—just returned from London, where he had stayed several years—spoke English fluently, and was pretty well accustomed to Western life. Taking me for an Effendi of genuine origin, these Armenians were kind enough to give me the necessary advice with regard to my dealings with Persians; and they protected me against the insults of these people, for the further I penetrated into this Shiite country the greater became the vexations I was exposed to by my fanatical religious opponents. Here they refused me a shelter, there the necessary portion of victuals for the ready cash I offered, whilst in passing the villages I was sure that the fez I wore on my head would draw upon me a general hooting, and worse, a shower of stones from the boys in the streets. Persians of older age and graver countenance used to ask me, without any preamble on the subject, if I really did not believe that the first Khalifs were base usurpers, and that the glorious Ali had to undergo the greatest injustice in the world. It may be easily understood what a small interest a traveller, who arrives hungry, thirsty, and worn out at the station can take in discussing the question of the rights of succession of the first Khalifs. But the Persian is always ready to enter on this favourite topic of his. One thousand two hundred years have elapsed since the first party cry was uttered in Arabia, and it echoes as loudly even now in Persia, as if the election of Abu Bekr, Osman, and Omar had taken place yesterday. Much of this anti-Sunite zeal may be ascribed to the rare apparition of the Osmanlis on Iranian soil. Although neighbours of several hundred years standing, and cognate in nationality and religion, the ever lazy Turk is but rarely or never seen in Persia. This is not the case with the inhabitants of the last-named country. They, as the most enterprising men of the Mohammedan East, are to be met with in the most distant parts of the Ottoman empire as tobacco and shawl traders, as coffee-house keepers, and sometimes also as barbers. You will find Persians in Bucharest, Belgrade, Salonica, Ragusa, Tunis, Cairo, Djenda, Damascus, and so on, whilst the visits of the Turks to Persia are confined

to two or three official members of the Embassy, or to a few Bagdadi, to wit, Arab traders in Ispahan.

Owing to this circumstance, I was looked upon as a great curiosity amongst Persians, and had to undergo all trials caused by their Shiite fanaticism.

On my way to Tabris, I was most agreeably surprised on emerging from the mountainous road at the sight of the lake Urumia or Deryai Shah (the King's Sea), as the Persians call it.

Verdure and water are but rarely seen by travellers after leaving the Pontic Mountains. And the sudden appearance of the dark blue Persian lake, as viewed from the heights in the light of the rising sun, is certainly charming to the eye; accustomed to the yellowish naked mountains of the environs. I must admit, however, that the part of Persia I am speaking of—Azerbaijan, is the richest, being known as the "Granary of Iran." Approaching Tabris, the capital of the last-named province, I found this appellation in some way justified, although this famous city of mediæval Asia has not even ruins enough to be the witnesses of her past glory. Tabris was of a parti-

cularly great importance in the days when the Mongols held the country. Sultan Gazan Khan, the famous Djen-gizide, held here his splendid Court; savants flocked hither from all parts of Mohammedan Asia, and many a monument of science, by which even our present European culture benefits, has been worked out in the richly-endowed colleges of this town. Still greater was Tabris from the point of view of trade in olden times. It was certainly the chief emporium on the highway to India, China, and Central Asia; and it may surprise the reader to learn that the roads were safer in those turbulent days than at present, when the semi-civilised Asiatic governments, unable successfully to imitate European rule, have neglected or forgotten their own national régime.

My first impression of Tabris was, therefore, by no means an enlivening one, and the couple of days I spent in the Caravanserai Omir would have become really tedious, if a few incidents had not have contributed to make my stay of some interest. It was here that I witnessed for the first time a Persian official parade. Muzaffar-eddin Mirza, the eldest son of the present reigning king, was to be declared Heir Presumptive of the crown; and the festivities connected with

it are worth mentioning. Muzaffar-eddin, although only nine years old, was already at the head of the province of Azerbaijan, as the governor, of course under the tutelage of a more experienced officer. A great many guests were invited for the day of the publication of the imperial proclamation conveying this decree of the Shah; and the large garden, where the ceremony was to take place, was crowded from early morning. Long ranks of queer-looking soldiers formed the lines of procession; I say queer-looking, because it had a comical effect to see these genuine Orientals in European uniform, some of them barefooted, and others clad in shoes or boots, and all



A PERSIAN IN OFFICIAL COSTUME.

wearing their clothes and accoutrements so loosely, and with an air of puzzled resignation. Not less amusing was the aspect of the high officials themselves; their semi-European and semi-Asiatic gala dress covered with embroidery and braid. Tunics and pantaloons are generally made so wide that two Persians could comfortably pack themselves in one garment. Their greatest abhorrence is evidently the collar, and out of twenty you will find only one whose coat is regularly buttoned. With this comical appearance the grave and serious bearing of the high *employés* forms a ludicrous contrast; and in spite of the Persians' belief that they are of all Asiatic people the best fitted for imposing celebrations, I soon convinced myself that the Osmanlis excel them in this respect. But we will give a



short description of the ceremony itself. After the young prince had taken his place on a throne, raised upon a platform in the centre of the garden, a deafening cannonade announced the arrival of the messenger, who brought the firman of investiture from Teheran. The letter being handed over to the prince, he kissed it thrice, unfolded it, and gave it to a mollah opposite him, who read the royal decision with a loud voice. The reading being over, another salute was fired, and then a court poet stepped forward, and began to recite a *rasidah* (a sort of hymn) to the glorification of the new heir presumptive. In this product of Iranian poetry the prince found himself compared to a delicate rose, spreading its perfumes to distant countries; and to a radiant sun, who darts his scorching rays to the end of the earth. He was styled the precious gem of the Persian crown, and the terrible hero who strikes thousands of enemies with a single stroke of his sword; at the glance of whose eyes mountains tremble, and who is able to dry up rivers—nay, oceans—with the fire of his wrath. Poor child! could he have understood the metaphors applied to him, he would certainly have been afraid of his own greatness. The poem finished, all the grandees thronged themselves round the young prince, to give vent to their flatteries, in expressions not less hyperbolic than those of this high-flown poem. And after every man of rank had done his oratorical duty, large trays of sweetmeats composed of sugar were presented to the spectators and guests. In a few minutes all was consumed, and the feast being at an end, the garden was cleared with loud cries—nay, by the palpable admonitions of sticks—of guests and spectators.

In my observations regarding the manners and customs of the Persians, I must say that the sojourn of a few weeks sufficed to convince me of the error into which Europeans generally fall in believing that the Shiites are the Protestants of Islam. There is not the shadow of a truth in that assertion; they are certainly more fanatic than the Sunite Turks, and have no claim to any reformed or refined religious feeling. In the caravanserai I inhabited there was, as usual, in the centre of the court a large basin, filled by one of the underground water-pipes, the water of which, however, had a small outlet, and was used throughout the day for all possible purposes. Here we saw a man washing his linen, there another bathing his child; a third one cleaning a sheepskin in it; and a fourth would be seen kneeling down patiently to quench his thirst with that green-looking abominable fluid. When asked about this dirty habit, the Persian tried to explain to me that water, if sixty pints in quantity is, according to religion, blind—that is, inaccessible to pollution and dirt. Notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, the Shiite adheres to this belief; this very Shiite, who thinks himself impure if the end of his dress touches by accident a European. Not less striking in the way of fanaticism was the dervish, who, mounted on fine and richly-harnessed horses, used to ride around the city and through the bazaars, crying continually, “Ya Ali! ya Ali!” This man, in order to prove the right claims of Ali, made a vow in his earlier youth, not to utter another word all his life long, except “Ya Ali! ya Ali!” When I saw him, he had kept his vow already twenty-five years; not speaking even in the circle of his family another word. Publicly he used to cry with all the power of his lungs, “Ya Ali! ya Ali!” for several hours in the day; and as walking would have tired him too soon, the rich men of the town used to lend him their horses, which were

returned by the holy man, after the usual ride, with no other thanks than, “Ya Ali! ya Ali!”

Of the same kind were my experiences on my way from Tabris to Teheran, a journey usually made in a fortnight; which I travelled quite alone, having hired a mule in Tabris, with the promise to give it back to its owner in Teheran. Seated on my knapsack, and exposed all the day to the scorching sun of July, how I longed for a quiet moment, when retired in the evening in the cool corner of a caravanserai, or a private house. But Shiite fanaticism would not allow me that. Almost everywhere and every evening I found myself assailed by a Seid (soi-disant descendant of Mohammed)—a numerous body in Persia—who, to vindicate the right of his ancestors, began to treat me to the most loathsome epithets for the injustice my Sunite forefathers committed, as he said, to the family of Ali. A few pieces of sugar, a spoonful of tea, or sometimes a few pence, would contribute to mitigate the religious animosity, and the assailant would withdraw, soothed by trifles, in his fierce religious fervour. But others were not so easily satisfied. They would cry, “You wretch of a Sunite, you ought to pay me the duty your fathers neglected to pay to my ancestors.” And, in spite of the amusing part of the controversy, I became thoroughly weary of these continual annoyances, and sometimes gave away what I could from my scanty purse, for the sake of being able to enjoy a quiet evening. To a genuine Sunite these invectives would have been bearable; the feeling of religious steadiness would have given him the necessary fortitude; but to a European philologist in disguise, who never cared very much either about Ali, Osman, Abu Bekr, or Omar, the trial was much heavier, and sometimes I really regretted having assumed the character of a Sunite amongst the intolerant Persians.

Thus, contending with the heat of the sun, and with the fire of fanaticism, I reached Teheran, the present capital of Iran, the praises of which I heard all the way along; but the miserable and wretched aspect of the Persian metropolis confirms one in the conclusion that all is a sham and a delusion in the old classic Iran. Instead of lofty palaces, architectural monuments, and gold-covered spires, your eye meets only miserable mud huts. Beware of your steps, for great holes in the street threaten you and your horse with a fall every moment. The traveller, who discovers in Constantinople so many features to which our European eye hardly gets accustomed, will find in Teheran so much more to shock him. On the Bosphorus the fine site, the pleasant climate, and the picturesque-looking disorder will make you overlook Oriental inconveniences; in Teheran there is nothing to compensate. The air is sultry and unhealthy—nay, dangerous—during the summer; and natives as well as foreigners shun the town for three months of the year. And how different is society in the two Eastern capitals! Above all we miss the cleanliness of the Turks in Constantinople. The Osmanli bestows the greatest care upon the interior of his house, upon his linen, upon his garments, and also upon his kitchen. The Persian, on the contrary, delights in exterior pomp; and while his outer garments are sometimes laden with jewels of every description, his dirty linen is sure to harbour dozens of abominable guests, and soap, as well as towels, are objects of luxury rarely to be met with. The same may be observed with regard to the ladies. The *hanim* (lady) on the Bosphorus, although wrapped up in her *feradje* (cloak), and covered by the *yashmak*

(veil), is still comfortable in her appearance. The glittering white under-dress peeping from underneath the cloak, her clean, yellow slippers, and other *objets de toilette*, cannot fail to show that even the poorest woman is careful in her dress. In Persia the frequent use of a dye called henna, by which the ladies disfigure their hands and faces, the large stockings, or pantaloons, as they may be called, which reach from toes to breast, and the dark blue blanket, which they throw upon themselves when leaving the house, give you a very sad impression of the Iranian beauties, otherwise so famous in Eastern poetry. Not less striking is the difference in the character of the high-life society of either metropolis. The effendis and bashaws are, in spite of all injustices they have had to endure from their sovereign, deeply loyal in feeling; whilst the Persian, although the Shah may heap upon him all possible bounties, will be always ready to repay with infidelity; and to scandalise his master is regarded as a special pleasure. It is true the innate sparkling wit and the ingenuity of the Persians place them high above the Turks; but these latter have always shown an eminent sense of righteousness and an unshakable love of truth. Similar, also, are the impressions which strike the foreigner in Teheran, when comparing the results of Western influence upon the two respective societies. The Persian has profited only by some outward features of European life, and subjects of serious contemplation have always remained foreign to him. The Turk, on the contrary, has long ago begun to study chemistry, mathematics, and many other branches of European science, and is really desirous to progress on the new way of civilisation. As a guest, nay, as a semi-official member of the Turkish Embassy, I was easily admitted into the so-called "better class" society of the Persian capital. A short insight into their doings was enough to convince me that all is foul there; and it was with an easy heart that I left the seat of the government on the 1st September on my way to Shiraz. This trip was necessary, in order to inure me to the rôle of a dervish, as a longer stay under the hospitable roof of the Turkish Embassy would have become certainly detrimental to the adventurous schemes I had before me.

MY TRIP TO SOUTH PERSIA.

Mounted on a small, but stout and sturdy donkey, and dressed in the attire of a Bagdad Sunite, which consists of a long *aba*, made of camels' hair, and the picturesque silk coiffure called *kafia*, I trotted on quite alone and merrily, along the often-described route to the city of Ispahan, with the intention not to stop on my journey until I reached the shores of the Persian Gulf. It was only at the first station, called Kanárehgird, that I met with, and joined a small caravan, composed of a few traders, a few pilgrims returning from Meshed, and the never-failing Seïds and *rouzahkhans*, or actors in the Shiite passion-play. The last-named members of our party were the first who entered into conversation with me, not through sympathy, as I found it, but in order to pump me, my character being a perfect puzzle to these enraged fanatics. For my own part, it was not want of security which induced me to enter into this society, but the study of this sect was my great delight; and, in spite of their continual torments, the days spent with them will ever remain fresh in my memory. The Seïd, a long, thin, and emaciated-looking fellow, never omitted to spit, and betray a great disgust, whenever he had to pronounce the names of the three first Khalifs

and other Sunite notorieties. Anxious to show me his great aversion to the heroes of my supposed creed, he showed me his slippers, where I saw inscribed on the soles, in big letters, "Omar." "I like to have that abominable fellow continually under my feet; he is the best fitted for mud and dirt," said the Seïd. The rouzahkhan did not betray less intolerance. He always rode by my side, singing songs of the most opprobrious language against Sunism; his great enemies were Abdulkadir Giláni, Ebuhanifah, and the Effendis of Constantinople. Strange to say, a few ladies in our society were still more vehement in their manifestation of hatred. Considering that I was surrounded on all sides by such enemies, I must say that it was only owing to the great cowardice of the Persians that I moved in full security amongst them. They knew that I had been the guest of the Turkish Embassy in Teheran. Nobody ventured, therefore, to touch me bodily; in the course of a few days they got tired of their continual attacks, and I was only molested at the resting-places, when dinner was over and travellers liked to have their joke.

On the way to South Persia the traveller cannot fail to note that trade must have greatly flourished here during past centuries, before steamers from India could cross round Arabia to Egypt, or round Africa to Europe. A large part of the rich products of the East Indies took their way across Iran, Armenia, Turkey, and Russia, to Europe, but nowadays inland and local trade only enliven that famous highway, and certainly more than half the travellers are devout pilgrims, who wander to tombs of the various saints of the country. What the trip to the Continent is to the Englishman, such is a pilgrimage to the Shiite Persian. He works and suffers, that his savings may be spent at one of those places. You will meet him with wife and children, grandfather and grandmother; in short, all the family is annually a few weeks on the tramp. Even the dead are pilgrims, as I noticed to my great disgust. It was on the second night, when the caravan, avoiding the tropical heat of the day, and passing quietly across that part of the Iranian desert (Dashti Kuvir) which stretches deep into the interior of the cultivated land, that I was suddenly aroused from a quiet doze by a most offensive smell. I had no time to ask the cause of this insupportable stench. My companions, driving their animals as fast as possible, said, in a loud voice, "Make haste! make haste!" and in doing my best to follow in their track, I discovered, at a short distance, a pretty long string of mules, laden with long, thin boxes, two on each side; the leaders, keeping apart from their beasts, having the disagreeable duty of directing the whole string by throwing stones or by uttering hollow and dismal sounds from their closely-wrapped mouths. This was the so-called death caravan; each thin case, covered with felt, contained the corpse of some pious Shiite. Fat or lean, it must be compressed into the size required for portability. A large trade is carried on in this mournful business. Undertakers, mostly Bagdadi, have their agents in all parts of Iran. And, although the dead are consigned to these latter a few days after their decease, the cargo is kept, from the mercantile necessities of the case, several weeks, nay, several months, until a sufficient quantity is collected to start a caravan. Decomposition proceeds but slowly in climates like that of Iran, but, nevertheless, the exhalation from these departed saints is something frightful; and though, for my own part, I was nearly fainting, the Persians, although certainly not less inconvenienced, abstained from

showing their disgust. The pious Shiite, even in putrefaction, smells to him like attar of roses. But still the hypocrites hurried as fast as they could past these sanctified perfumes, whilst I stopped a good while in the distance, gazing upon the dismal convoy. The pale light of the moon heightened the squalor of the faces of the mule-drivers, and gave to the whole scene an unspeakably sad expression. In speaking of personal adventure on my way to South Persia, I have to mention particularly one evening when our caravan, frightened by false rumours about robbers, made the resolution to have a passion-play, in order to divert by this pious act the threatening danger. However safe they may be, Persians must have their robber panics. There are certain spots on the road of historic renown for the attacks of bandits. Decades and centuries have passed since any harm happened to travellers at those spots, but still you will hear from so-called eye-witnesses that yesterday dozens have been killed. The narrator speaks to you of mutilated bodies, of the amputated hands, legs, noses, and ears he saw himself; of whole pools of reeking blood, so that I did not wonder, when arriving at one of these ominous places, to see the Persians looking with excited fancy on shrubs and stones as if they were so many well-mounted and fiercely-armed robbers lying in wait for their possessions or their lives. But let us return to our passion-play.

It had to be performed in the caravanserai, which sheltered the party. A square platform in the centre was soon transformed into a stage, carpets were spread upon it, and the *rouzahkhan*, as well as other zealous descendants of Mohammed, had scarcely taken their positions upon it, and begun to recite the usual elegies, when the whole company burst out sobbing, crying, and weeping, so as to make the inexperienced spectator believe that the faithful believers were moved to the very depth of their souls. Of course all this is only conventional, Persians transacting ordinary business amidst these seemingly heartrending lamentations. Having witnessed frequently this spectacle, I gazed, as usual, upon my neighbours, when suddenly the *rouzahkhan* raised his voice with the cries, "Ya Ali! ya Hasan! ya Husein!" beating, in the meantime, with doubled fists, his naked breast. Upon this, all the company fell to. The breast-beating went on with admirable unison, just like the galloping of a whole regiment of cavalry. The stronger the beating, the greater is the merit of the religious act; and as everybody watched closely his neighbour, I was not at all surprised to see a man rushing straight upon me, and crying, "Look! this Sunite dog does not like to beat his breast for the sake of our martyrs! I will assist him." Upon this, he really struck me once with all his power. I nearly fainted, and if he had repeated it, goodness knows what might have been the consequences. However, I am happy to say a charitable neighbour of mine prevented my assailant from continuing this unasked-for assistance, and from that time forth I always shunned Shiite passion-plays while staying in the country.

I need scarcely say that these religious precautions were entirely superfluous; our caravan moved forward in the greatest security. I had afterwards occasion to stop a few days at Kun, a holy Persian town, the resting-place of a Shiite saint, generally called Maasumah (the chaste), a sister of Imam Rizah, who died here, when on her way from Bagdad to Meshed. Madame la Sainte is in great favour with the Persian ladies, who flock from all parts of the kingdom to her tomb; and the

large cemeteries outside the town are the last resting-places of deceased *hamins* brought from the most remote towns and villages. The dead devotees are expected to find salvation by being interred in her neighbourhood; the living pray her for children, and to bring their husbands back to them, in cases where they believe them to have been unfaithful. I was the first European who had ever entered the interior of the mausoleum; and the valuable jewels, the rich gold and silver vessels, and particularly the costly feminine ornaments, which are deposited there by devoted pilgrims, indeed surprised me. Pomp, luxury, and riches being the only objects sought after by the Iranian of the present day, he presumes a similar propensity in his saints, and jewels and other valuable things are therefore laid down on their shrines. The interior of the building I found overcharged with decorations in arabesques, glazed tiles, mirrors, and heavily gilt flowers. The walls are covered with hundreds of prisms, *relievs*, and other architectural ornaments, which contribute to the splendour but not to the beauty of the whole. The coffin, of pure massive silver, is but rarely laid bare, and the thick silver lattice which surrounds it retains its original polish and cleanliness by the continual kisses and touches of the devoted pilgrims. Here you find some one fervently reading his prayers; others, unable to do that, have hired a *khodja*, who reads for them, whilst they eagerly follow the words proffered by him. All are moved to tears, nay, to the greatest despondency; and still the deafening confusion and noise leave the stranger without any impression of religious solemnity. That the greatest benefit results from this kind of piety to the officiating priests needs scarcely to be mentioned, the payments being monstrous, and exacted on all possible excuses. The pilgrim must pay a considerable sum before entering; he pays before and after the prayer; he pays when leaving the sanctuary; and ultimately he must pay when bidding his adieu to the town.

After Kun, the second town worthy of consideration on your way to South Persia, is Kàshán, a place famous in all Moham-medan Asia for a kind of glazed tiles, which have been and are also nowadays, manufactured here and exported to the remotest parts. During the Middle Ages these glazed tiles, called *kàshi*, were used in the fine buildings of Herat, Samarcand, Urgenj, and Bokhara, as well as of Bagdad, Damascus, and other towns of Western Asia. Their bright shining colour has retained, after centuries of exposure, the original hue; but now this artistic industry has almost entirely vanished, and the decaying remnants of bygone art are shown only in clay vessels made by the potters for common use; but even these are highly esteemed all over Persia. The caste clings so fondly to the past that the fame of antiquity is kept up almost in every way and in everything. Kàshán having had formerly, besides the glazed tiles, the reputation also of clever medical men, the quack vendors of to-day are anxious to bask themselves in the sun of the glory of their colleagues of antiquity. I called upon one of these Esculapii, a Jew by persuasion; and I found his garrulity vastly amusing, especially when he extolled the theories of Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Galenus above the lore of modern doctors, who, he said, had taken by storm the Ottoman Empire, and were intruding also, to his great disgust, on the soil of Persia. In his opinion the East had been too much overwhelmed by the civilisation of Europe; he would only add that speculations as to the future were always contrary to his taste, and his only consolation rested in the dreams of the past.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—III.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

FIREWORKS.

THE inhabitants of Petropolis, like most of the South Americans, have an almost childish love of fireworks and fire-balloons of every description, and produce them on every possible pretence. A succession of rockets announces a theatrical performance or a service of the Church with admirable impartiality; and as each of them bursts with two very loud detonations, giving out two small white clouds of smoke against the blue sky, they can be seen and heard from a great distance. Firing Chinese crackers and maroons is the

and the procession wound up with the general public singing at intervals as they marched along. A poor lame old negro, with cramped back and hat in hand, followed at a humble distance, and looked perhaps the most seriously in earnest of the whole party. St. Peter and St. Paul were honoured by two large fire-balloons in addition to a brilliant display of rockets: the inflated representative of one of the saints was carried by the north wind high over the hill in the direction of Rio, but the other caught fire and was very near doing great mischief, by falling into a crowded part of the town. The feast of St. John,



COFFEE GATHERING.

constant amusement of the little boys, both black and white; while on such a festival as that of Corpus Dei, St. John, or St. Peter and St. Paul, the firework mania seems to take possession of everybody alike. There was a very pretty procession of the Corpus Dei on the 8th of June. Showers of rockets announced its starting from the church, and soon afterwards it filed slowly past our windows, headed by a party of boys and men who fired rockets at every ten or twelve paces by the simple process of holding them in one hand between the finger and thumb, and lighting them with the cigars which all of them smoked as they walked along. Then followed a number of the principal citizens in red and black robes, and carrying banners, and behind them was a double row of girls in white dresses, many with veils and wreaths of white flowers, and bouquets to be placed on the altar. Next came the boys and young men, followed by the Host borne by a priest under a grand canopy; immediately behind him was a band of music,

however, is the occasion when everybody who has any rubbish to burn makes a bonfire in front of his door, and the result was that the streets seemed in a blaze, to the intense delight of the inhabitants. On the 11th of June came the anniversary of the capture of Humaitá, in Paraguay; and as it chanced that there were that day in Petropolis two of the men who had helped to take the forts on that occasion, it was resolved by their fellow-citizens to honour the warriors with a grand celebration of fire. Picking our way among a merry crowd, we found that opposite to the Braganza Hotel the local artists had set up the rude model of a ship on a stout post facing another structure intended to represent the side of a fort. Both of these were stuffed with maroons and Roman candles; and at a given signal they blazed away at one another amidst tremendous cheering from the spectators, who did not seem at all to care for the fact that, as the line of fire was straight up and down the street, any missile not

reaching its proper destination was very likely to take effect among themselves. In the middle of this fire, moreover, I and a captain in the American navy found ourselves standing close to a man who had a large bundle of rockets just by our ears, without even a handkerchief to protect them, in an atmosphere which consisted almost entirely of sparks. We preferred retiring a little till the action was over.

PADRE CORREA.

Padre Correa is a very interesting place, situated at the junction of the old and new Minas Roads with the Piabanha River. Many years ago it was a favourite resort of the Emperor Pedro I., who delighted to exchange the political duties and blazing heat of Rio for the smooth pursuits of pleasure in this comparatively cool retreat. The large old house which used to have the honour of sheltering him is still occupied by the principal landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, and numerous specimens of his taste in planting may be seen on the surrounding hill-sides. Near the house is a plantation of castor-oil trees, and the finest *Bougainvillea* that I have ever seen spreads out its masses of mauve-coloured festoons. There is a small chapel at the other end of the house, in which, during the good old times of the first emperor and his companions, many an act of penitence was doubtless required to atone for deeds of revelry. One of the peons offered to show it to us as a curiosity, chiefly remarkable for a large recess in which the visit of the Magi is represented in coloured figures, such as may be seen on the Monte Sacro, in North Italy, or in the valley of Saas. The most remarkable characters from different periods of Scripture history are here discovered in a winding procession, accompanied by some of the most grotesque animals from various parts of the world. Passing through the courtyard of the house, a rough and neglected road, marked by a row of araucarias, leads in a quarter of an hour to a delicious spot, dignified by the name of the Emperor's Bath. The sparkling stream tumbling over an irregular bed makes a large deep pool among the rocks which, with clean dry sand up to its edge on one side, offers the alternative of a header or the more ignominious walk into a branch of the Piabanha. The usual variety of palms and ferns and trees coming down to the margin afforded good picnic grounds on the bank; there was plenty of clear water to mix with the wine: and as we smoked the subsequent pipe of tranquillity we amused ourselves by watching the movements of the bright-eyed, active lizards, which were running about the sunshiny rocks in a state of great excitement, and apparently resenting our intrusion upon their secluded haunts.

The opening of the Pedro II. Railway to its intersection with the great road at Entrerios has tapped the stream of mule-traffic which till lately poured continually from the interior down to Rio Janeiro with the coffee, cotton, and minerals of Minas Geraes; and most of the long trains of wagons are now stopped at Entrerios, where their contents are transferred to the railway luggage-trains. But some few years since Correa was a very busy place, with huge establishments for mules; and was particularly famous for shoeing them. The gigantic fig-tree in front of the house, spreading its battered and falling limbs around, is now in strict unison with the long, tumble-down, and deserted ranchos by the side of it, and is equally suggestive of departed glory. This place, however, being the first stage from Petropolis, the establishment of mules for working the coaches is still kept up. The convenience, moreover, of its situation

makes it a favourite place for breaking-in new mules, a very curious process, to which we were one day introduced. When this magnificent road was being made, some fifteen years ago, from Petropolis to Juiz da Fora, in the province of Minas, a distance of 100 miles through the heart of the coffee districts, and communicating with the mines of the interior, the intelligent directors of the Union and Industry Company determined that it should in every way be as perfect as possible. And they have so thoroughly succeeded that I have little hesitation in saying that nowhere in the world is there such an admirable road, and nowhere such a lively specimen of coaching as is to be enjoyed there every day in the year.

They were fortunate enough, in the first place, to secure in England the services of Mr. Morritt, one of those sons of Yorkshire who seem sent into this world with an instinctive knowledge of horses and everything connected with them; and by his firmness, energy, and skill in organisation, he soon put everything in working order. English coaches, exactly like those which used to carry Her Majesty's mails, were placed upon the road, and an immense number of mules were bought and trained for the service. For some time these animals gave an amazing amount of trouble, and numberless accidents were the result. When I travelled over the road in its early days, it was evident that anyone at all troubled with nervousness would naturally find the pleasure of the journey tempered by the constant apprehension of sudden death. In addition to the proverbial obstinacy of mules in general, those of the Company had the disadvantages as well as the advantages belonging to high breeding and abundant food. Skittish and excitable in a high degree, they offered a task of no small difficulty to those who had to harness and start them; and German strength, patience, and determination have in this, as in many other matters, had a large share in the ultimate triumph. The three principal drivers were German brothers—fine powerful fellows—who have faithfully served the Company almost from the period when the road was opened, and all the animals between Petropolis and Juiz da Fora have been made to acknowledge their master hands. It used to be a very common sight, on preparing to start from a station, to see the whole team absolutely refuse to march, after being fastened into their harness by sheer force and numbers of men: I have seen the wheelers go down on their haunches in the middle of the dusty road, while the leaders, smarting under tremendous blows from the German whip, kicked out right and left, and tried in vain to get rid of the dark-skinned ostlers who held on to their heads. Then they tried to upset us in the river, whose steep bank was close on our right hand, a catastrophe which was only prevented by a more than usually vigorous application of the whip; and failing this, they made a rush at the rocky bank on the other side of the road; but it was all in vain. The whip kept descending, first on one side and then on the other, while the darkeys held on to their heads "like grim death," till the team surrendered; the wheelers jumped up on their legs, and the leaders darted straight forwards, amid the cheers of the passengers and of the ostlers, who rushed out of their way. The coach swayed rather heavily two or three times, and then we were fairly off at a hand-gallop, which was kept up for a stage of eight or ten miles. Nothing can exceed the pluck of these really beautiful little animals, which are scarcely more than half the size of the great mules which are seen in the south of Europe. To start them is the difficulty. *Ce n'est qu'à*

le premier pas qui coûte. Once off, they go with all their hearts, seeming absolutely to enjoy the delight of letting people see what they can do without the slightest appearance of an effort, and they never flinch for a second from their work unless startled from their propriety by a red waistcoat or some roadside object which they seem to regard as a ghastly phantom. They think nothing of twelve miles an hour, however hot it may be: I have timed a good ten-mile stage in three-quarters of an hour, and on another occasion one of the German brothers drove us over a short stage of six miles in twenty minutes, or at the rate of *eighteen miles an hour*. However fast they may go, I have never seen them look at all distressed; as they are unharnessed they will toss up their heads with a satisfied expression, as though they would say, "Well, what do you think of that?"

Their first introduction to official life must be admitted to be very brusque, and unpleasantly violent; and considering its nature, I can only feel surprised at its proving so successful. Mr. Morritt, whose kindness was always suggesting something for our information or amusement, one day offered to drive us down to Correa, as he wanted to inspect a new troop of mules, just purchased for the Company, and brought down from the interior of the country. The morning was brilliant, and we had a very enjoyable drive along the now well-known road to Correa, the Piabanha by our side, now rushing and foaming amongst the rocks, and then hiding itself again in the dark shades of the forest, over which the summits of Itamarity looked down calmly out of the deep blue sky. Our mules were taken out and put in the rancho which did duty as a stable; the carriage, with materials for luncheon, was left on a grassy spot under a group of trees by the riverside, and we walked to the neighbouring scene of operations. There was a *corral*, or enclosure, of about thirty or forty yards in diameter, fenced in with posts and rails high enough to be impracticable for the boldest leaper, and strong enough to resist a charge. The men of the place had gone out to bring up the troop of novices, and presently we stood aside behind the open gate of the *corral* to see their arrival. It would be impossible to keep these wild creatures together, or to drive them in any given direction, if it were not for the device of employing a *madrina*, or bell-mare, with whom they have been brought up in the wilds, and whom they are accustomed to follow everywhere, like bees in search of their queen. The old mare, after a slight look of suspicion, entered the corral, the twenty or thirty mules following without hesitation. Then the gate was closed, and Mr. Morritt proceeded to take a general observation of the new arrivals, in company with one of the stalwart Germans and an equally powerful Portuguese. He determined to operate on a couple of good-looking, dun-coloured mules, whom they contrived to isolate from the rest by walking very quietly among the troop. Then the gate was thrown open again, and the mare driven out with all the mules except the two, who, in spite of sundry plunges, found themselves prisoners in a corner. It was amusing to see their look of astonishment as they found themselves alone for the first time in their lives, the observed of all observers. But they had not much time for quiet consideration of the new position. The Portuguese, with his lasso ready, advanced into the middle of the enclosure, walking quietly towards one of the victims, which made a wild rush to the right; whizz went the lasso, but with no effect beyond that of startling the mule into frenzy; but the second attempt was successful, and he fell to the ground heavily, with

the fatal noose embracing his neck and fore-leg. Three men going up to him contrived to get the leg clear, and then, holding the other end of the lasso firmly, they let him jump to his feet again and do his worst. He kicked, and plunged, and struggled like an eel just landed on the grass, but all his efforts were useless against the tremendous strength of his new masters, who slowly, but irresistibly, dragged him up to a post near the gate, and made him fast, with his head close up to it. They took breath for a moment, while I could not help pitying the poor beast, who had never before felt the touch of man, and was now struggling in a paroxysm of rage and terror.

As they approached him again he flung himself on the ground, kicking furiously; but, contriving to avoid his heels, they forced him up by a great effort, and jammed his head so close to the post that he could not get down again. One of them, by a quick and clever movement, managed to blindfold him, so as to prevent him from seeing where to strike with his eager teeth; then another man, holding a bit just in front of his nose, waited till he opened his mouth, and seized the opportunity of forcing it in, while the other two fastened the rest of the head-gear and harness, in spite of all his maddest struggles. Then he was untied and dragged by sheer strength to another post outside the gate, where he again contrived to throw himself on the ground, rolling, kicking, and plunging, till at last he lay perfectly still, and I for one fancied he was really dying. Mr. Morritt, however, said he was only shamming; and meanwhile the second mule was lassoed and harnessed in the same way as the first, but he did not make half so much of a fight of it, probably on account of his having seen the uselessness of his unfortunate companion's endeavours. The part of the proceedings which most astonished me was, however, yet to come. An empty coach stood ready, and the two victims were, after another protracted battle, forced into their places as wheelers, where the next moment one was again in his favourite position on the ground, and the other stamping upon him, both appearing to be mad with rage and humiliation. The German and the Portuguese jumped to the seat and held the powerful reins between them, while some other assistants brought up a pair of thoroughly-tamed mules, who allowed themselves to be put on as leaders without taking the least notice of the novices' vagaries. A crack of the whip, and they moved forward, dragging one of the wheelers a little way along the ground; not liking this, he scrambled to his feet, to find that he must go somehow or other; and in another second the whole team went off at a gallop, amidst the shouts of the party. The double coachman-power kept them in order, and after about half an hour's furious driving they were brought back, foaming, bleeding, and subdued to such an extent that in a few days afterwards they took their regular turn in the passenger coach! I had seen many wonderful things done with wild horses for riding purposes in the Pampas, but I never should have thought it possible to catch two wild mules, and to have them galloping along in full harness within an hour of their first capture.

ANCIENT EFFECTS OF ICE.

It was on this part of the road that Professor Agassiz was enabled to convince himself of the geological system of the country, by finding abundant evidence of its having been covered by drift with boulders, which are now, however, very unevenly distributed, in consequence of denudations. Some-

times it lies in the form of hills, at others it is but a crust lying upon the rocks, and in many steep places the masses of rock have been washed entirely clean. Near Petropolis the Pia-banha has cut its way through this drift, and in front of the station of Correa it may be seen, with large boulders interspersed through the mass overlying the rock *in situ*. The road is in many places cut through beds of it, the sections showing that it is composed of a homogeneous paste, without trace of stratification, containing loose materials of all sorts and sizes imbedded without reference to weight—large boulders, smaller stones, pebbles, and the like. One peculiarity of it

The appearance of many of these roadside sections of the drift is singularly deceptive: anyone passing by might naturally imagine that the high and steeply-sloping banks by his side had been cut through stone, so smooth and uniform do they seem. We soon found, however, that they consist of hardened paste in which it is very easy to punch a hole. Closer observation showed us many places in which footsteps had been cut slantingly upwards along the surface exactly in the same fashion as we have often seen them cut in hard slopes of ice among the glories of the High Alps. The peasants make use of them as short cuts to get at grassy patches not otherwise to be reached



FAZENDA HOUSE IN BRAZIL.

is that, owing to atmospheric influence, whenever a section of it is made it soon becomes baked on the surface, so as to have such a resemblance to stone that it is a matter of difficulty to distinguish it from the surfaces of the decomposed rock *in situ*. Agassiz remarked that in this region the drift may be followed everywhere by observing the prosperous coffee-plantations. "Here," he says, "as everywhere, ice has been the great fertiliser—a gigantic plough grinding the rocks to powder, and making a homogeneous soil, in which the greatest variety of chemical elements is brought together from distant localities. So far as we have followed these phenomena in the provinces of Rio and Minas Geraes, the thriving coffee-plantations are upon erratic drift, the poorer growth on decomposed rock in place. Upon remarking this, we were told that the farmers who are familiar with the soil select that in which they find imbedded rocks, because it is the most fertile. They unconsciously seek the erratic drift."

except by a circuitous route; and we sometimes found them invaluable in enabling us to harvest a handful of beautiful orchids, whose gay flowers had attracted our admiration from below. I remember one occasion in particular, when, as I struggled up one of these staircases, carefully picking out and improving the footsteps with the point of my umbrella, I could not help mentally comparing and contrasting the scramble over hot tropical clay and the lovely orchids at the top of it with the somewhat similar process over shining ice to the last frozen rocks of Monte Rosa. The surface of these slopes is sometimes so firm and continuous that for a considerable distance no plants exist upon them; but every crack and irregularity is soon seized upon as a habitation for some wandering seed or spore; and the silver ferns especially are never seen to greater advantage than when, by having fastened themselves at a moderate height above the ground, they show off to perfection the whiteness upon the under side of their curving fronds,



DYAKS BUILDING A HOUSE.

A Visit to Borneo.—I.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS—SAIL FROM SINGAPORE FOR BORNEO—A MALAY CREW—SMALL ISLANDS—FIRST SIGHT OF BORNEO—THE SARAWAK RIVER—SCENERY ON ITS BANKS—CAST ANCHOR—VARIOUS KINDS OF CRAFT—MALAY AND CHINESE PORTIONS OF THE TOWN—GOVERNMENT HOUSE—FORT—MISSION-HOUSE AND CHURCH—BORNEO COMPANY'S OFFICES—LICENSED GAMBLING-HOUSES—THE SARAWAK STATE—HOW FOUNDED—THE POPULAR ADMINISTRATION—A LESSON TO INDIA—TROOPS—NAVY—TAXES—FOREIGN POPULATION—MALAYS—MALAY NOBILITY—FANATICISM—MORALITY—WEDDING—MALAY PLOTS—THE MALAY LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH this is peculiarly an age of commercial activity and geographical enterprise, the East Indian Archipelago, one of the richest and most considerable portions of the globe, remains hardly known and (much of it) unexplored. This group of large islands stretching away from the south-east corner of Asia, between the Indian and Pacific Oceans, as far as Australia and New Zealand, may be viewed in the light of a continent. Australia alone has been called a continent; much more, then, the entire immense group of which Australia is but the southern extremity. There are several islands which rank only next to Australia in size. Borneo is reckoned the second largest island in the world. Papua, or New Guinea, is supposed to be as large as Borneo, if not larger. The island of Sumatra is upwards of a thousand miles in length. Java, Celebes, and Luzon are only inferior to Sumatra in size.

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Besides these islands, empires as we may call them, there are numerous islands of a very considerable size, as large as Ceylon, if not larger, and thousands of minute islands which, notwithstanding their smallness, are yet extremely productive and rich in spices and mineral ores.

Except in Java, where cultivation has made considerable progress, the general physical aspect of the country may be described as one vast primeval forest, broken only here and there along the banks of streams with patches of cultivation. Mountain ranges and hills intersect the surface in every direction, sometimes rising to a considerable elevation, as in the instance of the Kina Balu Mountain in Borneo, which is reckoned to be 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. Volcanoes—and some of them are the most dangerous and active volcanoes in the world—abound. There is a chain of them extending for some thousands of miles from the north-east of the group in the Philippine Isles right up to the Bay of Bengal, north of Sumatra. An eruption of one of these, which happened during the early part of this century, is stated to have been so full of disaster that thousands of villages were destroyed. The inhabitants of the neighbouring parts thought that the last day had arrived. The eruption, accompanied by severe shocks of earthquake, lasted over several months, and ashes were found to have fallen upwards of a thousand miles

from the scene of the disturbance. Lakes have not yet been discovered, though some are supposed to exist in the interior of Borneo. The sea-coasts are bold and rugged, and harbours of the largest size may be found in every direction. The word *Labuan* in Malay means simply "a harbour," and there are numerous other *Labuans* than the one which we hold possession of. Rivers flow in every direction to the sea, and some of them are of great size. One in Borneo has been found three miles wide, a hundred miles from its mouth, while another in the same island is reckoned to be a thousand miles long. The primeval forests which cover the virgin soil are such as may be seen nowhere else, not even in the Himalayan regions of Asia. Trees of the loftiest elevation, rising often to a height of 200 feet before forking out into branches, may be seen everywhere. The mass of foliage overhead is dense and impenetrable to the rays of the sun, while the floor is clean and without a blade of grass, and you seem to be treading the courts of a great temple of nature, set about with lofty columns and overshadowed with a deep religious gloom. Hundreds of varieties of fragrant and sweet-smelling orchids wreath the gloom in every direction overhead and by one's side, in white, yellow, lilac, purple, or variegated colours. Along the banks of the rivers there are the same unending lines of *Nipa* palm, sometimes fifty feet deep, with thorny impenetrable thickets of cane and rattan a few yards distant. On low lines of sea-coast mangrove swamps abound. Endless varieties of gorgeous and richly-coloured shells lie along the beach. And, finally, a vast variety of the most beautiful ferns, some quite gigantic, eight and ten feet high, and others not an inch in length, may be met with in the interior of the forests. There is a robe of dark green vegetation everywhere—even on the summits of the highest hills. The conditions of heat and light tempered with regular rains throughout the year, are most favourable to vegetable life. And the temperature, influenced by the sea-breezes, keeps equable at all times of the year. The mean of the thermometer is only 80°, and the temperature seldom rises higher.

Animated nature exists here in countless forms. Thousands of butterflies, beetles, and other insects exist, which are yet unknown in Europe. Of the higher kinds of animals there is a singular exception in there being no wild and dangerous animals of the larger size, save some in Sumatra, and in there being a remarkable development of the monkey tribe—some varieties of which, as the ourang-outang, approach near the *genus homo*. Birds of the most gorgeous colours and lovely shapes, as the birds of paradise, the cockatoo, the lory, the parroquet, and many others, tenant the woods. Savage man rises here almost to the highest dignity and worth, as in the Dyaks and Kyans of Borneo. There are numerous races, from the Malays, who are generally found on the sea-coasts, to the almost fair-complexioned Millanows and Kyans of Borneo—from the Sooloo pirate, the Bugis trader (of Celebes), and the patient Javanese, to the woolly-headed negroes of Papua, and the degraded Battas of Sumatra. It has been asserted that a race of men *with tails* may be found in the north of Borneo, an assertion which we shall examine in a subsequent chapter.

Of the numerous immense islands which form the group (excluding, of course, Australia) Borneo is the largest, and in several ways the most interesting. In length and breadth it is nearly equal, measuring about seven hundred miles each way. Its soil is extremely auriferous and rich, gold being

worked in all parts of the country. Diamond mines exist in numerous places. Its antimony and coal are famous. A portion of it has witnessed the civilising efforts of an Englishman, Sir James Brooke, whose successor yet holds the considerable province of Sarawak, on the north west coast, as an independent sovereign. The western, southern, and eastern coasts are held by the Dutch, while a native Malay sultan reigns at Brunai, on the northern coasts. There are various races of men. The Malays are generally to be found on the sea-coasts, along with the sea-going Dyaks. Land Dyaks and Kyans inhabit the interior, which is not yet explored. A strip of coast, about a hundred miles deep all round the island, may represent the extent of country which is known at present; thus, the larger portion of the island remains as yet quite unknown. What could be made of these islands may be seen from the fact that from a much smaller island—Java—the Dutch raise an annual revenue of £16,000,000—a revenue which may rank with that of several considerable European States. As it is our intention afterwards to describe Java as well as Borneo, we may note here that though it is not so rich in mineral wealth as Borneo and Sumatra, nor so large as these islands and Celebes and Papua, still it is the most populous and best cultivated. It was in our possession in the early part of this century, but was given away to the Dutch in total ignorance of its value. The Dutch have made it the seat and centre of their Netherlands Indian Empire, and have so improved it, that though smaller in size than our Indian province of Bengal, which is reckoned to be the richest of our Indian provinces, and though less populated, it produces an annual revenue as great. Whoever may own or occupy the Archipelago at the present day, its future, with British India on one side and the British Australian continent on the other, cannot be uncertain or doubtful.

We may conclude these preliminary remarks by showing how this Archipelago presents special points of interest to every class of inquirers. To geographers the Archipelago forms the largest group of large islands in the world, covering a great portion of the earth's surface, and embracing a chain of active volcanoes many thousands of miles long. To explorers the interior of islands like Borneo, Sumatra, Celebes, and Papua, presents fields of enterprising research where names not inferior to that of Dr. Livingstone may be made. Political adventurers may here find kingdoms for the mere seeking, and found dynasties of their own. No political complications with European or Asiatic sovereignties will disturb their measures. To ethnologists this group presents numerous and diversified and, in some instances, most antique races of men. Philologists will find here not only the connecting link between the languages of Southern Asia and Polynesia, but an extensive and independent realm of study. The Christian missionary here has docile, intelligent, and honest races of savages—and also some extremely degraded—who are equally deficient of fixed and settled creeds, and who may easily be won over by a steady persistence in the exhibition of Christian life, doctrine, and worship. The student and lover of natural history will here find genera and species unknown to Europe, or to the civilised world. The merchant will learn that the gold, gems, spices, and gums, generally described as coming from "the East," have been supplied to the world from the most ancient times by this great group of islands, and that vast fortunes may be made here at one haul. To the mere *voyageur*, there

is no other portion of the earth's surface which presents such attractions. Here in the midst of tranquil seas of sapphire and emerald hue, green islands lift up their forest diadems, all aglow beneath the bright tropical sun, which warms but does not burn. Italian scenery is even tame before it. Nature here sports in all her wantonness, and loosens her zone. The sea-breezes waft incessantly the spicy odours of "Araby the Blest"—indeed, Arabian shores never emitted such perfumes.

Hence it is we find that accounts and descriptions of travel of this portion of the globe are always welcome to the public. If we do not hope to add much that is new, we may be sure of not adding anything that is not true. A period of three years is embraced in the following account of Borneo, during which the author also visited Java and Ceylon.

Singapore is the most valuable possession we have in the eastern seas, Bombay not even excepted. It is not only the great free port and centre of commerce for the East Indian Archipelago; it is not only the depôt of the trade of China with India and Europe; but it is the Eastern Gibraltar for our valuable Indian possessions and Indian traffic. Its admirable situation, its magnificent harbour, where all the navies of the world may ride in safety and ease, and its healthy climate, are such as may be met with in union nowhere else in Asia. Singapore may not be so rich in commerce as Bombay; but the gradual development of the trade in the East Indian Archipelago, Siam, and the Malayan Peninsula, cannot fail to benefit the port. It was from Singapore that we embarked for Borneo on a fine morning in the month of March. We had had gales and squalls of terrific fury in our passage down the Straits of Malacca, which separate the mainland from the Island of Sumatra, and were obliged to rest ourselves for a while at Singapore, and take another vessel for Sarawak. The arm of the Chinese Sea which we had to cross was peculiarly tranquil at this time of the year, though we did meet with a pretty stiff blow or two. The crew of our bark consisted of Malays, and it is impossible to conceive a finer set of seamen out in the East. We have sailed with Chinese, Indian Lascar, and Arabian crews, but these Malays were far superior to all of them. We have also sailed in French and Italian ships, and certainly give the palm for efficient, cheerful, and thorough seamanship to the Malays over the Italians and Frenchmen. The Italians have struck us, so far as we have seen them, as incurably idle and dirty; while the French, though far from being idle or dirty, or so fond of smoking and using the dirtiest and most filthy language imaginable as the Italians, appear on board a ship as if they were working on a foreign element. This Malay crew, on the other hand, as we found them, were orderly, obedient, cheerful, active, and thoroughly disciplined. They worked with a will, and as one man. We have no doubt that other Malay crews are equally efficient. The Malay is on his element on the sea, and is entirely seafaring in his habits, and as such, may be made into the most excellent seaman in the world. Though many vessels which ply in the eastern waters are manned by Malay crews, yet we think the physically weak and idle Indian Lascar element largely prevails in our Asiatic commerce, to the exclusion of a far better class of sailors.

After we had got out of Singapore harbour we sighted several small islands to the south, which belong to the Dutch, and are included under the extensive and undefined term "Netherlands India." One of these islands was Bintany (the

Malay for *star*) where the Dutch have attempted to found a free port named Rhio (or Riou) in opposition to Singapore, but have signally failed. On nearing Borneo—which we did after thirteen days—we sighted several other small islands. These small islands may be met with literally in thousands, all along the coasts of the larger islands. Sometimes they are so numerous as to form dependent archipelagoes. Generally of a few miles in circumference, these islands are always mountainous or rocky. Sometimes their sides rise abruptly perpendicular from the ocean for thousands of feet. They are all densely wooded, extremely fertile, and many of them are rich in metallic ores of the highest value. They are all inhabited, mostly by Malays, save here and there where an island is left in its complete primeval solitude. In sailing through the seas of the Archipelago, especially on a calm and tranquil day, or afternoon, no traveller will fail to be struck by the serene and smiling landscapes; the views of earth, sea, and sky blending into one lovely picture, which meet his eye on every side. There is much more of repose and beauty, of freshness and colour, of solitude, and even grandeur about them than along the much be-praised coast of Italy, all the way north and south, from Nice and Genoa to Sicily. After dwelling under the inclement skies and foggy bare coasts of England, the southern shores of France, and the coasts of Italy are pictures bright indeed by contrast; but the sunny, tranquil, green isles and coasts of the East Indian Archipelago as much exceed these in beauty as they again exceed the bare and bleak coasts of Great Britain.

On an early morning we found ourselves off a bold headland or promontory, which was pronounced to be the mouth of the Sarawak River. Very shortly, as we neared it, we found it gradually disclosing two densely-wooded sides, and we had entered into the bay formed by the mouth. The Sarawak River is not the largest on the northern coast, but it flows right through the centre of the province of Sarawak, and the capital town called Sarawak (or more properly *Kuchin*, which means *cat* in Malay) is situated on it at a distance of about thirty miles from the mouth. There are, however, two entrances into the river, one that by which we entered and the one usually taken by vessels, and the other a little to the westward, off a high hill called Santubong. At this entrance there are saw-mills and factories, and ships always lading with timber, rattans, camphor, and other articles of commerce for Hong-Kong, Singapore, Bangkok, and other parts. But at the Sarawak entrance there is not the appearance of any habitation or cultivation, or clearing. Unbroken forests rising from the water's edge still clothe the sides of the mountains on either hand, and the stillness and solitude appear so overpowering as to induce the idea that we are entering into an uninhabited and new world. We soon found ourselves inside the river, at first a mile, and higher up half a mile wide. Mountain ranges and unbroken forests appeared to cover the country in every direction. Great and dense vegetation appeared to be the chief feature of the scene wherever we turned our eye. The vegetation, in the shape of the *Nipa* palm, intruded even into the channel of the river along its banks for many feet deep. In the present rude state of existence in the Archipelago, this palm, which is found lining every river in every island, is of the greatest service. Its leaves are the only materials for the matting which forms the roofs and walls of Malay, Dyak, and other native structures. Its stalks are burnt, and the salt

consumed by the population is thence extracted. Its fruit is seldom eaten, simply, we believe, because it is so very plentiful, and not so sweet and rich as the fruit of the cocoa-nut palm. After proceeding up some twelve miles by the tide, a tiny Dyak or Malay canoe, with generally one man paddling it, passed us now and then, and clearings and cultivations along the banks of the river began to be apparent. Several small tributaries poured their waters into the parent stream as we proceeded up higher, and by nightfall we found ourselves among a few ships and schooners, and here cast anchor, for we had arrived at Kuchin.

The river here is not quite half a mile wide, but it is deep. There was a square-rigged vessel of more than a thousand tons lying not far from us. For a length of more than two miles the right side of the river appeared to be covered with shipping

Sarawak after the bishop's mission-house, which is on a larger scale and more English in style. A neatly laid-out garden surrounds it, and the cottage (for that is what it is) peeps out through shady umbrageous trees, with a background of forest to the picture. Here state dinners and state balls are given, and here also state councils are held. It is the Houses of Parliament, and the St. James's and Buckingham Palaces (we might also include Windsor Castle) of the Sarawak State all in one. From here are issued decrees which influence a hundred and fifty miles of the northern coast territory of Borneo. Even the potent Malay Sultan of Brunai, more than two hundred miles distant, though regarding the Governor of Labuan as something higher, pays great attention to the words of the crownless English rajah who lives here. The hospitality and courtesy which this rajah extends to strangers and travellers



MALAY OPIUM-SMOKERS.

and craft of all kinds. There were large British merchantmen and small Singapore schooners; there was the small Government steamer; there were Malay and Millanow trading boats of a considerable size, something like the *paltimars* of Western India and the *dhow*s of the Arabian coasts; there were even one or two ugly Chinese junks, though these came here very seldom, chiefly making their way to Singapore; and there were many hundreds of canoes of all sizes lining the banks. This scene of bustling trade appeared to show that the country was thriving under its European rule.

Before we describe the town of Kuchin (or Sarawak) we may state that the capital lies on the right bank, the immediate shore of the river being flat, but rising a few yards distant into slight gentle slopes and hills. The left bank remains in great measure uncleared, except in one spot where Government House—the residence of the English “rajah,” is situated. This bank is more rugged and hilly than the opposite inhabited side. Government House is beautifully situated on a slight eminence, commanding extensive views of the river up and down, and of the town opposite, and is built in the usual style of European dwellings in Borneo. It is the finest residence in

are sincere, and of a marked character, and as we pass on we must pay our tribute of thanks to the present able head of the state, and a tear to the memory of his late estimable consort, a member of the distinguished family of the President of our Royal Academy.

The town of Kuchin, as we stated above, is situated on the right bank of the river, and is about two miles long by half a mile wide. It is divided into two distinct portions—the southern or Malay, and the northern or Chinese. The space between these two portions is occupied by a small plain, the Fort, and some Government offices. The Malay part represents what the town originally was under its former Malay rule, the Chinese portion sprung up under Sir James Brooke's Government. There is nothing very particular to be seen in the Malay quarter, except half-naked urchins gambolling on the green. At one time some of the larger houses of the leading Malays were fortified with cannon, but since an attempt was discovered of a plot to murder every European, the guns were taken away by the Government. The Chinese is the trade quarter, and presents the busiest scene in the capital. There are not only the court-houses (in the fort), the mission-house with its church and



DYAK.

school, the Borneo Company's sago manufactories and stores, the licensed gambling-houses and opium-shops, but the dwellings of the busy Chinese shop-keeping and artizan class. The entire population of the town is reckoned at more than thirty thousand.

The Malay, as well as the Chinese, passion for opium-smoking and gambling is so strong that the Government has wisely brought it under some check and control by licensing houses where gamblers and smokers may meet to indulge their favourite pastime. The morality of the step has been called in question; but the demoralisation induced by private gambling was far worse. It trained up the people to disregard laws and authority, and did not diminish the vice. The opium-shops do not deserve any special mention, being very much what they are in Singapore, or the *gunja* (hemp) smoking shops are in India. The gambling-houses are long low sheds, capable of seating large numbers of people, and are frequented at all hours of the day or night. One would hardly think that among Malays there would be decent-looking as well as disreputable-looking people. But so it is. If you pass the gambling-houses, you will see that the Malays who lounge about the place, or issue thence, have a low scowling countenance not very pleasant to contemplate, especially when you see that each man has a hanger, or *kris*, sharp as a razor, by his side, and belongs to a race given to running *amuck*.

The description of one of these gambling "hells" may be interesting. Imagine a large, low, long *attap* (mat) roofed building close to the banks of the river. Wooden stalls run along the sides and the centre, and as evening comes on, lamps are lit, and the "hell" is ready for its exciting scenes. A few policemen now take up their positions in and near the building, and lazy opium-smokers walk in whiffing huge puffs of smoke with an air of the most perfect *nonchalance*. Cake-sellers form a regular line near the entrance—these constitute the "bar." Slowly and by degrees the gamblers arrive and take their seats by the stalls. In an hour the building is full, and, in various quarters, cards and dice are in requisition. The police and sweetmeat vendors look on with undisguised interest. Some parties stake dollars, and some only cents. Every now and then a party breaks up for refreshments and a smoke. Sometimes at a stall there are high words, but the police stand ready to interfere. It strikes eleven from Government House on the opposite side of the river, and the rest of the city lies buried in silence and slumber. A few now bethink themselves of retiring, but others still hang over their dice. Another hour passes rapidly away, and midnight is announced by the deep-toned *gong*. As the sounds successively pierce the dense fog that rests on the river, the few remaining players hastily pack up and make for their respective homes. The sweetmeat sellers, too, disperse, the gate is shut, and the police slowly march back to the fort.

Cases of running *amuck* frequently take place, and one occurred at the very time we happened to be at Kuchin. A Malay had lost his suit in court, and immediately thereupon drawing his *kris*, or dagger, made a plunge forward in the direction of the presiding officer—a European gentleman. There were two European inspectors of police on opposite sides of the building, and both drawing their revolvers at once fired at the Malay, but instead of shooting him, the bullet of one nearly hit the other, while the shot of the latter almost took effect on the person of the judge! These shots, however, had the effect of making the Malay bolt out of the court-house. As

he cleared the building, he managed to slice down right and left several people who came in his way. On he rushed, hacking at every one he met, and pursued by the inspectors, in vain firing their revolvers after him, and a crowd of people. The excitement spread through the whole town, and as we were at the time at lunch at the mission-house with the bishop, we remember that it was with difficulty we restrained ourselves from laughing at seeing the soldier of the "Church militant" calling for his Minié rifles, inspecting their priming carefully, and giving orders to his subordinate clergy to get together their arms, and be prepared for any emergency. He had, however, some excuse; for the report had reached him that the Malay quarter of the town had risen in arms, and were slaughtering every one they could lay their hands upon. The Malay who was the cause of all this disturbance careered along the streets towards the Malay quarter, when, finding it impossible to bring him down, a party of military were told out of the fort, who managed at last to shoot him dead, not, however, till he had actually killed and wounded no less than *twenty-seven people!* This strange custom, peculiar to the Malay race, is worthy of some examination. Civilised human beings are taught to place a restraint on their tempers and passions—not so the savage. The Malay, as found beyond the immediate influence of the British and Dutch, is essentially a savage. Just as he always wears a *kris*, sheathed, it is true, but ready to leap out in a moment and deal destruction around, so his untamed, savage, native ferocity is ready suddenly to turn round and bite any and every one. His untutored countenance, rugged features, and wild eyes, are sufficiently indicative of his nature. There is a wide difference between the injustice which compels the Hindoo to strike his foe and therewith remain contented, and the ungovernable fury of the Malay who, lost to every sense, strikes down wildly right and left, friend and foe alike. Malays, in speaking of this mania of their race, describe it as "a darkness which covers the heart" (*i.e.*, the understanding), and appear to be conscious that they are liable to it. The captain of a vessel from India was once attending to the delivery of cargo at Acheen, in Sumatra, and was using some hot and high words, when the Malay who was superintending the receipt of the goods told him gently, with his hand on his *kris*, "Another word, and this will be in your heart." Had not the captain desisted, there is no doubt that the Malay would have run *amuck*. But the act is sometimes premeditated. In a late rebellion in the Dutch possessions in South Borneo, a few Malays, under some pretence, got into a fort, and then all suddenly ran *amuck*. They actually succeeded in slaughtering the entire garrison! Generally there is a lapse of a few moments before the quiet Malay is transformed into the savage beast. During these few moments he may either be cowed down by superior energy into apparent quietness, reserving his intention to murder when opportunity serves, or be entirely turned from his purpose by sweetness and gentleness. We ourselves had two such cases in our own experience in Borneo, and shall relate them in a subsequent place.

The fort is situated almost opposite Government House, and covers a very small space of ground—a few hundred yards square. It is entirely built of wood, being planked all round. It accommodates two or three companies of troops, very few of whom are Europeans, and mounts about a score of pieces of cannon, which command the river and town. It would not stand half an hour's attack from an English gunboat, but is

quite sufficient for all the purposes which it is intended to subserve. The mission-house and church, both built by Bishop McDougall (he is now doing good work in an English diocese), are the best structures in the capital. They both stand on a gentle ridge at the back of the Chinese quarter of the town, at a distance of a few hundred yards apart. The mission-house is double storeyed, with a range of garrets above, built mostly in English style, but entirely of wood, and adapted to the climate by its large windows, and balcony all round. The house is a very large one, and generally accommodates the bishop and several of the clergy (missionaries) with their families. The church is after the usual Gothic style, and, together with the mission-house, form rather prominent objects in the Sarawak scenery. The church is built entirely of wood. These two buildings are probably the finest yet erected anywhere in Borneo, and inside them one is apt to forget that he is far away on a savage island bordering on the Pacific, and inhabited by wild and half-naked tribes. The school-house is situated immediately behind the mission-house, and accommodates a number of male boarders, with the schoolmaster and his family, and has rooms for the instruction of several classes. These classes are mostly composed of Chinese boys from the town, and Dyak youths brought by the mission from the country. A very fair elementary English education is given to the boys, while there is an advanced class which reads Paley's "Evidences," and other like works, as the youths comprising this class are intended for mission work on the island. The last prominent building is the Borneo Company's stores and sago manufactory. The Borneo Company has its head-quarters in London, but has branches at Calcutta, Singapore, Bangkok, Sarawak, and other parts of the East Indian Archipelago. Their operations in Borneo are very extensive, and include gutta-percha, timber, camphor, sago, rattans, antimony, and coal. Of antimony they have a monopoly from the Government; while of sago they practically hold the monopoly. The sago is brought as flour from the neighbouring parts, and heated and formed into the *pearl* sago of the market in large shallow pans by Chinese labourers, of whom there are nearly a couple of hundred employed here for this purpose. Most of the square-rigged vessels in the river are engaged in the traffic of the Borneo Company.

Society in Sarawak consists of very few members. There is the rajah, the judge, and magistrate, the doctor, the Borneo Company's agents, and the bishop and clergy, with their respective families. Although so very few in number, a hearty union exists among all the members, as is natural and necessary in such an isolated situation. At some balls, on account of the paucity of ladies, those belonging to the lower social strata are freely invited. Domestic occurrences, such as births, marriages, and deaths, are not many, and when there is one, it is quite an event in Kuchin life. Now and then a Government official from the interior drops in, and adds to the zest of the dinner-table. Sometimes visitors of high rank are found to take Sarawak on their way to England from China. Our old veteran Admiral Keppel has often been a guest of the rajah, while sometimes a German "Royal Highness" suddenly presents himself to the astonished residents. Visitors are always welcome at Sarawak.

The province, or state, over which the successor of Sir James Brooke rules, is, as nearly as possible, 130 miles in length from Cape Datu on the west, bordering on the Dutch province of

Pontianak, to the east of the Rejang River. The boundary on this side is rather undefined, and the state may add a hundred miles more of territory in this direction, if it can win over the Kyans, a large and powerful tribe located to the east or south-east of Sarawak. The breadth of Sarawak is from fifty to sixty miles; but in this, too, the state may add *four hundred* miles of territory if it will take up a mission to penetrate into the interior. A high range of hills separates Sarawak from the interior, and from Pontianak. How this small principality, which may expand hereafter into a large kingdom, was acquired by Sir James Brooke, one of the foremost Englishmen of the present century, is a most romantic story, and may be found in detail in the account of the English rajah's life. It suffices us here to note down only the following brief outline:—

Sir James Brooke—then plain Mr. Brooke—was a member of the Indian Civil Service in its palmier days, but inheriting an easy fortune, resigned his duties, left India, returned to England, fitted out a small sailing vessel, more a pleasure yacht than anything else, manned her with an efficient crew and a few guns (to ward off piratical attacks), and set sail to the wild and lovely scenes of the East Indian Archipelago. Borneo especially at that time was the haunt of fierce Malays, head-hunting Dyaks, and the merciless savage pirates of the Sooloo Archipelago. Somehow or other Mr. Brooke found himself in the midst of these fierce contending elements, and just as our great Indian empire came into our possession gradually and almost without our seeking it, so Sir James Brooke found himself the arbitrator of the destinies of Sarawak, then an appanage of the Brunai State, and finally its owner. He helped the Malay sultan, and was rewarded with Sarawak, simply, we should think, because the sultan himself was unable to retain the province in his grasp. The Malays, however, have in more than one instance shown a high-minded liberality towards Europeans. A Captain Light, of the mercantile service of the East India Company, had the hand of the daughter of the Sultan of Quedda bestowed on him with the Island of Penang, a portion of our present colony of the Straits Settlement, as her dowry. A Malay *pangeran*, or nobleman, in Sarawak, gave up one of his sons to the English missionaries to be brought up as a Christian. The Sultan of Johore, an independent prince in the Malayan Peninsula, makes a large annual grant for the support of mission schools in Singapore. These facts are very cheering, when the Malays are usually represented as ferocious and untamable savages. Sir James Brooke, on taking possession of Sarawak, at once gave peace, law, and order to every class of his subjects. The administration he formed is one well worth studying in considering the question of dealing with our Eastern dependencies. He formed a Council of State composed entirely of native Malays of the highest rank and authority, and to each of them committed the charge of a department. This council he associated with himself in the government of the territory. The aboriginal Dyaks he left undisturbed in their mode of tribal government. A few English gentlemen were stationed at select spots in the interior to act as magistrates in cases involving Malays. This is the entire government of Sarawak, and it works exceedingly well. The unsympathising character of our rule in India has been pretty often noticed of late, and is said to be at the root of our difficulties in that country. Considering how far more advanced in civilisation India is to any Malayan state, and what ancient and high traditions many

of the Indian states possess, it will at once be seen how the almost entire want of representation in the government must be most severely felt by the people. The highest wisdom in any state is to make it govern itself. This we seem to be resolved shall never be done in India, and in our opinion, and in the opinion of a large number of thinkers, it is a great mistake. A representative assembly of peers and princes from all the states of our Indian empire, with a definite constitution, would work admirably well. It would enlist the sympathies of the country with the government; it would bind all the peers and princes to maintain peace, progress, laws, and order; and finally, would do away with the necessity for a huge army to watch the country. The plan is well worth a trial, and at the worst, if it fails, there would be no harm done. We need hardly say that for a *lower* house of representatives India is not yet prepared.

The regular troops of Sarawak are but few. Except two or three companies in the Sarawak fort, with a few European sergeants and officers, there is no other body of regular troops. Most of these soldiers are Malays, and some are from India. They serve to keep the fort, and hold Sarawak, and sometimes in expeditions to handle a few light field-pieces, and show some fight. But the real troops of the Sarawak state are the entire adult Dyak male population. These are the militia, and form the main body of the forces in time of war. Their number may be reckoned as at least 100,000 men. They are armed after their own primitive fashion with *parangs*, or sharp, heavy, straight swords, and large wooden bucklers, with occasionally spears and bows and arrows. The navy of the state consists of a small steamer armed with a few light guns, and a number of Dyak and Malay war *prahus*, boats which we shall describe hereafter, as we once went in one with nearly a hundred Dyak warriors. These *prahus* generally mount one or two light guns at the stem. The Sarawak military and naval forces are quite sufficient to repress insurrection, and check the inroads of pirates. Indeed, these pirates, who once used to ravage the coasts annually, carrying off numbers of slaves, and all the plunder they could lay their hands upon, have entirely disappeared after the severe receptions they met with from Admiral Keppel on the part of England, and Sir James Brooke. On one occasion, it is said that Bishop McDougall distinguished himself by shooting somewhere about eighty-five pirates with his own barrel! The taxes are few and light. The Dyaks are almost exempt from them, in consideration of their rendering military service. They, however, pay a nominal poll-tax. The Chinese and Malays have to pay the regular taxes, which are mostly on imports and exports—opium, samsoo (a spirituous Chinese drink), gambling, and the like.

The population of the state, as may have been seen from our previous pages, consists of Malays, Chinese, and Dyaks. They are each very interesting in their way, but especially the last, and we hope to give a full description of them, as they are seen in their native villages and forests. The Malays, however, are first in rank, having always (since their arrival on these shores) been the ruling race. It is difficult to find out exactly the original seat of the Malays. The Malayan Peninsula is pointed out by some, but general testimony points out Sumatra, the westernmost island of the Archipelago. It is our opinion that it was not piratical habits, but their reception of the creed of the Arabian impostor that led these Malays

first to take possession of the Malayan Peninsula, and afterwards of Borneo, and as many other islands as they could. Owing to their maritime habits, their conquests were always restricted to narrow strips of territory along the coasts, and it is on the coasts that they are still found. They established numerous sultanates in the Malayan Peninsula, Java, Borneo, and even further eastward, and maintained a sort of rude splendour connected with their courts. Malay sultans nowadays are more civilised, as may be seen from the appearance of the so-called Emperor of Solo, and we know that only lately the Sultan of Johore paid a visit to England, but in early ages they were simply the chief pirates.

The Mohammedan system of polygamy soon increased the number of royal families, and at the present day there is not a Malay country but is full of these *pangerans*, or nobles. Sarawak especially abounds with them. The changes and chances of fortune have left most of them stranded in very humble situations. Many are simple cultivators, or traders. But they are *pangerans*. They are entitled to high respect, and in their manners betoken a consciousness of dignity. Once, at an interior station, we saw one of these, a diminutive, dirty-looking fellow, working away most briskly as a carpenter. We were not well enough versed in Malay ways to avoid getting into trouble by some remarks we passed on this *pangeran*—remarks more in the nature of banter than anything serious. We noticed the little man getting very nervous, when a companion, who knew the language well enough, managed to pacify him by declaring our perfectly good intentions. We were afterwards told by our friend that we might have had the *pangeran's* kris in our heart, and a case of a Malay amuck if we had not ceased and he had not explained. We took good care after that not to be too lavish with our imperfect Malay.

The Mohammedan religion sits very tight on these simple wild people. They are rigid Moslems in forms and ceremonies; in prayers, fastings, and pilgrimages; and in the desire to bring all other people to their own faith. They have succeeded in turning a number of Chinese and Dyaks to their belief; but the majority have held out, and there are few conversions now. The chief reason why the Malays failed as propagandists is rather a ludicrous one. Dyaks and Chinese are immensely fond of pork; indeed, it is their only animal food in Borneo; and pork is the abomination of all good Moslems. The Dyaks and Chinese think that of the two, pork and Mohammedanism, the former is incontestably superior, and hence have held fast to it. The Malays have been numerically too weak to enforce their religion upon the Dyaks. It is only of late years, since trade has opened up the East Indian Archipelago, and Malays have made frequent pilgrimages in the direction of Mecca, that they have exhibited any fanaticism. The reports of the progress of Christian missionaries are also not quite reassuring to them; and since they have seen Dyaks becoming Christians in large numbers, they have become still more bigoted and intolerant. They have shown so much fanaticism on the subject that we believe not one Christian missionary speaks to them about religion. The reason of course is, that they are always armed with the kris, and that if they felt themselves overcome in argument they might resort to it. We cannot believe, as was told us, that the Government prohibited preaching to the Malays for fear of risings and plots. Treason against the state is not usually associated with the results of the labours of missionaries, and the Sarawak Government has had enough of

Malay plots without the assistance of Christian missionaries thereto.

In the matter of morality, these Malays are decent compared with their neighbours the Chinese, a point on which we shall speak in a subsequent place. We have observed the morality of the Chinese, the Burmese, of the Mohammedans and Hindoos of India, of the Tartars of Central Asia, not to mention other

not one virtuous married woman. Among the Malays, on the other hand, there are very seldom divorce cases, and if a prank or two be played, it is done by young people, and what may naturally be expected in a country where there is absolutely nothing of the "social evil." We are writing of Borneo. In Singapore the case is far different. There the Malays are quite as bad as the Mohammedans of India. They have not only



EMPEROR OF SOLO, JAVA.

parts, and we think that the Malays are superior as a whole, and only inferior to the Dyaks. If, however, Chinese, Hindoos, and others mentioned above be excluded from the comparison, being civilised and populous, we may assert that if we take the equally barbarous tribes north of Burmah, in the Chittagong Hill tracts, or the Assamese, or the Hill tribes of the Himalayas, whether near Bhootan, or north of Simla, we shall find them very much below the Malays. Every young woman before marriage, in the Chittagong Hill tracts, bestows her favours on others. While only those who have been in the Himalayan Hill countries we have indicated above know how true it is that, notwithstanding the prevalence of polyandry, there is

the "social evil" rampant among them, but actually subsist upon their wives and daughters. But this shocking state of things did not exist before Singapore became the resort of foreigners. And it is Europeans—mostly, we should say, Germans and others than Englishmen—who keep up there the system of Malay immorality. Lying, thieving, and other such vices do not belong to the Malay national character.

A wedding is as momentous an event in Borneo as anywhere else; and it was our good fortune during an excursion we made into the interior on the west to be present at one. A few miles to the north-east of Sambas, in the territory of Sarawak, and on the banks of a silvery winding stream, about 300 yards

wide, is situated the pretty little Dyak village of Lundu, nestled under an evergreen grove of cocoa-nut and areca palms. A magnificent range of granite hills, upwards of 2,000 feet high, rear their towering summits boldly against the blue sky, clothed from the water's edge to the very top with luxuriant primeval forests. Numerous crystal rivulets, with leaping waterfalls near their sources, trace their sparkling courses over beds of golden sands (we have washed gold out of them) down to the tranquil river or the surfy and ever-blooming shores of the Chinese Sea. Between two such murmuring streams, on the right bank of the river, and within hearing of the murmur of a distant waterfall, there is a gentle eminence, on the top of which a substantial residence smiles forth its welcome to the solitary European traveller. The missionary, with his wife and family, dwells here secluded from the rest of the world, and pursues his humble calling amid the affection and esteem of the simple and untutored Sebuyos, a large tribe of Sea Dyaks. There are numerous influential Malay families living about the settlement, and it was from one of these that we received an earnest and pressing invitation to honour a Malay pangeran's marriage with our presence. In Malay marriages in Borneo the principal part of the ceremony, with the feasting, &c., is performed in the house of the bride, and invitations are therefore made in her name. In this case the bride herself was a pangeran, and of an influential branch of the former blood-royal of Sarawak.

About a week after the invitation, we all got inside a prahu sent by the bride, and were rapidly paddled past the palm-shaded village for two miles up the stream, when we reached the landing-place. Pangerans by dozens came forward to receive us, and saluted us in that graceful and highly artistic style known only to Malays of the higher classes. It consists in a gentle pressure of the hand, a low bow, and drawing back the hand and placing it on the bosom. We were led forward through different rooms into the hall, and set down on chairs. Many of the side rooms were crowded with well-dressed Malays, busily discussing sweetmeats, rich *pillaus*, and other made dishes. The hall in which we were was laid down with rare and beautifully-worked mats, and overhung with a cloth canopy. One end of the hall was raised about a foot from the level of the floor of the house, and silk tissue hangings of various colours, among which golden and scarlet predominated, separated it from another compartment. Here was the bride, though we could not see her, and her maids were engaged in the delicate task of dressing her for her nuptials. Pieces of white silk interwoven with silver, and of yellow interwoven with gold threads, were hung in Oriental taste in various directions, shedding over the place a magnificence which—united with the silver stars on a golden ground which afterwards opened on our view—carried us back in imagination to the glittering chambers of the Arabian Nights' tales. The other end of the hall was filled with well-dressed Malays of the higher ranks. We were seated round a table in the centre of the room, with three or four Dyak chiefs, one of whom, the pangeran of the Sillaku tribe, had been invited from a distant part of the country. One side of the hall opened out into a side room, where a number of Malay beauties, dressed in gay colours, and glittering silks and satins, were busy in feasting on the good things of the day. Moslem ladies here, as in Cashmere, Central Asia, and Arabia, are not so mock-modest as they are found in India. They are free from all restraint whatsoever, and pay their friendly visits of ceremony without

even an escort. When we have gone into Malay houses, the females have ever been the first to welcome us, and open a light, easy, and agreeable conversation.

After a short time, a snowy table-cloth was laid on the table, and small cups of Arabian coffee, and a number of dishes of sweetmeats were placed before us. After this preliminary course, the silver betel-leaf and areca-nut box appeared. After this a number of rice, curry, and roast dishes came on, and with such spoons, knives, and forks as were set before us, we managed, along with our Dyak friends, to do some justice to them. The table was then removed, and the hall cleared. A couple of masks entered, one an elderly man with a round and merry face, an immense paunched belly, which literally hung before him, and very bandy-legged; the other was a Malay warrior with a drawn sword. After their respective performances, a number of Malays rose, and playing on native musical instruments—drums, cymbals, bells, and the like—set off to bring the bridegroom. The screens before the elevated portion of the hall were soon after drawn aside, and two raised seats appeared, on one of which the bride was seated, clad in yellow silk, with a small silver tree set with gold flowers on her head, and strings of gold bangles on her finely-rounded arms. About half a dozen bridesmaids were seated behind her, two of them screening her face off with a couple of fans. The meaning of this was, that she reserved her first look for her future lord. A great wax candle stood burning on the centre of the dais. We were requested to move up higher towards the dais, which we did, the more so as we were anxious to catch a glimpse of the bride's face. But the fans screened her countenance admirably and effectually, and we were obliged to wait the advent of the bridegroom. The returning music soon told us that he was on his way, and shortly after he entered, preceded and followed by friends and relatives, who, by way of wishing blessings on the marriage, scattered yellow, scented rice over our heads. The bridegroom himself, a powerful and well-built man with silver ornaments on his body, and bearing another silver bush with gold flowers on his head, walked up the dais, removed the fans which screened off the face of his beloved (at which she bashfully hung down her pleased countenance), and took his place on the unoccupied seat beside her. Loud shouts were now raised by the Malays in the hall, which was now crowded to suffocation. The Moslem marriage registrar then stood up at the further end of the room, and repeated some Arabic sentences from the Koran, which made the two man and wife. The mother of the latter now went up to her son-in-law and her daughter in succession, and scraped a bit of gold on their heads. In this consisted her blessing. Each of the pangerans in the room afterwards went up, and also scraped their blessings. The screens before the dais were now let down, by which it was meant that the marriage ceremony was over. Being desired to enter within the screens we did so, and made some trifling little presents to the bride. We tried hard to get a good view of her face, but she managed to evade all our efforts by bending her head down. Her maiden bashfulness, considering that she was twenty-two years of age, was excessive. Proceeding forth to the balcony, we sat down and witnessed a Malay sword dance. The Malays are passionately fond of this amusement, which, they say, recalls to them memories of happier days and glorious deeds. There were two couples who succeeded each other on the turfy floor. Keeping time with both hands and feet to the music

of the gongs, they went through their performance with great skill, evincing very much fatigue at the end. Next we had a sword fight between a couple of Malays. One of these was a big, burly pangeran, who had the reputation of being half-cracked. On his finding his adversary perfectly cool, and more than a match for him, he began to warm up and grow serious. He was evidently meditating mischief, when the spectators crowded in between the combatants and broke up the match. The entire party assembled consisted of about 300 Malays, 100 Dyaks, and about 100 boys—a large number for this secluded nook. Having made our adieus, we got inside the *prahu*, and were paddled down the stream to the tune of a lively Malay song. The sun was just disappearing behind the summits of a lofty range of mountains on the Sambas frontier, streaking the blue vault of heaven with the most delicate and lovely tints of gold and purple.

The Malays have not taken at all kindly to the rule of Europeans, whether in Sarawak or in other parts of Borneo. Sir James Brooke, while alive, was much troubled by plots, and his successor has more than once been obliged to take severe measures in consequence of them. While we were in Sarawak news came that at a station in the east, the government magistrate had been assassinated, the fort taken, and that the Malays had raised the standard of revolt. Again, shortly after, a very serious plot was hatched in the western parts of the province to murder suddenly every European. This plot, which, if carried out, would have resulted in sad confusion, was only brought to an end by a Dyak chief who had embraced Christianity. The Malays, it seems, had laid their plans, and secured the co-operation of the Dyak tribes (which is rather surprising), and they finally came to win over one of the most numerous and warlike—the Sebuyos. This tribe had been an especial favourite with the rajah. To the heads of the tribe, consisting of the chiefs, the elders, and warriors, was divulged, under the strictest oaths to secrecy, the plan of murdering every European on a certain day (which was very near), and the assistance of the tribe was asked. The Dyak conclave said that such a serious matter required time to think over, and that they would give a reply to-morrow. They went home, and held a council of their own, at which the oldest warrior who was a Christian, said it was detestable to think of

murdering the missionary and his family, and that he was just going over to tell him all about the plot. The others seconded this resolution, and added that they would at once, before time was a day older, set off to the capital to defend the rajah against this foul plot. They did not sleep that night, but assembled some hundreds of young men together, got them ready, got out their war prahus, and early in the morning set off for Kuchin, doing the entire three days' journey in one. In their anxiety, they thought that the butchery had already commenced, and so they went up straight to Government House with their colours flying, gongs beating, and other demonstrations of a warlike character. Great was the surprise of the town of Kuchin to see these war-boats paddling past swiftly, and great was the rajah's surprise to see them. He was at the time engaged in common council duties with his "trusty" Malay councillors. The object of the Dyak visit was soon explained, and then and there several of the Malays who were implicated were taken into custody. The joy of the Dyaks was great when they found that they had arrived in time, and for the share they had taken in the affair. Thus the Christian mission was the salvation of the Sarawak State.

We shall conclude this chapter with a few remarks on the Malay language, which we subsequently carefully studied. It is easy to acquire, the grammar being extremely simple and rudimentary. The language is exceedingly rich in liquids, and hence more melodious than harsh. It is supposed to be the Italian of the East. There is a large substratum of Sanscrit roots, which would lead us to suppose that the Aryan race once had a lodgment in the East Indian Archipelago, and this supposition is strongly confirmed by the remains of Hindoo temples in Java. In different parts there are slight variations in dialect, but the language all over is essentially the same. The written character is Arabic, which proves either that Arabia affected these islands before India, or that the Arabic religion, when it came in, quite erased any former Aryan character. There are many roots which may be traced in the Polynesian Isles, but the majority of the words are independent, and form a kingdom of their own. A few books are written in the language, the principal being poems and histories of former kingdoms. These latter are far more reliable as *history* than the absurd and monstrous tales in which the Hindoos delight.

A Ramble in Persia.—II.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

THE more I advanced on my way towards Ispahan the more frequent and the more insolent became the intrusions of fanatical Shiites in matters connected with the Sunite creed. In Kuhrut, a village situated amidst beautiful mountainous scenery, said to be the place where Darius was killed, I found myself assailed not only in the daytime but, to my great astonishment, one evening whilst retiring into the corner to enjoy the short time of repose, I was roused suddenly from sweet sleep by a number of clamorous Persians, with a big-turbaned mollah at their head. Whilst rubbing my eyes, I had to answer sundry

questions connected with the history of the first khalifs; I had to give explanations why Omar did this and Osman that, and ultimately they gave me the alternative to become Shiite or to leave at once the caravan. By a harsh answer, by the show of some decisive position, the peevish and cowardly Persian is soon disconcerted, and I had only to take up the thread of their blasphemies, invectives, and threats, when all disappeared, leaving me again in the arms of Morpheus. A similar occurrence had a similar result the next morning, at our last station previous to entering the capital. Encountering

a caravan which had in charge the annual tax from Shiraz, consisting of several mules laden with gold and silver coin, I saw several waggish and quarrelsome Shirazis vexing a few Jews of our caravan (the children of Israel are the worst-treated set of people in Iran), and whilst a Shirazi lifted his gun to aim in fun at a Jew, the weapon went off and hurt a Persian near him, who immediately fell to the ground crying most desperately. Of course this was sufficient to throw the whole company into the greatest disorder. All was pell-mell, and amidst the confusion I noticed that the Shirazis stormed particularly at me, and pointed out my Sunite individuality as the chief reason for the misfortune which had occurred. To step

for he has a son called Agakutchuk (the little lord), is certainly, as far as regards Ispahan, in higher esteem than the name of the king. In his appearance, the Agabuzurg—who can prove his descent from the family of Mohammed by an undoubted pedigree—differs but little from the rest of the big-turbaned mollahs of Persia. He received me most politely, directed his steward to provide for me a room and a servant, and honoured me the very evening of my arrival with an invitation to his table. What a quantity of water—perhaps rivers and seas—would have been necessary to clean the poor man from the pollution, if he had known that he had taken his meal in the company of an unclean Christian. At first these feelings



APPROACH TO ISPAHAN.

forward and denounce their shameless cruelty was the business of a moment. My comrades gathered immediately round me; and so intense is the hatred between Ispahanis and Shirazis that, forgetting Sunites and Jews, they all fell upon their southern compatriots, seized the man who committed the mischief, and putting the rest of the party to flight, we entered—with the delinquent under our escort—the formerly splendid and gigantic, but now ruined, wretched, and insignificant, Ispahan.

A long walk through deserted streets, empty caravanserais, and decaying monuments of architecture, brought me to the house of the Imam Djumaâ, the chief priest of the town, and the highest prelate in Persia. This man, to whom I had letters of introduction, had formerly almost greater influence in the country than the king himself. Nowadays he is the second to him in power; and the name of Agabuzurg (the great lord),

gave me some uneasiness, but afterwards I got accustomed to my situation, and found no place in Iran where I had leisure to study this remarkable people of Asia better than in the house of the Persian high-priest. It was particularly at the ever memorable evening parties, where I heard interesting discussions about the differences of Eastern and Western life. At these meetings of the *beaux esprits* of Persian society, one discovers at the very beginning the struggle which it costs these champions of old civilisation to acknowledge the superiority of the new era. Inventions such as the railway, the telegraph, and steam-engines, now seen in Persia, are only involuntarily brought into discussion, and the pains these people take to prove at least some advantage for their religion, poetry, and metaphysics cannot but deeply touch the observer. "Culture, power, and greatness," said they, "shift in turns from nation to nation. In antiquity



FALCONER, NORTH PERSIA.

Asia was mighty, flourishing, and learned, and Europe lay prostrate at her feet. Now the aspect is entirely changed. Allah knows how long the West will keep its pre-eminence, but since the climax of perfection is conterminous with decay, the Franks will assuredly come down one day, and Islam will reappear in its radiant and resplendent colours." There was no reserve, no suspicion of what their visitor really was, only sometimes I was pitied as a member of a nation entirely subdued by Western or foreign influence. The few weeks I spent in the house of Imam Djumâ, of Ispahan, must be looked upon as the best sources of the information I obtained regarding Mohammedanism, or, properly speaking, on the result of its contest with European civilisation.

To describe the still existing ruins of former grandeur would be equal to carrying coals to Newcastle. English literature is the richest in Europe as far as regards our knowledge about Persia. I will only mention, that the still imposing Meduni Shah (royal hippodrome), and the Meschidi Shah (royal mosque), with its richly gilt cupolas and luxuriously ornamented gate, were objects I loved to gaze upon for hours and hours. No capital of Europe can boast of such a large square, although, nowadays, ragged beggars occupy the cells of the former imperial guards, and a donkey-market is held where the grandees of Georgia, Kurdistan, Afghanistan, and India, used to show the riches of Asia before the pompous kings of the old royal line. It is only in loose and bacchanalian manners that the modern Ispahanis have retained the character of their forefathers. An hour after sunset, all classes of society indulge in drinking wine and brandy, made and sold by the Christians of Djufa, a suburb of Ispahan, where the Armenians, forcibly transmigrated from the banks of the Araxes, reside. Tyranny and oppression has, however, very greatly diminished the number of the latter. There are scarcely 200 families existing, and even these are divided by religious fanaticism. The small Catholic section is petted by the French ambassador at Teheran, whilst the bishop of the larger, or Greek part, is a faithful servant to the Emperor of Russia, and becomes, as may be easily understood, the more despised by the home government.

But why should I become tedious re-narrating things so often and so much better described? I will keep to my part, namely, that of giving an account of my personal adventures, by asking the reader to accompany me on my way to Shiraz, where I found myself richly rewarded for all the fatigues of the trip; for during this part of the journey I avoided all company, and, trotting away merrily upon my donkey in short stages, I reached the ruins of the old Bazargade, and the pretended tomb of Cyrus, on a quiet moonlight night. Taking the last-named building in the darkness for some habitable place, I climbed up the smooth and huge marble steps with great difficulty, and, forgetting the danger of losing my long-eared animal, I enjoyed a quiet sleep of several hours there, where archæologists suppose that the old King of Persia, whose name has become so familiar to us in our juvenile studies, was laid to rest. The first rays of the sun were scarcely peeping through the fissures of the roof, when a Persian peasant, who took me for some pilgrim—for the Shiites regard this place as the mausoleum of the mother of King Solomon—came up to me, and presenting a piece of bread with some dried fruits, asked my benedictions. The surprise was mutual. The good man hoped to find some inveterate worshipper of Ali, but as the

dress of a Bagdadi is most frequently the outward sign of a Sunite, his bewildered look frightened me; and in order to allay his apprehensions, as well as to extricate myself from an awkward position, began my blessing with the names of the Shiite saints, and succeeded in gaining the full friendship of the man. As I afterwards learned, he belonged to the tribe which inhabits the once famous plain of Bazargade; and, protected by him, I moved about undisturbed amidst the remarkable ruins of ancient times. In want of the precise knowledge of our Western ideas, the traveller is, in the eyes of the nomads who generally wander about the ruins in Persia, a man longing to discover "the stone of wisdom." This is believed to be a mineral only visible to beings influenced by *gins* (genii); and many, if not all European discoveries are attributed to the possession of such stones. "Wisdom was formerly at home in Persia," said an old nomad to me; "but since the *Feringhees* have carried away our talismans, science and arts flourish under their hands, and we are decaying more and more."

A similar observation I heard whilst in the ruins of Persepolis, where I spent nearly ten days in the company of some Turkish herdsmen. The Turks encamped here belonging to the tribes of Rashkai and Allaverdi, used to retire hither for a few weeks in the summer with their flocks. And as much as they were delighted to be in my company, and to talk Turkish all the day long, it was almost impossible to induce them to spend a night amid these classic and astounding ruins of bygone art. As for me, my sojourn in Persepolis is undoubtedly the most pleasant part of the time I spent in Asia. During the first days I delighted in reading the names of so many Europeans of famous reputation, who visited this place and inscribed their names upon prominent parts of the ruins. Here you meet amongst others the names of Kämpfer, De la Valle, Niebühr; and amongst recent travellers, the names of Jones, Morier, Malcolm, Texier, Fergusson, Loftus, Kinneir, Minutoli, and Gobineau. The majority of those who inscribed their names on the hard granite—a work which requires sometimes several hours—belong to the British nationality. I began to be already proud of being the first Hungarian who visited this famous spot, when I discovered in that part consisting of black stones the names of Maróti István, a countryman of mine, and readily accorded to him the credit of being the first Hungarian visitor to Persepolis. Mr. Maróti had one of those curious adventurous careers so frequently met with in the East. He left his country and enlisted as a volunteer in the Polish revolution of 1830. Here he was made prisoner by the Russians; and after escaping from the Russian military service to Persia, he gained in a short time the affection of the royal family, and became the physician of the king's mother, in which quality he died at Shiraz, bequeathing to his country a fine collection of books of Persian manuscripts, which, however, the Persians have kept for themselves.

Speaking of European adventurers, I cannot leave unmentioned the extraordinary career of the hospitable and excellent Swede, Dr. Fagergreen, the chief physician in South Persia, in the service of the Shah, whose house will certainly be known to all who have visited the beautiful Shiraz, and whose personal qualities cannot be over-esteemed. Dr. Fagergreen left his northern home as a handicraftsman, with a longing for the South, just like his mythical countryman, the hero of the "Frithiop Saga." It was not a voyage, but a walk, which brought

him to the shores of the Bosphorus. From thence he turned eastwards; and as every European is considered by the Orientals a medical man by birth, and the honest Swede, seeing conferred upon him, in spite of his own will, the degree of M.D., could not help applying the small quantity of medicines he carried with him for personal use. Thus he continued his way across Asia Minor, Armenia, and Persia, everywhere as a *médecin malgré lui*; and, such was the favourable reception he met with from the people and the better classes, that his fame preceded him at Teheran, and he had not spent many weeks in the capital before the king appointed him in the previously-mentioned capacity at Shiraz. I must mention that Dr. Fagergreen most assiduously studied all the medical books which fell into his hands in Persia; and admitting that many a Persian had to risk his life for the practical experiments of the so-called doctor, I must say that Dr. Fagergreen was, at the time when I saw him, fully acquainted with the mysteries of his science, and answered the purpose perfectly well.

Hearing already in Teheran about this wonderful man, I thought of playing an innocent joke by presenting myself in his house, not in my European, but in my Oriental character. Entering in my costume of Bagdadi, I gave him the usual dervish salutation of "Ya hú! ya hakk!" upon which the kind European, thinking that he had to do with one of those numerous dervishes who are roaming about in that country, put his hand into his pocket, and in order to get rid of me presented me with some money.

"What! money!" I exclaimed; "it is your confidence that I wish for. By the orders of my religious chief, I have come from remote regions with the intention of bringing you from the false religion you are now professing to the road of true religious faith. I have come in consequence of directions received from the Sheikh of Bagdad, to make you Mussulman." The physician, who was obviously well acquainted with this kind of proselytism, said to me: "Yes, my dervish; not with commands, but with convincing words men ought to invite people to religion. What can you do to verify your mission; what to confirm your chief's wonderful power?"

"You are doubting thereof? A breath of my *pir* sufficed to make me acquainted with all the arts of the world, and with all languages. Since you are a Feringhee, you may make a trial of me in every dialect you wish." The physician was

all wonder. Endeavouring to retain the firmness of my mien, and fixing my eyes fast upon the earth, I listened while he addressed me in his vernacular tongue, the Swedish. "Swedish," said I, "I am much better acquainted with it than yourself;" and in order to prove my assertion, recited some verses out of Pegnér's "Frithiof Saga," which, having been the favourite reading of my youth, was still fresh in my memory. The physician's surprise was at its climax. His complexion changed to all possible colours; and without asking me further, he began to speak German. To his great confusion, I answered even in this. The same was the case with the French; and having exchanged words in every language, I returned to the Persian, and recited for the salvation of his soul a few sentences of the Koran. The poor Scandinavian, half bewildered with amazement, made every possible effort to scrutinise the mysterious character of his guest; and thinking to solve his riddle the next day, I said to him, "You have time to reflect till to-morrow at eight o'clock. Either you become Mussulman, or you will have to feel the magic power of my religious chief."

I returned home. On the next morning I had no sooner arisen from my bed than the honest Swede stood already before me. He was too impatient to wait for my visit, and I had strongly piqued his curiosity. At first I repeated my joke of yesterday; but the good nature that could be perceived in all his features bade me terminate the joke; and, having pulled off the mask with a short declaration, I embraced the kind physician. His delight was boundless, and he exclaimed, "I suspected as much, yet your Persian conversation disconcerted me."

In spite of my rather too bold trick, the good Swede gave me a most splendid reception in his house. I stayed with him for nearly three months; and, in his quality as medical adviser in the chief Persian houses, I gained a full insight into the family life of the inhabitants of Shiraz. It is a gloomy and dark picture of morals which offers itself to the foreign observer. Depravity and debauchery of every description have undermined the family life, not only of the upper classes, but even of the artisans. And, however sorry I felt to leave the beautiful climate and the deep blue sky of the town of Hafiz and Saadi, my great aversion for its depraved society made me turn my steps backwards to Teheran, in order to begin my journey to Central Asia.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—IV.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE RETIRO.

HALF-WAY between Petropolis and the station of Correa, we had often been struck *en passant* with the splendid appearance of a group of mountains which we could see closing up the head of a valley running up to our left from a place called the Retiro. We knew that for some little way the road was passable, even by carriages, up to a point where people sometimes went to buy fruit and flowers in a kind of nursery garden;

but we were very anxious to explore the valley to its head, if practicable. Choosing a perfectly fine day, we put some provisions in a haversack, and with our vasculums all ready for plants, we walked off after breakfast to seek for new pastures in a district which looked particularly promising. About a mile from Petropolis, the road passes near a long building, which we soon found was the *abattoir*, or slaughter-house of the place. We should certainly have passed it without notice, as it is in a

very sheltered situation, if our eyes had not been attracted by the numbers of great blackish birds, which were sitting on the branches of surrounding trees, and paying no attention to us, even when we were quite close to them. These were urubus, a sort of turkey-buzzard, unclean carrion-feeders, which are protected by law from the hand of men, upon the condition of duly performing the duties of public scavengers. They do this so completely, that on the many occasions of our walking by the place I do not think we ever saw or smelt anything offensive. Mutton is rather a rarity in Petropolis, but beef is abundant. A stranger, however, may be thoroughly puzzled as to the

with much the same kind of growth as our barley; and narrow zigzag paths lead through these belts of grass up into the remains of the forest, which is still left to cover the upper part of all the heights. The annual rainfall in Petropolis is about 150 inches, so it may easily be understood that this grass grows apace, and the colonists get four or five crops in the year: but if they were to allow animals to forage for themselves on these rich but limited mountain-pastures, the greater part of the crop would be inevitably destroyed. All animals, therefore, are kept shut up in stables and sheds, and their daily allowance of fresh grass is brought down for them ready cut. Waste is



THE COTTON HARVEST.

sources from which either of them is supplied. In a residence of some months I never saw a sheep alive but once, and then there were two of them tethered to 'separate pegs. We had abundance of milk, and butter as good as from an English dairy; yet I never once saw a cow, nor any other horned cattle, excepting on one Sunday, when a few of them were brought in for a kind of fair. Extraordinary as this may seem, it is strictly true, and the difficulty will begin to vanish when the nature of the country is understood. Petropolis and its surroundings have been entirely built upon and among steep hills, that are covered with dense forest, except where human labour has contrived to clear them. The various proprietors have small holdings, which they plant with maize, mandioca, bananas, oranges, and other fruits and vegetables. A considerable part however, of the clearings on the steep sides of the hills is devoted to the cultivation of a strong coarse grass,

thus prevented, and the grassy slopes are mown in regular rotation.

After this digression we must return to the road on our way to the Retiro. About four miles from Petropolis we turned to the left, and crossing a small bridge over a rippling stream, we found ourselves in full view of the remarkable group of mountains which we were looking for. This noble trio rose boldly out of the head of the valley before us, which, though narrow at first, spread out further on into a rather wide extent of rough and half-cultivated grass and bushes, varied by the gaunt and ghastly remains of former monarchs of the forest. The first step taken to get rid of a Brazilian forest is to set fire to it; and as, instead of easily-burnt pines, it consists principally of vast hard-wood trees rising out of a dense jungle of smaller trees, mixed with palms, tree-ferns, bamboos, and the like, a great many of the larger trunks remain standing, though killed,

and pointing their weird blackened branches as if in awful protest against the cruelty of destroying them. Some of them soon fall to the ground, and under the joint influences of heat, moisture, and surrounding vegetation, they are not long in melting back into the bosom of their mother earth. Others stand half burnt, in ghastly isolation, unable to fall, and looking as if they are imploring some one to come and cover their nakedness. The sight of one of these burning forests is a very extraordinary one; amongst the huge flames darting out of a suffocating smoke the incessant cannonade of bursting bamboos and falling branches, and the screams of frightened birds, mixed with the shouts of the men who are directing and

fall from the top of the awful precipice now before us he would tear out in his headlong dash a long line of inaccessible plants, which will certainly never be reached in any other way, and thus might possibly be the unwilling contributor of some novelties to the botanist.

Facing this marvellous precipice was another mountain of about the same height; but, though amazingly steep, its surface was much more broken and varied with vegetation. Beyond both, and between the two, a third mountain of pyramidal form closed up the extreme head of the valley. A few hundred yards from where I am supposed to be standing the clearings ceased, and the glorious virgin forest filled up all the basin



A FALLEN MONARCH.

stimulating the ruin, unite to form a Babel amid a scene never to be forgotten.

In front of us, but rather to the left, was a very remarkable mountain, rising in a gentle slope from the left to a height which I imagine to be about 2,500 feet above where we stood, or about 5,000 feet above the sea; but straight from the summit the other side went down for about 2,000 feet in an unbroken slope of bare granite at an angle of between 60° and 70°, losing itself at the base in the magnificent forest immediately before us. The decomposition of the exposed granite in such a climate of heat and moisture is so great that the surface is soft enough, with the aid of little irregularities, to support a variety of epiphytic plants, such as *Tillandsias* and other members of the *Bromeliaceæ*. These, for the most part, have very much the growth and appearance of the pine-apple plant, which is one of the same family; and their stiff forms and green leaves rising at intervals from the dark granite have a singularly strange effect. The result is, that if anyone were to

between the feet of these three mountains, and crept gently up their sides till stopped by the limits of rock and precipice, which thence rose unsheltered into the deep blue sky. It was about noon when we completed our general inspection of the magnificent view before us; and the heat of the sun was tremendous as we moved along a narrow track which seemed to be used by occasional wood-cutters, and the lizards testified their satisfaction as they skimmed over rocks which felt almost red-hot to the hand. In a few minutes later everything was changed—we had followed the track into the deep cool shades of the forest. Within five paces from the bare and burning stones, we had stepped under the shade of noble trees which spread their dense branches over a jungle of ferns and ever-green bushes, all luxuriating in a cool moisture. Here we found at once a great object of our desire, some fertile fronds of a magnificent *Acrostichum*, of which the barren fronds are more like a branch of the Portugal laurel than anything else I can think of. A little further, and the shade grew denser as we

reached a group of huge detached rocks, that must in former times have fallen down from one of the adjoining mountains, but were now covered with long-accumulated treasures of vegetation. A trickling stream ran near the feet of the largest of them, and the monarchs of the forest threw cool shadows far down upon its head, which at the height of some thirty or forty feet from the ground was fringed with crimson cactus-blossoms, mixed with the tall stalks of a green and white *Amaryllis*. This tempting spectacle induced us to push up a jungle-covered slope and get to the top of the rock by an apparently possible route, but it was not to be done; we could not force our way through without an axe, and we could not get up the face without a ladder, so we were compelled to content ourselves with examining as much of the rock as was within reach of our arms or umbrella-handles.

From a little way below the cactus-blossoms, hung down in festoons the long pendulous fronds of the *Nephrolepis*, while a marvellously perfect specimen of a *Trichomanes* had already climbed about a dozen feet from the ground to meet them. Its *pinnae*, like exquisite green lace, spread right and left from the rachis to the length of about a foot, and shone against the damp brown rock, flanked by bunches of *Doryopteris sagittifolia* and *Lycopodiums* in abundance. The variety of *Trichomanes* and *Hymenophyllum* ferns is considerable in the damp and dark parts of the woods, some of them climbing to the height of twenty or thirty feet round the stem of a tree, while others are scarcely larger than their European representatives. They are all lovely, and most of them are as easy to press and preserve as a common buttercup; but I must for a moment turn out of my way to describe the *Trichomanes Prieurei*, the most wonderful of them all, which we never found in perfection, except in an unusually damp and dense wood near the Presidencia. It springs in a tuft from a firmly-rooted crown, the fronds being, in a good specimen, about fifteen or sixteen inches long. The fronds have an appearance essentially different from anything I have seen in the vegetable world: the colour is that of an emerald, but they shine with a metallic lustre which is perfectly marvellous. No one can form any idea of the beauty of this plant unless he has found it growing; for, though we protected the fronds we put in our vasculums with the utmost care, and took them home as quickly as possible, their lustre was gone before we got there, and the colour soon followed in the drying-paper: the result was always the same, and though the requisite form has been preserved, the general appearance is that of black lace.

The track led us past the rocks to a somewhat more open region, where the jungle being much less dense we could move more freely up to the trunks of some of the forest giants, and trace them from their base to their spreading crowns, some of them about 150 feet from the ground. Here, too, we observed the last remains of an old sumauméra, or buttress-tree, which we afterwards saw in perfection elsewhere. These colossal trees throw out spurs or buttresses from about a height of eight or ten feet from the ground, slanting downwards till they reach at the surface to about the same distance from the trunk. They are thin, like planks, and thus divide the lower part of the tree into open compartments, sometimes so large that two or three people can stand together in one of them. The whole extent is such that I have measured about thirty feet along the ground from the end of one buttress to that of the opposite one. Presently we plunged again into a thicker region and,

amidst the ruins of a fallen giant, discovered some admirable specimens of a very bright green fern, whose elegant fronds proved to be those of the *Asplenium Scandicium*. The forest became darker than ever, and the silence seemed if possible to increase as we wandered on further into its depths; at last we heard the sound of rushing water, and presently found ourselves on the banks of a delicious stream bounding among mossy rocks, and inciting us immediately to fix upon it as the place for luncheon. The shade was intense; and it was only by looking straight overhead that we could see the burning sun playing with the topmost leaves; the water was sweet and cool, and in its course through the unbroken forest had not yet seen the full light of day, so we threw down our various burdens by the side of a group of palms, washed hands and faces, somewhat repairing our dishevelled appearance, and proceeded to the enjoyment of our sandwiches, with a good bottle of English porter, and the consequential pipe. Then we pursued our researches among ferns and forest-flowers, after scrambling across the little stream, and at last went back to our starting-point pretty correctly, in time to find that the sun felt hotter than ever as we suddenly came out of impenetrable shade into the blazing light of the open country. We were so thirsty on arriving at Petropolis that we stopped for a draught of the country beer at a place kept by an old French couple who, between them, told us a curious story of how they had come to live in Brazil. The husband was in Paris with his wife in the revolution of 1848; he was a skilled workman, earning five francs a day; the socialists tried to compel him to join in one of the unions intended to pull down the gains of the best men for the benefit, as usual, of the worst and most numerous. He refused the three francs offered him, and started for California, hoping soon to make money enough to fetch his wife out after him. He declared that the captain of the French ship in which he and his companions sailed, having secured their passage-money to California, and having also made them pay for a store of tobacco and gunpowder, bought from himself, took the vessel into Rio, and contrived, when most of the people were on shore, to scuttle or blow her up in the harbour. He managed to get away with the spoil, and my poor old friend found himself a beggar in Brazil instead of a gold-digger in California. He could not make any money to move on with, and was obliged to beg his wife to try and raise funds to enable her to join him. This at last was done with difficulty, and the victims of the 1848 socialism are now keeping a drinking-shop in the outskirts of Petropolis, not without a hope of seeing "La Belle France" once again before they die.

Such was one of the expeditions which make Petropolis a paradise for the rambler, especially if he has any taste for the vegetable glories of a climate in which it may almost be said that the air produces as many flowers as the earth does. Every tree is not only concerned with its own proper work of self-development, but it has also to nourish a garden of ferns, orchids, gigantic arums, air-plants, and countless others, the seeds of which have been wafted by balmy breezes against its surface, and have clung to every rough spot. Nor is it decorated only by such plants as may be supposed to want but little soil, for amongst the orchids and brilliant parasites which cling to every branch I have seen the tall flower stem of a white *Amaryllis* at a height of some sixty feet above the ground. We were never tired of repeating old walks and finding new ones in a region which was to all appearance

inexhaustible for our pursuits. Sometimes the Presidencia, about an hour's walk from the hotel, was selected with the surrounding woods for the day's explorations, starting from a spot which could even be reached in a carriage, and near which was a pretty piece of water containing curious fish with a large black spot on each side. Hither we were followed one day by an old negro, who went down to the water-side and pulled out a bundle of rough sapling sticks, which he kept soaking there till he had a chance of getting a few coppers for them, and thereby becoming intensely happy. At other times we took the much longer walk to an eminence called the Alto do Imperador, a lofty point at an opening in the highest forest, from which there is a magnificent view over the tops of hill below hill, and forest below forest, stretching down from our feet till they melt into the more open country, where scattered white specks among the verdure mark the houses of those who are cultivating rich crops in the hotter climate of 3,000 feet below our temporary perch. Thence the delighted eye wanders over all the splendours of the Bay of Rio, its shining water and its countless islands, the fantastic mountains rising behind the city, now invisible from distance, and the peak of the Sugar-loaf, forty miles away, guarding the entrance from the Atlantic, whose blue waters fade into the remote horizon.

VARIETIES OF INSECTS.

Meanwhile, a collection of insects was progressing favourably; and, besides a quantity of beautiful moths and butterflies, my friend's boxes began to fill with beetles, spiders, strange grasshoppers, leaf-insects, and, most wonderful of all, a fine specimen of the praying mantis, who, in spite of his pious looks and imploring attitudes, was obliged to succumb to poison and the penetrating pin. There were some very fine and interesting spiders, including one whose house was discovered in the pathway up to the hill behind the hotel. This dwelling was a hole in the ground, closed at the top with a lid made of clay pressed close and turning on a hinge, like that of a teapot, by which the insect was enabled to shut or open it according to pleasure. This spider was said to give a dangerously poisonous bite. So was another far larger kind of tarantula, with thick, black, hairy legs, about eight inches across, which had been caught on a piece of dry wood by a prudent "nigger," who had avoided touching it by putting wood and all into a box. This really frightful-looking creature was with no small difficulty coaxed under a large inverted tumbler; and, when it had realised the fact of its being in a narrow prison, it began to kick and plunge so violently, that for a moment we had some fear that it would upset the glass and charge us. However, by gently lifting one side, the operator was enabled to introduce a little chloroform; and, after dancing a wilder tarantula measure than could have been imagined by the mediæval Neapolitans, the horrible legs relaxed and fell with the burden of a dead body. People dread touching these spiders even long after death, declaring that every hair is poisonous. Butterflies of all colours came in apace, mainly from the neighbourhood of Correa, but one of the most beautiful was contributed, fresh caught in the village, by a little boy, whose modest demand of fourpence was eagerly agreed to. This lovely creature was about six inches in width across the wings; its colour was nearly white, with an almost imperceptible tinge of green, and a somewhat opaline lustre as the wings were moved. At Correa, among the gayest was

a species of pale scarlet colour when alive, which, however, always seemed to lose some of its brilliancy when it came into the entomological *morgue*.

A very agreeable family of Americans, who had settled down in Rio Janeiro for commercial purposes, came up for a holiday to Petropolis, and, among other things, recommended us to an old man who kept a *pharmacia*, or chemist's shop, in the Rua do Imperador, as a large collector of insects for sale. We saw little indications of a lively trade in drugs, but passing through the small bottle-shop we found ourselves in the presence of a rather loquacious German woman, who turned out to be the wife of the Portuguese chemist. She explained to us that her lord and master was coming in a few minutes; that he was a very remarkable man, who would only do things in his own fashion, and that she was not empowered to make any bargains for him, though she would be very happy, in his august absence, to show us some of the treasures in his room. Accordingly, we had an exhibition of some valuable insects, and a great many very common ones, accompanied by a running account of the state of her family, and how her children collected insects to pay for their education. Presently, a dirty snuffy old gentleman in his shirt-sleeves entered the room, and we soon found we were in the presence of the great man. His wife interpreted for us, and explained that my friend wanted to buy some good insects, and pointed out those which were the special objects of our admiration. But the old fellow refused to deal on those terms, and would only consent to be allowed to manage the matter in his own way. He would prepare us a box of butterflies and moths, and another box of beetles; but he would not pledge himself as to what he would put in, nor would he say a word about the price, which was to depend upon the splendour of the collection which he might condescend to put together for us. His wife repeated that he was a very remarkable man—a kind of genius that is not to be fettered by rules of ordinary mortals—and it was evident that, if the obstinate old fellow had been acquainted with Tennyson's poems, he would have liked to turn to his own purposes the sentiment of "Trust me all in all, or not at all." On the whole, my friend decided to give him a chance of distinguishing himself, and to reserve all rights of future action.

After waiting a considerable time, and making vain inquiries as to the progress made, the waiter told us one day that the boxes had arrived, and three or four young men were waiting with them in our sitting-room. They all wore an expression of triumph upon their faces as they opened the cases, and displayed, to our horror, two glazed boxes with vulgar gilded frames, containing a miscellaneous collection of insects formed into patterns on a gaudily-painted background, reminding me of a school-girl's "sampler" of the last century, or the preparations for an illumination of a London shop. Processions of small green "bugs," as the Americans would call them, wound gracefully round a black stag-beetle of lordly proportions, to meet another procession on the other side; and with the aid of sundry detachments of divers colours, and stripes of yellow paint, they gradually formed themselves into the similitude of the Imperial Crown! The amount of pins expended was no doubt very great, but we could hardly conceal our disgust at a result, which was, however, entirely in accordance with the national taste. Nor was this feeling diminished when we found that a small frame of butterflies in similar taste contained scarcely anything that we had

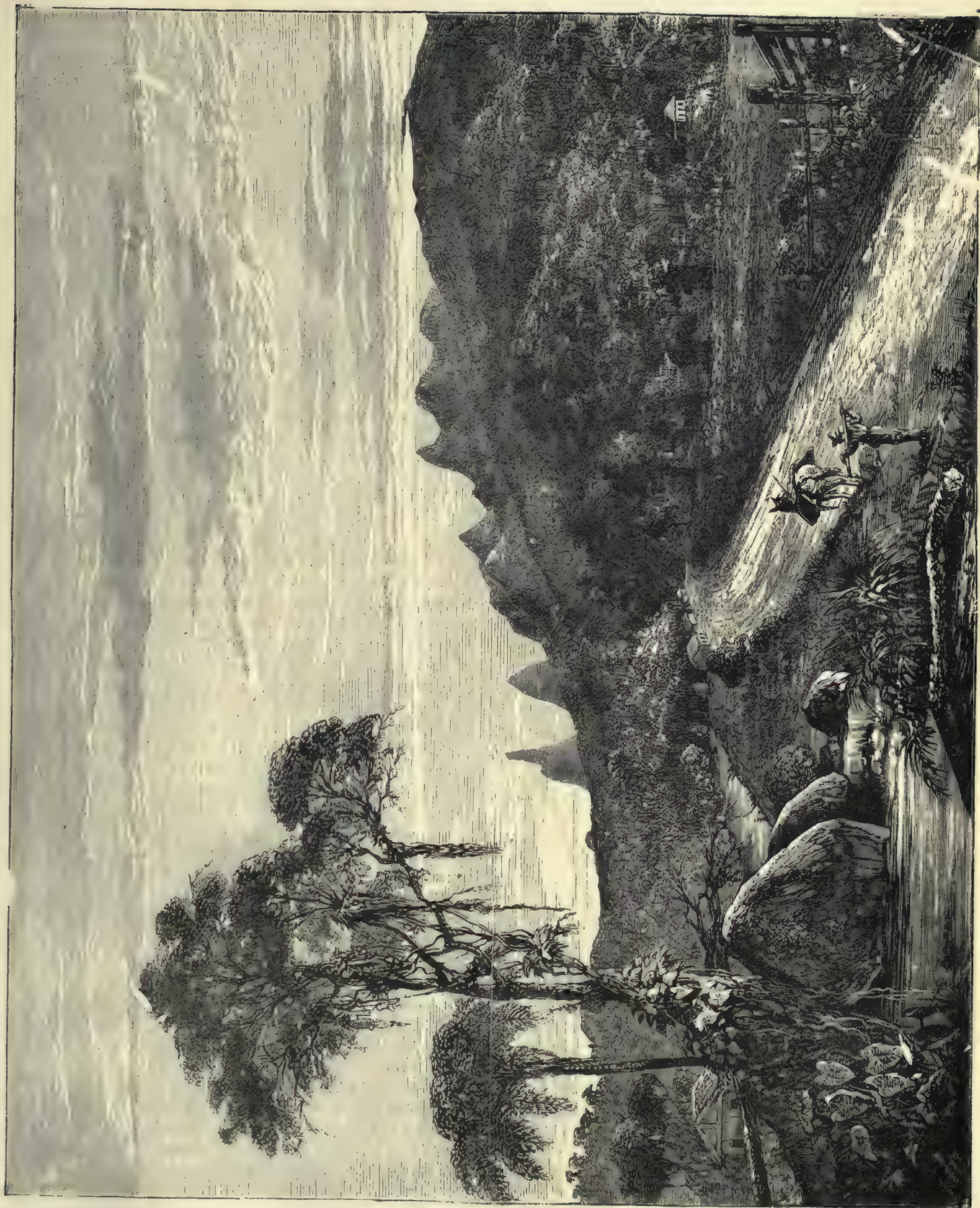
not already found for ourselves, and that 100 milreis, or ten guineas, was the bold demand for both. The waiter was our interpreter, and expressed our unwillingness to take the goods without a large diminution of the purchase-money. It was amusing to watch the astonishment of the young men, who looked as they might be supposed to look if we had refused immediate admission into heaven. After holding a council among themselves, they went to consult the old sage, and to our intense satisfaction came back with the reply that no abatement of charge would be admissible; they preferred taking their treasures back, and they carried them off accordingly. We continued to collect all that we could catch, and my companion deferred his purchases till our return to Rio, where some good naturalists are to be found.

ATTEMPT AT A DAY'S SHOOTING.

The excitement of hunting for ferns, flowers, and butterflies, though admitted to be very great, was not, however, sufficient to satisfy the ambition of one of my friends. We had brought out our guns with us, and a stock of No. 8 cartridges, intended for the massacre of small birds, and he saw no reason for continuing to hide this light under a bushel, though I repeatedly assured him that I much doubted if we should find anything worth the powder. He was stimulated by the arrival of another Englishman fresh from Europe, who was craving for a shot at something, and was only restrained from firing at humming-birds by the assurance that if he hit them at all, he must blow them to invisible atoms. Hearing that the scientific way of getting these lovely little creatures is to knock them down with water from a squirt, he employed his engineering talents in making a squirt out of a piece of bamboo, with which he wandered about the garden, but to my great satisfaction the experiment was a failure. We knew there were very few birds in the forests near Petropolis, and we were told that, if there had ever been more, they had been shot long ago by the Duke of Saxe, who married a daughter of the Emperor. Somebody, however, declared that, if we would go to a place called Pedro de Rio, about twenty miles distant on the main road, we should probably meet with great results, especially as the roadside inn was kept by a Frenchman reputed to be a *grand chasseur*, thoroughly acquainted with the Brazilian sport to be found in his neighbourhood. I had very little faith in the scheme myself, for when on a former occasion I had been to the paradise of sportsmen on the Pampas and rivers of the Argentine and Oriental republics, I had not only observed the great scarcity of birds in forest-covered lands like the Brazilian hills, but had also experienced the excessive difficulty of picking up in the jungle anything that might happen to be shot among the trees. However, it was agreed that the attempt should be made, as we were sure of a pleasant day, even if the sport should come to nothing; and early one morning a carriage and four mules was waiting for us at the door, in charge of our favourite coachman, who had the reputation of being a German or Belgian nobleman, whose paternal estates had been sacrificed at the gambling-tables of Europe.

Unfortunately, it was a wet morning, and we hesitated about starting, till some one suggested that the weather might be much better as we left the vicinity of the sea behind us. It was a very sound idea, and Adolphe had hardly driven his team three miles from Petropolis before the rain ceased, the Itamarity Mountain shone out brightly in the sun, and we had

every prospect of a perfectly fine day. We gave the mules a short rest at Correa, and then rattling down another stage of gentle incline, we found ourselves in good time at the hot and dusty station of Pedro de Rio, and pulled up at the door of a dirty little house which was pleased to call itself an inn. Opposite to it was the usual store, where everything was ready for sale, from claret to grindstones, and from mule-harness to a box of matches. Here we found the Frenchman presiding over his goods; but, to our great disgust, he disavowed the character of a sportsman, and gave a very poor account of the probability of sport. He, however, provided a black boy and a white one to show us certain paths in the forests, and while they were being sent for, we prepared for a kind of late breakfast in the little inn. Sure such an inn was never seen! The door opened into one filthy little room, which was invaded at pleasure by dogs, cats, poultry, and even pigs, without which no Brazilian household is complete. The pigs in these hill regions are perfect in form and rotundity, and, with a little care, would be worthy of an English agricultural meeting; but unfortunately, the heat of the climate prevents their being turned into bacon and hams. Corruption begins near the bone before the salt can have time to penetrate. The hostess was a very fat and voluble Frenchwoman, who had left the Pyrenees some eighteen years before, and seemed to have bitterly repented it. She busied herself in cooking for us to the best of her ability, and, considering the very limited extent of her *matériel*, we had no reason to complain. Her husband sent over a stock of beer from his store across the road, and we soon shouldered our guns and marched off with our bare-footed boys. They led us up a rather steep path, from which we had a good view of the Piabanha River, until, turning rather to the right, we found ourselves cut off by dense forest from all distant objects. A bird about the size of a pigeon was seen among the boughs of a tree on the hill-side; one of the party fired, and the victim dropped. A rush was made down the bank by the eager sportsman, but the jungle was so rough and tangled that he could not penetrate far. The boys were called to his assistance, but all was of no avail; not a feather was to be found, and after wasting a very hot quarter of an hour, we went on our way. Uphill and downhill, sometimes in the deep shade of evergreen forest, and sometimes emerging on open scrubby spots blazing in sunshine, we wandered about for several miles; and if the sport were unsatisfactory, we had occupation enough in turning right and left in search of new plants wherever we could effect an entrance through the jungle. About half a dozen small birds were slaughtered, but I think only three were picked up, the largest of them being a lovely little woodpecker about the same size as an English kingfisher. The Brazilian way of shooting is to place the guns at certain spots which it is found that animals are likely to make for, and to make a pack of miscellaneous dogs hunt barking through the forest, and trying to drive everything before them. In this way they now and then get the anta or tapir, and the peccary or wild pig; but it is astonishing to see how little animal life generally shows itself in these boundless forests. We observed many trees and plants which were new to us, and amongst them we found the wild guavas, with the fruit nearly ripe, to the great joy of our two urchins, who certainly showed a courage which seemed to me almost incredible, by plunging with their bare feet among thorny thickets, where they had the additional risk of



THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS, FROM THERESOPOLIS.

treading upon snakes and detestable insects. At last we thought we had gone far enough, and induced the boys to lead us homewards by another way, in the course of which we came to some swampy places with grand ferns and superb beds of *Begonias*. Further on, coming suddenly out of the woods into a comparatively open patch, we found ourselves among a group of gigantic aloes, twenty or thirty of them throwing up their candelabra-like flower-stems in full bloom to the height of about thirty feet, and all within the space of fifty yards square.

We were very glad of cooling fluids both within and without when we returned, hot and dusty, to a second repast at the Frenchwoman's dirty table, where we sat down to chickens and rice, an apology for soup, and the universal dish of black beans and *carne secca*, or dried beef of most revolting appearance, but not so bad as it looks when the mind is once made up to venture an attack upon it. Our coachman looked as if he had had a very dull day of it in this lonely spot, away from the gaieties of Petropolis society, and he was by no means sorry to bring up the four-in-hand, which took us back at a lively pace to M'Dowall's, at the end of a day which, though shockingly unsportsmanlike, had been a very delightful variation from our ordinary life. About the time for going to bed, however, one of the party found he had reason to repent it. In pushing his way through the jungle, he had unluckily encountered a bush which must have been covered with minute insects, a species of tick, which bury themselves in the skin, and produce maddening irritation. His body was covered with them, and he was in a state bordering on frenzy, when the waiter advised him to rub himself with raw *canna*, and he did not venture to turn into bed till he had thus consumed a bottle of this powerful spirit, and made the hotel smell like a distillery.

DOWN TO RIO AND BACK AGAIN.

Before saying farewell to Petropolis, it is only right to give an account of how, after a week or two of rambles among hill and forest, in sunshine and in rain, I used to delight myself with a day's run to the city and back. Luckily, on the finest of these occasions I had one of my companions with me to increase my pleasure by sharing in it. We had only to ask the active and far-travelled waiter of the hotel to get tickets for us the evening before, costing ten milreis or a guinea, and to call us at five o'clock in the morning. The first dawn showed us the prospect of a perfect day, so we had no hesitation in getting up and taking an egg with a cup of coffee before the start. At a few minutes after six o'clock, the sky being still covered with stars, one of the coaches pulled up at the door and carried us off with some native passengers towards the Serra in the delicious coolness of the early morning. But so rapid is the approach of day within the tropics, that by the time we reached the summit of the Serra, and the mules had rattled round the corner at which the descent begins, the sun was already gilding all the mountains behind the city, and illuminating one of the most wonderful spectacles that I can remember having ever seen. The bay, vast as it is, seemed at first sight to have doubled itself in the course of the night; and, for a moment, I felt completely puzzled. However, we soon realised the fact that not only the bay itself, but all the ten miles' belt of low land between it and ourselves was covered with a sheet of pure white cloud, spread forth about 2,500 feet beneath us. All the islands of the bay were hidden by it, but the green-wooded tops of the minor hills below us stood

out exactly like real islands in a white ocean. It seemed as if a new sea had broken in upon the beautiful world below, and the illusion was completed by a little white cloud, which broke against the Sugar-loaf like the towers of spray bursting upwards in a hurricane. Then another image floated before my mind's eye as I thought of ancient glacial seas grinding their slow way over what are now among the fairest regions of this fair earth; and, at last, as I raised my eyes to the surrounding mountains glowing in the morning sun, I could not but think of that grand Trinity hymn which speaks of the saintly elders as

"Casting down their golden crowns before the glassy sea."

The sublimest thoughts were necessarily aroused by a spectacle of such astounding sublimity, and a sensation of pure delight took possession of us as the lively little mules spun round corner after corner of the twisting road among trees and flowers glowing in the sun, and banks of choice ferns about their feet still dripping with the nightly dew. As we drew near the bottom of this tropical Simplon, the white sea was fading before the mighty sun; it broke in twisting wreaths which melted as they whirled like gauze about our heads; and as we galloped up to the railway station in the plain below, the last vestige of mist disappeared and left us to the mercies of an unclouded sky for the remainder of the day.

There were plenty of busy people going into Rio with fruit and poultry and all sorts of small supplies, and a group of chattering negro women making laughing comments on the rest of the company as the train puffed out of the station at exactly eight o'clock. Half an hour later we were on board the steamer, and warned by a friendly passenger we joined him in securing one of the tables in the little cabin, and ordering some breakfast before the ugly rush. They did not condescend to give tea and coffee, but we had fish and cutlets very fairly cooked, and washed down with a bottle of 1834 port wine—not brandied for the London market—and sold in that favoured land at two milreis, or one dollar, a bottle. At ten o'clock punctually we landed at Rio, and had four hours to dispose of before the return. A friend suggests the loan of his boat, with its crew of four coal-black negroes in white jackets and trousers, and we gladly avail ourselves of the chance to make them row across to the mail-steamer, which is going to start for England next day, and on which we find some old friends ready to carry messages as to our well-being. Then back to the wharf near the Custom-house, whence we move once more into the noise and bustle of the Rua Direita, which seem more conspicuous than ever after our sojourn in the peaceful country. Bankers have to be consulted, the Royal Mail agent to be called on, or the Post-office to be tormented for its stupid obstinacy and mismanagement. At the usual luncheon hour a few friends were always sure to be gathered together at the Exchange Hotel, where, in spite of the excessive heat, there are few things more popular than bottled porter, with the inevitable dish of gigantic prawns.

At two o'clock the perspiring darkeys had carried their various burdens on board, the bell rang, and we started back across the bay, where the afternoon sea-breeze was briskly rippling the water which had been like a mirror in the morning. One little belt of white vapour was drawn across the flanks of the Organ Mountains, making their extraordinary summits look like a row of amputated fingers in the sky, but otherwise all was in a blaze of sunshine or soft purple shadow. On the line

of railway it was so hot that we wondered how anyone could exist there in the hot season; but as we once more mounted on the top of a coach and climbed up the familiar road, the sun dipped below the dark mountain in front of us, and we could coolly contemplate the infinite beauty of the still shining

scene of heat and bustle in which we had so lately moved. Gradually the shadows gained over that also, and it was nearly dark and rather cold when, after an absence of twelve hours of varied happiness and beauty, we were welcomed back into our mountain home.

Adventures in Lazestan.—III.

BY FREDERICK A. LYONS.

ON returning to the café, I had a consultation with my faithful Temkali, the result of which was that we decided on undertaking the journey to Trebizond on foot, having been informed by the people there that the distance did not exceed nine hours' march—some twenty-five miles. We began our pedestrian journey, and followed the route which skirts the sea-coast. This route offers a succession of ups and downs—following the accidents of a steep and picturesque sea-coast—and passes through rows of hedges, thickets, bordering fields, and plantations. Where the steepness of the slope forbids access, then the traveller has no other chance left but to follow the beach, trudging over shingle for miles and miles.

COAST OF LAZESTAN.

On the whole, the aspect of the country is smiling and attractive. The localities through which we had to pass consisted of some isolated buildings like cafés or khans, serving the purpose of centres of population. The houses and inmates were concealed in the woods, and it was only occasionally that we could catch sight of some decent abode, which stood like a *kiosque* on a prominent and picturesque situation. The districts we passed through were Conata, Falko, Deirmen-dereh, &c. On the road we met every now and then with small arsenals, or dry docks, concealed within the numerous little creeks and bays which are to be found along this coast. The neatness of the structures, and the skill shown by these native naval engineers, were for me causes of surprise, as I had no idea that the inhabitants of Lazestan were so addicted to seafaring pursuits, and that they understood so well their business as sailors and constructors. Here everything is on a primitive footing, and the man who sets out to sea as a captain is the one who has built his own craft, being thus captain and ship-builder at the same time. By this it would be wrong to argue that the crafts constructed by such uneducated people are bad specimens. To this I can answer that the ships built on the coast of Lazestan are good sailing craft of two or three hundred tons; and that the workmanship bestowed on their construction is really astounding, when we take into account the fact that the poor Lazes are deprived of scientific training, and work by imitating such models of naval construction as they meet with.

My trip from Surmeneh to Trebizond would undoubtedly have turned out an agreeable excursion, had it not been for a deplorable accident which befell my boots shortly after I set out from Surmeneh. Such an accident affected me, of course, severely, putting my feet in one of the worst predicaments I ever experienced. My boots had been labouring for some

time past under a state of debility, which they chiefly owed to over-exertion; since the last ducking which they had to endure on my getting on shore, their condition had naturally grown much worse, a soaking of that nature not being calculated to improve shoe-leather. The stitchings were worn out; so that a little shock only was requisite in order to reduce them to tatters. This fatal shock, this *coup de grâce*, was imparted to my helpless boots by the action of the stones and pebbles on which I had to tread while travelling along the beach. After having tramped along a distance of three or four miles over such ground, my boots opened their jaws and breathed their last. In vain had I recourse to all sorts of ingenious expedients to enable my boots to prolong their existence to the end of my journey. At last, seeing that handkerchiefs, strings, and even ropes were of no use, I had no alternative left but that of flinging aside the boots and of walking barefoot. In this way I continued on the road, disembarassed of all artificial ties which might have impeded my march. I must say, however, that before I reached Trebizond I had to lament on many an occasion the death of my poor boots, which, had they been alive, would have spared me a vast amount of pain, and would have prevented the swelling of my feet. The tortures I had to endure on that memorable march were such, that on no account should I like to attempt once more a barefooted race like that.

TREBIZOND.

On reaching Trebizond I went straight to the governor's residence, who could not help laughing at seeing me in such a plight; the storm, the ducking in the sea, and the subsequent march, had had the effect of taking all the shine out of me; so much so, that I looked more like a man of the woods than an officer of his Majesty, and a civilised being. The old pasha was exceedingly pleased at seeing the zeal I had displayed in the execution of the orders with which I had been entrusted, and granted me as a reward a new suit of clothes and a handsome *bakhshish* in specie.

As for the object of my mission, the release of the alleged spy, Marcopulos, that was fully attained, thanks to the celerity of my march to Trebizond. As the French steamer had not yet left for Constantinople, the governor gave the orders necessary for preventing Marcopulos' departure, and had him sent back to Batum, where my general and the French consul carried on their diplomatic conflict like two trained fighting-cocks.

My mission having thus been brought to an end, I was employed to inspect the military establishments of Trebizond; such

as the arsenal, the depôts, the hospital, &c. These various duties obliged me to prolong my sojourn at Trebizond for a month; a period which was long enough in order to do the place thoroughly, thus acquainting myself with all that was worth knowing.

Though Trebizond is a city about which much has been written, I do not hesitate to say that our knowledge regarding it does not amount to much. The reason for this ignorance is, that those who have attempted to give a description of this interesting place have preferred to treat of its antiquities and bygone glory, while neglecting to describe its present state. For myself, I deem it labour well employed in endeavouring to present to the reader a faithful picture of Trebizond as it is in the present day.

Trebizond is built on a wooded slope, which rises rather abruptly from the sea, offering the aspect of an amphitheatre of houses, intermixed with gardens and trees. Trebizond derives importance from the fact of its being a commercial station, and an emporium of trade for Anatolia and Northern Persia. As a maritime station, it has little to boast of, and

of the population of Trebizond, who know that fish by the name of *hamsik*. The Trebizond people are so extremely fond of this peculiar fish, that all throughout the East the names of *hamsik* and of Trebizondese are considered almost synonymous; just as in the same way, amongst Europeans the words Macaroni and Neapolitan are considered to represent one and the same object.

Coming now to the town itself, it is scarcely necessary to say that it derives its name from the trapezoidal shape of the hill on which it was originally built: this hill is limited on the south and on the west by a deep ravine, whose skirts are covered with bushes and gardens; a stream runs at the bottom, and serves to supply with water the factories of the tanners. The suburbs on the other side of this ravine are connected with the town by means of several lofty and narrow bridges.

Old Trebizond cannot boast of any remarkable edifice beyond the mosque of St. Sophia, and of one or two Byzantine buildings of no importance, one of which is a large square tower, employed by the Turks as a sort of iron safe, where the



COAST OF LAZESTAN.

that because its harbour offers little or no protection to shipping. The harbour consists of three bays; the principal one lies to the east of the fortress, and offers a bad anchorage, available only in summer time. The bay to the west is rather a sort of artificial basin, where the native boats enter which trade along the coast. It is from this harbour that the Trebizond market is supplied with provisions and with all that is requisite for the subsistence of its inhabitants.

Further to the west there is the Bay of Platana, which is at a distance of three miles from Trebizond. This bay serves as a sort of supplementary harbour to the principal one, as it is here that ships find shelter in stormy weather, and it is here that the ship-builders of Trebizond have established their yards. The bay and town of Platana is thus both a naval station and a market, in which a large portion of the Trebizond business is carried on, and where many well-to-do tradesmen have settled themselves, and transact profitable business. Platana is as much a suburb of Trebizond as Blackwall is of London.

The Black Sea off Trebizond is very rich in fish, as mackerel, dory, and whitebait are to be found in abundance. The whitebait, above all, is of a delicate sort, and constitutes the principal and most favourite article of food

natives deposit their jewels, documents, and other valuables. This building is close to the bazaar, and is known by the name of *Bezesten*. As for the modern buildings, all that can be said is, that on the whole the houses of Trebizond are substantially built, and with taste, and that as far as solidity is concerned they are by far superior to the Constantinople houses. With respect to public buildings, all that there is worth noticing consists of a spacious bath, which was erected by one of the pashas, two khans, and the mosque of Osman Pasha. It is a striking and picturesque scene to view this mosque when filled with a crowd of Persian devotees, celebrating their national festival of *Ner-ruz*, or New Year's Day.

The promenades of Trebizond are not very numerous; the best spot to which one can repair for the sake of fresh air and amusement is an open meadow to the west of the town, called Rabak-meidan, where the sight-seeker may enjoy a fine view of the sea and of the Bay of Platana. To the east there is another spot which offers some attraction, and that is the valley of Deirmen-dereh, with the adjacent sea-coast. Besides these two places of promenade, one must mention the Ghiaur-meidan Square, which is frequented in the afternoon and in the evening by the Christian and European inhabitants of Trebizond.

In point of climate, few places on the Black Sea can rival Trebizond, as here the air is reputed to be most healthy, while in winter, as well as in summer, the temperature is mild and agreeable. As for that other element of life, which is called water, Trebizond is more highly favoured than either London or Paris; here, without the help of Water Companies and Water Commissions, the inhabitants are abundantly supplied with a most delicious and wholesome beverage.

The population of Trebizond is a regular hotch-potch of nations; from the Persian down to the Frank there is every nation on earth. The Turkish population, for instance, is a mixture of Turks, Greeks, Koords, Circassians, and Lazes—a real Babel, living happily under the crescent, as they all consider themselves brothers in Mohammed. The Persians do not, however, form part of this happy family; as Shiites

they would consider themselves contaminated if they were to join their less orthodox brethren. They are, therefore, crammed inside the khans and shops of Trebizond, forming a separate population, which fluctuates according to the impulse of commercial exigencies. The Persians here constitute a wealthy and powerful society, which holds in its grasp the transit trade between the Black Sea and the Persian frontier.

As for the European colony, there is not much to say; it is composed of some few German, French, Italian, and Levantine families, the male members of which civilise the place through their commercial efforts, while their females spread civilisation by means of chignons and Grecian bends. Their evening set-out in the Ghiaur-meidan is a regular parody of the Bois de Boulogne, or of Hyde Park.



THE HAUNT OF THE BUFFALO.

Life in a South African Colony.—III.

TRADING IMPROVES—NATIVE BEER-DRINKING—ROCK RABBIT—QUAGGA—VISIT A CHIEF—APPROACH THE COAST—CHANGE OF SCENERY—RATTEL—"EKENI"—"ODDEREDORE"—AMATONGA-LAND—RETURN THROUGH ZULULAND—CHAMELEON, LEMURS, BABOONS, IGUANA—BEAUTIFUL BIRDS—SECRETARY BIRD, "TICK BIRDS," HAWKS—ZULUS ON HORSEBACK—AMUSING INCIDENT—RETURN TO THE COLONY—START FOR THE BERG—VULTURES AND CROWS.

As we gained the more remote parts of the country, trading became brisker, and our goods began rapidly to diminish. The wagon constantly "trekked" hither and thither, as we heard from time to time of localities in which cattle for barter were plentiful. During our wanderings in the uplands, we arrived at a kraal upon a great beer (*chualla*) drinking occasion. About a hundred of the Zulus were assembled, and some of them had become considerably intoxicated, and several fights ensued; however, as the more sober members of the company had con-

trived to deprive the combatants of their weapons, nothing disastrous occurred.

Some of the uplands of the Zulu country appear to be almost destitute of four-footed animals, and at times we found even the smaller winged game very far from plentiful. Some of the varieties of quail are to be found throughout the whole country, and are often very beautiful in plumage.

Upon one occasion, while wandering about during an out-span, we discovered a large colony of rock rabbits, or "klip das," as they are called by the English and Dutch settlers; *Hyrax* is the naturalist's name for these animals. A rather steep and stony bank seemed to be completely tunnelled by their burrows; and, by watching the face of the little cliff from a place of concealment, we managed towards the close of the day to shoot several of them, as they scrambled and frisked

among the stones and boulders. The rock rabbit is about equal in size and weight to the English warren rabbit, and is clothed with a soft fur of a grey colour. In form it is remarkably similar to a guinea-pig. We found them very tolerable eating, although some people have a strong prejudice against them. We also shot two or three hares, very similar in appearance to those found in England; though, I think, very inferior as to taste, and perfectly uneatable when in the slightest degree "high."

At times we met with troops of quaggas and shot several of them. The quaggas have a very pretty appearance when galloping or frisking. At one time they are seen in a troop running together, and at another trotting sharply along in single file; but the time at which they are to be seen to most advantage is at the close of day, when watched from an ambush near the water, as they troop down to drink, indulging in a number of playful antics upon the banks. Their neighing has a most singular sound, totally unlike the neighing of a horse; it resembles a shrill mocking laugh, more than any sound to which I can compare it.

The different individuals among a troop of quaggas often vary considerably in colour, some being much darker than others. Though not nearly so fast in their paces as a moderately good horse, they are very active, and the line of country which they take when pursued often renders it impossible for a horseman to ride up to them. The first quagga I ever shot, a very large mare, ran more than three miles up hill and down dale though heavily wounded, and was turned from her course repeatedly by the dogs, who at last brought her to a stand-still; when she continued snapping both her jaws, and lashing out vigorously with her heels, administering such a violent kick to poor old "Tigelli," that for some considerable time afterwards we supposed him to be dying. One of the Kafirs then threw an assegai at close quarters and with great force; the weapon entered behind the shoulder, and she fell dead before the elastic shaft had ceased to quiver in the wound.

Quaggas are decidedly gregarious, and there seems to be a strong attachment on the part of the males towards the females, evinced particularly by their protecting them in the hour of danger. I have several times seen the old male of a troop of quaggas which we have been pursuing turn back, and, with teeth and hoofs, drive the dogs from a wounded mare which had fallen behind. Anyone who has examined the hoofs of a wild quagga must have noticed the jagged roughness of the sole, and wondered how the animal could travel over rugged country at a swift pace. The natives were always much delighted when we could be induced to shoot quaggas in the neighbourhood of their kraals, as these animals are very destructive to the maize gardens, and are far too swift and too wary to be often speared by the assegai. Those of the Zulus who are possessed of firearms, prize such ammunition as they are able occasionally to obtain, too highly to use it in the destruction of any game which they do not consider eatable.

While among the highlands of Zululand, we paid a visit to the kraal of Oham, chief of one of the largest districts. Oham is one of the sons of Umpanda the King of the Zulus, and is a man of easy and indolent habits and ideas, appearing to be friendly in his disposition towards Europeans. During our stay we found him quite a jocular savage, and far less grasping than we had expected; being perfectly contented with some very

trifling presents, and supplying us most liberally with fresh beef.

While in the neighbourhood of the rivers called Black Umfelose and White Umfelose, from the respective colours of the stones in their beds, we endeavoured to stalk some *koodoo*, but did not succeed in getting a shot. The *koodoo* is a handsome antelope of large size, of a light brown colour, marked with transverse stripes of clear white. The horns, which are often three feet or more in length, are spiral in form. We were astonished to find, while in this locality, the ground trampled and broken like the edges of a farmyard pond, at some of the spots where game drank at sundown.

Travelling with a wagon over rough country is very slow work, especially when trading has to be pursued along the route. Having a considerable number of goods still unsold, we "trekked" down towards the Zulu coast, having abandoned our project of entering the country of the Amaswazi from the information that lung sickness, the most fatal and contagious of all diseases to cattle, was rife among their herds. The Amaswazis in appearance, manners, and customs, are very similar to the Zulus, though not so powerful a tribe.

Upon approaching the Zulu coast from the uplands, the scenery changes considerably, the high hills, the steep, and in some cases perpendicular, banks give place to an undulating country, well clothed with bush and luxuriant vegetation. Small game upon the coast we found sufficiently abundant to afford us a continual supply of fresh meat. In the more open lands we killed a good many of the small *stein-bock*, or *eken*, as they are called by the natives; pretty little active antelopes of a reddish brown colour. The *stein-bock* are gregarious, being found in small troops of generally six to ten.

On one occasion, when drawing a piece of scrub with our own and a number of Kafir dogs from a kraal where we were endeavouring to buy cattle, we were surprised to hear a tremendous barking varied by dismal howlings. Having pushed our way to the spot whence the sounds came, we found the whole pack busy with an animal in form something like an English badger. The belly and legs of this creature were black, the back of a dirty white. The "honey ratel" (for such is its name) proved a most formidable antagonist to the dogs; whose teeth seemed to make no impression upon his thick hide, while he, whenever they approached him, threw himself among them, and rolling over and over inflicted terrible wounds both with teeth and claws. Had he not been shot, he would certainly have beaten off the dogs, and made his escape. The honey bear or ratel is believed to subsist almost entirely upon honey. The Kafirs state that the *insale*, as they call the animal, will fly upon a human foe when pressed, and inflict the most frightful wounds; and I cannot say that I am inclined to doubt the story.

An evening's *odderedore* shooting, though hardly to be called sport, was certainly exciting, and provided us with an abundant supply of good food. Secreting ourselves a short time before sunset among the bushes which clothed the banks of a rivulet, we awaited the arrival of the birds, which made the larger trees overhanging the water their regular roosting-place. After a very short watch, we began to hear their hoarse cries: "Um-un kun-kahn! um-un kun-kahn," as they approached in detachments flying at a considerable height, and generally in single file. Within a few minutes they were wheeling overhead and pitching among the boughs in all directions, and we knocked

them down as fast as we could load and fire. At every shot they rose *en masse* in the air, but almost immediately alighted again, sometimes within a dozen yards of the guns. Soon wearying of this shooting, we gathered up our booty and carried it into the camp. These birds are, I believe, a species of ibis. In form, they are very similar to the curlew, though about twice the size. The plumage is of a glossy dark metallic green; when skinned and stewed with a few condiments, these birds make an excellent dish, although the natives utterly despise the flesh. The Kafir name for the bird is *umunkunkahn*, so named from their cry or note.

Taking a short journey into the land of the Amatonga (a tribe whose country lies to the north of the Zulu coast-land), we bartered most of our remaining cotton goods for the skins of a kind of wild cat and those of a peculiar kind of monkey, these skins being much prized by the Zulu people.

The Amatonga are very similar in appearance to the Zulus, and their language is almost identical. The people are not by any means warlike, and keep no cattle. The Amatonga are very thievish in their propensities, and in their huts a heterogeneous collection of property is to be found, sometimes numbering articles utterly useless to savages—such as forks, metal candle-snuffers, thimbles, &c.—these articles, of course, having been stolen from their employers during servitude in the colony of Natal. Large gangs of the Amatonga visit the colony from time to time, and hiring themselves out among the planters and farmers, work for several months, and then return to their tribe with their gains, passing through Zululand. Doubtless they have a very rough time of it during the journey, and it is said that they are frequently plundered, if not sometimes murdered, by their more warlike neighbours, who hold them in the utmost contempt. In consequence of the dangers and difficulties of the route through Zululand, many of them now prefer taking passage by the small coasting vessels plying between Natal and Delagoa Bay, situated on the northern confines of Amatonga-land, where there is a Portuguese colony inhabited by Portuguese and Amatonga.

Returning from among the Amatonga tribe, we depended upon the extraordinary memory and knowledge of locality of our Kafirs, in retracing our steps over the country through which we had traded. In this particular we found old "October," who had (as was anticipated) long since engaged to stay with us for the whole trip, invaluable. Picking up cattle upon the return journey is very slow and wearisome; and the rows with the savages many and great. The cattle, also, are most troublesome. Wild and attached to the spot where they have passed their lives, they are constantly breaking away from the troop and making their way homeward, having to be spoorred after sometimes for days together before they are recovered. The Kafir sheep—an animal which looks like a hybrid between a sheep and goat—travels tolerably well, but goats soon become footsore and lame. The Kafir sheep breeds freely with the European sheep, and, after crossing, the wool becomes saleable. Goats have a great dread of crossing the rivers, and have to be fairly dragged through the water. Goats and sheep must be carefully watched at night in those districts where hyenas and jackals abound, and whenever practicable are placed within a kraal fence.

Trading among savages is, at best, a vexatious and precarious pursuit, and one which requires great knowledge of the habits, customs, language, and prejudices of the people.

Travelling through the wilds "on the back track," it is usual to fall in with various traders, also returning to the colony with their mobs of cattle, sheep, and goats. On these occasions the white man's Kafirs often present, amongst the almost nude savages, a very grotesque appearance, being dressed in all manner of cast-off European garments.

Our faces once turned towards the colony, little time was lost upon the road, as we all began to feel a strong longing for the comforts of civilisation, and upon each day a good "trek" was accomplished. Among the cattle we had traded were a number of heifers, and some of our Kafirs were most anxious to perform an operation upon them which we had often seen carried out at the kraals. The heifer is thrown, and a hole is bored, by means of a piece of hard wood sharpened to a point, through the cartilage dividing the nostrils; a cord of plaited fibre is then passed through the incision, and fastened at the top of the head behind the horns. Whenever the *incalla*, as this head-stall is called, is held, the animal becomes controllable, consequently the arrangement is very useful while cows are young and troublesome to milk. Zulu cows will only yield their milk while the calf is standing beside them. The calf is allowed to suck for a short time, and is then held by one of the children close to the cow while a man draws off the milk into a wooden vessel, so skilfully made, though with the roughest tools, as to appear like the work of a skilled wood-turner rather than that of a savage.

In these wild journeys many curious animals are of course met with; amongst them the chameleon, which the Kafirs persecute in an extraordinary manner. They seize it, force its mouth open, and fill it with some of the pungent snuff which they always carry. The chameleon, after changing colour several times, falls lifeless from the bough upon which, after the operation, it has been replaced. The natives, it appears, have a legend that at some unknown time the lizard and the chameleon had each to gain a certain point. If the chameleon arrived there first the Zulu race were destined to be immortal, but if the lizard arrived first it was decreed that the race should continue mortal; the chameleon loitered and slumbered on the way, and so immortality was forfeited. The chameleon, notwithstanding its power of changing colour (which, by the way, is often much exaggerated), is an ugly reptile. Its eyeballs are covered with a skin, the pupil only remaining bare, and it has a habit of moving one eye while the other remains fixed. The chameleon lives on trees and bushes, always assuming the colour of the object upon which it rests, and subsists upon insects, which it secures by darting out its glutinous tongue. In length the chameleon is about four or five inches.

Another of these animals is the lemur. During the night, in the bushy coast-district, we were frequently disturbed by the sharp cries of the little grey lemurs, or "crying babies," as they are often called in the colony. The noise they make during a still night is most extraordinary, and strongly resembles that of an infant in distress. These little animals are exceedingly fond of the "pulp" which covers the coffee-berries while on the trees, and will sometimes almost strip the trees in the vicinity of the bush. They are not, however, in any neighbourhood sufficiently numerous to be of much real consequence to coffee-planters.

In some places we fell in with large troops of *babijans*, or baboons. Often we would hear the abominable noise they make for some time before we suddenly came upon them,

running upon all fours through the deep valleys, or noticing them upon the summit of some high, rough, bushy cliff we would endeavour to get within shot, when they, after watching us until almost near enough to level our guns, would, by their quick movements, seem to vanish from our sight. Whenever either baboons or the little bush monkeys are out feeding, they seem to have sentinels on the look-out to warn them of the approach of danger.

At times that hideous lizard, the *iguana*, is to be seen sunning himself upon some warm bank, generally among broken stones and boulders, and scrambling into some of the cracks and crannies before the dogs are able to pounce upon him. Many dogs seem to take to hunting the iguana quite naturally, and if they come upon him at a distance from any retreat, very

by a gorget of the brightest red, and the head is covered by a cap of brilliant gemmeous feathers, flashing and changing hue in the sunlight with every movement of the bird. The female honeysucker is of a dingy colour, without any variety of plumage.

Flocks of "blue birds," as they are called, are as common in many districts as they are beautiful. These birds much resemble the English starling in form and habits, and though they appear of a sable hue when seen from a distance, upon approaching them their plumage is found to be adorned with the richest purple, with blue and green reflections. The eye is of a bright orange.

The most beautiful birds in the country, doubtless, are the secretary bird and the "tick bird." The secretary bird is



THE HAUNT OF THE SEA-COW.

soon make an end of him. Loathsome as this reptile is in appearance, yet some parts of the flesh, when dressed as a curry, are hardly to be distinguished from chicken; in fact, I have known the one meat mistaken for the other.

Some of the birds met with in South Africa, especially upon the coast, are of singular beauty, although as songsters they are certainly deficient. Among the most striking of these birds I may mention the emerald cuckoo, a small bird about equal in size to the lark, and whose plumage, as its name implies, is of a lustrous green; the golden cuckoo, of a beauty scarcely inferior, is of a mixed green and bronze, rather than gold colour, the belly white, barred with black. The epithet "flying gems," which I have heard applied to hummingbirds, would well describe either the emerald or the golden cuckoo.

The little honeysucker of South Africa does not belong to the same family as the hummingbirds—although similar in form, and having the same long, curved, slender beak. The plumage of the male is of a velvety black, the throat marked

admirably adapted by nature for the life he is destined to lead; his long legs lifting him far above the ground over which he stalks, thus in a great measure removing him from the danger of bites from the reptiles on which he feeds, while his powerful claws and strong hawk-like beak enable him to combat with his dangerous prey. The service these birds perform in the destruction of snakes is so very great and so well appreciated in most of the South African colonies, that in some of them a fine is imposed upon any person who shall wantonly destroy a secretary bird. The tick birds are about equal in size to the English blackbird, and constantly haunt the cattle at pasture, where they may generally be seen in numbers perched upon their backs, or climbing about their sides and bellies, engaged in tearing away and devouring the ticks which, especially during the summer months, infest the live stock along the coast. The cattle submit to their good offices very contentedly.

Hawks of various kinds are very numerous throughout

Zululand and the colony. One variety, about the size of a sparrowhawk, is a very pretty bird; the back and wings are of a light ashy grey, the breast and belly white, the legs and the eyelids are yellow. These hawks, were not their flight dissimilar, might be taken when on the wing for sea-gulls.

A rather large short-winged hawk, called by the natives *isipumangati*, carries upon its head a crest similar to that of a cockatoo, which it is capable of erecting or depressing at pleasure. This bird, when perched upon the summit of a tree, turning its head slowly from side to side as it contemplates the surrounding country, has a very solemn appearance. The Kafirs, when searching for strayed cattle, seeing one of these birds upon a tree, are generally heard to address him,

with a party of three white men, who were entertaining themselves by imposing upon the superstitious credulity of a number of Zulus. Having assured them that they were "rain doctors," and could bring down rain within a certain time—giving themselves a good margin, two days if I remember—these men were going through some most ridiculous ceremonies, one of them gravely reading in a loud voice from an old tattered novel, while another was blowing continual blasts with a small pair of hand-bellows at the sun. The unavoidable laughter which these performances produced among us convinced the savages that they were being trifled with, and though they all endeavoured to appear to join in the merriment, some of the older men were evidently much annoyed.



SHOOTING RHINOCEROS.

"*Isipumangati! isipumangati 'eapi na?*" (*isipumangati! isipumangati!* where are they gone?) and seem to have a belief that the hawk will turn his head towards the direction which the cattle have taken. The *isipumangati* appears to prey entirely upon rats and mice.

During one of our outspans two young Zulus rode up to our wagon to inquire whether we had any wild-cat skins to barter. The appearance of these fellows, seated upon some bundles of skins girthed upon their horses' backs, with their naked legs dangling, was supremely ridiculous, more especially as they showed evident pride of their position. One of them was armed with a long shaft surmounted by the blade of a sickle. Horses are not often met with among the Zulus, who are certainly not an equestrian race, though I have seen some of the tribe, brought up in the colony, who rode well. We succeeded in buying several head of very choice cattle with the skins which we had brought from Amatonga-land.

Among the amusing incidents of our journey was meeting

It was with a feeling of pleasure that, at length, after one of our longest day's trekking, we again saw the Tugela, looking like a silver thread from the heights over which we were travelling. By noon the following day, having seen wagon, Kafirs, cattle, sheep, and goats safely landed in the colony of Natal, we forthwith started on horseback for Greytown, leaving the Kafirs to follow us with the wagon and cattle.

Along the route we heard much of a war then waging between the Orange Free State Boers and the Basuto tribe. Rumours were rife among the Natal Kafirs that the Zulus were about to join the Basutos.

Reaching Greytown, I met a friend, who had for some time past been making trading trips; taking over the Drakensburg Range (which mountains are the boundary between the English colony and the Dutch Republic) wagon-loads of goods to be exchanged for cattle, horses, sheep, and ostrich-feathers. He was now *en route* for the frontier, where he had left some horses and cattle, the proceeds of one of his expeditions,

having heard that the Basutos had carried them all off. I was easily prevailed upon to accompany him, though I stipulated for two days' rest in Greytown for myself and horse. My fellow-travellers in Zululand having agreed to attend to the sale of the cattle, I started in company with my friend, before daybreak on the third morning after our arrival in Greytown. For the first mile or so of our journey, the morning proved misty, and the air felt chilly, as we rode quietly along the broad Government road. Quick riding was, of course, out of the question, especially at the commencement of the day, as our horses had a long journey before them, and we were heartily glad when the sun, appearing above the horizon, dispelled the mist and filled the whole scene with warmth and clear light. During the day we frequently rode on for hours together, meeting no human being—black or white. Not a tree or even a stunted bush was visible, mile after mile, and

the plains were for the most part blackened from the grass fires, lighted for the purpose of burning off the "old fog" (dead grass), and thus procuring an early supply of fresh grass for the stock. Where the grass had not been burnt, the face of the country was of a dingy brown, varied by little verdant spots, generally along the banks of some *spruit* (small stream), or near some marsh, of which we took advantage for watering our horses at the end of each stage. The only signs of life we met with during the greater part of the day were the flocks of bustards, which we occasionally saw in the distance, seeking their food upon the burnt grass, and once or twice we disturbed the disgusting orgies of troops of vultures and carrion crows, which had gathered over the putrefying carcase of some ox which had succumbed to one or other of the many diseases to which cattle—and especially South African cattle—are so constantly liable.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—I.

FIRST SIGHT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

As the morning broke, Cape Magoary was in sight on our port bow, while, far off on the larboard beam, we could distinguish white-crested waves, which we knew to be breakers on the Tijoca, or Braganzas Bank.

Our steamer forging on, we soon entered the grand estuary known as the Pará River, and were within the shore line of the South American Continent. This Pará River offers a hydrographic question of much dispute among Amazonian travellers, some of them asserting that it is one of the embouchures of the Amazon, while others maintain it to be but an estuary into which empty the Tocantins and other Brazilian streams, connected with the Amazon by a network of lateral, canal-like ramifications, but not to be strictly considered as part of it. The latter view is held by Bates, the "Naturalist on the Amazon," and it is hardly necessary to say that his experience of an eleven years' residence upon the great river is worth more than the hasty speculations of all the steam tourists that have yet ascended it. Mr. Bates supports his view by observations that are sufficiently confirmatory of it. The fact that the waters of the Pará are quite different in colour from those of the Amazon, proves incontestably that the estuary in question belongs to a distinct river system, and that the main river empties itself into the ocean north of Marajo Island. Were this island of alluvial formation there might be probability in supposing it a delta-land. But Marajo, as many of the adjacent isles, rests upon a rocky base, of the same geological structure as Guiana.

THE CHIEF CITY OF AMAZONIA.

A few hours after entering the Pará River, we steamed into the beautiful Bay of Goajará, and cast anchor in front of "Santa Maria de Belém do Gram Pará," for such is the full title of the chief city of Amazonia. The aspect of the place is striking—church domes and spires rise over rows of well-built warehouses, with the government buildings in the midst; a verdant tropical forest forming a frame around all, here and

there mottled with white shining *rocinhas*—the suburban villas of the more affluent merchants. In front, another forest—not green—consisting of the masts and spars of ships, brigs, schooners, and steamers, flying the flags of many different nations, give evidence of the commercial prosperity of the place. All this at the entrance of the Amazonian Valley, which up till the appearance of Bates's great book, the world believed to be little better than an uninhabited wilderness. Scarce more than a quarter of a century ago the city of Pará was but an unpretending village, though as a settlement it dates from the days of Shakespeare. At the time of Bates's visit, or rather of his leaving it (1859), it was a town containing 15,000 inhabitants. Its population at present cannot be much under 40,000; this constantly increasing.

It is not my purpose to dwell descriptively on the city of Pará, or any other of the Amazonian towns, however interesting it might be to give some account of these places lately so little known, and now constantly increasing in importance.

A PROJECTED EXPEDITION.

The object of this article is to relate the incidents of an expedition up the Rio Trombetas, one of the affluents of the Amazon, which has its rise in the Tucumuraqua Mountains, one of the main chains, or *serras*, that separate the Guianas of Great Britain, Holland, and France from that of Brazil.

My motive for making this expedition was partly a love of adventure, coupled with some ambitious ideas of distinguishing myself as an explorer. I had a companion, however, who was led by a different lure, a Portuguese gentleman with whom I had become acquainted while staying at the Diana Hotel, Pará. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that I was his companion; since Senhor N—— was in reality the projector of our "Trip up the Trombetas," his object being to search for gold among the Tucumuraqua Mountains—to reach, if possible, the country of the "Gilded King."

It may appear strange, but it is not the less true, that the belief in this story still holds good among very many South

Americans, and nowhere is the faith stronger than in the minds of a certain class of Brazilians. There are at the present time many of these people who feel firmly convinced that the "El Dorado" was, and still is, a fact; and that somewhere among the mountains of Guiana there exists a grand city, having houses and temples tiled with plates of gold!

A LEGEND OF EL DORADO.

Senhor N—— was no romantic dreamer, to be led astray by this glittering legend. On the contrary, he was a man of sound practical views, having a good education, combined with a thorough geographical knowledge of the whole Amazonian region; and he had made especial study of that part of it lying to the north of the great river's mouth, known as Brazilian Guiana. This he had done, so he told me in confidence, for a particular purpose, to which his studies had impelled him. In the Imperial Library of Rio Janeiro he had come across some old book, which gave an account of a party of Spanish miners who had entered the Tucumuraqua Mountains, and there established themselves, more than two centuries ago. They had built a town, and collected vast treasures of gold in dust and nuggets, when they were attacked by the Indians, and their town and themselves destroyed. Only one or two had escaped to tell the tale of their disaster. These dying soon after, and other El Dorados attracting the attention of the Spaniards, the mines of Tucumuraqua were no more thought of, and at length dropped into oblivion. The book that had chanced into the hands of Senhor N—— said, that the miners, before being surprised and slaughtered, had concealed their accumulated treasure, and it was believed that the Indians had not discovered it. Unacquainted with its value, they would scarcely care to make much search for it.

On the strength of this story Senhor N—— was organising an expedition to ascend the Trombetas River, supposed by him to be the stream spoken of in the Spanish record. The arrangements were nearly complete on my arrival in Pará. He needed not money, but men—men of the do-or-die, dare-devil kind; and taking, or mistaking, me for one of these, he asked me to be his associate in the enterprise.

As the expedition promised geographical exploration, hunting adventures—in short, everything I had come to South America in quest of—it exactly met my views. To Senhor N——'s proposition I said, "Yes," and in less than a week after, we both stepped on board the Brazilian steamer *Tapajos*, and were steaming away from the city of "Santa Maria de Belém do Gram Pará," with prow turned west, towards the waters of the great river.

INDUSTRY ON THE LOWER AMAZON.

Passing the mouth of the Tocantins, which runs in from the south, we soon after forsook the wide estuary, and entered one of the natural canals that connect the Pará with the Amazon. That usually taken by steamers is called *Tajapurú*. It is of variable width, from fifty to a hundred yards, its shores on each side showing a primeval forest, unbroken save by a hut here and there, with the least bit of clearing around. The gigantic trees, standing on each side, at places approach so near as almost to interlock the topmost twigs of their branches. The ascending smoke from the funnel, and the steam of the escape-pipe, chased the climbing monkeys from their perch, obscuring the brilliant plumage of the parrots and macaws, at the same time that their joyous chattering gave relief to the monotonous silence.

In all parts of the Amazon Valley the india-rubber tree (*Siphonia elastica*) grows to great perfection, and many of the solitary "shanties" seen standing on the river's banks are inhabited by *seringeiros*, that is, men who collect the sap or gum of this tree, and manufacture it into the caoutchouc of commerce. As the valuable product was first chiefly used for syringes, the South Americans gave the name of *seringa* to the tree, hence *seringeiros*.

From the thousand and one uses to which india-rubber is now applied, it has become an important branch of Amazonian industry and commerce, while the steamers that ply upon the river derive considerable profit from its freight. From hundreds of places far apart it is carried down to Pará, thence to be shipped to every civilised country on the globe.

Besides the india-rubber, the indigenous items of the Amazonian commerce are of a most varied kind. They include cacao—as the seed from which chocolate is made is called—with coffee, cotton, sugar, sarsaparilla, vanilla, copaiba, sapucaia, and Brazil nuts, farinha, or cassava, tapioca, palm fibre, tobacco, and rum, with hides, fish, turtle-oil, parrots, macaws, and monkeys.

Of course the introduction of steam upon the Amazon has of late increased this commerce, and developed the industries that supply it. Not so much as might, and certainly would be, were the Brazilian Government not blind to its own interests in still adhering to that curse of all national industry—a system of high tariffs. This, carried to the extreme throughout the whole Amazonian region, is in reality the influence that retards its development.

Soon after entering the narrow stretch of river between the Pará and Amazon we stopped at Breves, a little village on the Island of Marajo. Breves derives its support from the india-rubber trade, most of its inhabitants being Portuguese; though there is also the usual admixture of races found in the towns of the Lower Amazon, such as mulattoes, *Mamelucos* (half white and Indian), *Cafuzos* (half negro and Indian), the last-mentioned being in most parts of Spanish America styled *Zambos*. There are also many pure-blooded Africans and Indians in the settlements of the Lower Amazon. The Indians around Breves manufacture some handsome articles of earthenware, as also *cuyas* (vessels of the bowl and cup kind) from the fruit of the calabash-tree (*Crescentia cujete*). These bowls are patterned and painted in many elegant and ingenious devices.

A SPURIOUS DISCOVERER.

Having passed through the natural *bayou*, or canal, which separates Marajo from the mainland, we first saw the true channel of the Amazon. At this part it does not exhibit that wonderful width for which the great stream is celebrated; a labyrinth of islands separating its channel into several distinct ramifications. It was only after getting above these islands, and opposite the mouth of the Xingu, that the breadth of the noble stream was displayed in its full magnificence—from bank to bank a ten miles' stretch of clear unbroken water!

Here also the eye rests upon the first high land seen since leaving Pará—the table-topped hills of Almeyrim, whose summits rise 1,000 feet above the level of the surrounding plain. This elevated land is observable here and there for nearly a hundred miles up the left or northern bank of the river, terminating in the Serra Ereré, near the town of Monte Alégre. Mr. Bates is of opinion that this highland is a southern prolongation of the Guiana mountain chains; while the Swiss-

American Professor, Agassiz, pronounces it as the remnant of a glacial deposit that once filled the whole Valley of the Amazon! In this speculative assertion Professor Agassiz is at least original, which cannot be said of several other discoveries to which he has laid claim. For example, he has succeeded in appropriating the credit of having discovered that multitude of species of fish in the waters of the Amazon to which he laid claim, the vast diversity of fish having been mentioned by Bates, and made known also by Wallace full fifteen years before the celebrated American professor had ever thought of making the mighty river the scene of a vacation tour.

This author seems to have a habit of making a sensation by announcing striking discoveries, some of which are no discoveries at all. The *Times* newspaper, quoting lately from an American journal, gives us a paragraph, headed, "A Strange Story of the Sea." In this we are told that Professor Agassiz, now on a scientific tour through the Straits of Magellan, has discovered a seaweed, of 800 to 1,000 feet in length, growing in immense beds, and giving nourishment to a great variety of animals. Have newspaper editors not read Charles Darwin's "Naturalist's Voyage round the World," or the voyage of almost anyone who has sailed through Antarctic seas? Or have they not heard of the *Fucus giganteus*? It is all very well for hasty newspaper readers to listen to the stories of Professor Agassiz and believe them curious. Curious they may be, but certainly not new.

A RIVER OF VAST EXpanse.

The Xingu is the last large tributary which the Amazon receives from the south, since below it, and on towards Pará, the channels of navigation cannot be considered as belonging to the same system as the great river. It is even an undetermined question whether the Pará runs *out* of the Amazon, or *into* it. If the latter be the fact, then the Tocantins contributes some of its overflow to the Amazon, which would make it also a partial tributary to the mighty stream. This is not at all unlikely, and will be an interesting point left for the solution of future hydrographers.

Opposite the embouchure of the Xingu the Amazon presents the appearance of a grand lake, or, indeed, an inland sea. When winds are strong, it is lashed into waves with foaming crests resembling those of the ocean. At such times the *cabertas*, *montarias*, and other river craft are in great danger of getting swamped, and are compelled to seek shore-shelter as speedily as possible.

Passing Prayinha, a village situated on a sandy bar, or *praya*, devoted to "turtling"—that is, collecting the eggs of the chelonian, and converting them into oil—we soon after made stop at Monte Alégre, a town picturesquely situated, and one of the most prosperous of Amazonian settlements. It is backed by the hills of Almeirim, already mentioned, the Serra Ereré being the name of its most conspicuous elevation. Here these highlands have their western termination; and a traveller going up the Amazon will see no other land so elevated until he comes in sight of the Andes themselves—nearly 2,000 miles further west.

Around Monte Alégre are open plains, that afford pasture for cattle; and these, with india-rubber, cacao, and fish, form the exports of the place.

SANTAREM.

Steaming up stream, in ten hours after leaving Monte Alégre, we arrived at Santarem, after Pará the largest town upon the Amazon. It stands at the mouth of the Tapajos, a tributary running in from the south, about 500 miles from the sea. The whitewashed houses, with their tiled roofs, look pretty, embowered amid tropical trees. The country around Santarem is more open than in the regions of the Amazon lower down. There are *campos*, or bare grassy spots, intermingled with the tree-covered districts; the former affording good pasturage for horses and horned cattle. The soil is generally poor, but cacao plantations on the low lands of the neighbouring islands are in plenty, and pay well. Cattle *fazendas* are common in the neigh-



CAFUZO GIRL.

bourhood, and their product is exported to other places on the river, where the bovines cannot be conveniently reared.

Santarem may be termed the port—at some no very distant day it will be the seaport—of a large extent of interior country, through which runs the Tapajos River. Down this comes a great variety of indigenous productions—sarsaparilla, seringa, copaiba, Brazil nuts, and cassava.

The celebrated Mundurucu Indians, once a warlike and dangerous tribe of savages, now peaceful, dwell upon the Tapajos, and are the sources of much of this commerce.

Travellers have remarked upon a singular custom of these Indians, assimilating them to the Dyaks of Borneo. It is that of taking the heads of their enemies in battle, as the savages of North America do scalps. In a malocca, or village of Mundurucus, these grim trophies are seen carefully preserved, and often adorned in a fanciful fashion.



RIVER SCENE, BORNEO.

A Visit to Borneo.—II.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

THE SOIL—HEALTH—CLIMATE—FLOWERS—VEGETABLES—FRUITS—
SPICES—PALMS—COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS, INCLUDING INDIGO AND
COTTON—AN EXCURSION TO THE WEST—MALAY NAVIGATION—
THE SEA DYAK VILLAGE OF LUNDU—RECEPTION BY THE ORANG
KAYA—PICTURESQUE SITUATION OF THE VILLAGE.

THE isles of the East Indian Archipelago boast of an abundant *flora*. Forests of woods and grasses, bearing the most lovely flowers and the most delicious fruits, intermingled with spice and gum-bearing trees, cover the face of nature with one dense green and variegated carpet, from the edge of the sea to the mountain top. Nature here revels in her own peculiar domains. The soil on the surface is either a rich black vegetable mould, produced from the constant decomposition of fruits, leaves, wood, and grass; or a strong red earth in which iron enters largely. This red earth is sometimes found many feet deep, but the black vegetable mould is generally in a layer of one to two feet in depth. Under this upper layer is generally found a yellow loam from two to four feet in depth, and it is this which is believed to prove so destructive to nutmeg-trees. Beneath this yellow loam is often found a gravelly stratum, in which may be found rock-crystals, rubies, emeralds, and other cognate stones. Whatever the deficiencies or excesses of the soil, there can be no doubt that, being virgin, it is excessively rich, and abundantly rewards cultivation.

The climate is such that the European, though living under the Equator, never feels the oppression due to heat or damp, which is so commonly experienced in India. Where the soil is dry and well drained, and where the jungles and forests have been partially cleared, the climate is exceedingly temperate and healthy. Notwithstanding the presence of malaria in particular localities, there is little inconvenience experienced. The few Europeans who fall ill are those who have either destroyed their constitutions, or have imprudently exposed themselves.

The only illnesses we noticed among any Europeans were rheumatic affections and agues; and these are supposed to be brought on by exposure to the southerly breeze, which blows only during the south-west monsoon. The Malays, Dyaks, and other natives suffer from a variety of disorders, which are, however, very amenable to treatment. Cholera in a mild form has sometimes made its appearance; but it is not half so dreaded as the small-pox. Malays, Chinese, or Dyaks will never take its name on their lips when they speak of it. They call it, in common with the natives of India, "the Goddess;" and when it appears in the country the Dyak sorcerers, called *manangs*, who are also the "medicine men," find their callings no easy matter. A few cases of elephantiasis occur now and then, caused, doubtless, by much walking barefoot through the mud. Glandular swellings of the groin assume a curious phase here, and not seldom turn into an epidemic. Intermittent fevers are the only other order of complaints to which these natives appear to be subject.

Showers of rain fall throughout the year, about once or twice a week; from March to October more often than from November to February. During the rainy months small streams swell into torrents, and any one living in the vicinity of mountains cannot fail to hear the incessant roaring sound of numerous waterfalls. The ingenuity of the Dyaks is never at a loss to span the small streams which thus increase in volume every year at stated seasons, and advantage is taken of the proximity of high trees on the banks to construct a very strong bamboo bridge. Sometimes the bridge is supported on posts run into the bed of the stream, but these generally require renewing every year, as the floods are sometimes very strong. The larger rivers seldom rise higher than ten feet as the result of the rains. During these days the paddy rapidly shoots up, and by the time that the rains come to a termination, the seed is ready to be

harvested. During the drier part of the year the thermometer, which averages about 70° Fahr. during the other period, rises to about 80°. The nights, especially during the rains, are exceedingly pleasant. There is none of that chilly weather here, as in the plains of India, unless one happens to be up a high mountain.

In the capital there are some very creditable flower gardens. On low grounds it is easy to rear the Edouard and other roses. We may also name the sweet and powerful scented *Michelia*, which grows into a lofty tree; the *Gardenia florida*, with its powerful perfume; the *Jasminum grandiflorum*, commonly called by the Malays *melur*, and by their poets *sundal malam* (the enchantress of the night); the *Jasminum sambuc*; *Hibiscus rose-Sinensis*; the honeysuckle; the tuberose; the delicate balsam; the convolvulus; and the blue clitoria. Orchids and air-plants cover the trees which line the bank of rivers and creeks, and hang out the most lovely and, in many instances, the most odorous of flowers of every beautiful hue. A few exceedingly rare and lovely varieties of the rhododendron may be found without going far to seek. In the rays of the morning sun, when fresh with dew, these flowers sparkle as if diamond, sapphire, or gold dust had been liberally sprinkled over them. We have seen very pretty bouquets of flowers (for the East) in Kuchin. In the evenings Dyak and Malay ladies come and beg for flowers (their chief favourite is the *Jasminum grandiflorum*) from their European sisters; and as permission is never refused, they may be seen awhile after with wreaths of roses and jessamines entwined among their dark clusters of hair. The flower of the areca-nut palm emits a most powerful and delicious perfume, and Dyaks and Malays often carry one with them when they go to see their friends and sweethearts of an evening.

There are not many vegetables, but such as they are, they are sufficient to supply the wants of the scanty population. Sarawak has not as yet grown anything in the shape of cabbages or cauliflowers, as the climate is too moist and warm for them. But French and other beans; cucumbers, wild and cultivated; radishes; brinjals (or the egg-plant); yams of various kinds; greens, of which the best liked and most common is from the tender shoots of a large species of fern which grows plentifully in the open places; pumpkins or squashes of various kinds; and sweet potatoes. The young and tender shoots of the bamboo-tree are also used as a vegetable. The substitute for cabbage is quite a delicacy compared to the common European vegetable: it is the tender heart of the young cocoa-nut palm. Few would destroy a growing young cocoa-nut tree for the sake of its cabbage, however sweet; but there are always young trees being destroyed by wild pigs at night, who seem to delight in uprooting them, and, if possible, ripping out the sweet cabbage inside. The cultivators of vegetables are the Chinese, that race who, no less in the Archipelago than in Australia, in North and South America, are fast peopling the wilds. They take up a plot of ground, raise a small hut on it in a couple of days, cut down the jungle, set fire to the heaps, distribute the ashes and burnt earth over the soil, sow their seeds, raise their plants, and manure them with pigs' dung, of which there is always a supply from the animals they own, and which they fatten with paddy, and the green shoots of the sweet potato. Fences are raised round the plots to keep off the wild pigs at night from rooting up beds, plants, and possibly even the hut; for these brutes are very destructive. We remember one night volun-

teering to watch with two other Europeans, and shoot any such intruders into a garden. As the night was dark, and there were plenty of trees about, and we three had separated in different directions, on the notice of the arrival of the pigs being given (their approach is easily heard), we managed, instead of shooting the pigs, to nearly shoot each other. One bullet whizzed remarkably close to the writer of this. Very often these Chinese gardeners have to keep watch through the live-long night.

There are many and various kinds of the most luscious and rich fruits in Borneo, which are common to the Archipelago. The prince of fruits here is doubtless the *durian*, which may be freely rendered the "thorn-apple." There are two varieties of it, the elephant, or large-sized, and the common, which is as large as a green cocoa-nut in the husk. The rind or shell is hard and tough as wood, and covered over with stiff spines of thorns extremely sharp. The fruit opens in five or more longitudinal lobes, each division containing a mass of the richest and most luscious imaginable substance, resembling rich cream in taste, form, and colour, wrapped in folds round large seeds. This fruit is much sought after by the natives, who attribute, and not unjustly, extraordinarily nourishing and invigorating powers to it. It may be found distributed all over the Archipelago, the Malayan Peninsula, the southern provinces of British Burmah, and we have seen it introduced lately into and thriving vigorously in Ceylon. It refuses, however, to bear fruit north of the latitude of Maulmain, or on the continent of India. The King of Burmah, from his far-off capital of Mandalay, imports these fruits from the Tenasserim provinces in whole steamer-loads. Its price in Maulmain averages four shillings each for a good specimen; in Penang and Singapore one shilling and sixpence; in Borneo we always had them for nothing. The Dyaks used generally to collect them in quantities in the jungles. The inferior kinds have a disagreeable onion-like smell about them, which smell has made some Englishmen quite dissatisfied with it. But we think we can say, after having tasted the finest and best fruits of most countries, that next to a really good Indian mango, not the usual and common kinds sold in the bazaars, but, *e.g.*, the *Akbari* (so named after the Emperor Akbar), only one tree of which we have come across in all Bengal, and that was at Dacca in an old garden (which shows what little interest and attention the subject of good fruits receives at the hands of the Hindoo of the present day); we say, that next to a really good Indian mango, probably the durian should be assigned the highest place among the fruits of the East. In his late work, Mr. Wallace declares enthusiastically that to eat a durian is to experience a new sensation! The first place is contested by the *mangosteen*, another of the rich fruits of the Archipelago, and which also is found in abundance in Borneo. Its size, including its dark purple rind, is that of a small apple, but the rind is very thick, and when opened presents four or five small white flakes, quite soft and juicy, of a sweet and sub-acid taste. Unlike the durian, the mangosteen is most refreshing, can be taken during fever to quench the thirst, and may be eaten in any quantity without the least risk to the health. That it should be preferred to the rich, luscious, cloying, and heating durian, we can readily understand; and, generally speaking, we ourselves would prefer it. The shaddock or pumplenose of Java, and the rich pine-apple of Singapore, however, are equally good simply as juicy fruits. The Java

shaddock especially, which is exported in steamer-loads to Singapore, is a fruit which stands very high indeed in our estimation. We need not go into detail with the other numerous fruits of Borneo, but we may name the *lansat* (which is found in India under the native name of *lutko*), almost like the mangosteen, but smaller and less sweet; the *rambai*, which must be the southern form assumed by the rich Indian *lichi*, covered over with soft spines, and of a bright crimson colour; the jack-fruit; the orange; the *averrhoa bilimbi* (called *blimbing* in Malay); several kinds of *jambus*; an inferior kind of mango; the pomegranate; and various kinds of earth and other nuts.

It was a mistaken notion with most of the first residents of Sarawak, that the soil was eminently adapted to grow all kinds of spices, especially the nutmeg. Of all spices, the nutmeg requires the very richest soil; and this probably has not been considered by those who, at much expense, have laid out nutmeg plantations in Borneo, as well as in Singapore and Penang. In Malacca, of all the extensive plantations which were once in existence, there remains only one solitary—the largest, however, and most flourishing of any—specimen in the beautiful little State-garden at the back of the ancient and picturesque *Stadt-haus*, to tell the tale that there were once extensive nutmeg plantations in the district. In Penang there are some remarkably fine plantations, but every year hundreds of trees unaccountably dry up and wither away. It is the same at Singapore, where nutmeg gardens form so pleasant and agreeable a picture about each European's bungalow. At Kuchin the bishop laid out some acres under nutmeg cultivation; but we have never seen more miserably yellow and stunted plants anywhere. We believe cinnamon, too, would not succeed; but it has never been tried. A few clove plants thrive remarkably well. Pepper grows largely in the western districts of the island; but it is found to utterly exhaust the soil of Singapore. As for cardamoms, it is a peculiarly Indian spice, and is not seen in Borneo, or anywhere else in the Archipelago.

As may be expected, Borneo is peculiarly rich in palms. There may be found varieties in the interior quite new to the world. Those generally known and the most imposing in appearance and useful in trade, &c., are the cocoa-nut palm, the areca-nut palm, the sago palm, the *nibong* palm, and the *Nipa* palm. We have already described the last as growing plentifully along the rivers, and have mentioned the various uses to which it is put. The *nibong* palm is useful for its straight, round, hard trunk, which furnishes posts for building houses, and for its sweet cabbage. There is another variety called the *gomuti* palm, from which the juice is extracted to make *toddy*; its bunches and tufts of hair-like excrescences very much resembling horse-hair. At present cocoa-nuts have to be imported from neighbouring islands, but the palm thrives beautifully. It is found growing in and near villages and settlements. A tree is calculated to produce one hundred nuts, or a dollar's worth (4s. 6d.) every year. It begins bearing from its sixth or seventh year, and continues fruitful for upwards of half a century. Many may be seen nearly a hundred feet high. In Malacca we have seen cocoa-nut palms upwards of a hundred feet in height, and reported to be more than a century old. The principal reason why more ground is not placed under cocoa-nut cultivation in Sarawak is the difficulty experienced in guarding the young and tender plants from the wild pigs. These brutes in entire herds break through

the strongest fences and uproot whole plantations. We learnt that an entire plantation of 4,000 plants at Lundu had been thus utterly laid waste. An agent of the Borneo Company stationed at the western, or Santubong, entrance of the Sarawak River, owns a small island about two miles out at sea, and this he had planted out with cocoa-nuts. After one or two years, when the plants could be descried from the level of Piggy's vision on shore, hundreds of these animals would cross over by night, and after their work of destruction, would recross towards daybreak. Imagine a hundred or two of bristly pigs breasting the wild waves of ocean in search of tender cocoa-nut nibs! Yet this is a fact. The plantation was gradually being thinned, and the owner suspected some Malays or Chinese to be the agents of the destruction, till one night the true cause was found out, and an immense number were captured alive after a gallant resistance on the watery element. A few men were then thrown into the island, and this garrison served to keep out the foe henceforward.

Master Pig is an animal of the highest consideration in Borneo. Not only is he the scavenger of Dyak and Chinese settlements, or the useful animal that furnishes a meat diet; but he is the dangerous enemy of the cultivator, and keeps Dyaks and Dyak dogs and Chinese quite alive. Even *theologically* he comes in as the arbiter of the faith of Dyaks and Chinese; for these would have long since been converted to Islamism, but that they loved pork better than circumcision. Therefore, but for the pigs, Christian missionaries would probably never have had a Chinese or a Dyak convert. An extensive cocoa-nut plantation, as in Singapore and Penang, brings in an large annual fixed income. After planting out the nuts, and taking care of them for four years, there is little further trouble or expense. One year's produce of a large plantation pays off all the expense previously incurred. A plantation of 50,000 trees brings in a sure annual profit of \$50,000, or £11,250, not a small amount, and land may be had in Sarawak for nothing.

Like the cocoa-nut, the areca-nut palms are few in number in these parts. The nuts are larger than what are usually seen in Penang (which word means the *areca-nut* in Malay) or in India, and a tree produces about a half-crown's worth every year. This would give a high profit, considering that the tree takes up less than a fourth of the space required for a cocoa-nut palm.

The sago-palm thrives very well in these parts. The tree is most handsome, among a peculiarly handsome race. The stems spring up, nearly straight from the ground, to a height of more than thirty feet, and are not at all so slender as the stems of the cocoa-nut palm. The fronds are of a rich dark green, which shows off very well either on a sunny, or on a rainy, day. The trunk is wide in circumference, and stands about eight feet high for a full-grown tree, and presents a solid and firm appearance. A tree produces numerous young shoots from its root, forming quite a colony of little palms about it. These shoots early acquire a defensive armour, of long tough thorns, which preserves them effectually from the pigs. This palm is only cultivated in the Millanow country, to the extreme east of Sarawak and south of Brunei. The tree usually attains perfection in six or seven years, and the time for cutting it down is known by the appearance of its single but monstrous (eight to ten feet long!) sheath of flowers. When cut down, the trunk is split up, and the soft pith taken out; it is then

ground and rubbed down fine, well washed several times, and then dried and sold in the shape of flour to traders. In Borneo the flour is taken to the Borneo Company's factory at Kuchin, there dried and made up into pearl-sago, which is then exported to Great Britain. One tree produces nine shillings' worth of the sago-flour to the cultivator. Muka, the principal outlet of the Millanow country, is the chief sago-port on the north-west coast of Borneo.

Among the chief commercial products may be enumerated the following:—Rattans, timber, vegetable oils, gums, ebony, rice, sugar-cane, gutta-percha, cocoa or cacao, coffee, vanilla, gambier, opium, tobacco, sago, edible birds' nests, indigo, and cotton. Of these we have described the sago cultivation and its trade. Rattans (called *rotang* by the Malays) may be found in the greatest abundance, and of every kind, throughout the country. At Sarawak the cane is sold at a tenth of the price which it commands in China or Bengal. It is cut down in the various scattered settlements and carried to Kuchin, whence hundreds of tons of it are exported to England. We have seen some canes nearly thirty feet in length after they had been cut down! It may be imagined that timber is especially plentiful in a country over-spread with primeval forests. The most valuable kind is the camphor-wood, for which there are saw-mills owned by the Borneo Company, who export entire shiploads of it to China. Several kinds of vegetable oils are extracted from various kinds of nuts, all of which grow wild, and in abundance. Some of these oils harden into the consistency of spermaceti, and would make excellent candles. Others would be useful for machinery. Others, again, may be used in cookery. The Malays, who will not, like the Dyaks, cook their food with lard, use one of these vegetable oils. *Dammar* is a vegetable gum found abundantly in the splits and crevices of old timber trees; but the only use to which it is put is to make torches, which burn through the night in the Dyak houses. It emits a fragrant odour while burning. Camphor, the gum of another tree, is found in great abundance on the extreme north and east of the island. It is not the produce of the camphor-wood tree already mentioned, which is so named from the fragrant smell of the wood, much resembling that of camphor. We may remark in passing, that these trees are the giants of the Borneo forests, often rising as high as 150 feet. On our way across a forest we saw one of these trees, which had been cut down, to cross which required one ladder on each side. Along the trunk, one could either have galloped a horse or driven a cur-ricule! A dining-table made of a single plank of a large camphor-wood tree, off which forty persons can dine, is one of the "lions" of Sarawak, in the late Rajah Brooke's house. Black ebony (there is a brown variety in India) is the heart of a forest tree, and is found towards the west of the island.

All the low-lands of Borneo are eminently adapted for producing rice. The return is generally two hundredfold. Sarawak exports rice to all the neighbouring small islands, especially to the Natunas, in return for cocoa-nuts and areca-nuts. Borneo could be converted into a vast rice-granary for the Indian Archipelago. There are numerous varieties of the grain. The *pulut* rice is very rich, and so is the scarlet-red rice. These two kinds are absent in Bengal. The sugar-cane—so well is the soil suited to it—is grown without the least care. It thrives like a rank weed. A few days after laying down the cuttings, in and among weeds, the canes shoot up vigorously,

throw out strong deep-green leaves, and speedily attain to an enormous size. We have seen these canes from sixteen to twenty feet in length after they had been brought to the market for sale, and they were thick and juicy in proportion. In Bengal the size is not half the above; and yet there is profit on the manufacture of sugar there. Here it is grown throughout the year, but the rainy season is the best time for it. Gutta-percha (called *gutta* by the natives) is collected from a middle-sized tree in the forests. To save a little trouble in examining the tree previously, it is generally ruthlessly cut down; and this process will soon close the supply. After cutting the tree down, incisions are made into the branches, and the gutta, if the tree have any—not always the case—flows out, and is collected in leaves. This is boiled down till it acquires its consistency. It is generally brownish-red when exported. It commands a very high price, more than £9 a *picul*, and a tree seldom produces more than eight or ten *catties*—the last is an extraordinary quantity.

The cacao-tree, already largely grown in Luzon and Java, would, from what we know of the plant and the soil it loves, and the climate and weather that nourish it, thrive most luxuriantly. But it has not yet been introduced. We have seen flourishing trees loaded with the heavy scarlet pods, which appear so rich and pretty, in the gardens of Malacca, and they were said to flourish there as well as in their native Brazil. The Indian Archipelago, after Brazil, is the greatest exporter of coffee to the world. Java, Luzon, and Celebes export it largely. The pea-berry variety of Celebes is the very best in the world, not excluding the famous Mocha. The Ceylon berry is inferior to what is grown in the Archipelago. The vanilla plant, which thrives so luxuriantly in Luzon and Bourbon, ought to thrive in Borneo. All the circumstances of rain, heat, shade, and soil, are in its favour. It is possible that the plant may be found growing wild in the interior. *Gambier* is a juice extracted from the leaves of a plant allied to the genus *Naudea* (the Indian *cadamba*), and grows largely in Singapore and other adjacent islands. It is much used for dyeing and tanning purposes, and eaten with *sirih*, or the betel-leaf. It is superior to the Indian *katha* or catechu. It is grown in Borneo only for home consumption, and is known to exhaust the soil. There being no restriction on the manufacture of opium, the Datu Bandar (hereditary lord treasurer) hopes to see poppies cultivated in Sarawak. China being near, the profits would be large.

Of edible birds' nests, there are found the pure—which bears a high price—and the impure kinds in great abundance on all the rocky islets near the coast, and in the caves and fissures of rocks and mountains on shore. The Government charges a duty on this article, and yet it leaves a large profit to the collector. Parties of four or five Dyaks or Malays usually go out together; and they sell their collections to Chinamen, who export it to Singapore, to be sent on to China. This edible nest is boiled and taken in the form of a soup which, according to the Chinese, "expands and strengthens the chest:" the taste is unpleasant, and if largely used, it produces cutaneous disorders. The nest is the inner lining of the habitation of a species of swallow, found in great numbers in the Archipelago. There is a large export of it from Java. There are three kinds: (1) the pure white, which is the sort most prized—this fetches a very high price, and is reserved for the tables of Chinese mandarins and governors; (2) the brown, which is found in great abundance; (3) the black, which has numbers



BAMBOO BRIDGE OF THE WESTERN DYAKS.

of feathers attached to it. The nests are generally of the same size as the saucer of a coffee-cup, both in thickness and circumference. The average weight of a nest is about six drachms avoirdupois. The white kind is as pure as isinglass, and few feathers are attached to it.

Tobacco, which has been found to thrive so well in Java that we know of people there who began life a few years ago with a couple of hundred dollars (£50) in their pockets, and who have made their fortunes solely through the cultivation of tobacco, would prove equally profitable in Borneo. In Luzon it forms the main source of Government revenue. We have smoked Java tobacco of a flavour quite equal to that of the best Manila, and we see no reason why Borneo should not furnish equally good. In Sarawak a few Chinese grow a plant or two merely as an ornamental addition, as the plant thrives luxuriantly and sends forth innumerable pretty, pale pink, trumpet-shaped flowers. We attempted to lay out a piece of ground with some 200 plants, though it was not just the season. The plants came up very well till they were a foot high, when they were attacked by a green grub. We had to leave the plantation to the worms, on being called away to another part of the country. One plant, of which we had taken special care, had attained in one month a height of two feet, and had numerous leaves on its firm straight stalk fifteen inches long by eight inches broad! We never saw a more flourishing tobacco plant. Among other things, the grape vine grows luxuriantly, and we extended the sphere of its growth by planting out cuttings in new parts; and there not being one date-palm in Sarawak, we had the good fortune of growing one from seed, and thus introducing it into the province, the first attempt probably in Borneo.

Borneo would grow indigo like rank weed. It was thus we wrote on the subject to an Indian indigo-planter:—"While walking about in this village, I was not a little surprised to see a few indigo-plants thriving most luxuriantly in front of the Dyak houses. The plants were of three or four months' growth, were about six feet high, very bushy, and densely covered with leaves. On inquiring the purpose for which they were planted, I was told it was for the colour. If one had capital to begin with, he might reap an immense profit. The land is easily had—thousands of acres if you want—for the mere asking it from the Government, and felling down the timber. It then becomes your land in perpetuity, or as what I imagine is termed in Bengal *lakhiraj* land. The forests, though primeval and dense, are easily cut down; the timber then allowed to dry, is set on fire after a fortnight or so. The ashes become manure to the soil. The only difficulty would be in procuring labour. The men here are few, and care little for wages; but as hundreds of coolies go out yearly from Calcutta and Madras to the Mauritius and the West Indies, I do not see any reason why they should not come here too. Pioneers have generally more obstacles to contend with than those who follow afterwards, and what is the use or where lies the virtue of being a Briton, and especially a North Briton, if he does not overcome obstacles? The first indigo-planter of Sarawak would have to get with him about a hundred coolies; a quantity of good seed, and some dozens of ploughs. Buffaloes to draw them could be had in abundance from Singapore. It only requires capital and a dozen years' work to make an immense fortune in this place." We omitted to mention in this letter that Chinese coolies may be procured in any number, from

200 to 2,000, every year in Singapore, where they arrive in junk-loads from China. The indigo-plant does indeed thrive in Sarawak. We have seen it thrive nowhere so luxuriantly, even in Bengal. About *four* Sarawak plants would go to make a Bengal *bundle*, usually consisting of a hundred or more plants. Not the least care had been taken of the few plants which we saw. They were scattered here and there in twos and threes, surrounded by hedges, in front of the Dyak houses. After plucking the leaves they soak them in wooden troughs, beat them up till the leaves and water form a thick mass, take this water and boil it down, for the dye, which is used for colouring cloths.

Cotton is also grown in several parts of the country to the north and east, for home use. It is of very superior quality, judging from specimens which we have seen. The staple is long and firm, and the plant thrives luxuriantly without much care. The wool is made up into coarse strong cloth for native use, and exported to adjacent parts. The manager and agent of the Borneo Company assured us that it was the very best cotton he had ever seen, though we have seen better (the best in the world) in the Dacca district of Eastern Bengal. Sarawak might supply millions of pounds of very superior cotton to Liverpool. The Sarawak Government may well direct its attention to the cultivation of cotton.

We had received an invitation to see Dyak life where it best could be seen, in their native villages; and as the Dyaks to the west of the province bore the best character, we determined to see them in preference to those settled east. The largest tribe on the west was the Sebuyu—that on the east being called the Saribas; and the former were represented as one of the finest tribes, and quite the favourite one of the "Rajah." We may mention here that Dyaks are very seldom seen at Kuchin, the capital. It is only when they are wanted for the military service of the State that they may be seen there in any numbers. But it is just possible that one or two members of various tribes may be found who have come up with some article of trade, such as gutta-percha, and who hurry back to their own homes as soon as they can. Now and then some come to see the bishop; and very rarely a specimen from the far interior, who has been attracted here by rumour, may be found wandering about the streets, so markedly different in outward appearance from other Sarawak Dyaks, that he becomes an object of prominent attention with the Chinese and Malay inhabitants of the town. At the time we were going, we found a Sebuyu Dyak ready to leave for Lundu. There are very few roads in Borneo, as the country is covered with forests, and water-way communication is made the most of. The rivers of Sarawak all flow out to the sea, and there is no communication between one part of the province and another, except by going out to the coast and crossing an arm of the sea to get into another river. The boat in which we were going was one of the usual native *prahus*, about thirty feet long and five feet in beam. It was covered with *kadjangs* or mats to serve as a protection from sun or rain, and three men manned it. There are no oars to be seen in any of these *prahus*. Only paddles are used, and it is remarkable how fast a boat can go when propelled by Dyaks with paddles. We took a Malay servant to act as cook, and it will be seen that this scoundrel attempted to murder us afterwards. The distance was put down at ninety miles, thirty miles by the Sarawak River, thirty miles by sea, and thirty more miles by the Lundu River. We were expected to reach Lundu on the second day, and accordingly

provided ourselves with a couple of chickens. The boat had delivered her little cargo, and consequently was well out of water, and with our three obliging Dyak friends we left the hospitable banks of Kuchin rather late in the forenoon. As we were going to the west, we took the western mouth of the river, called the Santubong entrance, and by the evening anchored opposite the Borneo Company's steam saw-mills at the mouth. Here we noticed two square-rigged vessels awaiting cargoes of timber and rattan for the Chinese market. The hill to the east, called Santubong Hill, is nearly 3,000 feet high, and a landmark for a considerable distance around. At its foot is the residence of the hospitable agent of the Borneo Company, who was glad to see us, and asked us about "Sarawak news!" Considering how remote this island is from the civilised world, Kuchin, the capital, acquires a vast importance in the eyes of the few Europeans scattered over the province in the out-stations. When you go from a large capital like Calcutta in India to an out-station, the inquiry is, not "What are the Calcutta news?" but "What's the latest telegram?" Borneo, however, is out of the way of telegrams, though perhaps in time she will have her own line, and be connected with either Java or Singapore.

As the passage of the arm of the sea, which was rather a wide bay, was a more difficult work than paddling along a tranquil river, we set sail early the next morning. Three small islands, about ten miles off shore, lay in our course, and at about midday we touched at one of them, and got ashore. It was a rocky islet about a couple of miles in circumference, but covered with rich mould, and apparently occupied, though we could see no one. There was here and there a hut, but they were unoccupied. The island was covered with the cocoa nut palm, bearing numerous large clusters of fruit. We were told that parties living on the mainland owned these islands and plantations, and came over occasionally to take the fruit. The ravages of wild pigs, which abound in the Bornean forests, are so extensive, that advantage is taken of these small islands to plant out the cocoa-nut palm where there are no wild pigs. After roaming about for nearly an hour, and cooling ourselves with the grateful water inside the cocoa-nut, we set sail again. We had now occasion to congratulate ourselves on the excellent seamanship of our Dyak boatmen, for of a sudden a Chinese Sea squall, no light matter under any circumstances, came on. The sea became very rough, and made our little bark rather uncomfortable. We never, however, took in any sail, and dashed along, roughly knocked about, at a most rapid rate. The old man at the helm kept a firm hold of his tiller, and steered the boat most dexterously. It is remarkable how very much safer these small Eastern boats are on the water than those we usually see in Europe. We do not refer to Madras *masula* boats and *catamarans*, which would seem made to defy the wildest war of the elements, but to the small Malay and Dyak boats, Chinese *sampans*, and Cingalese outriggers. These last, indeed, though only narrow and dangerous-looking hollow logs of wood, are about the safest things out at sea one could wish to have. Chinese sampans are ugly and queer-looking tubs, but we were in one of them crossing a part of the sea in a squall off Province Wellesley, on the Malayan Peninsula, and it was remarkable how we weathered it, though we were in considerable danger. It would be absurd to overlook the scientific construction of our English boats, but it is possible that we may take a leaf out of the books of savages and semi-

civilised people in this matter, and that they have a good deal more of science in their boat-building than we may at first view be inclined to credit them with. As may have been inferred, we weathered the squall beautifully, and by the evening found ourselves moored within the mouth of the Lundu River, here more than a mile broad. The two chickens we had brought had both been cooked and eaten, but we expected to arrive at Lundu early the next day. There were no hills here near the mouth, as at the entrance of the Sarawak River, but the land lay a perfect level, so that we could not see many yards behind the dense jungle and forest which lined the banks down to the water's edge. The nipa palm here, too, presented a dense ornamental fringe to the river on both banks. In the far distance to the south and west some chains of high hills were visible. Early next morning, with the tide in our favour, we went up the river rapidly. At a distance of eight or ten miles from the mouth we began to see cultivation—always of paddy—along the banks, and, before we were aware, found ourselves opposite a densely palm-shaded settlement—which was the large Dyak village of Lundu—and had anchored.

Here were numbers of canoes of all sizes, from the big war-canoe, which admits of the evolutions of sixty or eighty men, with a couple of light guns, down to the small *sampan* or shell which can float only one man. A few large sea-going prahus were anchored off in the middle of the stream. We had just arrived at the Dyak bathing hour, and the scene of merriment in the water which we witnessed almost baffles description. There were men bathers, and women bathers, and children bathers, old and young of both sexes on every side. They were rushing here, tumbling there, diving away out of sight, and suddenly reappearing at a considerable distance; they were shouting, and laughing, and talking, most earnestly and vehemently as only people exerting themselves in deep water can. Most of them were naked.

Immediately on learning our arrival, the *Orang Kaya* (which means literally *rich man*), or chief of the tribe, came down and invited us to go up to his house and partake of his hospitality. The rise and fall of the tide being very considerable, sometimes even ten feet, and on account of the mud and slush on the sides, the dry bank is reached by huge, long, floating logs, which are attached to the bank by a rattan tie, the logs rising and falling with the rise and fall of the river. The village is one mass of palm-trees, cocoa-nut and areca, shady and cool beyond expression. Footpaths run in various directions; and a small detached house, occupied either by a Chinese shopkeeper, who sells tobacco, beads, glasses, and other like articles in great request; or the village blacksmith's forge and smithy may be seen here and there; while the great Dyak "long-houses," peeping from amid the trees, form the background of the picture. The entire settlement is surrounded by an ironwood wall (a wood that is almost indestructible) from eight to ten feet high, very roughly but solidly constructed. This wall, built by the joint labours of the settlement, serves to keep off the wild pigs of the forest behind, and is intended to be of use even against a human enemy in time of war. To get over this wall there are notched trunks of trees placed on both sides, and these ladders are removable at pleasure. As we went along we met numbers of Dyaks who all gave us a smile of welcome. They are always pleased when an *orang puteh* (white man) visits them, and their hospitality is so sincere and hearty that one wishes he could always stay with them.



RETURNING FROM A TRADING TRIP.

Life in a South African Colony.—IV.

THE DUTCH SETTLERS—WEENEN—LADYSMITH—OSTRICHES—A COMMUNICATIVE AND INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER—THE BASUTOS—START FOR THE COAST.

THE African crow is of a jetty black, the neck surrounded by a clear white mark, whence they have obtained the colonial nickname of "parsons." These obscene birds rise lazily, flapping their wings upon our approach, and hover over their abominable banquet, croaking loudly, or alight again upon the ground at some little distance, as we pass. The *Aas vogels*, as the Dutch call the vultures, are far more shy than the crows.

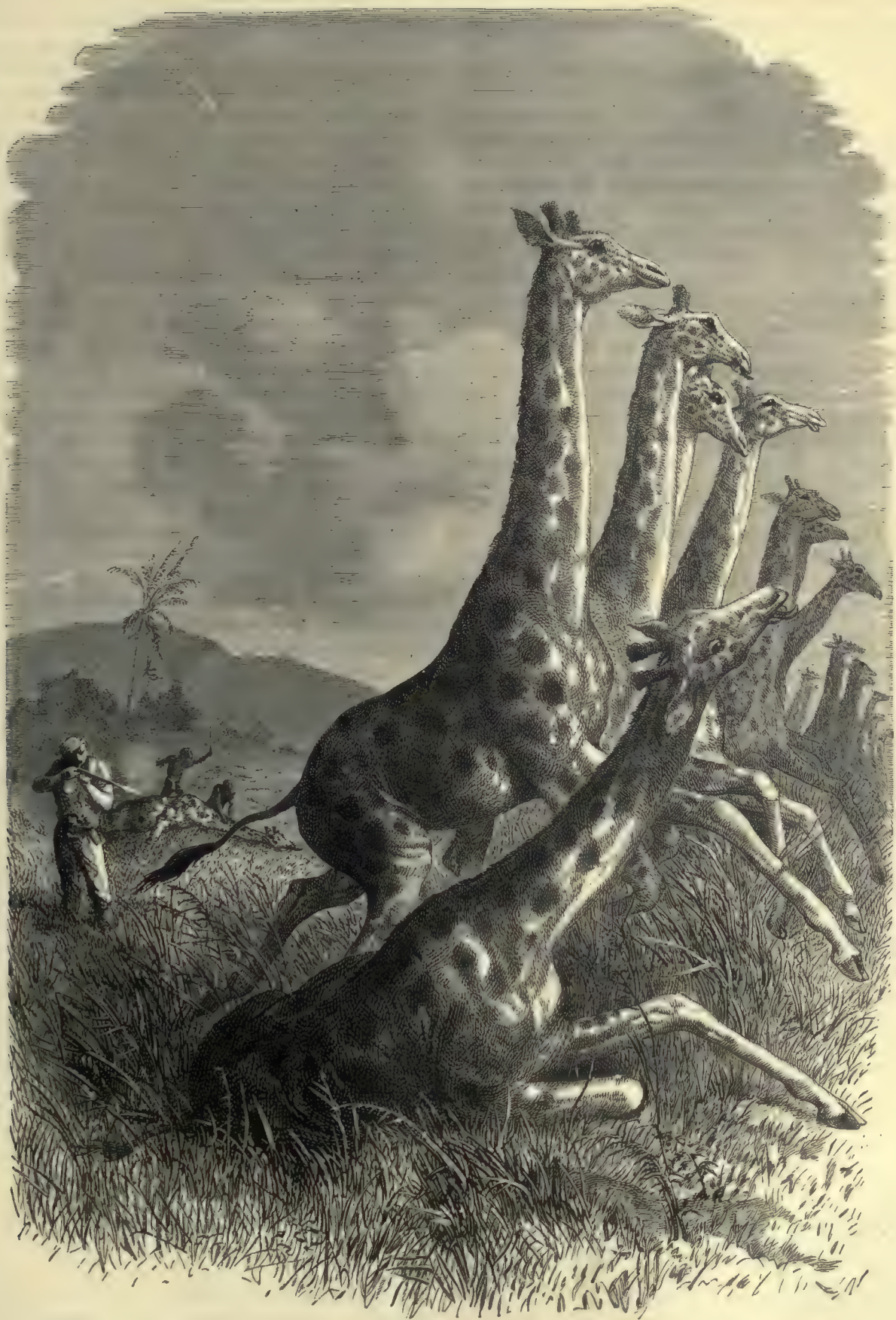
During our journey to the frontier, owing to the scarcity of hotels, we had to put up at night at farmhouses, English and Dutch. At both we experienced (as is usual up-country) a thoroughly hospitable reception. The poorest man among the Boers would consider the offer of payment for a night's entertainment and lodging an affront, provided the visitor arrived on horseback, though so kindly a welcome would not be vouchsafed to a foot passenger. A small sum in payment of the forage for the traveller's horse is sometimes accepted, but as often refused.

The "Africander" Dutch are a people simple in their habits, their chief wealth consisting in their flocks, herds, and troops of brood mares. These Dutch, as a rule, marry young, and bring up large families. From time to time, about once or twice in the course of the year, the Natal Boer journeys to Pieter-Maritzburg, or sometimes even down to Durban with his wagons, for the sale of his produce and the purchase of necessities. The Dutch seem to have but little idea of

improvement or advancement. A wealthy Dutchman, being recommended to procure a threshing machine from England, to thresh out the large crops of wheat which he annually raised, replied, with much scorn, "What should I want with a threshing machine, when I have such a fine troop of horses on my farm!" The up-country custom is to trample out the grain, by means of horses, upon a piece of smooth ground prepared for the purpose. The young Boers are great braggarts, incessantly boasting of their skill in the saddle and in the hunting-field. No doubt many of them are good shots and have firm seats on horseback, though they generally look very awkward when mounted.

Upon arriving at the house of a Boer, the traveller is requested to alight and "off-saddle." Entering the house, if he understands Dutch etiquette, he shakes hands with all present, commencing with the oldest woman, and ending with the smallest child. He is then asked whence he comes, whither he is journeying, and what is his business. Hot coffee is then placed before him, and tobacco is offered. The Boers smoke almost incessantly. The first pipe is lighted at early dawn, and the last only relinquished upon retiring for the night's rest. The tobacco, which they grow and prepare themselves, is twisted into a long cord, precisely like the "kanaster" which is to be bought at the tobacco shops in England.

Upon our route we passed through the towns of Weenen and Ladysmith. The climate of Weenen is far hotter than is usual in the up-country districts, and tropical fruit flourishes there. Within the town there is a large grove of orange-trees, for admission to which the owner makes a small charge, the visitor



HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

being allowed to regale himself to his heart's content upon the rich luscious fruit, never so delicious as when fresh pulled from the tree. A large orange-tree is a very beautiful object, with its shining dark green leaves, bearing at the same time, as it frequently does, the delicate white perfumed blossom and the bright golden fruit intermingled with the unripe green oranges.

Ladysmith is a compact little town. Here, as everywhere, conversation was about the war between the Free State Boers and the Basutos, and the consequent stoppage of the Free State trade. The town was full of "Overberg" men; traders, and transport riders—that is, carriers of goods by wagon. Here we saw some ostriches, which one of these "Overberg" men had brought into the colony with him. Young ostriches are of a dirty brown colour, the males more inclining to black. The plumage of the adult males is of a bright glossy black, with the exception of the white feathers with which we are all so familiar. The pace of the ostrich is exceedingly fast, and when killed by Europeans or natives, his death is generally effected by stratagem. The ostrich is capable of administering the most formidable kick—a blow from his foot being sufficient to kill the largest dog. Ostrich farming has long been talked of as an enterprise, but I do not think that it has ever been carried out on a large scale, though many half-tame birds are to be seen on some of the Overberg farms. The ostriches which we saw in Ladysmith ate maize freely enough, and were generally tame, although they had a propensity for running after horsemen, thereby terrifying their steeds in a most dangerous manner. All who have partaken of the flesh of the ostrich agree that it is poor and tasteless, but opinions are divided as to the flavour of the eggs. Those who have eaten them have generally told me that they were decidedly disagreeable in taste. The usual way of dressing these eggs is to cut off the top and to bury the shell among the hot embers, stirring the contents until sufficiently cooked.

My companion enlivened the road, as we travelled over the long series of plains towards the frontier, by accounts of his experiences over the Drakensberg (or "Overberg," as it is generally called), describing the enormous troops of wildebeeste, hartebeeste, spring-bok, bles-bok, and quagga which the traveller in these districts and towards the interior meets with. Large quantities of wildebeeste and quagga hides are at times sent down to the port of Natal for exportation, though I should say that "hide-shooting" was the reverse of a profitable speculation. He had also shot "kameel," as the Boers call the giraffe, and described the excitement of coming up with and shooting a large herd of this gigantic game, such as is portrayed in the

accompanying illustration. The giraffe is a very timid and inoffensive animal, and the only purpose for which it is hunted is for the sake of the hide, which can be made into "reins."

Meeting a horseman when about a day's ride from the foot of the "Berg," we naturally inquired concerning the war. What country claimed this man as her own I know not, but his only reply to our anxious questions was, "*I come yesterday!*" Beyond this very lucid answer we could obtain no information, though we addressed him repeatedly in English, and my companion in Dutch.

Arrived at the "Berg," we put up at a house where my friend had the gratification of hearing that all his horses and cattle had been carried off by the savages. We were told that on the previous day the Basutos had been riding about the mountain in large bodies, and had amused themselves by firing upon some cattle impounded in a kraal in the neighbourhood, fortunately for the owners without succeeding in hitting any.

During a Kafir war, as far back as 1852, this mountain was stormed by Sir George Cathcart, who attacked it from three sides at once, and carried off a great quantity of cattle. The killed and wounded on the side of the Basutos amounted to about forty, while those on the English side amounted to over fifty. After this very stout resistance, Moshesh sued for peace, begging the English leader to remain satisfied with the cattle he had taken; and peace was concluded.

The Basuto tribe, besides thus vigorously contending with British troops, has been at war with the Zulus and the Free State Boers at different times.

Moshesh, the chief of the Basuto at the time of my visit to the "Berg," is since dead, and his son, the present chief, has received an English education, having visited England within the last two years. I have travelled in the same railway carriage with him in the colony of Natal. He had at the time I saw him just returned from England, and was in the company of a French missionary. He was well dressed in European costume; but I afterwards heard that he threw off this apparel shortly after his return to his own people.

He expressed great contempt for the colonial railway accommodation, after his European experiences, and appeared to speak the English language freely. In appearance he was a brawny young man, rather over the middle height, full-fleshed, and reminding one very strongly of a black pugilist.

After a couple of days spent upon the border, during which nothing very exciting occurred, we saddled our horses, and started upon our long ride to the Bay of Natal; soon after my arrival at which place I settled down to quiet colonial life.

Notes of a Naturalist in the North-Western Provinces of India.—III.

BY CHARLES HORNE, F.Z.S. (LATE) B.C.S.

THE case to which I alluded in the previous part of these Notes arrived in the course of three weeks at Landour, and I leave my readers to imagine the airing all the books needed ere they could be used. We afterwards watched a musk-rat catching insects attracted into the house by our lights. These were chiefly grasshoppers and the like, and as they tried to jump up the

walls the animal sprang after them. He did not seem to mind us, and came night after night. As they always run along close to the skirting board, they used often to be caught by putting down a Wellington boot on its side, into which, of course, they ran, to (I should think) the utter destruction of the boot. But yet one more story, and I will leave them. About four A.M.

one morning I heard a pitiful squeaking sound outside my window in the grass. So I took a candle, and went to see what it might be. Again and again I heard the squeak—which seemed to be like that of a frog in pain—drawing nearer and nearer. Presently I saw a frog moving feebly along, with a musk-rat every now and then making a rush at it and giving it a bite, when it gave a squeak. The frog was nearly done for, and would undoubtedly have been killed and eaten by the animal had I not rescued it. But, hark! there is the dog at the bath-room door barking fiercely at some animal inside, which proves to be a bandicoot (*Mus bandicota*), a very large kind of rat, together with his tail eighteen and three-quarter inches long, and weighing one and a half pounds. These animals generally live in drains, but they make, as I know to my cost, very large burrows, and do much mischief. The animal looked as large as my dog, who had great difficulty in killing it, as it sat upon its hind-legs, and fought valiantly, grunting something like a little pig at the same time.

I ran for my thick oak stick, but on taking it up (it had been standing unused for more than a month in the corner) I found it only half its proper weight, and on examining it I perceived it pierced with holes in every direction, wood dust falling out in showers. It was a species of *Apate*, or boring-beetle, which had done it, and the old oak-stick was completely destroyed. These insects are very injurious to beams, but more especially to those made of light poor wood. These they speedily reduce to one mass of powder, leaving generally a thin film of wood, so thin that the finger may easily be pushed into the place formerly occupied by the heart of the wood. But I see the good dog has killed the bandicoot, and is now lying panting with her exertions. It is quite light now, so to the store-room, to see whether any rats are caught in the trap. See, the trap-door has fallen, but what have we here, a rat? Yes, and a fine "cobra" snake too! It would seem that the latter followed the former into the trap, and both were caught. The rat is dead from fright, and the snake will soon be killed otherwise. These snakes at this season are a great pest. Close under the window I found one, which had been killed by the guard as it was gliding along; they often enter the house, more particularly the bath-rooms, in pursuit of frogs, of which they are very fond. Having swallowed their prey, they are generally too large to return by the hole or under the door by which they entered, and so are killed. From the stomach of one I took

three beautiful white rabbits, unsoiled and uninjured, save that every bone was crushed. From another, three unbroken guinea-fowl eggs.

But enough of snakes. Here comes something far worse. What is that long dark streak on the horizon rapidly drawing near and widening as it approaches. Soon the sky overhead is darkened, and the rustling of millions of crisp wings declares that the locusts have come. Then what a row! Every man, woman, and child in the place getting hold of pot, saucepan, or kettle, hammers and beats and shouts to prevent their settling in the garden; and in a great measure they succeed, as only a few stragglers on this occasion alighted, and the main flight passed on to do damage elsewhere. The kites, crows, and other birds attacked and ate them greedily, and even my Mohammedan servants caught them for eating. I captured some and had them cooked for dinner, when I found them in flavour not unlike shrimps. Fortunately, they did not lay eggs at Manipuri, so that we did not suffer from them in their worst form, viz., the larval state. Then they eat up everything as they crawl along, and spare no green thing. No one who has ever seen a flight many miles in length, a mile or two wide, and several hundred feet in depth, can ever forget the sight.

The nests of the *Termites* or white ant have been giving indications of swarming to-day; and with a few lines about them I will close these Notes, although there are hundreds of sights and sounds left altogether unalluded to. The abodes of white ants are mostly concealed, being either underground or in mud walls, in which they have hollowed out for themselves large cavities. They make very small holes for exit, and from these they construct, only too visibly, covered galleries along the face of the wall in search of suitable food. Often there may be but one or two little holes not above one-eighth of an inch in diameter in a room, yet from this, when the time for swarming has arrived, will issue thousands upon thousands of large-winged ants, flying to the light, and covering the table with their wings, which fall off; whilst the wingless insects try to hide themselves under every spoon and knife-blade. I used to put large shallow vessels of water, with a candle standing up in the midst, and so drown many thousands attracted by the light; but in the daytime birds kill off enormous numbers. Every creature seems to eat them; yet enough escape to do infinite mischief, and so cause them to take first rank amongst the plagues of India.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—II

THE MUNDURUCU INDIANS.

WITH one or two exceptions the Mundurucus are the only Indians of South America who tattoo their persons. All the other tribes simply paint with various coloured pigments, whereas the Mundurucus puncture the skin with a thorn of the pupunha palm, and rub in the soot of a boiling pitch that imparts an indelible blue tint. The custom appears to be dying out, as among those seen at Santarem only a few individuals were thus "ornamented."

The Mundurucus have been long allies of the Brazilian

Government, having given it good aid in a local Amazonian rebellion. They have also assisted in subduing the Muras, a tribe of cruel and brutal savages, who formerly occupied the country lying between the Tapajos and Madeira. These, as also the Mauhés, a kindred nation, have been conquered, some of the latter being enslaved by the Mundurucus; while the former have retired to the inaccessible fastnesses of the Amazonian forest. Some may be seen living in a half-civilised state near Villa Nova, as also at Serpa, and other settlements of the Amazon up to the mouth of the Madeira. Their proximity is

not pleasant to the Brazilian planters, for although no longer dreaded as dangerous enemies, they are regarded as pests of the plantation, on account of their thieving propensities, often stealing the cacao fruit from the trees.

A SINGULAR MODE OF SNUFF-TAKING.

It is among these Indians that a very singular habit of snuff-taking is practised, and we had an opportunity of witnessing it at a landing-place on the southern side of the river, where the steamer stopped before reaching Obydos. The Muras are a roaming tribe, and a band of them—of the half-civilised sort—were encamped near. The snuff itself, and the process of taking it, are minutely and graphically described by the "Naturalist on

tive, sing, shout, and leap about in the wildest excitement. A reaction then follows; more drinking is necessary to arouse them from their stupor; and thus they carry on for many days in succession."

Mr. Bates says that the *paricá* is also a habit of the Mauhés as well as the Muras, while it is not practised by their conquerors, the Mundurucus. The Mauhés take it as a preventative against ague, and in a mode altogether different from the Muras. The former keep the snuff prepared in a paste, and when a dose is required, pulverise a portion of this paste upon a shell, then inhaling it through a pair of tubes tied together—usually the quills of the king vulture or caracara eagle. It is known that the early Spanish travellers found this practice of



A FOREST FESTIVAL.

the Amazon." He says, "The snuff is called *paricá*, and is a highly stimulating powder made from the seeds of a species of Inga, belonging to the leguminous order of plants. The seeds are placed in the sun, powdered in wooden mortars, and kept in bamboo tubes. When they are ripe, and the snuff-making season sets in, they (the Muras) have a fuddling-bout, lasting for many days, which the Brazilians call a *Quarentena*, and which forms a kind of festival of a semi-religious character. They begin by drinking large quantities of *caysuma* and *cashiri*—fermented drinks made of various fruits and mandioca—but they prefer cashacá, or rum, when they can get it. In a short time they drink themselves into a soddened semi-intoxicated state, and then commence taking the *paricá*. For this purpose they pair off; and each of the partners, taking a reed containing a quantity of the snuff, after going through a deal of unintelligible mummery, blows the contents with all his force into the nostrils of his companion. The effect on the usually dull and taciturn savages is wonderful; they become exceedingly talka-

taking the *paricá* amongst the Omaguas, a tribe dwelling a thousand miles to the west of the present country of the Mauhés and Muras. Mr. Bates cites this circumstance in support of the theory that the Amazonian Indians have a community of origin. Many other facts tend to confirm this view of ancient kinship among the tribes.

OBYDOS.

Fifty miles above Santarem we reached Obydos, where Senhor N—— and I took leave of the steamer *Tapajos*—the boat continuing on to Manáos, near the mouth of the Rio Negro, to "make connection," as the Americans naïvely term it, with another line of steamers that ply between that port and Tabatinga, the Brazilian frontier town. Thence such goods and passengers as were proceeding further up the Amazon would be carried to their destination by the Peruvian steamers that navigate that portion of the river running through Peruvian territory.

Obydos is perhaps the most picturesquely placed town on the Amazon River; its site being a bluff of pink and yellow clay rising a hundred feet sheer above the water surface. The houses are substantial structures, and the population containing a majority of whites, most of them engaged in cattle raising and cacao planting, the district adjacent having a soil favourable to the cultivation of the nut that gives chocolate.

Obydos boasts of a handsome church, school-house, and newspaper; while a fortress built upon the bluff carries some thirty pieces of cannon that command the river. The range required is not great, as at this port the mighty stream is con-

betas, the mouth of this river entering the Amazon about five miles above the town on the same side.

A few days sufficed for making preparations, which consisted in the purchase of a vessel, with the hiring of a crew of *Tapuyos*—the native boatmen of the country. The vessel was a *uberta*, the usual kind of craft engaged in navigating the waters of the Amazon; having a *toldo*, or covered cabin on the quarter, and manageable by oars, as also by a sail when the winds should prove favourable. The crew consisted of six men, mostly *Mameucos*, while two Indians, who had once made the ascent of the Trombetas, were engaged as guides.



MURA SNUFF-TAKERS.

tracted to its narrowest, being less than an English mile from bank to bank.

As Mr. Bates has stated, the whole of the river is not comprehended in this measurement, since a low alluvial tract extends along the southern shore, having a lake behind it, which might be regarded as a portion of the channel.

As the guns of Obydos have never been called upon to defend the passage of the river, it is not very certain whether they would prove efficient. They can throw shell across the stream easily enough; but placed as they are some distance back from the edge of the bluff, it is very evident they could not be sufficiently depressed to rake the nearer shore; and the American Admiral Farragut with his wooden ships might have passed under the muzzles with less risk than he encountered while entering the Bay of Mobile.

Obydos became our point of departure for the Rio Trom-

For myself I had a negro, who acted as my personal attendant; a strong fellow, who could stand any amount of fatigue, and who had seen service both on ship and ashore. Pluto, as he was called—I am not aware that he had any other name—had once been a slave in the Spanish West India Islands, whence he had emancipated himself by taking French leave of his master. He had made his way to Pará, where I engaged him; I had then learnt to speak Portuguese, and the *lingua geral*, in addition to my previous knowledge of Spanish. As he could also talk a little “gumbo” English, with a smattering of French; could moreover cook, wash, brush a coat, and, if occasion required, handle a gun, he was likely to prove a valet of the most valuable kind.

I may here anticipate by saying that he did prove such, and that upon all occasions during my trip up the Trombetas, as afterwards in my Amazonian travels, I found him not only

efficient as a servant, but faithful as a friend, courageous, and honest.

BRAZILIAN JEALOUSY OF EXPLORERS.

Having thoroughly armed and equipped ourselves, and laid in our stock of provisions, chiefly consisting of farinha, salted fish (pirarecu), dried beef (charqui), some biscuits, coffee, and sugar, we started on our expedition; Senhor N—— concealing its object from the citizens of Obydos, and cautioning me to a like secrecy. He imparted to me his reasons. They were—that being a Portuguese, and not a native Brazilian, the Brazilian authorities, averse to such enterprises, especially when undertaken by strangers, might take it into their heads to forbid ours, or in some way obstruct it. There was sense in what he said. Strange to say, in the wilderness world of Amazonia there is as much petty jealousy and political espionage as on the frontiers of a European Continental state, or even in China itself.

However, there was no obstruction offered by the officials of Obydos; and under pretence of a trading trip up the Trombetas, we took our departure from the place.

UP THE TROMBETAS.

A two hours' sail up the Amazon, and we entered the mouth of the Rio Trombetas, also called Orexemina, the stream on which Orellana encountered and fought his battle with the famous warrior women, giving its name to the great South American river he was the first to descend and explore. Notwithstanding its celebrity, the Trombetas does not rank as one of the streams of first magnitude in the Amazonian valley. There are scores of larger tributaries belonging to the same system, many of them three or four times its length and greatness as regards the volume of their water. For all this, it would be accounted a large river in Europe, much larger than any in Great Britain. Heading in the Tucumuraque range of the Guianese mountains, its sources interlocking with those of the Essequibo and Corentin, it has a course of about 400 miles before its waters become mingled with those of the Amazon. We ascended at first under sail, afterwards making use of the oars, as there were only rare occasions when the breeze blew in our favour. We went but slowly, as in most places there was an opposing current, much stronger than any encountered on the Amazon. From this, and the rugged nature of much of the country on its banks, I am convinced that Bates's belief in the Almeyrim Hills being a continuation of the Guiana highlands is correct—contrary to the speculations of the Massachusetts savant.

Contemplating the vast extent of the Amazonian region, and trying to realise Agassiz' theory, that these isolated *mesas* once formed a plain continuous all over it, one cannot help being struck with the absurdity of the idea. It is like asserting that half the earth's surface once stood to the height of some table-topped mound rising solitary in the midst of a prairie expanse. The theory of detrition has been elsewhere stretched far, but never to such a ludicrous extent as this.

A SPARSE POPULATION.

Like most Amazonian rivers, the banks of the Rio Trombetas are thickly wooded to the water's edge. In our ascent, after the first day, we saw no settlements of white men. Only here and there a hut, or *malocca*, which had been the abode of a family, or perhaps a small tribe of Indians. These appeared

to be abandoned; or, more probably, their owners were but temporarily abroad, hunting, or engaged in cultivating their little patches of cleared land. These are usually inland, and at some distance from the river's banks, for reasons sufficiently intelligible and sad to think of. The red aboriginal dreads the white slave-hunting trader, and rarely builds his dwelling-place upon the river's bank, or within view from the water. It is so on the Trombetas and other Amazonian tributaries, as well as on the main stream itself. And this is why, in ascending or descending one of these watercourses, the traveller sees so little of man, and may well fancy the vast valley an uninhabited wilderness. For ourselves, during the first four days of our navigation on the Trombetas we only twice saw Indians, and but once had converse with them. There were but two of them, belonging to the tribe of Apamas, a peaceful people who carry on occasional traffic with the citizens of Obydos, and speak the *lingua geral*.

After having passed through their territory, our boat voyage seemed suddenly brought to an end. We had reached a series of rapids up which the *cuberta* could not be taken. There seemed no help for it but to take leave of our boat, or return down stream swifter than we had ascended.

The latter was not to be thought of. Senhor N—— was as determined as ever to continue his search for the long-deserted village of the Spanish miners; and I was resolved to accompany him. My companion inspired by cupidity, myself more by a desire of exploration with its attendant chances of adventure, there was no talk of returning till we had satisfied our respective passions. In view of this, we determined to abandon the *cuberta*, and pursue our exploration afoot.

A PARTY OF FESTIVE SAVAGES.

We had commenced packing for our pedestrian journey, when we were surprised by the approach of a party of Indians, whose dress and general appearance bespoke them of a different tribe from the Apamas. They were altogether of wilder aspect, wearing a costume more like that of the true aboriginal; feathered circlets around their heads, arms, and limbs, with short skirts reaching to mid-thigh. They were armed, some with bows and arrows, others carrying the *zarbatana*, or blow-gun. In all there were about fifty of them, both men and women, though at a distance it was difficult to distinguish the sexes; and it was only when they drew near that we discovered the party to be a mixed one. At first sight of them we were a little alarmed; but soon regained confidence on seeing the women. We knew that a hostile band of savages would not be thus accompanied, and we were right. They proved the very reverse of hostile, approaching us without fear, after being hailed by one of our guides speaking in their own tongue, some words of which the man fortunately understood.

In a few minutes they were around us, frankly extending their hands to be shaken, a mode of salutation they must have learnt from the whites. At the same time they gave utterance to friendly speeches, laughing and gesticulating like so many boys and girls just escaped out of school.

I never remember meeting a merrier crew; and, despite their warlike aspect, it was difficult to think of them otherwise than as the most innocent children of Nature. The exuberance of their spirits was accounted for, on our ascertaining that they were out on a frolic, it being a festive day at their village, that stood at no great distance.

Pluto was an especial object of their attention, he no doubt being the first negro they had ever seen, and of course a curiosity on account of the deep black colour of his skin, but more especially the kinky mop of wool that closely covered his skull. The women would cluster around him, catch hold of these kinks between their fingers, give them a pull, and then start back in mock affright, uttering loud cries, to be succeeded by peals of merry laughter. Pluto bore it with stoical forbearance, though once or twice he came near giving way to an ebullition of bad temper when the men attempted to take a like liberty with him.

THE WARRIOR WOMEN.

While gazing upon these savages a thought suggested itself, which has also occurred to others, that the resemblance between the men and women in their style of dress, but more particularly in the fashion of wearing their hair, may have led Orellana and his followers into the belief that they were fighting with women, when in reality it was men who attacked them on the Trombetas. The long uncut hair hanging loose down their shoulders gives them a singularly feminine appearance, and with the story of the Old World Amazons, known to the Spanish conquistadores as real history, it was but natural for them to believe there were like legions of warrior women in the continent they had just discovered. Of course this is but a surmise, and it is not beyond probability that a community of women living apart from men actually existed in South America at the time of the Spanish conquest. The Indians themselves, in different sections of Amazonia, held such a belief, when first spoken with on the subject; and there is some confirmatory evidence in the writings of the ancient missionary monks. But in the years immediately succeeding the discovery of the American continent, the existence of which was previously unsuspected, even a nation of warlike women would not be deemed a wonder. Hence the barrenness of the records regarding them, and the slight attempts then made to investigate the truth of the tale, which, in modern times, seems so remarkable as to be deemed not only doubtful, but altogether apocryphal.

WARNED AGAINST THE WOY-O-WAYS.

Our Indian visitors gave us an invitation to go with them to their village, which they stated to be only about two miles off, upon a small stream, a branch of the Trombetas.

As Senhor N—— was strongly under the influence of the "gold fever," and impatient to reach the scene where he had hopes of realising a grand fortune, he declined the proffered hospitality, promising, however, to accept it on our return, should we be fortunate enough to survive the perils and hardships that were before us.

That both were likely to be encountered we learnt from these friendly Indians, who, on hearing of the direction we intended to take, warned us against the Woy-o-ways, an Indian nation dwelling high up the river, and roaming over the country to the westward as far as the head-waters of the Rio Guatuma—a stream that runs probably to the Trombetas. Our festive friends, who were a branch of the Zummate tribe, represented the Woy-o-ways as ferocious savages, and especially hostile to white men.

The information was not of an agreeable nature, and had we put implicit faith in all they said, it might have induced us to abandon the expedition. For it was into the country of

these very Woy-o-Ways we were to penetrate in search of the ancient mining town, or rather its ruins. The old chart which Senhor N—— had studied located it in the Woy-o-way country, the name being spelt Woyawai; and, according to the account accompanying the chart, it was these Indians—that is, their ancestors—who had massacred the Spanish miners. The history seemed strangely confirmatory of the statements volunteered by our Zummate friends, and gave us good reason to pause in our expedition. But Senhor N—— had not embarked upon it in ignorance of what was before him, nor had he outlayed the large sum of money required for the equipment to retreat from the enterprise without carrying it to a more conclusive issue, whether of success or disaster. He was a man of rare courage as well as intelligence; the latter admonishing him to make light of the stories told about the Woy-o-Ways and their hostility to white men. He had obtained information of a different, in fact the very opposite, kind, representing these Indians as harmless, or at all events not any more hostile than other tribes dwelling beyond the pale of civilisation. In Pará he had met an old Portuguese trader that had visited them, and who said they had received him hospitably and rather in a friendly manner; that although there was a tradition of their ancestors having murdered white men and driven them out of their country, it came from the latter having misbehaved themselves towards their women, not an uncommon cause of many like tragical episodes in other parts of America. The trader affirmed that the Woy-o-ways, so far from repelling the approaches of the whites, would be but too glad to receive them, for the sake of traffic and trade. He himself would have returned thither, but for being ill and too old to undertake an expedition calling for so much vigorous exertion.

Fortified with the trader's account, as well as by knowledge elsewhere obtained, my companion scouted the cautions given by the Zummates, telling them that he had started to travel to the Tucumuraqua Mountains, and to the Tucumuraqua Mountains he was determined to go, even though it might be his misfortune never to return from them.

Seeing us determined to proceed, the Indians made no further opposition. But they would not let us pass without giving us some proof of their hospitality. While the talking was going on, several of their women had kindled a fire in the forest, and commenced cooking a repast, that was soon set before us. It consisted of various viands, mixed meats and vegetables stewed in an earthen *olla*. As our appetites were at the time sharp-set, we found it sufficiently palatable, and drawing from our boat stores, we were able to make some return by distributing to each of the Indian men a glass of rum—a drink they appeared greatly to relish.

A FRIENDLY LEAVE-TAKING.

As we were at length about to take leave of our copper-coloured hosts, Senhor N—— made a farewell address, telling them that, in the event of our returning that way, we would not only be pleased to accept the invitation to visit their village, but might be in a condition to receive from them still further hospitality. In either case we would be grateful, as we now were, for their good wishes.

To this speech, interpreted by one of our Tapuyos, was made the following rejoinder:—

"If you are going to the Tucumuraqua Mountains, why do you leave your boat behind?"



A STORM ON THE AMAZON.

Senhor N—— pointed to the rapids, saying: "For the best of reasons. You see it is impossible to take it further."

"No; not impossible," was the reply. "Up the main stream, yes; but there is a branch of the Trombetas that runs below. You may have passed without seeing it. By taking it you can make nearly two days more of water travel, and that will bring you nearer your destination. It will be easier by far. That way the forest path is very difficult. Between two moons you will not make as much way as a bird can fly, while you are rowing your boat from bank to bank. Follow our counsel. Return down the river, enter a branch you will see on the left

side. Go up it; on the second day you will reach a *malocca*. Do not be afraid of the people who will be there. They are our friends, and will be yours. They will tell you what to do, and where to go beyond. Like us, they will warn you against the Woy-o-ways.

With the friendly though discouraging counsel still sounding in our ears we took leave of the jovial band, and turned the prow of our craft down stream in search of the tributary that was to give us a free water-way two days' journey further to the north—that point of the compass towards which we were steering.

Northern Wanderings.—I.

BY FRANK USHER.

NORWAY—ITS CONNECTION WITH ENGLAND—DECAY—PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH Norway has long been known to the sportsman, it is only of late years that it has attracted the attention of the student of Nature's beauties. To the world at large, it is still practically a *terra incognita*. And yet there is probably no country which in variety of beauty can better repay the toil of the explorer; certainly there is no foreign land in which an Englishman feels sooner at home. Lapse of time and political convulsions have severed the close connection which formerly existed between England and Norway. By the Englishman this old connection has been well-nigh forgotten, but it is ever in the mind of the Norwegian, who glories in the traditions of his race, and in Norway its traces are still plainly visible. The centuries which have made England the greatest of nations have not been equally kind to the land of the Normans. As England grew in power and wealth, Norway retrograded, or remained stationary. The vicissitudes of war subjected to foreign rule the brave people who had conquered Europe; the daring spirits who, in their *Drager* and *Ormer*, discovered America centuries before Columbus sailed across the unknown sea. The trade of Norway passed into foreign hands; its wealth enriched the Dane. Plague and famine completed the devastation which war had commenced. Districts which had been fertile and populous lost all their inhabitants, and the bear and elk roamed unmolested through the forests which had usurped the place of smiling corn. The energies of the nation were paralysed; its spirit was crushed, and, for more than four hundred years, lay dormant.

Not until the beginning of the present century did brighter prospects dawn upon the unhappy land. In 1814 the country achieved its independence. Since that time it has advanced in wealth and importance with rapid strides. The population of its capital has doubled itself; its commerce has increased a hundredfold; roads have been constructed; mines opened, and factories established all over the country. Under judicious government Norway has grown into a prosperous state. At present the forests and fisheries are her greatest sources of wealth, but the land is of extraordinary richness in minerals, and it wants but the discovery of coal to make Norway one of the richest countries in the world.

SCENERY.

Apart from the historical and family connection which should ever commend Norway to the affections of an Englishman, its natural beauties must endear it to all lovers of the "dear goddess." Some idea of the mountainous nature of the country may be formed from the fact that of its area of 122,000 square miles, not more than 1,100 are under cultivation. A great chain of mountains runs from Nordkyn, the extreme northern point of continental Europe, through the entire length of Norway. Narrow valleys of great depth, and with thickly-wooded sides, generally with a lake nestling in their bottom, or a stream racing through them, traverse this chain in every direction. But it is not in the interior that the grandest scenery is to be found. The inland scenery, beautiful as it is in parts, cannot vie with that upon the western coast in wild magnificence. There is no range of snow-clad peaks to relieve the monotony of the round-topped granite mountains. Some of the summits are lofty—Galdhøpiggen is 8,300 Norwegian feet above the level of the sea, and there are other mountains of almost equal height, but they lack the majesty of even the minor Alps. It is upon the fiords of the western coasts that the Norwegian scenery assumes a grandeur that is at times almost terrible. These fiords, whose deep waters of dazzling blue never freeze, run scores of miles into the mountain-land; at times broad-bosomed and studded with wood-covered islands, with lofty mountains sloping gently down to their margin; at other times narrow and gloomy, flowing between precipices so lofty and so sheer as to almost exclude the light of day. In places these dark precipices rise to the immense height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet, and innumerable cataracts thunder over their brink, almost losing themselves in a spray before reaching the black waters of the fiord below.

In the wild districts of Hardanger and the Sogne Fiord are some of the grandest and most picturesque waterfalls in Europe. The finest of these is, perhaps, the Vøringfoss. The approach to the point whence this fall can be best viewed is not without danger, but the awful beauty of the scene from this particular spot, a hundred feet or more above the summit of the fall, more than compensates the toil and peril of getting

there. The river has worn for itself a deep channel in the mountain, through which it rushes, with deafening roar, to hurl itself, in one sheer unbroken volume of water, 600 feet into the pool below. Near the fall, the rocks, forming a ravine but little broader than the main body of the fall, rise so perpendicularly from the water that scarcely a plant can find footing upon their surface. Higher waterfalls are to be found in Norway, and several with larger bodies of water; but none in terrible wildness of beauty can surpass the Vöringfoss.

In splendour of atmospheric effects no other civilised country can vie with Norway. The wonderful colours produced by the blending of the hues of sunset into those of the rising sun; the glories of the northern lights, now robing the face of heaven with a veil of emerald, or ruby, or sapphire, now bursting into a myriad quivering tongues of prismatic flame, these are wonders which can be beheld in no other land of temperate climate.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NORWAY—TRONDHJEM—BEARS—CARRIOLES.

I was meditating a tour through Northern Canada when a friend tempted me to visit Norway by the offer of a rod on one of the most celebrated salmon rivers in that country. By an ardent disciple of the gentle art such an offer was not to be despised, moreover, I had been told that big game was to be met with in abundance in all parts of the land, so I closed with T——'s offer, and found myself one fine morning in early June sailing up the beautiful Trondhjem Fiord. Devotion to his country's interests prevented T——'s accompanying me, but his consolation lay in the knowledge that his river was a late one, and that it was hardly worth our while to fish it before July. We had agreed to meet at Trondhjem on the first of that month, so I resolved to devote the intervening time to an exploration of the country, and, if possible, the pursuit of a bear.

My first impressions of Norway, as I viewed it from the deck of the good ship *Tasso*, were decidedly disappointing. I had expected to find a wild, ice-bound country, upon the shores of which the seal and walrus gambolled, and the white bear played. How different was the reality from the fancy! The aspect of the houses upon the shore seemed thoroughly English; the dress of the people in the boats which we passed had nothing wild or savage about it; the fiord was full of shipping, and the spirit of progress and civilisation seemed to pervade everything. The very mountains which skirted the fiord, rugged and barren as they were, seemed to be tame and uninteresting. I had expected too much, and was disappointed.

One solace was, however, in store for me, ere we dropped our anchor in the Trondhjem Bay. I was gazing discontentedly over the side at the long row of warehouses which lined the shore, when a fellow-passenger, a Norwegian, approached me, and raising his hat politely, observed that we had reached the end of our voyage. I thanked him for his information, and, encouraged by this, he asked, "You come here to shoot bears?" With considerable diffidence I answered in the affirmative. "Ja saa!" said my new friend; "you see mountains there, over Trondhjem?" Following the direction of his arm, I observed a lofty range in the far distance, to the left of the valley in which Trondhjem was situated. "Bears are there," continued the excellent man; "much, many bears." I inquired eagerly what the name of the mountains was. "He

is called the Varsfjeld," replied my informant. I made him write it in my pocket-book, and then, having collected my belongings and bidden our good captain farewell, I descended into the boat which had been secured for me, and was soon landed upon the wished-for shore.

I shall not here describe the city which King Olaf Trygvason founded in the tenth century, upon the ruins of ancient Nidaros, nor pause to mourn over its departed glories. Abler pens have told of the splendour of the capital of the old Scandinavian kings, and have lamented the faded grandeur of its magnificent cathedral, solitary monument of Trondhjem's former greatness. Suffice it for me to tell of the worth of the old city's present inhabitants, and to bear witness to a kindness and hospitality towards strangers which no city in either hemisphere can surpass.

It was my good fortune to make the friendship of one whom Sir Samuel Baker calls "the finest sportsman I have ever known," upon my arrival in Norway. He had been in the country for ten years, and knew its sporting resources better than any other man, native or foreigner, whom I have met. But good sportsman as he was, he had never slain a Norwegian bear. I fancy that he hardly thought them worth the time and trouble which it took upon an average to kill them. Some idea of the difficulties connected with bear-hunting in Norway may be formed from the experience of one who devotes himself almost exclusively to that sport. He is possessed of all the qualifications which go to make a good hunter, and is, moreover, the happy owner of that very rare animal, a good bear-dog. In the course of over two hundred days' hunting, at various times, he has killed five bears, that is, an average of one bear in forty days. P—— did not think a bear worth that waste of time; consequently, he turned his attention to other game, and left the destruction of the ursine race to more ardent spirits.

I had been in Trondhjem for two or three days, when great news was brought into the city. Bears had been committing havoc in the neighbourhood. They had descended from their caves on the Varsfjeld, and had slain some cows. Confirmatory reports poured in. Seven bears had slain fourteen cows and twenty-eight sheep. Now was the opportunity for which I had been longing. I hurried off in search of P——, who, to my surprise, received the news calmly, without evincing the least disposition to accompany me against the aggressive monsters. "You know," he explained, "I have seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and have come to the conclusion that bear-hunting in Norway is a thing to be avoided." "You don't believe these reports?" I asked. "I don't say that," replied P——, "but you must take them *cum grano*. There may have been a bear, or bears, seen yesterday, and they may have killed cows or sheep, but it is utterly impossible to say how many miles they are now from the spot where they were seen. But if you have a wish to go, go by all means. You may see a bear, and, if you don't, you will see some fine scenery, so your pains will not be altogether profitless. You shall take my man with you. He'll be useful as you don't speak Norsk, and he can carry your provisions and cook for you. Take him, with my blessing, but pray don't ask me to go with you." In spite of this earnest request I endeavoured again to induce P—— to accompany me, but my endeavour was useless.

Nissen, P——'s man, was sent for, and my intentions communicated to him. His countenance did not betray symptoms

of the most intense delight, when he learnt that he was to go bear-hunting with me; but he was a good servant, and raised no objection to my wishes.

I had no great preparations to make for my departure. A small pocket-comb sufficed for my personal luggage. The locks of my rifle and gun were examined and passed, some patches were cut and greased, and a few bullets cast for the smooth-bore; then the cartridges for the rifle were minutely inspected: two bottles of cognac, some biscuits, and a few tins of preserved meat, were next procured and put into the bag which contained the ammunition, and my preparations were complete.

According to the reports which had reached Trondhjem, the bears had been committing ravages at a place called Grokan, in Guldal. P—— was, however, of opinion that I should not proceed straight to Grokan, for, he argued, the bears could not remain for any time in so populous and civilised a district, but must take to the mountains again, and in all probability retreat in the direction of Klæbo, a small hamlet up the mountains. Moreover, the ascent of the Varsfjeld from Grokan would be difficult, but by going direct to Klæbo I should pass over a low ridge of the fjeld, and get round the mountains into the most likely country for bears, at a great saving of time and labour. Klæbo was, therefore, selected as my base of operations. I should start at once in order that I might reach it that night and be ready to go after the bears betimes the next morning.

I had purchased a *carriole* of my worthy host the landlord of the Britannia Hotel, but its fittings were not yet completed, so I procured a carriole and horse from a *skyds-skaffer* (post-master), whom P—— recommended as being the owner of good horses and traps. It is a curious-looking machine, this national carriage, but there is no vehicle better adapted to the difficulties of mountain roads, nor is there any more enjoyable mode of travelling than in carriole, when you are accustomed to its peculiar motion. It is a large-wheeled, spider-bodied vehicle, somewhat resembling the *carricola* of Italy. Its shafts are long and elastic, and serve instead of springs, the body, which is placed well forward, resting upon them by cross pieces. In driving, the legs are brought nearly to a horizontal position, so that there is no danger of being pitched out should one's horse come to grief down a steep hill. Not that the Norwegian ponies are addicted to making mistakes; you may look at hundreds of these hard-worked animals without discovering a broken knee. In sureness of foot they are, perhaps, unrivalled. The carriole is constructed to carry only one, but behind the driver's seat is a board upon which one's box or portmanteau can be strapped, and upon this the boy who accompanies the pony takes his seat. The strength of the carriole is wonderful. I have seen the wheel of one, coming down-hill at full speed, go clean over a large stone, nearly three feet high, by the side of the road. As the wheel rose in the air I held my breath, expecting to see the other wheel, upon which the whole weight of the carriole and its driver was thrown, shiver into pieces. My fear was groundless. The *tolk* who was driving appeared unconscious of what had happened. But then a kind Providence protects people in a certain condition.

I had an excellent proof of the strength of the carriole before I got out of Trondhjem. The street was up, and heaps of paving-stones seemed effectually to prevent my further progress. "What must we do now?" I asked of Nissen, who was clinging on behind. "Go straight on, sir," replied he. I doubted the

possibility of doing so, but followed his advice. The pony knew its work. It stepped carefully over the obstructions. The carriole groaned as it passed over paving-stones, sand-heaps, mattocks, wheelbarrows, and other obstacles, but it passed over all without coming to grief.

SCENERY—POSTING—HORSES—KLÆBO.

The scenery on the Christiania Road, which we followed for a Norwegian mile—about seven and a half English—was extremely lovely. Before us, towards the south, rose the fir-clad mountains of Guldal, and the frowning range of the Varsfjeld, the higher points of which were still covered with snow. Below us, to the east, extended the broad smiling valley of the Nid. In the background, bounded by lofty mountains, and stretching far out of sight, was the noble Trondhjem Fjord, its vast bosom dotted with craft of every description. At our feet, encircled by the troubled waters of the Nid, lay the old city, peacefully basking in the bright evening sunlight. On every side the evidences of prosperous industry were blended with wild scenery, the whole view, upon that clear June evening forming a picture to which no other land can offer a resemblance.

The fair inhabitants of the Trondhjem's Stift are justly celebrated for their good looks. We passed many of them jogging slowly from market to their homes in Guldal; plump, fair-haired maidens, with light blue eyes, for the most part with an ever-ready smile and a cordial "God dag" for the passing traveller. Very few of them were on foot, the use of horses being general amongst all classes of the people. The dress of these fair Norwegians was neat and simple, and in many cases picturesque. It is not near large towns, however, that the most striking costumes are to be seen. In some parts of the interior a different costume is to be found in almost every valley. The simple-minded mountain peasant is very proud of his holiday dress, and nothing delights him more than to don it at the request of a stranger.

A drive of about an hour and a half brought us to Heimdal, the first posting station out of Trondhjem. Here we were obliged to change carriole. Upon hearing that we were bound for Klæbo, the *Gjæst-giver*, or station-master, declared that all his carriages were out. As Heimdal was a slow station, we were at his mercy. Posting stations in Norway are of two classes—those which are fast and those which are not fast. The masters of the former keep horses in readiness for travellers, for which they are entitled to a small additional payment per mile. To ensure horses at stations which are not fast, it is necessary to send a Forbud—an *avant courier*—to order them three hours before the time for which they are required. Horses have frequently to be procured from farms distant seven or more English miles from the station. This is very hard upon the farmers, who are compelled by law to lend their horses for posting purposes, often at times when their service is of the greatest value to them at home. The absurdity and injustice of the Skydt's laws cannot fail to strike the attention of every English traveller in Norway. In many cases it is difficult to determine which is the worst treated—the station-master who, for the small sum of four skillings, *about twopence*, has to travel fourteen or sixteen miles, in all, to procure a horse for you; the farmer, who has to take his horse from the hay-cart, go seven or eight miles to the station, thence convey you nine or ten miles on your journey, and return sixteen or

eighteen miles home again, for the magnificent recompense of thirty skillings, a sum equal to *one shilling and threepence*; or the horse, which, after several hours' work in the hay-field, is compelled to undertake a journey of nearly forty miles. All one's pity would be for the horse, did he not thrive so well upon his constant toil. His endurance is amazing. His fare is of the scantiest, his work of the hardest, and yet he is never unwell, is always willing and docile, and will serve his master for more than thirty years. I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of the great superiority of the Norwegian horses in health and usefulness over others of European breed. What can be the secret of the equine longevity in Norway? Have we ever known a horse in England serve its owner well for forty years, as that one, the skeleton of which is to be seen in Bergen, is declared by the master of the cathedral school to have served him? Do we feed our horses too well, or work them too little? I trust that some philosopher will soon solve the question.

Nissen had to exert his powers of persuasion to the utmost before he could induce the *gjæst-giver* of Heimdal to find a conveyance for us. Eventually one was discovered; it was not the most comfortable of traps, being but a small springless manure-cart; however, it was far better to avail ourselves of that than to be detained at Heimdal for the three hours specified by law, before which we could not compel the man to furnish us with a carriage. Accordingly, a horse, which matched the cart admirably, having been rolling about in the cow-stall, was brought forth and harnessed. A board was thrown across the sides to serve as a seat; we seated ourselves upon this, and, quitting the Christiania Road, turned our faces eastward towards the Varsfjeld.

For some distance after leaving Heimdal our new road was tolerably good, but when the ascent began to get steep, a great change for the worse took place in it. Riding became an im-



THE VORINGFOSS.

Skydskarl to pilot the cart over the deep ruts which the melting of the snow had worn in the road. I had expected to meet an unhappy peasantry fleeing from their mountain homes before the invading bears. No such sight greeted my eyes, nor were any signs of terror to be observed in the faces of the few people we met. Some of these I caused Nissen to question upon the subject of the bears. They had heard that cattle had been killed by bears at a *sæter*, or cattle pasture, up the mountains, but they were unable to give me any positive information, and being in hurry to reach my destination, I did not waste much time upon the stolid rustics. As we toiled up the narrow pass the sky suddenly darkened, and a rain cloud discharged its contents upon us, wetting me to the skin in a few seconds, and considerably increasing the difficulty of the ascent. Luckily the bag which contained my ammunition was waterproof, so no harm was done.

Half an hour's walking brought us to the top of the pass, where the road improved. Mounting the cart, we jolted on again until we came to a track which diverged to the right. We followed this for some distance, until it became so bad that further progress in the cart was impossible; but we were now near Klæbo, so, paying the *skydskarl*, I dismissed him, and we pursued our journey on foot. Nissen had been to Klæbo before with P—, and consequently knew where accommodation was to be obtained. Leaving the ruts which marked the track, we struck across an enclosed cattle-run towards a few small wooden houses in the distance. Our advent was soon made known by the barking of two or three hungry-looking dogs, which were prowling about the houses, and some of the inhabitants turned out to see who was coming. I marvelled at the costume of the said inhabitants, until Nissen informed me that in all probability they had just quitted their beds. When I looked at my

watch I saw that, although the sun was shining, it was half-past ten o'clock. In the latitude of Trondhjem the nights are

so light in June that one has no difficulty in reading small print at midnight. Four degrees further north the sun is visible at midnight for more than a month in the year.

We marched up to one of the small houses, the outer door of which stood open, and Nissen entered to parley with the inmates. In a few minutes he returned with an invitation to me to step inside. I followed him into the chief apartment—the house boasted two rooms—where an industrious old woman was busily engaged in spinning. Upon my entrance she addressed a few words of welcome to me, and, putting away her wheel, offered me the stool upon which she had been sitting. Various snores proclaimed that she was not the only

of the eighteenth century a son of Jeus married a daughter of Nils. This cupboard contained the plate, crockery, and other valuable property of the family. The walls were adorned with a few highly-coloured religious prints. To my great grief I have lost a copy which I made of one of these; it was entitled “De to Vejer” (the two ways). Upon one side of the picture was St. Peter, welcoming with bland smile a troop of good little children and sour-visaged adults, whom a jovial Lutheran clergyman, in full canonicals, had conducted to the gate of paradise; upon the other side, a crowd of those who had long ceased to be good little children, headed by the preachers of every religion not Lutheran, were rushing blindly into the



NORWEGIAN PEASANTS.

occupant of the room. Two small boys were slumbering upon a high-backed bench, placed along the wall, and in a corner of the room two other beings, whose sex and condition it was utterly impossible to guess, were sleeping under a pile of sheepskins. The general appearance of the apartment was of a most primitive character. The room was low, with rafters blackened by the smoke of ages, upon which were piled planks, tools, baskets, ropes, and a variety of other articles of industry. An old gun and a still older musket, hanging from one of the beams, showed that some member of the family was addicted to the pursuit of game. Beneath the one window stood a small table of unpolished pine. A few rough stools and two long, high-backed, box-shaped benches, one of which was occupied by the boys, served in lieu of chairs and sofas. Against the wall stood a large painted cupboard, the panels of which were covered with curious specimens of native artistic skill, and an inscription recording the fact that at some period

mouth of a huge serpent. Flames issued from the mouth of the snake, and Satan, armed with red-hot trident, stood by it to expedite the entrance of those who would fain have lingered ere taking the final leap. It was indeed an awful picture, and the loss of my copy concerns me deeply. Another mural decoration was the family looking-glass, about six inches square, hanging against the wall at an angle that rendered it perfectly useless. A large weaving machine, upon which was a heap of well-carded wool, stood in the centre of the room. Near the door, seeming able to defy the worst malice of the cruel northern winter, a huge iron stove had been erected upon a foundation of stone. This completed the furniture of the apartment.

Whilst I was inspecting my new quarters, Nissen was bestirring himself to procure something for my supper without dipping into our own slender stock of provisions. Alas! according to the old woman, there was nothing in the place,

for the husband had gone to town that very afternoon, taking with him all their produce for market. One egg, a few ounces of butter, and some *flad-brød*, a species of oatmeal cake, represented all their resources. By this time the two beings, who proved to be two young women, were roused from their lair in the corner. Having retired to rest in most of their clothes, they had no diffidence in getting up in the presence of strangers. Learning the cause of the goodwife's lamentation, one of them suggested that the Englishman should try some *gröd* for supper. I had often heard of this celebrated Norwegian porridge, and, therefore, in spite of the old woman's fear that I could not eat it, I decided upon supping off the national dish. The household were now wide-awake; one went for milk, another lighted a fire upon an open hearth in the other room, which proved to be the kitchen of the establishment; the third brought forth and cleaned the three-legged porridge-pot, the fourth produced the butter and meal. The old woman acted as general superintendent, issuing her commands in a voice that proved she was not to be trifled with, and at the same time conversing with Nissen upon the cause of my coming to Klæbo. From her, at last, we learnt the truth of the reports which had caused me so much excitement. One bear, not seven bears, had been lately seen in the neighbourhood by several persons. It had killed a calf at a *sæter* within half a Norwegian mile of Klæbo, and was reported to have killed a cow somewhere over by Grokan. The old woman was pretty sure that there was not more than one bear, for she had seen the man whose calf had been killed, and had learnt the particulars from him. He feared that this bear might pay his *sæter* another visit, and had, therefore, been round to the neighbours and organised a grand *klap-jagt* for the next day. I had come in the nick of time, and could join the *jagt*, which was to start from the *sæter* where the calf had been slain, at six o'clock the next morning. Nissen explained a *klap-jagt* to me. It is a great hunt, in which a whole neighbourhood joins when a bear threatens the safety of its flocks and herds. Nissen did not think that it was often successful in achieving the destruction of the animal against which it was organised, but it invariably succeeded in frightening all bears away from the district in which it took place, for a time. Doubtless we should have had a much better chance of falling in with the bear had we been alone; but there was no help for it now. It would be useless for me to hunt the district after the *klap-jagt* had been over it. I must go with the others and trust to my luck for coming upon the game. One cheering reflection was the thought that my chance in the hunt would be as good as anybody else's. I could not, however, help feeling grievously disappointed to learn the exaggerated character of the reports which had reached Trondhjem. The same animal had doubtless been seen by many people, and their different accounts had given rise to the rumour that many bears were about. It was still more provoking to think that my chance of killing this one *bonâ fide* bear was to be shared by fifty or a hundred others. But I did not indulge in dispiriting thoughts for long, for I was *calidus juvenis*, this was my first bear hunt, and the more I thought the matter over, the more certain I felt that I was destined to avenge the murder of the calf.

Meanwhile the *gröd* had been prepared for me, and placed steaming upon the little pine table. My worthy hostess, whose wrinkled face shone like a Hottentot's, from the heat of the fire over which she had stooped to give the finishing stir to the

porridge, begged me to be so polite as to partake of it, a request which I was extremely happy to comply with. There are few better dishes for a hungry man than a bowl of well-made *gröd*, with a lump of good butter in it, as I soon found out; but its concomitant, the *flad-brød*! the less said about that very flat bread the better. Some one has likened it unto the bottom of a hat-box from which the leather has been stripped off—no bad simile for *flad-brød* in general. I have tasted the delicacy in all parts of Norway. Occasionally—here let Finmark be mentioned most honourably—I have come across some which was really good; at times I have eaten a variety the principal ingredient of which was birch bark; but, whatever the goodness or badness of other *flad-brød* might be, in eating it I could never divest my mind of the sad reminiscences connected with my first experiment on it at Klæbo.

Supper over, and its digestion facilitated by a dram, and a pipe of bird's-eye, I ventured to inquire about the sleeping arrangements. It was with considerable hesitation that I put the question, for the only thing in the place at all resembling a bed was the pile of sheepskins which the young women had quitted. The two high-backed benches, however, proved to be beds of an ingenious construction. The sides were drawn out, and the backs lowered across them; upon these mattresses and bolsters were laid, and some sheepskins spread to answer the purposes of sheets and blankets. I divested myself of my coat, gaiters, and boots, and tumbled in. I think that the old woman expected Nissen and me to sleep together, for I heard her voice upraised in indignant remonstrance when he took possession of the other bed. Poor old soul! I wondered where she and the boys could sleep; but refreshing repose soon put an end to my speculations upon that point.

The sun shining full upon my face roused me from my slumbers at four o'clock the next morning. The family were up and breakfasting, seated round a large wooden bowl of *so-ir* milk, the contents of which were rapidly disappearing beneath their united attacks. Nissen was boiling some eggs, and preparing a basin of coffee for me. It did not take me long to make my toilet that morning, although, in the opinion of the family, I wasted my time sadly by going out of doors to wash at the spring, no lavatorial requisites being procurable in-doors. I was suffering from the effects of my indulgence in *flad-brød* the previous night, and could do but scant justice to the repast with which Nissen's skill had provided me. To my surprise I found that the coffee, which had been obtained from our hostess, was first-rate. All over Norway coffee of excellent quality is to be found, but it is necessary to prepare it oneself, if one has no servant to make it, for the thrifty housewives are in the habit of eking it out with strange substances. In the far north ground beans are used in the proportion of three of beans to one of coffee; in the southern *Stifts*, corn of various kinds is used as a substitute for chicory. As I was engaged upon my breakfast, two *bønder* (peasant farmers) dropped in on their way to the meet, and hearing that I proposed to join in the *klap-jagt*, offered to wait for me and show me the way, a kindness which I rewarded with a dram.

Whilst Nissen was taking his breakfast I loaded the gun very carefully, and filled my spirit-flask. It was thought that we should return to Klæbo that night, so we decided upon leaving the bag there, and, following the advice of one of the *bønder*, I likewise left my waistcoat, which was rather thick, in the old

woman's charge. The provident Nissen made a small parcel of some biscuits and the eggs which I had not eaten at breakfast for me, and some fladbrød for himself, and when we had pocketed this, we started off. A path led from Klæbo towards the mountains; we followed it until it lost itself in the thick wood which covered the base of the Varsfjeld. I think that we were rather late for the rendezvous, for our guides hurried on as fast as they could, in as straight a line as possible, now clambering on hands and knees up steep rocky banks, now wading over marshes, the shaking surface of which threatened to engulf us. No rest; no delay; higher and higher we climbed. It was splendid exercise, but I had cause to envy the condition of our guides before; after an hour's hard walking we reached the sæter.

About twenty men and lads were assembled at the sæter when we arrived. News travels fast in Norway; my visit to Klæbo was known to all of them. They welcomed me very cordially, and proceeded to look me over, and interrogate Nissen about me. The lightness of my rifle caused considerable astonishment. From the fond glances with which they regarded their own weapons, I fancy that they rather despised the skill of English gunmakers. But what a collection of arms they had! Some carried old muskets which must have been handed down from father to son from the days of matchlocks; others had rifles of home manufacture, the barrels of which were hooped to the most primitive of stocks by thin iron bands, and in one instance by string. But the gem of the collection was the most modern; it was a Kongsberg rifle, one of the earliest of military breechloading weapons—an excellent weapon its owner declared it to be, save for a few peculiarities. I learnt afterwards what its few peculiarities were. The breech had a great objection to opening, and a still greater objection to closing, when open; it required no ordinary skill to get the cartridge in, and, when it was in, you might wager ten to one against your being able to explode it; still, when it *did* go off, it went off well, as its owner proudly boasted, with a tremendous report, for which reason it was invaluable in a klap-jagt, the object of which is to scare away the bears it cannot kill.

A quarter of an hour or so after my arrival at the sæter, the signal for a start was given by an old fellow who had been invested with the supreme command of our forces. Evidently the bear was not suspected of being near the sæter then, for our party advanced in no sort of order, and with a noise which might have been heard half a mile off. It did one's heart good to see my companions as they strode gaily along. A fine, big-shouldered set of young fellows they were for the most part, with cheeks ruddy and weather-beaten, and eyes sparkling with excitement. Everybody seemed to be in the best of spirits, and to entertain no doubt that that day would witness Bruin's death. Very few of our party though had ever had the luck to see a bear, as I learnt from their conversation, which the indefatigable Nissen translated to me as we went along, but all of them were longing to meet one, and to cover themselves with glory at the expense of the ursine foe. They brandished their ancient weapons, and chattered away in a manner which forcibly recalled to my mind Mr. Shandy's celebrated discourse on the use of the auxiliary verbs—"Have you ever seen a bear? Shall I ever see a bear? Have your relations ever seen a bear? If not alive, have you ever seen one stuffed or painted? Is the bear wild or tame, gentle or terrible? How should we behave if we saw a bear? How would the bear behave? Oh, that I might see a bear!"

A march of forty minutes brought us to one of the narrow thickly-wooded valleys common to Norway, through which ran a little stream. The foremost of our party suddenly halted by the stream, and betook themselves to a close examination of the bank. The bear's spoor were plainly visible upon the moss which covered the rocks, and a careful scrutiny of them proved these tracks to be fresh. Order was now commanded, and plans of action arranged. The eastern side of the valley ran up into a shrub-covered summit, straight towards which the tracks seemed to lead. We were divided into three parties, one of which was to make a *détour* round the height to the right, another was to skirt the height to the left, and the third was to follow up the tracks. It fell to my lot to have to accompany the second detachment.

Having received the necessary directions from our leader, we proceeded down the stream for some way, and then commenced the ascent of the valley side. We moved forward in line very cautiously now, keeping a sharp look-out for the tracks of the bear, and peering anxiously into every bush and behind every rock which might serve Bruin as a hiding place. It was exciting work for most of us, for we might come upon the bear at any moment, or learn, from the crack of a distant rifle, that our chance of distinguishing ourselves was destroyed for that day. Our way was far from being easy, but we toiled up the rocky side of the mountain at a good pace, fearing that we might be anticipated in killing the bear by the others. We had passed over the crest of the ridge without having come upon any tracks, and hoped, therefore, that we were gradually encircling our enemy. How pleasant that hope was! Soon the pace at which we were moving began to tell its sad tale. The height which we were skirting seemed to be of far greater extent than we had supposed. We must have gone considerably more than half way round it, but as yet could see nothing of the two other parties. Could they have fallen in with and slain the bear? That thought made us hurry on faster. At last we viewed one of the other men sitting upon a conspicuous rock, calmly smoking. He was awaiting our coming; the others had had an easy time of it, for the bear, when about half way up the side of the valley, had turned off suddenly to the right. What a confounded nuisance! We, unlucky wretches, had been toiling like slaves to no purpose. But repining could do no good; the day was still early; we had still a chance. Our directions were to follow the tracks up; the other parties had gone on to "prospect" to right and left. After a few minutes' rest we started again down the side of the valley. Owing to the rocky nature of the ground, we had some difficulty in striking off the tracks, but eventually we got upon them, and followed them up as fast as we could. The walking was made easier now, and at times, when the ground was hard, we had a check, for which I felt uncommonly thankful. The bear had, however, travelled very straight along the mountain-side, so we had not much difficulty in taking the tracks up again when they passed over softer ground.

We found the others waiting for us at the top of the valley. They had been unsuccessful in tracking the course which the bear had taken after quitting the cover, the ground upon the open fjeld being very unfavourable. It was evident, from the signs plainly visible for some distance, that the bear must have quitted the valley; nor could the most careful search discover any back tracks. Doubtless he had passed over the open fjeld to one of the numerous valleys in the neighbourhood, which

would afford him good cover. We must make for the most likely of these valleys; but first of all we must recruit our energies. The prudent Norwegians had brought provisions with them; huge lumps of brown bread and little pots of cheese and butter. I blessed Nissen for his foresight in bringing the eggs and biscuits—a thousand pities that he had not brought more—for I speedily finished the supply. Having washed them down with brandy and water, I lighted my pipe. Surely pipe never tasted so good before! But I was not

But my companions did not pause for long to admire a scene with which they were doubtless familiar. After a brief consultation we again divided into three parties, and proceeded to search for the lost tracks. Nissen and I were deputed to examine a large valley which ran in the direction of Guldal. The two other parties started off for valleys on the Sælbo side of the fjeld, and we saw no more of them.

It would be monotonous to describe all the details of our search in quest of the wily beast we were pursuing. We saw



VIEW ON THE TRONDHJEM FIORD.

destined to smoke it out, for in a few minutes my companions had finished their frugal repast, and were girding up their loins for a fresh start. With a sigh of interrupted enjoyment I put my faithful pipe away, and prepared to resume the hunt.

The view from the open fjeld would have amply repaid me for the toil which it cost me to get there. We were high up the mountain now, upon one of the highest points of the fjeld. Around us lay great patches of snow not yet melted by the summer sun, and on every side extended a glorious view. The lofty, snow-capped range of the far-distant Dovre Fjeld was clearly visible towards the south. Nearer to us, the country presented a series of lesser mountains, rising one behind the other, some covered with forest, others bleak and bare. Lakes and streams, and the far-winding Trondhjem Fiord gleamed in the distance like sheets of burnished silver.

many tracks of bears that day; and, although they were not fresh, these served to re-animate our drooping spirits. For hours we toiled on. It was, as even the others confessed, fearfully fatiguing work to clamber up and down the rocky hills. At times I fancied that I could not hold out for another quarter of an hour, but the disgrace of having to give in was, happily, spared me. I had just gained the crest of a difficult ridge, over which we had to pass, and was sitting down to rest my aching shins, when bang went a rifle a few hundred yards on the left. "The bear at last!" I thought, as I sprang up, forgetting my fatigue, and cocked my rifle, in the fond hope that he might come dashing by me. I paused for a few seconds; then, hearing nothing, off I rushed in the direction of the shot. I soon reached the place, and saw that the man who had fired was the owner of the wonderful breechloader,

but I looked in vain for a bear weltering in his gore. Presently Nissen and the others came up, and then I learnt that the rifle, indulging in one of the freaks for which it was so celebrated, had gone off of its own accord. Luckily nobody was in the way. From the faces of my companions I could see that they were as disgusted as myself at the false alarm. They all cursed the cause of it most bitterly. The wretched man vainly endeavoured to conciliate them, calling upon those who knew him and his rifle best to testify to the fact that

generally the fault of his weapon was that it would not go off at all. This apology failed to appease their righteous wrath, and a resolution was unanimously carried, that he had spoiled all our chance of finding the bear, just as we were getting on so well. In my heart, though, I believe that all were rather glad to have a decent excuse for abandoning what now seemed to be a hopeless hunt. What was to be done? After some discussion it was decided that, as the day was waning, we should relinquish our search, and return to our different quarters.



FARM IN BRAZIL.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—V.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFE, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE grandest expedition from Petropolis is, without doubt, the ride across the mountains to Theresopolis, which is a very hard day's work for a hot climate. It requires two or three days' absence, and involves the hiring of mules or horses, in company with a competent guide. The best plan is to send the animals forward to Correa on the evening before, and take the morning coach next day to meet them. Armed with a certain amount of creature comforts and a few necessities packed in a saddle-bag, the little cavalcade starts at about eight in the morning, along the line of the old Minas Road, which is unfortunately no longer enlivened with countless mules laden with the treasures of the interior, and showing their consciousness of power by indulging in all kinds of vagaries and eccentricities by the way. The railway has *changé tout cela*. But it has not affected the sublime scenery as we rise over mountain

passes and cross rippling streams, whose banks support *Daturas* with snowy trumpet-flowers more than a foot in length, and where, while your thirsty horse takes his fill, you can touch great plants of *Abutilon striatum* covered with delicate pendulous bells, or gather a bunch of scarlet passion-flower as it twines round a green bamboo. Only once on that day did I execrate that monarch of the grasses, the bamboo. My horse chose to come down with me on a steep and slippery and very narrow path, so contrived on the hill-side that it was impossible to remount him till we got to the top. Presently the narrow path was with difficulty preserved through a complete jungle of small bamboos on each side, which kept off every particle of air; and, as it was the hottest part of a hot day, I was nearly suffocated in the course of pulling the animal up by sheer force, as he insisted on stopping to eat

the young shoots of the bamboo. We got up at last, however, though rather exhausted, and the view was quite calculated to make one forget any small inconveniences in the attaining to it. So we rested, and were very thankful. Recent wet weather had made the path very bad on the other side; but, after many ups and downs, as the afternoon drew on, we reached a point which showed us the higher summits of the Organ Mountains, glorified in a hazy mantle of purple and gold. No painting can give any idea of such a scene: we were almost breathless with admiration as we moved down the last hill to Theresopolis. Here is a rough but habitable inn, from near which is taken the large illustration on page 277 of this volume. It gives an accurate view of the most remarkable summits of the group. The steepest, on the left, is commonly called the Finger Mountain, from its extraordinary form. Further to the right is the Cabeça de Frayde, or Friar's Head, so called from its resemblance to a stooping figure, of which the head is represented by a huge and apparently detached rock on the summit. Such forms as these are, of course, inaccessible to the boldest of our Alpine friends; but some years ago Dr. Gardner succeeded, by dint of severe labour, in penetrating the forest, and reaching a summit which he found, by the boiling-water experiment, to be about 7,800 feet above the level of the sea.

After staying some days at Theresopolis with some very hospitable friends, and enjoying riding parties in the neighbourhood, I returned to Petropolis by the same route over the mountains. It is, however, a far better plan to do as one of my friends did, and descend at once to the country near the Bay of Rio. The road commands magnificent views of sea and land, and decent sleeping-quarters are to be found at the bottom. The third gives a very interesting ride through the luxuriant vegetation at the base of the Serra, and it is easy to reach the Marã railway-station in time to ride up to Petropolis by the coach, and let the horses be sent afterwards.

FAREWELL TO PETROPOLIS.

When the time came for leaving Petropolis, I looked very dismally at the prospect of packing up and clearing out of the room which had so long been my comfortable home. It was like having a favourite tooth pulled out. The only consolation was that we were going to the *terra incognita* of Palmeiras, which was described to us as a lovely place, on the line of the Pedro Segundo Railway, where we should have the advantage of improving our acquaintance with Dr. Gunning, a Scotch physician, who has built himself a residence there and founded a sort of colony of his own. For this purpose we were to go by the great road of the Union and Industry Company to Entrerios, about fifty miles from Petropolis, sleep there a night, and then go on by the train. The coach starts at six every morning for Entrerios and Juiz da Fora, but this was a very inconvenient hour for us, as we were a large party in all with a very considerable amount of baggage. The thoughtful kindness of Mr. Morritt was equal to the occasion. He remembered that they had a capital omnibus stowed away somewhere, and he arranged that we should have this useful vehicle all to ourselves, and so be able to start at any time we pleased, with ourselves and our goods. The relays of mules were ordered all along the road for us; and after rather a sorrowful parting with the little establishment at Macdowall's, we started one fine morning in July with a capital team of

four, in charge of the same German coachman who had driven me over the same road ten years previously. We rattled merrily over the beautiful road, and waved farewell to the shining peak of Itamarity, the vast precipices of the Retiro Mountains, and the grand old fig-tree at Correa, which is perishing so fast that I fear I shall see but little of it, even if I am happy enough ever to revisit the spot. Another long stage took us to Pedro de Rio, where we had a passing glimpse of the fat Frenchwoman who had entertained us on the occasion of our shooting party, and who still had the usual group of pigs and poultry in attendance at her hospitable door. Soon afterwards the German drove a particularly lively team of mules over a short stage of six miles in *twenty minutes*. This was in the middle of the day, but the plucky little beasts did not seem in the least distressed; and the whole distance to Entrerios was done in less than four hours and a half.

The further we travelled on this road the more predominant appeared to be the coffee plantations. Far and wide the hills had been cleared of splendid forests, many of which I had seen but a few years before; and in some of the youngest plantations the gaps between the infant shrubs were planted with maize, so as to get some immediate return from the land; a false economy, probably, because the coffee would be all the better for having the ground to itself. The full-grown plants look very much like trimmed Portugal laurels, but are seldom allowed to grow more than about twelve feet in height, so as not to get out of reach of the pickers. In the province of Rio de Janeiro they are generally cut down every fifteen years. When covered with their pure white star-shaped blossoms and laden with perfume, they are for a short time most charming to the senses of sight and smell, but during most of the year there is nothing at all attractive about them. There are three pickings of the fruit every year, and a negro is supposed to gather an *arroba*, or thirty-two pounds, in a day's work. I have before alluded to the enormous production of this article in Brazil, the exports of it from the capital alone amounting to about 250,000,000 pounds in the last year; but Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher, in their work called "Brazil and the Brazilians," have given some curious statistics about the rise and progress of coffee-consumption, which are worth referring to. It appears that the coffee-tree is not, as generally supposed, a native of Arabia, but it comes from Abyssinia, and particularly from that district of it called Kaffa, whence its name. It was not taken to Arabia till the fifteenth century, and was then cultivated with great success in Yemen, and exported from Mocha. The earliest notice of it in France was in 1643; and it first became fashionable under Louis XIV. In the year 1699, plants were cultivated successfully in Java by the Dutch, and one was established in the Amsterdam Gardens, whence Louis XIV. contrived to grow a plant in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. In 1720, three plants were sent from Paris to Martinique, in charge of Captain Declieux: the voyage was long, and the vessel short of water; two of the plants died, but Captain Declieux shared his ration of water with the remaining one, which he thus succeeded in introducing to the West Indies; and that plant is said to be the ancestor of all the coffee plantations in America. The same authority states that the honour of planting the first coffee-tree in Brazil belongs to the Franciscan friar Villaso, who, in 1754, placed one in the garden of the Convent of San Antonio, in Rio de Janeiro. Exactly a hundred years later, in addition to the enormous consumption

in the country, Brazil exported more than 500,000,000 pounds.

As we approached Entrerios, I rejoiced to see that some magnificent forest scenery was still left to charm the eye of the "uncommercial traveller." An immense quantity of a very delicate species of bamboo made waving clusters of brilliant green among the masses of large timber trees; and many of the latter were, besides the usual amount of ferns and orchids, decorated with gigantic climbing *Arums*, carrying their shield-like leaves of five and six feet long far upward towards the spreading branches. About a mile from Entrerios the broad river Parahiba is crossed by a fine iron bridge, sent out from England, and the last part of the road is shaded by an avenue of immense clusters of bamboos, which wave their green and elegant festoons far above the head of the dusty wayfarer. Thus far the road declines more or less all the way from Petropolis; but from Entrerios and the Parahiba, the country rises again gradually to Juiz da Fora, the terminus of the great road, of which Entrerios is the centre. On the present occasion we did not travel over this second half of the road, but I had done so before, and can safely say that no one ought to go to Brazil without seeing the whole of it, and staying a few days at Juiz da Fora for the purpose of seeing the beautiful residence and fazenda of the great man of the province, the president of the Industry Company, Senhor Mariano Lage. To his activity and intelligence the success of this great enterprise is in the first place due, and before beginning his work he travelled in Europe and America, to learn the latest improvements. He has since built himself a delightful villa, with grounds, in which art has been lavishly used to assist the luxuriant hand of nature, and artificial springs are overhung with the choicest orchids and parasites of the country. The road is kept in perfect order throughout the whole way, the stations are neat and clean buildings, somewhat in the fashion of Swiss chalets, and the terminus hotel at Juiz da Fora is an excellent establishment, now kept by George Beresford, a most praiseworthy and intelligent Englishman, who, till last year, was Macdowall's head waiter and factotum at Petropolis. Here is the focus to which all the mineral and vegetable treasures of Minas Geraes gravitate, to be transported by road to Entrerios, and thence transferred by railway to Rio de Janeiro for distribution through the whole world.

ENTRERIOS.

A little while before our departure, Mr. Morritt had invited me to go with him to Entrerios, to meet Captain Carpenter, of H.B.M.'s training ship *Bristol*, with some of his officers and a large party of youngsters whom they were treating to a cruise on shore. It was amusing to see how sorely the gravity of the serious Brazilians was tried as these lively young Britishers emerged from the train and rushed to the coaches waiting to convey them, hauling one another down, and carrying the most desirable seats by the process of boarding. Then came an animated struggle for which coach should have the only discoverable horn, and the winners performed unearthly blasts upon it all the way to Petropolis. They jumped down to hunt pigs and poultry by the roadside; they even contrived to put one of the pigs inside, and carried him some miles, when they dropped him to find his way back by himself. It was a day of skylarking, and I thought I could perceive a quiet native thinking to himself, "If these are the eccentricities

of youth, no wonder these Englishmen become so mad as they grow older." The excursion was a great treat, and it gave me the opportunity of making a reconnaissance of the Entrerios hotel and its means of accommodating our own party for a night. The result was tolerably satisfactory, and when we arrived with our omnibus we found the hosts ready to do their best for us in their not very elegant rooms. They are two brothers, rejoicing in the Christian names of Sergius and Seraphin, and were assisted by a French cook, who proved himself an invaluable member of the establishment, which, with this exception, consisted of the blackest of blacks. With his aid as a fluent interpreter we were at length settled down while he went to prepare for the unusual ceremony of a late dinner. Considering his limited materials, M. Simond distinguished himself; and, when ultimately we turned into not very luxurious beds, we slept a peaceful sleep, which was only interrupted by the nocturnal scream of a railway engine, which jarred strangely on my feelings, as I reflected that I was in the uplands of Brazil. The next morning, with brilliant weather, we got up early and started for a scramble among the woods, which was to last till the usual breakfast-time, about ten o'clock or half past. We followed yesterday's road back under the bamboo avenue nearly to the bank of the Parahiba, where, close to the side of the road, we found by far the best plants we had yet, or I may say, ever since, seen of that charming fern, the *Gymnogramma tomentosa*. It was in absolute perfection of freshness and beauty in the cool shade of overhanging trees. Then we took advantage of a forest path rising rapidly to the left, and found ourselves again among *Guavas* and some curious *Mimosas*, now out of flower, but covered with enormous woolly seed-pods, about three times the size of broad beans. The path soon led us into the dense shades of the virgin forest, among which we forced our way through the usual array of large dead trees and huge living ones, connected together by every variety of creepers, climbers, trailers, twisters, and rope-plants. The ground mainly consisted of excessively steep slopes, and after pushing down one of these, we found it very hard and hot work to pull ourselves up again amongst a decaying vegetation that was peculiarly irritating to the legs and feet. Moreover, we had to keep a good look-out, and carefully observe every remarkable tree or plant that we passed, so as to be sure of getting back to the spot from which we had started. I should be sorry to lose my way entirely among jungles and forests, where the chances are very much against a successful exit without an incredible amount of labour and exhaustion. We soon found the vasculums filling with new and choice species of ferns; but the discovery of the day was undoubtedly that of the *Adiantum lunulatum*, by my companion. Of this exquisite fern we never elsewhere found a single specimen; and even here it was excessively rare, in a little space of a few yards. It runs along near the ground, rooting itself again from the end of the rachis at intervals of from six inches to a foot. As I was helping him to look for more of it, my foot disturbed some dead leaves and sticks, and in the half-darkness of the forest I thought I saw a pair of very brilliant eyes looking at me from the ground. Stooping down, I found myself in possession of a magnificent moth, just hatched, and too torpid to resist capture. Each of its large brown wings was ornamented with a circular spot of intense blue, and the effect was exactly that of wondrous eyes glaring out of semi-obscurity.

We tore ourselves very reluctantly from this prolific forest, and got back to Sergius and Seraphin a good deal later than we intended. Breakfast was hardly over when we had to prepare for departure by the train, which was due soon after noon. Matters are so arranged that the coach from Petropolis meets the returning one from Juiz da Fora at the station of Entre-rios, where the passengers of both conveyances have an opportunity of eating stewed chickens and black beans in company; just after their arrival a train comes in from each end of the railway; and the place, which at twelve o'clock is as tranquil as Grosvenor Square in September, becomes in a quarter of an hour later a scene of the wildest confusion. In all my experience of foreign travelling, I never passed such a *mauvais quart d'heure* as that which preceded the departure of our train. The natives have no idea of luggage. A small tin box which preserves things from rain and ants is the usual total of incum-

brance carried by passengers in Brazil; and as some exceedingly slow and stupid negroes crawled along with our goods, I thought we should never get them all to the platform. Meanwhile I had to get tickets for the party and the baggage, and as each fresh article appeared on the scene some fresh demand was made for it. Each instant seemed to bring up some fresh difficulty. The heat was intense; and the guard, flourishing his watch, declared he could wait no longer. How that last portmanteau was dashed into the train I am sure I hardly know: I dashed in after it myself, completely done for the moment, and to my intense delight the huge engine dragged us out of the Entrerios station. No doubt I have no right to seem out of temper at the reminiscence; the Brazilians did what they could: we had only ourselves to blame for being a rather large party, and having the requirements for six months to carry about with us.

The Finding of Dr. Livingstone.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE public interest in the greatest of all African travellers has reached a climax in the excitement aroused by the return of Mr. Stanley, the adventurous American, who, dispatched privately by the proprietor of the *New York Herald* for the discovery of the missing explorer, has brought an account of his successful journey, with all the stirring incidents attending his meeting with him in the heart of the African continent. Many circumstances have combined to heighten the interest thus created. Among these may be mentioned the simultaneous collapse of the richly-equipped English expedition, sent out by public subscription on the same errand, the state of destitution and emaciation in which the stout-hearted hero-traveller was found, the thrilling narrative of his labours and sufferings, and the brilliant discoveries of lakes, rivers, and unknown tribes of men, published in Livingstone's own letters and despatches, brought safely home by the courageous American; and, lastly, the genuine enthusiasm in his work displayed by Mr. Stanley himself.

Readers of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS have been kept informed from time to time of the principal incidents of the great exploration on which Dr. Livingstone has been for so many years engaged; but the accounts of his progress have reached England at such long intervals, and have lately been mixed up with so much misrepresentation, that a brief recapitulation may be found useful in this place.

Livingstone's present expedition originated in a suggestion made to him in the spring of 1865, by his devoted friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, to undertake another journey, for the "Exploration of the Watershed of Inner Southern Africa." The great traveller was then for the moment an idle man. He had just completed writing his book on the "Zambesi Expedition," which had terminated the year before, and gladly welcomed an opportunity for resuming active work. It is necessary to observe, however, that a purely geographical

expedition was contrary to Livingstone's tastes. His published letters about this time show that his heart was in Africa, less on account of the new discoveries to be made, than from the hopes he entertained of being still able to further his great object of the amelioration of the condition of the native tribes. This explains why his communications have been always so incomplete on the subject of his geographical discoveries, and why his zeal is always more manifest when he discourses on the wrongs of the Africans and the iniquities of the slave-traders. On this account, probably, he did not ask for an exclusive commission in the service of the Royal Geographical Society, but addressed himself equally to the Government, both of which authorities subscribed £500 towards the cost of his undertaking, the remainder of the funds for the heavy expenses of the expedition being obtained by subscriptions in Bombay, or provided out of his own private means.

Sir Roderick's suggestion about the watershed had at that time a great geographical meaning. Speke and Grant's discovery of Victoria Nyanza was not accepted by competent critics as a final settlement of the sources of the Nile. There were three other great central lakes whose limits were unknown, and some geographers thought it possible that the more northerly, *i.e.*, Tanganyika, and *Luta N'zige* (since named by Baker, Albert Nyanza) were also connected with the Nile, bringing the sources of the still mysterious river much farther to the southward; whilst others believed, on the contrary, that Tanganyika and the southern lake, Nyassa, were connected, and that the former lake was therefore not within the Nile Basin. Sir Roderick believed that Livingstone was the man to solve this complicated problem, and that in doing so he would reach his *acme* of glory as a discoverer.

Livingstone left London quietly in August, 1865; spent the winter in Bombay, where his friend, Sir Bartle Frere, was



NATIVES OF THE ROVUMA.

then Governor, and where much aid was obtained for his expedition; proceeded to Zanzibar in February, 1866, and entered the mainland of Africa, further south, at Mikindany Bay, in April of the same year.

His expedition was on a large scale; but he himself was the only white man in it. He had a body of Indian sepoy guards, a gang of Comoro islanders as porters, and troops of buffaloes, camels, and asses, as beasts of burden. His course was along the northern bank of the Rovuma River, which he described as encumbered with dense jungle, through which a path had to be cut for his caravan by hired gangs of negroes. From Ngomano, at the confluence of a tributary river with the Rovuma, he wrote home in May, 1866, and from this date, for about two years, he was lost to the outer world, buried in the vast interior of the most impracticable of continents.

During this interval he found himself compelled to dismiss his Sepoy guards, who had proved themselves worse than useless, and who, after they left him, slowly made their way back to Zanzibar. Afterwards, his Comoro islanders (the notorious Johanna men) laid down their loads and deserted him in the most cowardly manner; taking to Zanzibar that circumstantial and lying account of his murder by the *Mazitu*, which caused so much commotion afterwards in England. This desertion happened a little to the west of the southern extremity of Lake Nyassa; for Livingstone had, for some reason not yet fully explained, abandoned what was supposed to be his original plan of marching for the northern end of this lake (if end there be, in the latitude marked on our maps), and had directed his course straight for the eastern shore of Nyassa, where, finding no vessel to take him across, he had resolved to strike southwards, and double its lower end.

These wholesale desertions, to which was afterwards added that of one of a party of young Christianised negroes, who were his most faithful attendants, did not retard his progress. He had now reached a part of the African interior which the slave-trader—whether Portuguese from the Zambesi, or Arab from Zanzibar or Quiloa—had never reached. The negro tribes were trustful and hospitable. He had reached the western border of the Nyassa basin, and a steep ascent was before him, leading to the lofty uplands, where he hoped to find the watershed he was in search of. Numbers of willing porters, including the stalwart wives of a negro chief, shouldered his baggage, and conveyed it some stages up the declivity, and he soon found himself in a region, the like of which was never dreamt of in the interior of tropical Africa. For many days he trudged over a cool and humid table-land, where the forest-trees were clothed in drooping mosses, and the damp ground bore crops of mushrooms, which helped the daily sustenance of his party. This broad upland he described as lying at an elevation of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea-level, and between the parallels of 10° and 12° south latitude. It had been crossed by two Portuguese expeditions, one thirty-five years previously, and the other at the end of the last century; but these had brought back only vague accounts of its elevation and general character. It formed the commencement of that extensive stretch of well-watered and fertile country which Livingstone has discovered on his present expedition, and which has opened the eyes of the wondering world as to the true physical character of the African interior.

On the northern slope of the table-land Livingstone fell in

with numerous streams, flowing generally towards the north-west. He descended to a lower elevation, and was next heard of from the native town of Bemba, whence he wrote in February, 1867, dispatching his letters to Zanzibar by the hands of traders from that place. Before those letters reached England, an expedition had been sent by Government, at the solicitation of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the account of his death. This expedition, under the command of Mr. E. D. Young, reached the southern end of Lake Nyassa, by boating up the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers. It was most expeditiously and successfully carried out, and brought perfectly satisfactory evidence that Livingstone had passed on in safety after his desertion by the Johanna men. Subsequent to this, not even a rumour reached the coast that anything serious had happened to the great traveller, and the very general belief entertained in England of his death showed how little the public troubled themselves to keep *au courant* with the facts of the case, notwithstanding their great interest in Dr. Livingstone.

The innumerable streams which Livingstone found flowing from the northern slopes of the highlands he had traversed, had next to be traced. The more easterly join the Chambezi River, which turns westward and enters the great Lake Bangweolo, a sheet of water upwards of 150 miles in length, and lying at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea-level. This was explored by the undaunted traveller, who soon discovered that a great river flowed out of it towards the north—the now celebrated Lualaba. Livingstone appears at once to have made up his mind that this river continued its course to the north and joined the Nile, so that the springs he had seen so far south as 13° south latitude would be the ultimate sources of the Nile. In these terms he wrote home from Cazembe, in December, 1867, and from Lake Bangweolo on the 8th July, 1868. Many a long tramp he made to and fro, to establish the connection between the upper and lower courses of the rivers he had discovered; resolved that there should be no doubt this time about the ultimate southern sources of the Nile. He states himself that he examined 600 miles of the watershed, leaving only 100 unexplored. Faithfully and doggedly he worked at the solution of the problem his friend, Sir Roderick, had propounded.

Livingstone appears for many months to have made the capital of King Cazembe his head-quarters. This large native town had been the furthest point north reached by the Portuguese expeditions, which had shown so little curiosity about the ultimate course of the many rivers and streams they had crossed in this well-watered region. Livingstone's continual inquiries after the rivers and lakes perplexed his good-natured host the king, who asked him why he should trouble himself further about them, seeing that there was "plenty of water here." A few miles to the west (and probably a little northward) of Cazembe's town our traveller discovered another great lake, Moero, little inferior in size to Bangweolo, and into which flowed the Lualaba. In one of his tramps to the eastward, he discovered also, to the south of Lake Tanganyika, a beautiful sheet of water which he calls Lake Liemba, embosomed in magnificent mountain scenery, and which, according to Mr. Stanley, he afterwards found to be joined to the southern end of Tanganyika.

Before tracing further the course of the Lualaba, Livingstone was compelled to make his way to Ujiji, to establish his communications with Zanzibar and the outer world; Ujiji

being the port on Lake Tanganyika to which the Arab trading caravans from Zanzibar annually resort. He had written from Bemba to Dr. Seward, at that time British Consul at Zanzibar, to send him stores, medicines, books, and letters to that place, and he intended to write for more supplies, and a fresh escort of guards and porters, to enable him to continue his explorations through the untrodden country of the cannibal Manyema, far to the west of Tanganyika.

From Cazembe he proceeded to the south-west coast of the lake, and thence took boat to Ujiji, whence he wrote to Zanzibar and England on the 30th of May, 1869.

From that time down to the month of April last he was again lost to the outer world. A series of untoward accidents prevented the supplies forwarded by Mr. Churchill and Dr. Kirk (successively acting consuls at Zanzibar) from reaching the traveller. We may all remember with what feverish anxiety the English public received from time to time, throughout the years 1870 and 1871, the unsatisfactory scraps of news and rumours, communicated through the columns of the *Times* by Sir Roderick Murchison. In the spring of 1870 a strong representation was made, by Sir Roderick and the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, to the Government regarding the destitution of the traveller, and praying them to send him effective succour; and a grant of £1,000 was somewhat grudgingly allowed by the Treasury, which was to be expended by the consul in stores and men to be sent up under the command of native agents to Ujiji. The decision to send these supplies under the care of native leaders, rather than of some competent Englishman, turned out to be an unfortunate one. Had it been decreed otherwise, the glory of finding and relieving our great explorer would probably not have been gained by a traveller of another nationality; although Englishmen cannot but admire the generosity which accompanied the American expedition, and the splendid ability with which it has been carried out. Of three caravans sent under the care of natives from Zanzibar, only one reached Ujiji, and only a small portion of the supplies sent by this one really reached Livingstone, the rest being plundered or squandered by the Arab to whom they were entrusted. The other caravans were hindered, soon after leaving the coast, by the cholera, which broke out with great severity in Eastern Africa towards the end of 1869. They never passed beyond Unyanyembe, or two-thirds of the distance between Zanzibar and Ujiji.

Meantime the magnanimous traveller, amidst difficulties physical and moral greater than any he had yet had to contend with, was perseveringly carrying out the main object of his mission. After recovering from an illness under which he had suffered subsequent to the dispatch of his letters in May, 1869, he had re-crossed Tanganyika, and boldly entered the country of the Manyema cannibals, whom he found not so bad as the Arab traders had painted them. He was delayed again here some months, and before continuing his explorations received a portion of the supplies and twelve men, that had in the meantime arrived at Ujiji. He then took up the course of the Lualaba, which he had found trending far to the westward, after issuing from Lake Moero. It was this great westward bend of the river which had given rise to the doubts he had expressed, in his letters of 1869, that he might be on the track of the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. In the despatches brought home by Mr. Stanley he now says that soon after leaving Lake Moero, the river makes a great bend,

to the west, of at least 180 miles, and that, lower down, after a northerly stretch of some distance, another great sweep of 120 miles is made to the westward and southward. After this, it bends to the north-east and receives a large westerly tributary, the "Lomame or Loeki which flows through Lake Lincoln;" the combined waters running north into a great lake which he was unable to reach, owing to the bad conduct of the men who had been sent from Ujiji to help him.

The Manyema country is described in Livingstone's despatches to the Government as wonderfully picturesque and luxuriant, although difficult to travel over. "Mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called—which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high, nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes which, as we worm our way along the elephant-walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side, for hours. The leaves were loaded with moisture which wetted us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each, innumerable dells have to be crossed. The mud is grievous; thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of a stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way, one may waddle a little distance along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes, cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down one comes into the slough. . . . Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into the Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges—a species of dark, glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. The high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. . . . Between each district of Manyema, large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whiplash to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous that the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road, it forms a wall, breast-high, to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake."

The picture of Central Africa thus drawn—the same continent which, nearer the sea, contains vast deserts like the Sahara and the Kalahari—is the most wonderful feature in these despatches. In the heart of the most arid of the continents we now find sweltering jungles, similar in all respects to the forests of the coast-lands of Borneo or Brazil. To add to the picture, gorillas, called by the Manyema "sokos," are found in the dense thickets. The question whether the Lualaba is the Nile or not, is of little interest to the physical geographer, compared to the surprising new region thus revealed. Botanists and zoologists, besides geographers, will

have their curiosity excited, and will long to know what marvels in the shape of new forms of plants and animals are concealed in the luxuriant wilds of Manyema.

Whilst Livingstone was thus engaged, and year after year passing without any reliable news of him reaching the coasts, his friends in this country were somewhat indolently relying upon the consul at Zanzibar, for procuring that information for which everybody longed. At length the Council of the Royal Geographical Society resolved to put an end to the suspense, by dispatching an expedition, under the command of Englishmen, to the shores of Lake Tanganyika. This resolution was come to on the 11th of December, 1871; but, by that date, Livingstone had been found and relieved at Ujiji by the enterprise of Mr. Stanley and the proprietor of the *New York Herald*.

Intelligence had been received in England of Mr. Stanley's expedition during the autumn of 1871. Although he had kept his plans secret until he had quitted Zanzibar for the interior in February, 1871, they became known before he reached Unyanyembe three months afterwards, and the British consul then sent up letters for Livingstone to his care. Mr. Stanley, however, became involved in a war in Unyanyembe, between the Arab traders and a native chief named Mirambo. He joined the Arabs in a hostile attack on Mirambo and lost several of his men in a battle which took place, and which was exceedingly disastrous to the Arab party. It was the news of this disaster, and the very slender hope that then remained of Mr. Stanley's eventual success, that encouraged and warranted the dispatch of a Search and Relief Expedition from England.

The chief circumstances of Mr. Stanley's great exploit are now well known to the world. When he reached Ujiji, after a most difficult and hazardous journey by a new southerly route from Tamboro in Unyanyembe, which he was forced to take to avoid Mirambo's dominions, he luckily found Livingstone had arrived there a few days previously. The grand old hero-traveller had been compelled, by the exhaustion of his means, to return to Ujiji, and had there found all the reserve of supplies, on which he had relied, sold and squandered by the Arab in charge. Worn by famine and toil in the jungles of Manyema, Mr. Stanley found him reduced to a mere "ruckle of bones," but still respected by the Arab traders of the place, and attended by a few faithful servants. The pathos of their meeting, as related by Mr. Stanley, has struck a sympathetic chord in all hearts, and the popular love of Livingstone and admiration of his character and deeds, have been greatly enhanced by these later incidents in his career.

The following account of the meeting, given by Livingstone himself in a letter to his friend Colonel Webb, of Newstead Abbey, is interesting as corroborating that of Mr. Stanley, especially on the point of the material assistance rendered to him by the *Herald* Expedition:—

"One morning my man dashed up in great excitement, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted again. The American flag at the head of the caravan revealed the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, the son of the editor, at the expense of over £4,000, to ascertain if I were living, and if dead to bring home my bones. He heard of my being here only at the Malgarazi, two hours' journey off. He had come

with boats, horses, goods, men in abundance, and made me free to all. The good Samaritan had come truly. The news he had to tell me made my whole frame thrill, and the kindness I felt to be overwhelming."

This happy event, a few days' intercourse, and the fresh supplies, restored Livingstone's health—as to his courage and energy, we never hear a word of his ever requiring restoration in those points. A pleasant geographical episode was the journey of the two travellers in company, by water, to the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, to settle the vexed question of its union or otherwise with Baker's Albert Nyanza; a question which they decided (against the union) with a celerity and ease which appears extraordinary to those who remember Burton and Speke's failure, although, after a toilsome journey of many months they reached to within thirteen miles of the debatable point. Ujiji and Tanganyika have been described with graphic power by Stanley. Tanganyika is a magnificent mountain-lake of sweet water, 3,000 feet above the sea-level, and about 400 miles in length. The shores in its northern part form a succession of bold, precipitous headlands, and sandy bays and inlets; and mountains tower up on both sides to a height of 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the level of its waters. The climate is humid, and the vegetation of the lake shores gloriously beautiful.

Soon after their return to Ujiji, the two travellers set out for Unyanyembe; Stanley on his way to Europe, and Livingstone to recover the supplies which had for many months been detained at the Arab settlement of Tamboro, in that district. He had not thought himself of returning to England, and claiming his reward for work which he judged to be yet unfinished. He had only examined 600 out of the 700 miles of the watershed of Inner Southern Africa, which Sir Roderick had commissioned him to explore. He must finish the odd seventh hundred, although it would necessitate a tramp of many hundred miles, partly over old ground, and through Cazembe's dominions again. Then he had not yet reached the great lake into which the united waters of the Lualaba and Lomame discharge themselves; he would, therefore, trudge back a few hundred miles to Unyanyembe to pick up his stores, receive a fresh supply of men for his escort, which Mr. Stanley would lose no time in sending up from Zanzibar, and then bury himself in the heart of Africa for a year or two longer.

It only remains to state that Mr. Stanley, on reaching the coast on the 7th of May, found the English Search and Relief Expedition fully equipped and ready to start for the interior. Its leader, Lieutenant Dawson, had already resigned, on learning the news brought by *avant-coureurs* of Mr. Stanley's success; his plea being that, as Livingstone was found, the main object of the Expedition, the "Search," was forestalled, and the simpler task of "Relief" did not require his services. In this view of his duties the British public appear indisposed to coincide. The entire collapse of the "Relief" occurred a few days after the leader withdrew, for the other members of the Expedition, on learning that the stores that had been purchased were not of the sort required by Livingstone, also abandoned the intention they had formed of taking them up to Unyanyembe. A small portion of the goods was handed over to Mr. Stanley, together with payment for the men he was sending, the rest were sold at Zanzibar, and all the members set sail for England.



SULTAN OF DJOKOJOKKARTA, JAVA.

A Visit to Borneo.—III.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

A DYAK "LONG-HOUSE"—HOW THEY RECEIVE A EUROPEAN—THEIR HOME LIFE—INDUSTRY—CULTIVATION—HUNTING—FISHING—DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND FOOD—AN ATTEMPT BY A MAD MALAY TO MURDER US—AN EXCURSION INLAND, AND JOURNEY BY BOAT AND ACROSS THE FOREST—A TRIBE OF LAND DYAKS—THE COCK SACRED—A PRETTY DYAK MAIDEN, AND HER WILES—THE OLD CUSTOM AND DYAK FEMALE FREEDOM—DYAK TRIBAL GOVERNMENT—THE COSTUME OF MEN AND WOMEN—PASSION FOR ADORNMENT AMONG FEMALES.

THERE are several "long-houses" in the village of Lundu, the longest one being 200 paces, or nearly 600 feet in length. All these houses are strongly and substantially built, and are raised about ten or twelve feet from the ground on rough posts. The vacant and unenclosed space beneath is used as sties for pigs, of which every family owns a number, as poultry-yards, and as

receptacles for all sorts of rubbish and dirt. The walls are formed of matting, held firm by bamboo supports and ties fixed with rattan slips, and the roof is formed of the leaves of the nipa palm, which we have noticed before. This palm-leaf forms a most durable and excellent protection from the sun and rain. The "long-house" is built in a straight line, and of uniform breadth throughout its length. The breadth is generally about forty feet, twenty feet of which form an immense open hall in front. This is the common council-hall and gossip room of the tribe. Here, in times of great emergency, councils, in which the entire tribe participate, are held. Here the harvest thank-offering is made, and public feasts are celebrated. Here strangers are entertained. Here infants toddle about, and children run about and play. Here young men court bashful

maidens under huge heaps of grinning, dried and smoked skulls, the trophies of the prowess of the tribe. Here the young men of the tribe sleep at night. And here, too, on a raised platform, we took up our abode for a couple of days. The remaining longitudinal half of the house is divided into rooms from twelve to twenty feet wide, each with a single door. One family occupies one room, the chief alone having two. In the longest house here there are nearly ninety families living together. The floor is made of substantial planks, or the split trunk of palms. You have to ascend up to the floor from the ground beneath by a trunk cut with notches, the trunk lying at a very steep and difficult angle for ascent. This is a contrivance for guarding against surprise by an enemy, the trunks being either knocked down or drawn up. This, however, is of little avail, for generally fire is set to these houses, and thus great numbers perish in the flames, while the rest, who attempt to jump down, are either cut off, or captured and made slaves. There is a great deal of rain in Borneo, and in the rains it is very difficult for a European to get up these steep and insecure notched trunks, which are never provided with hand-rails. A corpulent or unsteady man would simply find it impossible to get up. We have never, however, met with a corpulent Dyak, or one who was unsteady from the effects of liquor, and in time we ourselves could almost run up this rude and dangerous ladder, so much does practice make perfect. When we had got up, we saw groups of Dyak men, women, and children, squatted all about, generally on mats, some sewing clothes, others weaving mats, others nursing their children. A raised platform was set apart for us, and a fresh green cocoa-nut from the tree was plucked to give us drink. An immense crowd then surrounded us, and while a sumptuous (Dyak) repast was being prepared, we were treated to *sirik*, or the betel-leaf, and tobacco cigarettes, very neatly made up with the outer skin of the nipa-palm leaf. The tobacco in use comes from Java, in bundles of two or three pounds each, and cut up very fine. We found it most excellent, equal to any we had ever smoked, and indeed better than most kinds which are so commonly sold in England. We were then led to see the compartments of the house. These have very little furniture in them. The sleeping-place is raised on boarding, and hung about and screened off with a curtain. In a corner there is a fireplace where the scanty meals of the family are cooked. Arms, such as swords, spears, &c., may be seen in every room, while only a few boast of a wooden chest to keep clothes and other valuables in. The chief's rooms were not only more spacious than the others, but were laid out with valuable mats, the workmanship of the female members of his family, and contained a rude wooden chair, a number of boxes, and a great variety of arms. One chest was shown to us as the "powder-magazine" of the tribe!

The feast which had been preparing for us was now duly served up. They themselves eat on large leaves, in rare instances using a wooden platter or a plate; but the chief not only produced plates for us, but drew forth a few pewter spoons, an old black-handled knife, and a stray fork, from the stores which he kept for high days and great occasions. A number of dishes were placed before us, some of them sending forth a delicious and tempting flavour. We cannot speak much of the advance of the Dyaks in the useful art of cookery, but their rude modes have often the advantage of retaining or imparting a flavour to the dishes which we may look for in vain among highly-civilised races. There was rice. This had

been prepared in two different ways. In one it was boiled in water, and in another in the milk of the cocoa-nut. The rice is placed in the hollow of a joint of bamboo lined with green leaves, the water, or the cocoa-nut milk, is added, the mouth is then closed up, and the bamboo placed in the midst of a roasting fire. When the rice is cooked, the bamboos, which remained unconsumed, are taken out, and with their mouths opened out, the rice is served up hot. This process is the best. It retains all the richness and flavour of the grain. The Chinese mode of cooking rice approximates to it. The Hindoo mode is a mistake altogether, as not only is the flavour lost, but most of the rich and really valuable component parts of the grain are thrown away in the rice *conjee*. The Southern Chinese and the Dyaks have rice for their principal article of food, but owing doubtless to their better mode of preparing it, are certainly superior in physique and bodily strength to the Bengalis, forty millions of whom live on rice. The rice, which had been cooked in cocoa-nut milk, was eaten with sugar, and was as rich as any pudding. There was a whole fowl curried after a very superior style. There was a haunch of venison roasted to the very turn. Deer's flesh is a common article of food among the Dyaks, owing to the proximity of the forests, which are filled with deer of various kinds. There were eggs, vegetables curried, and a bit of pork, also roasted. Fish is always procurable, either from the river or from the sea-coast, and some kinds are exceedingly rich and tasty. On the whole, we had a table which we had not looked forward to, and which might have satisfied even more exacting palates.

We have often mentioned the cocoa-nut as being largely used. This palm is much cultivated, and—though it does not come to so many uses as in Ceylon and the Maldivé Archipelago, where not a fibre or shred of the tree, leaves, and fruit is lost—the Dyaks and Malays find it extremely valuable. Such of the fruit as is used for home consumption is generally broken off green, the remainder being allowed to ripen, when it is sold to traders, who take it to other parts. The trunk of the full-grown tree is used either as bridges to cross small streams, or as the notched ladders used for getting up to the floors of the houses, or is split up and made to form the flooring. The mode of raised floors appears to be common among the wild tribes bordering the east of Bengal, the Malayan Peninsula, and the islands of the East Indian Archipelago, and may probably show a community of origin; the more so as there are numerous customs, and ceremonies, and beliefs, which are common. This is, however, too large a subject to be treated here. The primary idea in raising the houses thus high was doubtless to escape sudden attacks from enemies, and seems to be a step in advance of the *Simia* tribe living up among the branches. When you travel inland, and come upon a solitary Dyak hut in a small opening in the forest, perched high up on posts, and surrounded with trees which contain the monkey tribe—and these are in great abundance all over Borneo—the near similarity of ideas regarding habitation strikes one forcibly. Not so in better cleared settlements, or places like Singapore. Again, these raised floors allow of the rise and fall of the tides, which sweep the place clean, and offer an actually dry sleeping-place above the reach of malaria. The natives of India are far less comfortably lodged in their damp little hovels full of accumulated dirt and filth; and hence we can understand why severe plagues and epidemics continually ravage India, and new forms of disease take their origin there, while the Dyaks

and Malays—though there are both cholera and small-pox present sometimes—very much escape them.

The Dyak at home is a very tame being compared to what he is out on the war-path. Let us describe him as he is seen under domestic influences. He is an early riser. He knows what he is to do during the day. This was settled by him in conclave with his wife and family during the evening previous in the great common gossip-hall or council-chamber. His wants determine his course of action. His canoe may have sprung a leak, or requires a paddle, and he will be seen working hard at one or other till it is done. He may require a new basket; so he will sit down and weave one. His thatch probably requires repair; so he will engage himself on it. If it is cultivation time, he will be out with the grown-up members of his family the whole day, returning late in the evening. He may have to manufacture some salt, or to procure wood and timber from the forest, or catch fish. If he has nothing in particular to engage his attention, he may go hunting, when he will take his spear and sword (the latter of which is his inseparable companion), and often a rude flint musket, call his dogs together, and often humming a tune, set off. From this expedition he generally returns successful, either with a deer or a wild pig. If he stays at home, and has nothing in particular to do, he looks to his arms, burnishes them up, or carries a baby about, or goes about visiting his friends who live in other "long-houses" adjacent. The women occupy themselves with household duties, collecting greens and vegetables for breakfast and dinner, cooking, tending children, weaving mats, and so forth. The morning is the best and busiest time with the Dyaks. At about ten a.m. they wash themselves, bathing in the river as described before. Returning home they have their first cooked meal, after which they have a nap. The afternoon is generally spent in out-door games, as football, in which the Dyaks and Malays are great experts; and as darkness closes in, lamps are lighted, and there may be music in one corner of the great hall, dancing in another, while there are groups of men and women seated all over.

The Dyak is fond of hunting. At times he is obliged to take to it, for he must have meat in the shape of pig or venison. The vast forest abounding with such game, and with no wilder or more dangerous animals, lies before him and behind him. He has generally a few small, mangy, nondescript, but plucky little dogs, and often owns a rude barrel, with powder and shot corresponding. Rising up as early as it is daylight, and taking a hasty meal off the cold remains of last night's dinner, with some tobacco and *sirik* (betel-leaf) in his pouch, where there is also a flint and stone, with tinder to make a fire, he goes off whistling to his dogs, or calling them by name. Sometimes more than one set out together. The forest is reached in a few minutes. In these forests there is nothing dangerous; there are no tigers, or leopards, or bears. There must doubtless be large serpents in a country like Borneo, but they are seldom seen. There are apes and monkeys enough, but these never meddle with man. In some instances, however, large apes have been known to pounce upon solitary women, who have gone into the forest to collect greens and vegetables, and have carried them off, and some of the natives suppose it is the progeny of these who are reported to have tails, and to live in a wild state of nature upon trees. The principal source of danger lies in the forest itself. It is simply trackless and pathless. It is unbroken. The light

inside is dim and gloomy. Sometimes a Dyak has returned, after two or three days, hungry, starved, and half dead, having missed his way back. Sometimes he has never returned at all. These occasions happen but seldom, but still they do happen. The Dyaks never ascribe the loss of such to the right cause, but credit the spirits or demons of the woods and forests with killing or spiriting away their comrade. We shall see afterwards, when treating of their religious belief, what a large place these *antus* or demons hold in the superstitious fears of these untutored and simple savages. In the hunt sometimes bows and arrows are used. Generally by the forenoon some animal is killed. If by a shot, the noise, and reverberations, and echoes are surprisingly loud and long, and even weird-like. After striking down one head of game the hunt is over. If there is more than one in the party the game is easily carried; not so if there is only one man, and the game be a heavy wild boar. The Dyak then has to manage as he best can, and he may be seen returning either dragging his load, or panting and groaning under his burden, his dogs capering about his path.

But while the Dyak is so abstaining in the matter of not killing more game in the forest than he can carry, his fishing is carried out in a truly imperial style of destruction; that is, when the tribe unite for the purpose. Generally, there is some fishing every day, a man going out in his own small *sampan* with his hand-net, with which he manages to catch a sufficiency for his family's daily wants. But when the tribe unite on a fishing expedition, preparation is made for several days beforehand. Spears and harpoons are looked up, and the *tuba* root collected in large quantities. This is the root of a small plant which grows very plentifully in the forests, and which has the remarkable quality of stupefying or intoxicating fish when beaten up in the water. On the day arranged, numbers of boats laden with Dyaks, *tuba* root, and other necessities, leave for some reach of the river convenient for the purpose, and immediately they set to work to stake off both ends with posts, nipa palms, mats, &c., thus, as it were, shutting in whatever fish may be there at the time. The *tuba* root, which has been broken up and bruised, is then freely cast over the surface of the river, and beaten down with paddles. In a short time there is not one fish, great or small, but is seen floating on the surface in a semi-unconscious state. Now is the time, for the greatest dexterity and agility is required, either to catch the fish and throw them into the boat, or to spear and harpoon the larger ones; for, strange to say, the fish, though apparently stupefied, are quite alive to being touched or handled. Immediately they are touched they spring up and are lost out of sight, unless they have been secured at the same time. Hence the fishing with the *tuba* root, though it may appear a particularly easy way of taking the finny prey, affords considerable sport and excitement; and the preliminaries, such as staking off the ends of the river, require considerable hard labour, much of which is done in the water. The result of a day's fishing is that the boats return laden with fish (the smallest ones are not brought), most of which is salted and dried and kept for family consumption.

From what has been already said, it will be seen that the Dyaks are not an indolent race. On the contrary, indolence, as we understand it, is unknown. It is emphatically true among them that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." There are no workhouses, no accumulations of wealth, no hereditary property. A man has not only to build his own house and keep it in repair, but to cut the wood and make the mats for it. He

has to make his own canoe and paddles and keep them in repair. He has to provide his own hunting and fishing. He has to collect firewood and keep up his arms. He has to manufacture his own salt, and sometimes to weave his own clothes. And as a Dyak generally takes the responsibilities of providing for a family when young—seldom, however, till he is over his twentieth year—it will be seen that he has enough to do. He has, besides, for two months in the year, to look exclusively to cultivation, to get in his stock of paddy for the year, the surplus of which, after providing for consumption, goes towards procuring him his tobacco, his musket, powder and shot, and other little necessities.

The cultivation is attended to during two or three months of the year, as near spring as possible, though there is no marked change of the seasons. The tribe fix either on a spot of virgin forest land, or some clearing made in former years, and which has been allowed to remain uncultivated for several years. The forest or brushwood is cut down, and, when sufficiently dry, set on fire. This renders the land amazingly fertile. Each man, then, has his field marked out, and sows in a small plot, which is the nursery, his seed. When the plants are advanced to three or four inches—the rest of the ground having been well hoed and cleared—they are planted out, three or four plants being put down together, in lines, a few inches apart. The field thus planted out looks quite as fine as any cultivation I have seen even in Europe. It is certainly superior to what I have seen in India. And the crops, too, are exceedingly heavy. This may be owing to the fertility and richness of the soil. Paddy is the only cultivation. Sometimes chillies and other spices are grown near the house, or cucumbers, or even the indigo-plant, which, as well as the sago palm, I have already described.

The domestic animals are few. That most useful and valuable animal, the cow, is unknown in the west, save a few of the English breed imported into Kuchin to supply the bishop and others with milk. The ass, the goat, the sheep, are all unknown. There is the dog and the cat, both inferior species, the latter with a curly tail. The pig may be seen abundantly, but not kept for breeding purposes. The food of the people, consequently,

may be imagined. There is rice always in a boiled shape. There is nothing like tea, or milk, or bread, or butter. No meat, save pork and venison. There is salt, a few hot spices, and some coarse sugar, which is now and then used. There is abundance of fish. There are many kinds of fruits.

It was at Lundu that an attempt was made on my life at night by a mad Malay.

I had secured this fellow as a cook at Kuchin, and had brought him along with me. His looks, however, were peculiarly cunning and wild, and I thought it right to be always on my guard. When I arrived at Lundu, I took up my abode in a ruinous old mat tenement, raised as usual on poles, on a little hill surrounded by low jungle, and separated from the Dyak settlement by a small stream, which was crossed by one of the usual bamboo bridges. We—that is, this mad cook and myself—were the only two solitary beings on this side of the stream, and at least half a mile away from the Dyaks. During the day, numbers of Dyaks—men, women and children—would come over to see us and chat with us; but by the evening we used to be left quite to ourselves, except when a Dyak damsel errant found her unauthorised way to our abode—according to their custom, which I shall mention further on—and was of course sent back the way she came. The mad—for I am convinced from his acts that he must have been insane—Malay cook lived in a small hut about fifty yards away from my house on the same hill. Knowing the wild country in which I was, and that every man had ready a deadly weapon of offence—not that I mistrusted the honest and faithful Dyaks—I always



WOMAN OF THE ISLE OF KOTI, BORNEO.

kept a cavalry pistol, ready primed and loaded with ball, and a cavalry sword, both handy. I took the still further precaution of securing my room-door as well as I could with a cross bamboo and rope inside. Still, not only could it be easily unfastened from outside with a little dexterity, but the whole thing was so rotten that it could have been smashed in by a kick. The noise, however, would waken me, being a light sleeper, and when once awake I was ready to meet any contingency.

Night closes in early, and I generally used to retire at nine p.m. to bed; but it so happened that on the night in



DYAKS OF THE TRIBE OF BADJOWS, BORNEO.

question I could not sleep, and sat up by the table with a reading-lamp. I have to observe here that in the East, equally in India as elsewhere, lamps are kept burning through the night. It was at about eleven p.m., fully an hour after the scoundrel knew I must have gone to bed, that I heard the noise of steel—evidently a sword—being sharpened in the hut in which the cook lived. This went on for some time, and, as the sound could not be mistaken in the stillness of the night, I thought it a most extraordinary proceeding, and so tried to be all alive to sounds. I presently heard the man issue out of his hut, close his door, and approach the house. He came under my very room, in the open space left by the house being raised on poles, and stood for a while as if irresolute what to do. I remained perfectly still. He then seemed to walk off to one side, after which he came back and went to the other side, I all the while hearing every footstep he made, and the long grass bending and crushing under his tread. I now resolved to anticipate him, and, putting down the dark shade of the lamp, so that while I could see all round about me, my eyes would be unaffected by the light, I took up the lamp by the ring on the top being passed through one finger of my left hand, holding the pistol, full-cocked, with the other fingers of the same hand, and my cavalry sword in my right. I then unfastened the door, got out on the front floor, and quickly descended the wretched ladder which led to the ground. The place was quite surrounded with low jungle and high grass—nearly five feet high—and little could be seen on any side. I naturally hesitated to move blindly forward in such a wilderness, and took my steps cautiously and warily, looking round about me to discover the villain, who I knew was only a few feet from me, and armed with deadly weapons. At length I heard the treacherous grass crumpling ever so slightly under a movement he made to my left, and looking in that direction I perceived him, or rather his head and arms, with a long spear in one hand and his *parang*, or sword, in the other. When our eyes met, and the fellow saw he was discovered, he attempted to come forward. He, too, could see the glistening of my pistol-barrel and the sword. I ordered him at once to stop, or else I would shoot him dead on the spot. He stopped, glaring at me wildly. I then told him that his life was in my hand; and, according to the penalty of death imposed by the State on any one who took out his sword against another, his life was forfeit; and that if he did not that instant drop the arms he had in his hands on the spot where he was standing, and betake himself to his hut, I would shoot him down with as little hesitation as I would shoot down a mad dog.

When he saw that I was determined to meet him hand to hand, and that I would be as good as my word—though I cannot say what the result would have been had the shot fired with the left hand, on which a lamp was depending at the time, missed its aim, and the man simply flung his spear at me—he appeared cowed, and dropping the spear and sword where he stood, betook himself to his hut. I further told him that if he thought he would catch me asleep he was mistaken, and that if I heard him again moving out of his hut, I would infallibly proceed to shoot him. I then picked up the arms he had laid down, ascended up into my house, and, shutting myself in, placed my arms conveniently near the bed, and fell fast asleep. The next morning when I woke, I called out to him, and not receiving any answer,

went and found his hut deserted. He had evidently been so frightened at my sudden apparition fully armed at night, or felt that his life was forfeited to the State, that he must have fled into the forest, and there either died a miserable death, or become a wild man, or escaped in some stray canoe. For, though I did not relate the story of his attempt, I sent off Dyaks to search the whole settlement, and the river for miles, to find traces of him, but never could discover any.

The only safety—in a human sense—when travelling in such dangerous parts, is always to have one's arms ready. One single-barrel, however, is a poor defence; and afterwards, when I proceeded on a still more dangerous journey to Central Asia, we always had a couple of revolvers, with eleven balls ready for a desperate and extreme contingency.

An excursion still further inland to see a tribe of land Dyaks being proposed, as a couple of men (Dyaks) were starting for that part, I made ready and set out. Among the Dyaks I was sure that I would not starve, so I had no cook; besides, I could not have got one had I so wished it. The first part of our journey lay about twelve miles up the river, towards the Sambas side, and then we had to proceed a good bit overland across uncleared forests, through which, however, there was a track. Dyaks are divided into land and sea Dyaks, the former living in the interior, out of sight of rivers, and generally inaccessible to pirates. These land Dyaks never go out to sea, never own a sea-going boat, and differ considerably in manners, and some say even in language, from the sea Dyaks, though any one can see at a glance that they are the same race with the sea Dyaks. These, on the other hand, have their settlements on the banks of rivers, can be easily reached from the sea, are open to the attacks of pirates, and own even sea-worthy war *prahus*. A great many of the manners and customs of both sections are the same, and these we reserve for a following chapter. Generally speaking, however, as these land Dyaks see less of war, they are very much more peaceful than their brethren of the sea. We embarked with the two Dyaks of the tribe to which we were going, in a small canoe capable of holding three or four persons, and they paddled us along rapidly. My dress and equipment were as follows: first I had the unfailing Dyak conical hat on my head; this is woven of fine slips of bamboo, or rattan, in a wide-spreading conical shape and serves as an efficient protection from both sun and rain. An umbrella is never used. The hat is often painted outside, and does not look at all unbecoming, after the first surprise is over. Then I had on a large pair of drawers, and a loose Chinese jacket, both of a blue colour, as that seldom looks dirty, and there are no such institutions as washerwomen and laundresses in those parts. And I had a walking-stick. Even my arms were cast aside, as with friendly Dyaks, they would sooner themselves be cut down than allow any harm to approach their European guest. After four hours' paddling along a wild scenery, interspersed with stray Dyak and Malay houses, we got to our landing-place in a small opening in a dense forest, and set off at once. These primeval forests can better be understood if seen, than described. The trees shot up in countless multitudes to a height of a hundred feet and more before they branched out, and then overhead formed a dense canopy of branches and leaves, quite impervious to the rays of the sun. All the light was a thick gloom. The floor of the ground was almost bare of grass, and quite dry, covered over

with the decaying remnants of leaves, &c. The shrill rinkas chirped its ringing, monotonous, but not unpleasant sound, which seemed to fill the atmosphere in every direction, while every now and then the colonies of monkeys overhead put in a separate note, especially the comical-sounding "wa-wa." A few miles before we arrived at the settlement we found a portion of the forest cut down, and it was here that I could properly estimate the gigantic size of these trees. One alone, the largest I could see, could not have been less than forty feet in girth in a straight line from the root, for a distance of at least 150 feet, and upon this a cab with a pair of horses might easily have been driven! Lamenting this destruction, as I learnt that it was without an object, I went on, and, after a good walk of about twelve miles, in some parts of very broken and rocky ground, arrived at the small village. It was a small settlement compared with the large one at Lundu, and I was at once installed in the great council-hall, or bachelors' room, and a fresh green cocoa-nut brought to cool my throat, which had become rather dry, owing to no water being met with on the road. Fowls were killed, and the usual entertainment was being got ready, while the heads of the tribe came and smoked and chatted with me. Here I learnt that the cock was as sacred with Dyaks as with Chinamen, and other nations in south-eastern Asia. I cannot discover what has led to such sanctity being attached to this fine bird in this quarter of the world; but that it is so is undoubtedly the case. A Dyak concludes a treaty, or pact, with the sacrifice of a cock; and to a Chinaman no oath is considered more forcible and binding as that which has been sealed over a slaughtered cock.

The language in which we conversed was the Malay, and we found it here spoken with so many pure Sanscrit words in each sentence, that I almost fancied I was in India. It is evident that the high Sanscrit civilisation which once pervaded the neighbouring island of Java, affected even the western coasts of Borneo. The dress—or rather no dress—of the Dyaks was the same here as elsewhere, and one pretty maiden especially attracted my attention by her beauty, figure, and innocent *naïveté*. Some of the races on the northern part of Borneo are very clear in complexion, almost a pure brown, and several specimens of such a fine complexion are met with in other parts, and remind the Asiatic traveller of the fair Nairs of Southern India, and the Brahmins of North India. This Dyak girl, who appeared to be about seventeen years old, had on only a slip of cloth, wound round her loins, and barely reaching half down the thigh—this is the usual dress of the females—asked me a great many questions which I gladly answered, and she appeared to become very much attached to me, which, of course, considering it girlish innocence, I thought nothing of. I was, however, mistaken, as I found out somewhat later that her attachment was something more serious than I had anticipated. She came stealing along with some things in her hand, and placing them near my feet, sat down opposite to me. What she had brought were the usual goodwill, or friendship, or perhaps Dyak love offerings. She did not speak a word, but looked at me. I contemplated the whole scene in silence for some time, wishing to hear if she would say anything; but she remained perfectly silent and still. I was not altogether surprised, as I knew the customs of the country pretty well, and Dyak girls are permitted to do what they like before marriage; it is quite an ambition for

Dyak girls to get an *orang puteh* (white man) for a husband, in which laudable effort, however, they have unfortunately hitherto failed. As she would not speak, I (not wishing to hurt her feelings more than I could help by even uttering the simple word "return") pointed to the basket, and made a sign with my hand for her to go away. She appeared then quite downcast and disappointed, but still did not move. I waved my hand again as before, when she rose up slowly, took up her basket, and went away as quietly as she had come, and apparently greatly depressed. I saw her no more the next day; she kept out of sight. She was the chief's daughter, and a beauty who had hitherto kept aspiring Dyak youths at a distance.

Every European in Borneo must pass through some such experience, owing to an old custom which has died out by this time, and to the extraordinary freedom allowed to girls before they marry. We shall proceed to describe this last in its proper place, as it is most interesting in many points of view; and with reference to the custom we have only to state, that, under Malay rulers, officers of state when they paid visits to Dyak settlements, were provided not only with various kinds of produce, but had an allotment of one or more girls made to them during the period of their stay. We need hardly say that however simple, and to them harmless, this custom may be, it is one that every moral and right-minded person—especially one who bears the high name of an English gentleman—ought to reprobate and discountenance in every way possible.

The Malays, as is well known, have formed regular states, ruled over by sultans. Not so the Dyaks, though it is asserted that the large and advanced tribe of Kyans have some sort of nominal chief to whom all their race pay obedience. The Dyaks, split up into numerous small tribes, have their own separate chiefs, who are called *Orang Kaya*, which means *rich man*. He leads in war, and sits as president of the court of his tribe whenever cases arise. Next to him in authority, both in war and in court, are the *Tuahs*, which means *old men*, or *elders*. These are chosen on account of their age, courage on the field of battle, and other high qualities. To these, unwavering obedience and allegiance are rendered by the rest of the tribe. The causes, however, which rise for adjudication among the Dyaks are very few, as they are so gentle, quiet, harmless, honest, truthful, and moral.

Clothing necessarily depends very much on the climate. The deer-skin and bear-skin sacks of the Greenlander and Laplander and the warm woollen stuffs used in England, are suited to the wants of the wearers; but they will not do for tropical climes. Accordingly we find that the civilised Hindoo wears his light and thin muslins, leaving much of the body exposed; while there are savage tribes, as the Lengta (naked) Kookees who go entirely naked, and the Dyaks, who go partially so. Those who have travelled much know it is a mistake to assert that dress has primarily any connection with morals. The finest dressed "gentleman" in Paris may be the deepest of villains, and have simply no morals at all, while the thinly-clad Brahmin priest may be a saint, and the entirely naked Kookee may have no idea of anything like indecency in connection with his want of clothing. The idea seems to have been an importation from the early sects of Parsees and Gnostics, who believed in the essential evil of

matter; and hence the idea of immorality as connected with dress is only prevalent among those races which have been inoculated with the Gnostic notion. We have seen a great many tribes and peoples who go either naked, or nearly so; but in no instance, save one, have we discovered that any idea of morality or immorality goes along with clothing. It is only among us and other Christian and Gnostic nations that it is so. And having been educated and trained up to this belief we are inclined to associate immorality with an undue absence of clothing. The single exception to which I have alluded to above is that of the Burmese women, whose clothing is certainly unduly scanty, even when compared with that of the inhabitants of equally warm climates. In addition to this, what clothing they have is worn in a manner which is strikingly immodest. It is alleged that this is done of set purpose, and with an object distinctly immoral. One would have thought that in a country so open to civilisation there would have been sufficiently strong public feeling to put down so shameless and obviously immodest a practice; but public opinion on the subject of morality does not appear to exist among the Burmese at the present day.

Accordingly we may notice the scanty dress of the Dyaks, without concluding them to be either peculiarly moral, or immoral, on that account. The men wear a long slip of stout cloth tied round the waist, and pass one end between the thighs. Very often, too, they wear a jacket, or short coat, which covers the body from the neck to the waist. The women very seldom wear any jacket, and their only clothing is a narrow strip wound round once or twice over the hips, and reaching only a few inches down the upper part of the thigh. This narrow strip is secured very loosely round the hips by a coil of string or *rattan*. Scanty and insufficient as such a

dress must at first appear to the eye of a European, one soon gets to regard it as not at all necessarily implying indecency. Indeed, to those who have seen how the Kookee women of Eastern Bengal go either entirely naked, or simply tie a strip round the breast, the Dyak women will appear to wear almost a sufficiency of clothing. Even among the Dyaks, however, there are some varieties of costume which deserve a passing

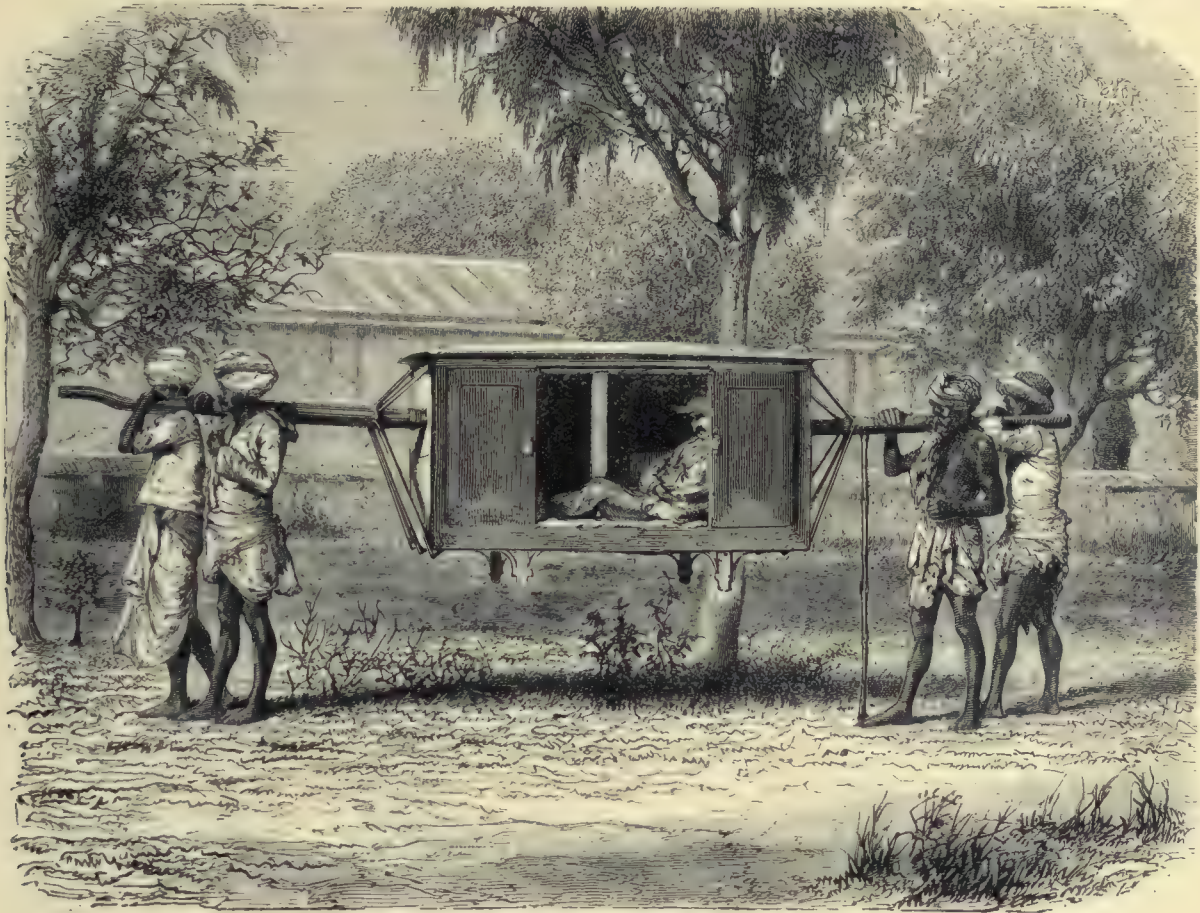
notice. Some of the Dyak women wear a corset or bodice, which is made of fine brass wire or slips of rattan, and woven on the body, reaching from under the bosom to the waist, leaving the breasts open to suckle their infants. On the head, both men and women wear a conical, umbrella-hat, made out of the palm-leaf, or slips of rattan woven into a sheet. This serves admirably to keep out both sun and rain, and as it is fixed on the head with only a thin band inside, the head remains cool and well ventilated.

The passion for adornment among the female sex must have been noted by all travellers among rude and barbarous tribes. Where gold, and silver, and precious stones are procurable, and their value known, these



PRINCESS SARIPA, JAVA.

must adorn the person; while where they are not known, simple flowers of various colours usually grace the head, neck, and other parts of the body. The woman of Upper Thibet wears a wealth of turquoises in a back veil, which falls down behind the head, while the poor peasant girl of Koolloo plucks the flowers which adorn the hedges and fields, and sets them in her locks. The Dyak girl does the same, and her head sometimes presents the appearance of a bouquet. Other flowers, too, are threaded and made into wreaths for the neck and wrists. The flower generally used for this purpose is the sweet-smelling jessamine, which grows quite wild everywhere. The toilet of the Dyak girl consists simply in this adornment of her hair with flowers.



TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

A Naturalist's Ramble in the Sub-Himalaya.

BY CHARLES HORNE, (LATE) B.C.S., F.R.Z.S.

IN May, 1868, having been prostrated by the heat of the plains, I sought change in the Hills, and on the 25th of that month found myself halting on the high road to the sanatorium of Binsur, beyond Almorah *via* Nynee Tāl, at Rani Bāgh, a new rest-house built in the gorge of the Golah river, here a rushing torrent spanned by a light and elegant iron suspension bridge, which leads to the sister lake of Bhun Tāl by what used to be the military road to Almorah. This rest-house stands a little above a large flat piece of ground occupied as a mango-orchard, by the side of which the path runs, and in which are many encampments of carts, &c. These mangoes have been planted, but not grafted, and hence their fruit is sour, small, and worthless, and this, it should be noted, is the highest point at which they are to be found.

Near to the house are some poor little shops, at which are sold the necessities of existence for the Hill porters, who carry on their backs and shoulders, or slung upon poles, every item which reaches Nynee Tāl by this route—salt, sugar, red pepper, tobacco, rice, and flour, are the principal items. There are one or two covered sheds; but in the majority of instances the packages, which have with great difficulty arrived at this stage in country carts, lie around strewn in heaps. Boxes of beer and wine, glass, “with care, this side up,” and grand pianos in one common heap, to be rained upon at will till “called for.”

When at last the consignee hears of the goods having reached this point, he sends down enough men to carry them up the hill, say thirty-two men for the piano, four men for each box of beer, &c., and so the heap gets gradually reduced. But the most curious sight is the army of *dhowlies*, or covered litters, in every style and quality, which stand about, the sport of wind and weather. At times nearly a hundred may be seen, and having done their work of one or two nights' trip, they will not be required till their owners return to the plains. But enough of this.

Next morning, soon after daylight, when the heavy mist had lifted and the drip from the trees had nearly ceased, I mounted an elephant, and went a mile or two plainwards to work back through the forest, searching for eggs and specimens of birds. My road led to the Barokarè Pass, or road on the face of the cliff. This has been constructed with great labour and perseverance, by building up retaining walls and blasting projecting rocks, and it overhangs the gorge of the river Golah, whilst above towers the sloping cliff. It was here that the loyal Hill-men, during the Indian Mutiny of 1857, threw down on the rebels from the plains, who wished to attack Nynee Tāl, rocks from above, causing them to retreat, saying that they could not fight with stones hurled upon them from the clouds; and truly a handful of men could here stop an army, and plainmen

could have but little chance even with a good cause, much less when their object was plunder only. I once had a narrow escape in just such a place but in a slightly different manner. A party of large monkeys crossed the road before me and ascended the rocks above. In their scrambling ascent they sent down showers of stones, one of which, weighing some seven or eight pounds, bounded between my horse's chin and body, jerking the reins from my hand. Had this stone hit either the horse or myself, we should have rolled some 200 feet down a steep declivity, and probably these lines would never have been penned. The soil is very loose, with here and there masses of rock, and the heavy rains entail a great expense in keeping these few hundred yards of road open, on account of the great accumulation of fallen débris; so steep is it, that a stone from most parts can be thrown to a very great depth. Although the nearness of the impending mountains shuts out the snowy peaks, the view from the pass is very fine. The road, as before mentioned, runs along the face of a huge landslip, and below rushes the mad torrent of the Golah, spanned by a light bridge high in the air, sometimes white and foaming as it brawls over the beds of boulders, which, from above, may be plainly heard rolling the one against the other, or at others forming dark pools under the excavated banks as it sweeps along, to be absorbed in a few miles by its porous bed, and reappear in the plains.

On the opposite side, apparently scarcely a gunshot distant, rise the steep cliffs and bluffs, clothed with almost inaccessible forest, where the huge lungoor monkey (*Presbytis schistaceus*) may be seen sporting in troops, and the bear (*Ursus Tibetanus*), and the stag (*Rusa Aristotelis*) roam at will and live in peace. Plainwards, in the opening between the hills, stretched the level expanse, still covered with its tablecloth of dense white mist, to be succeeded by glowing heat. Above frowned the lofty cliff of shifting shingle crowned with fine trees, now gold-tipped with the newly-risen sun; whilst towards the Hills lay some large level fields cut in terraces, and waving with grain, backed by trees and mountains.

What a change from the parched plains! Not that it was cool here; for the large mango-trees, self-sown, and sprung from the castaway store of the passing traveller, together with the green plantains, reminded one of the vegetation below; whilst the dry stems of the orchids or the tree-trunks, and the huge lianas, together with the sub-tropical climbing fern at the roadside, wherever there was a little moisture, all told of a sub-tropical climate and heavy rains. Water here is not plentiful, and whenever there is a little rivulet it is carefully led to the roadside, where it spouts into a rough stone basin, the said spout consisting generally of a green leaf often renewed.

When I first knew these parts, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, we used to have to climb over the top of this cliff with considerable labour, and at its foot, on the side of the plains, was a long patch of scrub jungle, much frequented by tigers, who were doubtless attracted by the cattle halting here, on their way to their summer pasture; for the Hillmen used always, at the approach of the cold weather, when they had sown their scanty crops on the terraced fields on the hill-side, to abandon their village, and, bringing with them all their live stock in a very thin condition, come to the rich grazing-grounds of the Hills to pasture their cattle. These they took back at the close of the season, when the heat and unwholesomeness of the climate drove them up again, always with an increased

number of beasts, as they arranged that the cows should calve below.

Now, however, matters are much changed. Irrigation from the Golah river by canals has been introduced, and much forest has been felled; so that many villages exist where there were none before, some of which are tenanted all the year round by these poor people. Many, however, return to the Hills, but at a much later season (April and May), and I met groups of these, with their little children carried in baskets, like fowls, on their mothers' heads, or tied upon little ponies, laden with clothing, &c. But to return to the tiger-haunted jungle. The custom was to make up a fence of thorny bushes round the cattle and to light fires; but this did not always ensure safety, for the tiger has been known to steal stealthily along, spring over the frail fence, and kill a beast. By far the most frequent victim to this forest ranger was the post-office runner, who traversed alone, or sometimes with another, this lonely road. As a precaution, these men have sticks, on which are iron rings, so placed as to rattle as they are carried; but these are not always sufficient to scare a hungry beast, and many are the recorded deaths—although, as with snakes, they have to bear unjustly the blame of many murders. It is related how a thief, carrying off his plundered cash, was once thus stopped and eaten, having been first dragged into the forest, and keen was the search for his *remains*, of which the skull alone is reported to have been found. The finding of the cash was not reported. Now this jungle is cleared, and the road is safe.

The following fact is often told as having occurred a few years since. I omit the names, for obvious reasons:—

An exalted official was coming down from the Hills to his camp at Hulderain, a few miles distant from this spot, and was walking, with his gun in his hand, attended by several men bearing swords, and followed by a man leading his pony. Suddenly they came upon the body of a post-office runner, recently killed and torn by a tiger, who had been driven off by the approach of the party. One of his men, drawing his sword, exclaimed, "My lord! I will rush into the jungle and kill this tiger, as he must be quite close by." "At your peril!" shouted the excited and alarmed official. "You don't care for your own life, but are going to bring down the beast on me! I'll shoot you if you move a step towards the tiger." And so saying, they took up the letter-bags and passed on.

These Hill tigers are great travellers, often moving thirty miles and upwards in a single night, and, when man-eaters, are very dangerous, as one does not know where or when they may be met with. I well remember, one dark evening, riding alone near Rani Bágh, when the country was much wilder than at present, past some large and dark rocks, when my pony stood still and trembled violently. I stood in my stirrups and peered about, and saw what I took to be a pair of glaring orbs, probably those of a lurking leopard. I pushed on, but such *rencontres* are not pleasant, and tigers have not even yet disappeared from the province, although rarer than they used to be. But to return to the object of my trip. Having dismounted and sent the elephant to meet me on my return journey, I proceeded on foot up one of the broken ravines, fringed with flowers, following the dry bed of the torrent, searching for nests. The first, to me, new bird I saw was a fine woodpecker, probably *Picus Maciei*, and, having carefully watched him, I soon found his nest, deep in a hole in a fallen and half-rotten tree. This, with great labour, I care-

fully cut out, but was much disappointed to find three young birds only. Next I noted a white-crested bulbul busily building his nest rather low in a tree, and, the heat becoming too much for my head, I had to return without adding any eggs to my collection, as the nests I afterwards found were those of the most ordinary kind.

In the afternoon I took a long stroll, but found only one nest worthy of notice—viz., that of a black-headed myna (*Temenachus pagodarum*), in the hole of a tree some six feet from the ground, in which were four young ones. The situation was unusual, but no buildings were near of which the birds could have availed themselves.

This day's rambles were, however, enough to show me that I was nearly a month too late to do any good, although, of course, as I ascended higher I should find the birds later with their nests. This was amply proved, for, although proceeding but a few miles in distance, I mounted the next day several thousand feet (Bhùn-Tal being 4,550 feet above sea-level), and found all the birds there busy with nidification and laying.

The ascent commenced directly after crossing the bridge, and was nearly continuous during the whole march, which lay through pleasing scenery, chiefly thin forest; and I only found two nests during the ascent. The first was that of a beautiful blue-tailed bee-eater (*Merops Phillpensis*), which I observed hawking insects from the dead top of a tall tree, and secured as a specimen after I had noted its nest.

The road was cut in the scarped bank some few feet, and this bird flew out close to my horse's nose. The nest was dug out in the bank, and extended horizontally some six or seven feet under the roots of a large oak-tree. I had to send a party of men to dig it out, in which process they completely blocked, but again soon cleared, the road, and after heavy work I was rewarded by finding four young birds covered with blue down only. At the entrance to the hole were remains of beetles and *Xylocopa* bees in great quantities.

The other nest was that of a bronze-winged dove—the tenant of which flew swiftly past me, evading my gun—and which contained two eggs. I managed, however, to secure two specimens of the bird in the course of the morning (*Chalcophaps Indicus*). The bird feeds on the ground, but the ill-constructed nest is in a tree or tall bush, some distance from the soil.

Arrived at the rest-house I found two artillery officers, one an old colonel who had not bird-nested since he was a boy, and I got him to come out with me. After a rest, and a bathe in the cool waters, I sent off a large party of porters to look for eggs, and they ere long returned, bringing many specimens of those of the common dove, shrike, and bulbul, but nothing of greater rarity.

In the afternoon we went out on the shores of the lake (which is, I believe, figured in Vol. III., page 120 of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS), and is a sheet of water some mile or more long, with a less width, surrounded on all sides by low hills, and dammed at the lower end by a rising ground. Near the head of the lake is an outlet by which the surplus water—the accumulation of the rainfalls of the surrounding hills, and the produce of sundry springs—escapes, and is afterwards utilised by being led off in small canals for mills, and the irrigation of the waterless Turaice, which may well be described as a shingly beach at the foot of the hills, through which all water sinks to

reappear as springs at its lower edge. It is at the head of this water that the rest-house stands, and from it is obtained a beautiful view.

Wandering between clumps of thorny wild pears and other trees, covered with honeysuckles, wild roses, and traveller's joy, our notice was first attracted by a great calling out of a pair of long-tailed drongo shrikes (*Dicrurus longicaudatus*), one of the king crows of Europeans, who were assailing a young, fully-fledged corbre crow (*Corvus culminatus*), who was placidly sitting on one of the highest boughs of a tree. The cause was soon clear, for they had then their transparent nest fixed on a thick bough, and in it were four creamy-white eggs, the first I had seen of this species, which are more ordinarily spotted. The pertinacity with which these little birds attacked the young monster, and his utter disregard of them, were most curious; and one could not but regret that it led to, for them, such sad results. When our man climbed the tree they flew round him vociferating, whilst the crow flew off.

We also heard the wonderful call of the Himalayan green barbet (*Megalaima lineata*), so well known to all Indian sportsmen, and watched the flight of the graceful Himalayan magpie, as it waved along with its fine tail. His nest we could not find, but it was doubtless in one of the high forest trees which abounded near the lake.

We now turned homewards, and after a little rest started again in a fresh direction, taking the outfall of the lake for our starting-point. Climbing down by the bridge which spans it, we found ourselves in a bed of nettles some eight or nine feet high, growing in mud and water, the resort of many a native with no sanitary fear before his eyes, and interspersed with very prickly bushes.

These nettles would have delighted the heart of a grower of fibres, but not his hands, as we found to our cost. We had, however, been tempted into them by seeing some most beautiful paradise flycatchers (*Tchatria paradisea*) go in before us, and hoped to find their nests. These little birds, less than a sparrow in size, are of a plain brownish colour, but their beauty consists in their elongated tail-feathers. There are two of these pure white, and often fourteen inches in length; and the effect of the little bird flying can be better conceived than described. We were fortunate enough to find two nests. These were fixed on, and suspended from thin, prickly boughs by spiders' webs, and were very neatly made, of a deep cup shape. Many lichens also appeared on the outside. In the first of these were four or five little birds, which we did not disturb. Their heads, with open beaks, seemed to cover the whole surface of the nest, and they were in truth wonderfully packed in. In the second was sitting the bird, with his tail hanging out, and this contained four little eggs, which we secured, as well as the nest. My companion, in spite of the unsavoury locality and the nettles, was delighted at the find; but we were both glad to emerge into the more open water-course, whose backwater, so to speak, we had been hitherto exploring.

We now kept to the edge of a small stone channel which conveyed water to a flour-mill, and I commenced a keen search for the nest of a beautiful bird I had watched on the stones in low water, resembling a large wagtail, called the Himalayan fork-tail (*Henicurus maculatus*), and of similar habits.

After a little time, I detected what I took to be a pretty, mossy, projecting stone, and it was not till I looked down into

it, and saw the three eggs, that I could tell that it was a nest at all. The moss had been placed on it so exactly similarly to what was growing on every rock around, that it was wonderful how I saw it. The said moss, owing to the constant spray, was actually growing. This was a great find, and it was not more than six inches above the water-level, which of course in an artificial canal varies very little, and it could not be reached without going into the water. Other nests we found, and we returned well satisfied with our evening's work. But, for fear of wearying my readers, I will now draw these notes to a close.

The delight of bird-nesting in the Himalaya is very great. The fresh air, the grand scenery, the perfect quiet—for one must tread softly and slowly, and be all eyes and ears—and the novelty of the fauna, all enhance its interest, and I can commend the pursuit, intelligently conducted, to all lovers of nature. Often have I sat in a shady glen in the higher hills for an hour, watching a nest at a distance with a glass to determine the bird, and with regret have I left the woods to turn homewards. I have seen the deer come out, graze, and go away without perceiving me and the sly tree-cat, after the same

game as myself, has passed me by. Insects, too, come and go, whilst the mind is often busily employed in recalling bygone scenes.

Whilst on these excursions, it has often struck me what a difference there is in the behaviour of birds directly their young are hatched. Before that, I have seen them slip off their nests, as they thought, unheeded by me, and again return by most circuitous routes; but directly the feeding of the young commences all fear vanishes, and the situation of the nest becomes plain to all. This is particularly the case with the hoopoes and chats. The former bird is very common, yet how difficult it is to find its eggs—and only for this very reason. So with the stone-chats. Watch them day by day in open country amongst stones, and you will not, but by the veriest chance, find their nests, whilst when feeding their young they will be observed immediately, or within ten minutes.

Natural history is a great resource to the enervated seeker after health in the Hills and elsewhere, and I trust these few notes may encourage some in pursuing it, or commencing its practical study in the woods and fields.

Northern Wanderings.—II.

BY FRANK USHER.

FREE-SHOOTING.

I FELT sadly disappointed at this *finale* to our hunt, and expressed my sorrow to Nissen, who hardly seemed to share it. Not the least annoying part of the affair was that it would take us at least four hours' hard walking to reach Klæbo. Another course was open to me. Two hours' march would bring us to Meelhuus in Guldal, a station on the Trondhjem and Støren Railway, whence we might return by train to Trondhjem. Whilst we were deliberating upon the best plan, one of the bñder, who guessed the subject of our colloquy, made a proposition which solved my difficulty. He had a sæter within an hour's walk; if I would do him the honour, I could go and pass the night there, and resume the search after the bear the next morning by myself; he would undertake to send a boy with me who knew the country well, and he thought that I should have a very fair chance of success. I was delighted to have the opportunity, and accepted his kind offer most gladly.

After a rest of a quarter of an hour, my companions prepared to return to their respective homes; but before we separated, an object was set up, some fifty yards off, at which our skill as marksmen was tested. At this range the Norwegians—who lay down to fire, resting their rifles upon their caps, which they placed upon a stone, or stump of a tree—shot very well. They were, however, unable to make anything like decent shooting at a longer range, nor could they shoot at all well from the shoulder. This style, which they called "free-shooting," I adopted, with results that astonished them, taking for my mark a large fir-tree, which was some hundred yards distant. English rifles rose immensely in their estimation. At last, having made noise enough to scare all the bears from the neighbourhood,

the main object of our shooting, we wished each other a cordial farewell, and separated upon our different routes.

KLOMSTEEN'S SÆTER.

It was rather a long trudge to the sæter to which we were bound, and it was with fervent thankfulness that I eventually beheld the three small wooden huts, which my host informed me were our destination. Tired as I was, I could not help thinking that I had never beheld a more picturesque sight than that which the sæter presented. The huts were built upon the side of a hill, nestling under the shadow of an enormous bluff. The view from them was not very extensive, being shut in on every side by mountains, the sides and summits of which were thinly wooded with birch and fir, and covered in places with patches of juniper bushes, which, at first, I took for furze brakes. A bright mountain stream tumbled sparkling along the bottom of the hill. Around the sæter, sheep and cattle were browsing upon the mossy grass, or chewing the meditative cud. In the distance dogs were barking, aiding a small boy in his attempts to drive some refractory goats to their night quarters. Two buxom, rosy-cheeked lasses were busily engaged in milking, singing some fjeld melody as they worked. Piles of cheese stood upon a bench outside one of the huts, through the open door of which could be seen goodly rows of other cheeses, and innumerable pans of cream. Everything looked smiling and joyous, as if the sorrows of the distant world could never reach that scene of pastoral simplicity and happiness.

My host, whose name was Klomsteen, apologised with a grace that would have done credit to an ancient courtier, for the pooriness of the entertainment that he had to offer me. Had



VIEW NEAR KLÆBO.

he known that I was coming, he would have procured white bread and other delicacies for my benefit. As it was, he could give me but mountain fare. A bowl of sour milk, with brown sugar, and rye bread powdered over it, thick rye cakes and delicious cheese and butter formed my supper, and never did I enjoy a meal more. I am sure that my achievements with spoon and knife quite eclipsed those of Nissen and Klomsteen, hungry as they declared themselves to be. They won for me the hearts of the worthy Norwegians who, gazing upon the emptied bowl, declared that I was the most "snill Engelskmand" they had ever known—a great compliment this to one who knew but a few words of their language.

There is greater freedom of intercourse between all classes of the population in Norway than exists in, perhaps, any other nation, a fact which may be attributed to the total abolition of titles in the year 1814. There is no aristocratic class in the country, and but one order of merit, that of St. Olaf, which Oscar, courting a popularity which his father Bernadotte had failed to secure, created for the Norwegians in 1847. In Norwegian "society," no awkward questions of precedence obtrude themselves, and, on this account, a degree of familiarity exists among the people that is unknown in other lands. The great majority of the population consists of small farmers, who, mostly living at a considerable distance from any town, unite all trades in their own families. These *bönder* command a large majority in the Storting. The establishment of his national freedom is of so recent a date, that its value is ever in the mind of the Norwegian, who consequently thinks more of his independence than the foreigner, who, long accustomed to the enjoyment of liberty, is at times apt to forget its blessings. The Norwegian loves to feel that he is independent, and, therefore, can ill brook any assumption of superiority on the part of a foreigner. He who would fare well in Norway must pocket the dignity which is his in other lands. To one who gives himself airs, the Norwegians are cold and reserved; but he who studies the national peculiarities, and treats those with whom he is thrown into contact on the terms of equality to which they are accustomed, will be received everywhere with open arms. In the *bönde-gaard* (the farmhouse), where of necessity he must often sojourn—for inns are few and far between in Norway—he will be treated as an honoured guest; for him no attention will be too great, nothing can be too good, and when he takes his leave, his departure will be a matter of sincere regret to his kind entertainers.

Our meal over, we went outside the little hut to enjoy a pipe. Fortunately my flask contained the wherewithal to make three stiffish mugs of grog, and my tobacco-pouch was large and well filled, so we sat upon a bench, in the shade, and smoked and drank, and listened to some bear tales which Klomsteen narrated. One of his tales was a very sad one; it was of a niece of his who was killed by a bear near this sæter, many years ago. From the place where we were sitting we could see the very spot where the tragedy occurred. Klomsteen's niece, Thora, and a little boy happened to be alone at the sæter one day. It was hay-making time, and all the others were away up the mountains cutting grass. Thora was churning when the boy rushed up to her with the news that a bear was killing a calf. She was a brave young woman, to whom such a thing as fear was unknown, so, hastily catching up a short staff, she ran off to the spot where the bear was engaged in its murderous work. A bear will generally flee from the

presence of man—many instances are recorded in which the mere sight of a boy or girl has caused him to abandon the animal he was attacking—so Thora's boldness was not as rash as at first sight it appears. When she reached the scene of the struggle, the calf was already slain, or panting out its little life upon the ground, and the bear was attacking the old cow, who, doubtless, had striven to save the life of its young one. A few minutes must have terminated the poor mother's life, had not Thora boldly assailed the fierce brute with her staff. The bear, pressed by hunger, or maddened by the excitement of the struggle, fled not, but relinquishing his other victim, turned upon the heroic girl. Alas! what could she, poor thing, unaided, do against the savage monster? Fainter and fainter grew the screams with which the mountain-sides re-echoed. That awful struggle for life was unseen by mortal eye, for the terrified boy had sought some hiding-place when he saw the beast attacking Thora; but the ground, bespattered far and wide with blood and rags, told too plainly that the struggle was a long one. A few hours afterwards, the returning haymakers, attracted to the spot by a cloud of magpies and other foul birds about it, discovered the body of Thora—so horribly mangled that recognition of it was at first impossible—lying by the side of the half-devoured calf. The bear had slunk off to his hiding-place. For days patient watchers sought to avenge poor Thora's death, for a bear generally returns to feast a second time upon his victims; but this one came not back. It was killed a fortnight afterwards by two young men—one of whom was betrothed to the unfortunate girl—who devoted themselves to its destruction.

Poor, warm-hearted Klomsteen! his voice was husky and his eyes could not meet ours as he told us of his niece's fate. A feeling of sadness had stolen over us as he was telling his tale, and for some minutes after its conclusion we sat and smoked in silence. The girls, who had finished their labours for the day, and made themselves a little tidy, in honour of the Engelskmand, stood within the doorway, their blue eyes filled with sympathetic tears. Nissen broke the spell, which was growing painful, by asking if I should like to hear the girls sing one of the famous fjeld-songs of Norway. Upon my assenting, Klomsteen bade one of the girls, Elvira by name, sing to us. Musical bashfulness is not confined to the amateurs of more southern Europe. Elvira was very bashful; she blushed and declared that not only had she no voice, but, what was a fatal impediment to singing, she knew no songs. Kristine, the other girl, denied these assertions. "Would Kristine favour us, then?" asked Nissen, with my compliments. The declaration of inability to do so was met by an emphatic counter-denial from Elvira. At last, after much persuasion, and blushing and giggling, the two sang a fjeld-song together. The ice having been broken, Elvira sang "Sinclair's Vise," a celebrated Norwegian ballad, which tells how one Sinclair, a colonel in the service of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, raised a body of Scotch troops for his master, and invaded and ravaged the sacred soil of "Gamle Norge." Him and all his host, the avenging peasants of Norway destroyed at Kringelen, in Gudbrandsdalen. Kringelen is a precipitous hill, round the base of which, by the side of the swiftly-flowing Logen, runs the road from Christiania to Trondhjem. The Scotch mercenaries, 900 strong, landed in Romsdalen, and marched through the country, ravaging it on their way. They had penetrated to Gudbrandsdalen unopposed, and flushed

with success, and lulled into false security by the seeming apathy of the Norwegians, were moving down the valley of the Logen upon Lillehammer, when stern retribution overtook them at Kringelen. There, where the pass was narrowest and the mountain-side steepest, the peasants prepared a deadly avalanche for the invaders. Upon the summit of the mountain were collected vast quantities of rocks, stones, and trunks of trees, and as the Scotch were marching through the pass, these were launched upon their devoted heads, crushing them to death or sweeping them into the deep river. The victory of the peasants who organised this ambush was complete. Rushing down the hill they attacked and slaughtered the wounded and those who had escaped destruction, without mercy. It is said that of the whole Scotch force, but two were spared.

When Elvira had concluded her long ballad, Kristine obliged us with a very pretty little song, extolling the beauties of her incomparable fatherland. There is but one theme in the favourite songs of the country—it is “Gamle Norge”—Old Norway. Their poets go mad over this. A foreigner can find no surer way to the hearts of the patriotic Norwegians than by a graceful allusion to their national weakness—if, indeed, one can call that a weakness which springs from intense love of the fatherland. A parallel to the effect produced upon the Norwegian mind by allusion to “Gamle Norge,” is only to be found in Switzerland; but the “Ranz des Vaches” cannot stir the soul of the Alpine shepherd as the “Nordmand’s Sang” moves that of the Norske Bonde. The melodies of the Norwegian national airs are quaint, and sometimes positively charming, with a depth of sentiment hardly to be excelled. The voices of the people are, as a rule, good; but Norway has never produced a singer who could compete with the great artistes of the sister kingdom.

Observing the pleasure that I took in Kristine’s song, Klomsteen volunteered one. It was in praise of some hero of Scandinavian mythology; and to those who knew what it was about, it was, doubtless, of absorbing interest; I did not, and, therefore, after listening to some forty or fifty verses, I tired and dozed off to sleep. Heaven knows how long the ballad lasted! I awoke as Klomsteen was finishing it, and feeling very sleepy, after thanking all of them for their kindness, begged permission to retire for the night. The sleeping accommodation of the sæter consisted of two bunks, one over the other, as on board ship. I was made to take one of these—the top one. Pulling off my coat and boots I tumbled in; a sheepskin was thrown over me, and in less than a minute I was fast asleep.

How stiff I was when I awoke the next morning; at first I feared that I should be unable to resume the pursuit of the bear, but gradually, as I moved about, the stiffness wore off, and a bathe in a little pool, which I discovered some way down-stream, made me feel fit to cope with the difficulties of fjeld-climbing once more. I breakfasted heartily on trout, rye-bread, and butter. Klomsteen’s piscatorial skill had provided the trout. His mode of fishing was peculiar. A No. 6 hook, roughly bound to a long piece of thick string, and a pole, resembling those to which hops are trained, formed his line and rod. A worm was put on the hook, and the stream was allowed to carry this down the beck. Klomsteen’s lynx eyes followed the bait, and when a trout sought to swallow the worm floating temptingly by, he struck with a force that

generally sent the astonished fish flying a dozen yards from its native element. In this manner he secured some twenty fish in the course of half an hour. Their size was inconsiderable, but they were of excellent flavour, and were a very welcome addition to the rye-bread.

Having finished my breakfast, I signified my readiness to start. Klomsteen had procured a boy as my guide, and instructed him as to where he was to take me. I pressed a parting gift upon Elvira and Kristine, who very considerably had packed some bread and cheese in a newspaper for me, and, shaking my good host’s hand, set off once more, followed by the faithful Nissen, who, like myself, was still suffering from the exertions of the previous day.

“And did you see the bear that day?” the courteous reader of my memoirs will ask. Yes, after many hours’ wandering up hill and down vale, I saw him. We were proceeding rather dejectedly along the side of a mountain, when suddenly the boy who was leading us halted and pointed across the valley, whispering excitedly, “Björnen,” which I knew meant the bear. I saw a dark object moving slowly along the opposite side of the valley, and a strange thrill passed through me as I looked upon the first bear that I had seen. How far was he off? I calculated that the distance was about three hundred yards; but there was no time to be lost, for the beast was near cover. Hastily lying down and putting up the three hundred yards’ sight, I took aim at him and fired. I had sadly miscalculated the distance, for my ball struck the mountain-side some ten feet or more below the bear. Before I could get another cartridge into the rifle, the animal had disappeared in the thick scrub. None of us thought of fatigue then; we scrambled down the mountain-side and up the other side of the valley, to the place where we had seen him last. Alas! the ground was rocky, and our most diligent search could not discover the least trace of our game. The sight of the bear had given us new life, though, and we toiled on for hours in the vain hope of coming across him again. The sun had gone below the horizon ere I thought of abandoning the chase. We were then many miles from any inhabited place, so I resolved upon camping out for the night. That was a matter of no difficulty, for the weather was fair and mild. Provisions we had none; but we were too tired to feel hungry, and within five minutes of my determining to bivouac, we were all three asleep upon the soft whortleberry bushes which covered the fjeld.

The pangs of hunger induced me to consent to a return to Klomsteen’s sæter the next morning. It took us five hours to get there, and on our way I shot a splendid old *tiur* (capercaillie), which was sitting on a pine-tree, enjoying a banquet on the buds, which are his favourite food. It was arrant poaching, for the shooting of feathered game commences on August the 15th; but, *latrante stomacho*, who can obey the game-laws?

We were warmly received by Klomsteen, upon our arrival at the sæter, and our wants duly administered to. The *tiur* was converted into an excellent hash, and my last qualms of conscience ceased when I learnt that, had I not slain him, we could have obtained nothing but *fladbrød* for dinner. Elvira had gone down to the *gaard* (farmhouse) for a supply of provisions, and would return that evening. Klomsteen pressed me to remain at his sæter for some days, at least, and then to accompany him to his *gaard* for a few days more. I had not yet had my fill of bear-hunting, so I thanked him for

his kind offer, but declined it, and, after a rest of an hour or so, started again with Nissen up the Varsfjeld.

If I had not had enough of bear-hunting, Nissen had, and it was with tears in his eyes that he pointed out the futility of hunting without a dog, and with no definite knowledge of the whereabouts of the game. The weather came to his assistance, and a heavy drizzle set in which promised to last. Eventually I yielded to his solicitations, and we turned our faces towards Klæbo. It was not difficult to find our way, for the Varsfjeld served us as a landmark. We reached Klæbo at ten o'clock at night, wet through, and with clothes torn to shreds. How I enjoyed the preserved beef that I had brought with me from Trondhjem, and the stiff glass of toddy in which I afterwards indulged! It needs some little privation to make a man do due justice to the good things of this life. That night I would have wagered all my possessions that the most luxurious mattress in the world was made of hay and moss.

I slept until eight o'clock the next morning. The rain still continued, so I postponed my return to Trondhjem for some time; and borrowing a needle and thread, endeavoured to patch my torn habiliments into something like respectability. There being no signs of an improvement in the weather, two hours later I started on my homeward route. I left the reward of my Klæbo friends to Nissen, who bestowed upon them three marks, a sum equal to two shillings and eightpence, with which they were amply satisfied. The distance to Trondhjem was not more than sixteen miles, so I determined upon walking into town. Half-way, however, a cart passed us, and the driver proffered a lift, which I accepted. I reached Trondhjem by one p.m., and met P—— as I was driving up the Nordre-gade. He accompanied me to the "Britannia" to hear my adventures, and, having heard them, agreed with me that my very pleasant experiences of fjeld-life had not been too dearly purchased.

WILD BEASTS IN NORWAY.

"Of wild beasts, bears and wolves are killed in all parts of Norway, and occasionally the lynx, and wolverine or glutton. * * * A dog may be carried in a net or bag slung under the carriage, upon the Italian plan. It is always the safest way to carry a dog in that manner, in case of his being attacked by a wolf, for with that animal a dog is an irresistible temptation. Pigs and cattle will also frequently attack a strange dog very fiercely, perhaps mistaking him for a wolf." However true these sentences, which I have culled from a late edition of the most popular guide to Norway, may have been many years ago, they are not at the present time correct. The wolf is no longer to be found in Norway, save in the extreme north, far beyond the region in which carriages are used. It is a curious fact, and one which puzzles even the native hunters, that whereas bears have increased in numbers during the last ten years, wolves have almost disappeared from the land. Cunning brutes! They have migrated to the vast wilds of Finmark and Lapmark, in quest of a simpler-minded people than those to be found in more southern Norway. They have not been destroyed, or we should have learnt the fact from the government returns, a premium of five specie dollars (£1 2s. 6d.) being paid for the destruction of beasts of prey, of whatever age. Lynxes and gluttons are still rarer than wolves.

Although bears exist in considerable numbers, their wandering habits render the hunting of them a matter of much difficulty. I have killed a bear thirty miles from a place where he was fired at and wounded severely the day before. Again, in his wanderings, the bear is seen by many different people, and exaggerated accounts of the number of bears in the country are consequently circulated. Bears are still to be found all over Norway, but the progress of civilisation, which opens new roads and fells ancient forests, is fast driving them towards the north.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—VI.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

TO PALMEIRAS.

FOR about a couple of hours from Entrerios the Pedro II. Railway keeps near the river Parahiba, following it in a south-westerly direction towards its source. There are many good views of the river, but very little forest is to be seen for many miles: this is the heart of the coffee country. At every station, all the people seemed made of coffee: huge fazendas are passed, with their large drying-grounds, on which thousands of pounds of coffee are drying in the clear sunshine: it is "coffee, coffee everywhere, but not a drop to drink." At the rather large station of Barra the train stopped twenty minutes, for refreshments: oranges and sweet lemons were in great demand, but many hot and thirsty throats seemed to find no peace till the dust was washed out with beer or Bordeaux. In the meantime, as most of the passengers got out of the hot carriages to air themselves upon the platform, we had plenty of

opportunity for examining the external appearance of the coffee-producing race. As usual, the most gaudy dresses were found decorating the bodies of the darkest blacks. I was very much struck by one young lady, who had certainly nine parts out of ten of negro blood in her veins, and who wore a brilliant green frock over long white trousers, with lace edges hanging over sky-blue boots, while a hat with scarlet and white feathers was stuck coquettishly upon her woolly head. The railway turning more to the south, we lost sight of the river, and soon afterwards got once more into a wilder and less cultivated part of the country; rather late in the afternoon we passed the station of Rodeio, rushed downhill through a long tunnel, at the further end of which was the little station of Palmeiras, the object of our ambition and our place of rest for the present. Here we were kindly met by Mrs. Gunning, in the Doctor's absence at Rio, with a party of his

black people, headed by his white bailiff and factotum. All our goods were carried up the hill from the station, and in a short time we found ourselves established in delightful rooms, in a home which exceeded all our expectations.

Palmeiras hospitality and Dr. Gunning may be said to be convertible terms. He was a young physician in Scotland when he was invited to take medical charge of a colony of Europeans employed in the Brazilian mines. He consented, and his professional skill soon established his position. He became a great authority on the skin diseases which, from minor forms, reach to the last degrees of leprosy and elephantiasis among the black natives of Brazil: his general capacity for affairs enabled him to see his way through bad systems of

built a comfortable little hotel of solid stone, with broad verandahs on the sunny side, which in neatness and cleanliness reminded me more of the pretty houses near Dunkeld, than anything else I could think of; and he has established an Englishman named Fife, who has seen a great deal of the big world, as its manager. He has built a few other small stone houses, perched on various eminences in the immediate vicinity; and close behind, in the bosom of the forest, he has established a colony of blacks, who do all the work of the estate, each family possessing its own house and garden, with huts for pigs and poultry, which are a fertile source of revenue to them. He began, I believe, by receiving these slaves as payment for bad debts or mortgages, and he did it with the



VIEW ON THE PARAHIBA.

contract and wasteful administration of business: he made money for himself while he ministered to the health and happiness of those around him: he was thoroughly conversant with the affairs of the country; and when the great Pedro II. Railway was devised, he bought an estate of hill and forest near what was decided upon as the Rodeio station, and called the place Palmeiras, in honour of the abundant palm-trees in the neighbourhood. The steep slopes of the estate face towards the south and west; and over the depths in front of it there are charming views of purple hills, one beyond the other, and a distant glimpse of the snow-white buildings of the Emperor's grand fazenda. On the face of the steep hill he built a delightful residence for himself, the earth taken from the back of the slope forming a kind of large terrace, which has been turned into a luxuriant garden, where palm-trees and roses meet the splendid bignonias, orchids, and fruit-trees, which are indigenous to the place. About a hundred feet higher up the hill-side, on a similar artificial terrace, he has

benevolent intention of enabling them to earn their own freedom by a system of payment by which they were to be credited with the value of work done. But the swarthy Africans found their position so comfortable, that they have no desire for change, and none of them have been found willing to do the last touch of easy work which would entitle them to that freedom of which Europeans think so highly. They have got all they want, and freedom with them means much the same as pauperism does with us. They would have to work much harder for wages than they do now, and the Doctor would be a richer man if he could get rid of them and their idle ways. Meanwhile, the Government has taken the matter in hand, and an Act was passed last session for the gradual emancipation of all the Brazilian slaves: happily for all parties it is not to be a rash and instantaneous change, and time will be given for developing a new order of things.

Doctor and Mrs. Gunning had some other friends staying with them; but they most hospitably made room for one of

our party, while the rest were consigned to Mr. Fife's charming little hotel. Here we were in perfect peace. There was no sort of carriage-road within miles of us, and the only disturber of the primeval tranquillity was the occasional snort of the "iron horse," plunging through the forests and tunnels which separated us from Rio de Janeiro, and reminding us that, though we were close among the solitudes beloved of monkeys, toucans, and tapirs, we were but a few hours removed from the busy hum of the busiest city in South America. Our rooms opened upon a broad balcony and verandah, where, after a hot day's walk or a rough ferning scramble in the forest, to smoke the evening pipe in the face of a full moon, and talk over Cambridge days, and adventures in the snowy Alps of Switzerland, was bliss indeed. Everything in the house—glass, china, beds, and furniture—was as clean and perfect as in many a much more pretentious English establishment: the landlord's only fault was his eagerness to make us eat and drink more than was likely to be good for us; but as he was always ready to stand by and tell us his strange experiences of the Crimean and American wars, we were always provided with an excellent aid to digestion. On the whole, as I run over in memory the results of much varied travelling, I can hardly think of anything so delightful as our sojourn at the little inn of Palmeiras. Fat ducks and chickens were close at hand; black pigs, smooth and round as foot-balls, maintained their rotundity by poaching, in company with sundry sheep, upon the Doctor's yams and mandioca; and there was a delightful parrot, who imitated to such perfection the crowing of the cock, and was so amused by provoking an immediate reply from the rooster, that he laughed demoniacally at his own success.

Immediately behind the house there was a steep path, which led to a long terrace walk, carried horizontally round a kind of bay in the mountain-side: its bank was covered with choice ferns on one side, while the other offered an open view of the lovely scenery before us: presently it turned into the thick forest, where we had an almost boundless field for fresh rambles and fresh botanising. Here we found again that singular fern, the *Danaea elliptica*, the jointed and juicy stalks of which seem to distinguish it from all other kinds of the *Filix* family. Here, too, was our first specimen of the *Hemidictyon marginatum*; a fern which, in its native luxuriance, seemed so wonderful, that at first we could hardly believe it was a fern at all. From the banks of a trickling rivulet its cluster of pale-green fronds rose waving to a height of nearly twelve feet, the *pinnae* on each side of the stalk being like exaggerated harts' tongues, one above the other, but almost as delicate in structure as goldbeaters' skin, and quivering at the lightest touch. In a neighbouring part of the forest, on a day which was principally devoted to orchid hunting with a couple of the Doctor's negroes, we found a solitary specimen of the grandest twining fern that I have ever seen, which was named for us at Kew as the *Blechnum volubile*; it was of a magnificent dark and shining green, and, with the vigour of the strongest hop-plant, it had twined round a sapling to an equal height. But the place was inexhaustible; forest above, forest below, and forest all round us, some hotter and some wetter, afforded a variety of vegetation that, without going two miles from home, would have supplied months of occupation to a botanist, instead of the few remaining weeks at our disposal. Under and among all this luxuriant vegetation the modern railway monster works its way, twisting and diving along steep

gradients and chilly tunnels, through regions which, until comparatively lately, have remained untouched since the foundations of the world: sometimes carried round the open side of a mountain, and sometimes plunging into darkness, to emerge again under the overhanging branches, whose parasitical progeny of fair ferns and orchids is polluted by the smoke, while the monkeys are scared by the execrable whistle of their Darwinian cousins.

Leaving the purple summit of great Tinguá to look down contemptuously upon this modern innovation on our left, we had always a delightful variety of rambles down the hills towards the west. From one of Dr. Gunning's houses a zigzag path had been cut through the deep shade of woods, and emerging upon coffee plantations with a view of the orange-groves beyond, where the rushing sound of a waterfall added a new pleasure to the senses. Cabbage-palms abounded in these woods, and were often used as a vegetable at dinner; but I confess that I did not like the idea of cutting down these graceful trees for the purpose of extracting the heart of the top shoot, the only part of it that is fit for food. At one part of the path was a huge *liana*, or rope-plant, about nine inches thick, which, in its strange passage from one tree to another, had tied itself into a circular coil, resting on the ground so that we could walk through it, as through a hoop, without stooping. Here, too, were vast quantities of ferns; and as the difference of elevation, and consequently of heat, was very great in the walks about Palmeiras, we had abundant opportunity of comparing the plants in different situations: some of them looked well at a great variety of elevations; but it was only in one of the hottest and dampest corners, far down the hill-side, that we came to a colony of the exquisitely tender and delicate *Adiantum macrophyllum*. A little below this we emerged into the blazing sun, where a party of blacks were hoeing a coffee plantation, through which we followed a very narrow path in Indian file. Happening to walk first, and keeping a good look-out for snakes, I saw something barely move, about two yards in front of me. I halted the party silently, and pointed to a little twitching snout and restless ears, which I knew belonged to an armadillo. Finding he was discovered, he amused us greatly by the sudden rush he made down the steep hill: he sprang through the air with limbs at full stretch, but before he reached the ground he appeared to be rolling himself into a ball, and, with a strange mixture of rolling and leaping, he vanished almost instantly among the long grass. Somewhat further on we killed one of the handsome coral snakes, whose bars of brilliant red certainly give them the palm of beauty over every other snake that I have ever seen, either dead or alive. The waterfall is a very fine one; and in Switzerland somebody would soon contrive to make it accessible, and charge a franc a head for having done so. As, however, it happens to be in Brazil, we had a very rough scramble along the banks of the stream which comes from it, picking our way among huge rocks in its bed, creeping under low overhanging boughs, and getting occasional glimpses of the snowy fall, which was still far above us, thundering down from the bosom of the upper woods. With this we were obliged to be content, as we could get no further.

My last walk in this lovely district was with the Doctor, who wished to show me two monstrous *Jequitibá* trees, which had been cut down for him in the heart of the forest. He had never seen the place himself, or I think

he might have hesitated; but he had heard afar off the crash of their fall, and he knew they were of no ordinary size. We were conducted by a jet-black negro, with a huge axe, who declared the spot to be only half an hour distant. He plunged into the forest at a fast pace, and we soon found it was hard work to keep him in sight. It was a very hot day, and the ground consisted of a succession of steep little hills, up which we had to pull ourselves as well as we could, by the aid of sticks and branches, entangled in creepers, and slipping among the decayed vegetation above. Under these circumstances, whenever I could get a glimpse of the black man shouting to us to follow him, he appeared to me like a fiend of darkness, urging us on to our destruction. With all the advantage of having nothing on his feet and very little on his back, he moved with the activity of a monkey, and I have seldom felt greater relief than when at length we stopped in the presence of the fallen monsters. The ruin created by their fall upon the hill-side was something to behold, and they were surrounded by such a chaos of smashed trees and branches

that it was difficult to get near them, and quite impossible to measure their length. They were real giants, and by far the largest trees that I have seen cut down. Dr. Gunning did not know what sort of a place they were in, and when he reflected that he had ordered them to be cut up for planks, I think his mind misgave him as to the possibility of extracting them from their present situation. We went back rather more leisurely, and had to devote the remainder of the day to the miseries of packing. It was a hard thing to leave a place where we had spent such a delightful fortnight, and hard to say good-bye to such kind and hospitable friends; but next morning the train took us away from our beloved hills, and deposited us in the hot and noisy bustle of Rio de Janeiro. A few days later, we were on board the *La Plata*, homeward-bound, and had plenty of time to reflect upon the happy, independent life and the glorious scenes with which a few months had made us acquainted. For myself I can but hope to see them yet again; and the best wish I can offer to my readers is that they may be enabled to go and do likewise.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—III.

A TRIBUTARY OF THE TROMBETAS.

FROM the directions given us by the Indians we had no difficulty in finding the branch stream, though but for these we might easily have passed without seeing it, as we had done while ascending. Its mouth was beset with an archipelago of islets, all wooded to the water's edge; and could only be entered by a track of tortuous navigation between them.

We entered it at length, and continued on up a channel that, though narrower than the Trombetas itself, was nevertheless deep, with a fast-flowing current, and carrying down a large body of water. On both shores the timber stood thick, showing an impenetrable wall of vegetation that hindered us from having a view, not only of the horizon, but more than half of the sky's concave. Only a band of the blue firmament, not ninety degrees in breadth, was visible overhead. To right and left a green curtain hung like a gigantic trellis, covered with trailing and verdant vines. Even the tree-trunks that supported it were not observable, the foliage of the air-plants and parasites shrouding them, branch and bough, as completely as if a vast blanket of baize had been flung over the forest.

Between the two grand arboreal embankments—for such they were in reality—we passed on, the *cuberta* impelled by oars. There was not a breeze sufficient to have filled her sail, even had it blown in the right direction. But the course of the stream continually changing, it would have been idle to spread canvas, and we did not think of attempting it.

We made fair way with our oars, our crew of Tapuyos being all of them good rowers. Still we did not reach the Zummate village, as we had hoped, before darkness came on, and, choosing a *praya*, or sandbank, that furnished us with a landing-place for the *cuberta*, we made mooring for the night, and removed our sleeping traps out of the boat, with the design of worshipping Somnus ashore.

We paid our devotions to the drowsy god, most of us in vain. For my part, I cannot remember having passed a more uncomfortable night. I was restless and sleepless. I was stung by *zancudos*, tickled by *fejens*, crawled over by erratic crabs, bitten by *scolopendra*, and threatened by blood-sucking bats, to say nothing of the horror inspired by the lugubrious growling of *guaribas*, the purr of prowling pumas, answered by the cry of the jaguars, far more to be feared by the Amazonian traveller, whether he be swinging in a hammock or lying along the earth.

A PRIMEVAL FOREST.

That night few of our party slept. Even Pluto, my negro valet, lay awake—a man at other times most difficult to restrain from slumbering. We were in a weird spot, a district where Nature held sway, undisturbed by the intrusions of man, or only at rare intervals. As proof of this the wild creatures around us were not shy, nor did they appear affrighted by our presence. The birds flew close to our faces, and the monkeys ran out to the extremities of the branches almost within hand reach. They gazed at us, chattering as if in their gibbering they spoke anger as well as astonishment at our intrusion upon their domain. It was only after our Tapuyos had shot two of their number and commenced skinning, to cook them for our breakfast, that the creatures took thought of danger and scampered off out of sight.

A SINGULAR COMBAT.

While engaged in our semi-cannibal repast, we were witnesses of a scene rarely observed, even by travellers on the Amazon. It was a combat between two quadrupeds, in habits altogether unlike, and with strength and combative powers so apparently unequal, that it has been doubted whether one of them, supposed the weaker, could at all maintain a struggle with the other and stronger.

The quadrupeds in question were a jaguar and an ant-eater; the large species called "tamandua uassu" (*Myrmecophaga jubata*). The long-snouted toothless creature had crept out from among the trees and was going towards the river as if to take a bath, or, perhaps, only to quench its thirst. It had entered upon the sandy praya that skirted the edge of the stream, when a jaguar—no doubt the same we had heard giving tongue during the night—sprang out from some bushes, and, with a bound, launched itself upon the ant-eater. All at once the tamandua seemed capsized, as if the impetus of the concussion had sent it rolling over upon its back. We soon saw, however, that this was its attitude of defence, and that, instead of tamely submitting to be torn to pieces, it was giving combat to its spotted assailant, the two seemingly locked like bulldogs in deadly embrace. What with their quick movements and the dust thrown up by the struggle, we

yet unharmed, but the Tapuyos running up, hammered it over the head with their oar-blades till it, too, lay lifeless along the sward—still holding its dead antagonist in its clutch.

On examining the two, we saw that the long curving talons of the tamandua were buried in the jaguar's flesh, one of them having penetrated between two ribs, making a hole from which the red blood was running freely. We regretted that Pluto had not permitted the contest to continue to its natural end, so that we might have obtained ocular evidence of a fact, about the truth of which our Tapuyos were quite convinced, that the anteater would have destroyed its antagonist had they been left to finish their fight without interruption. It would seem altogether impossible that a creature without a tooth in its head, and otherwise so apparently defenceless, could withstand the attack of such a well-armed and powerful animal as the jaguar—the true monarch, or tyrant, of the



ZUMMATE INDIANS.

could not clearly make out how they fought. The bushy tail of the tamandua went switching about, while the long, even appendage of the feline was seen to vibrate and cut the air in circles, whipping the bushes behind till the leaves rattled as if they had been hit with a switch.

How the strange fight would have terminated had the combatants been left to themselves, it is difficult to decide. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of judging, Pluto having robbed us of this, besides spoiling our sport. The negro chanced at the time to be standing by with a loaded gun in his hand, which he unthinkingly discharged at the fighting quadrupeds without hitting either. The report, however, made the jaguar aware of the proximity of an enemy more dreaded than its worthless antagonist, and giving up the contest, it attempted to retreat into the bush. To our surprise, the ant-eater went along with it, and we now saw that the latter had its huge thick legs closed around the body of the jaguar, apparently holding it in a hug. By this time Senhor N—and I had got our guns to the level, and, both firing at the same instant, a brace of bullets was lodged in the body of the great cat, dropping it dead upon the spot. The ant-eater was

South American forest. However, the Indians of the Amazon are unanimous in asserting that the edentate animal successfully defends itself against the jaguar, the conflict sometimes terminating in the death of both. Certainly the progress which our tamandua had made gave evidence that this, or something like it, would have been the upshot, had Pluto not interfered.

CANOES UNDER "TABOO."

Leaving our night-camp, we re-embarked, and continued up-stream, looking out for the Zummate village. On our way we saw several canoes moored by the river's edge, and tied by *sipós* to the overhanging branches of trees. They were empty, and apparently ownerless. They were not so, for each had a piece of bark attached to the *sipó* cable, upon which was a device, rudely carved, representing a *totem*, or coat-of-arms, thus proclaiming that the craft was private property, and not to be touched by any one except him to whom it belonged.

Our guides informed us that a canoe thus *tabooed* is safe against being stolen or taken away, even though it be the belonging of an enemy!

On the morning of the third day we came opposite a praya,

where a large number of canoes were laid up against the shore. Conjecturing this to be the port of the Zummate village, we landed, and made fast our *cuberta* among the fleet of *montarias*.

We were not left long in doubt. While still in the act of disembarking we were surrounded by a crowd of aborigines, whom we at once recognised as the Indians we were in search of. They were of both sexes and every age, having the same characteristics and similar costumes to the tribe we had encountered on the Trombetas.

They received us in a friendly manner, and at once conducted us to their village, which stood about a mile back from the landing port.

apparently the belles of the village. But, to my astonishment, there was not a rag of clothing—not so much as a stitch—on any one of them. Instead, their bodies were painted in patterns of many kinds and colours—blue, red, yellow, and white—making a mosaic that resembled a piece of encaustic tile-work. The only thing in the shape of garment was a short kilt of coloured grass bound around their waists, and dropping to mid-thigh; while in their jetty black hair, confined with a huge circular comb, appeared a profusion of flowers, many of them orchids that would have commanded a fabulous price in London. As they stood before me, with their smiling faces and white teeth gleaming between soft coral lips, I thought I



CONFLICT BETWEEN THE JAGUAR AND ANT-EATER.

THE ZUMMATES AT HOME.

The scene presented in this remote spot—the picturesqueness both of the palm-thatched huts and the costumes of those who inhabited them, rekindled all my old artist instincts; and I determined on making a sketch of the Zummate town, and taking some portraits of this singular people.

The men stood freely, though not without evident signs of fear. But when it came to making subjects of the fair sex, they ran off helter-skelter, screaming with affright.

PORTRAITS IN "FULL DRESS."

When morning came the chief made his call, telling me that the girls had consented to have their likenesses taken. He said they were *dressing*, and would soon be ready.

Shortly after, a string of damsels made their appearance in front of the chief's *toldo*. They were all young girls, and

had never looked upon a tableau more expressive of simple innocence. Their behaviour was of the most modest kind, and the meagre sketch I was enabled to make of them but poorly conveyed the impression produced on myself. When it was all over they gazed upon it with wondering eyes, laughing all the while, and, to my surprise, easily recognising each of the fair-figures I had so rudely represented.

We left the Zummate village, furnished with fresh guides for the further prosecution of our journey.

AFOOT THROUGH THE FOREST.

After three more days of river navigation, we reached a series of rapids, over which the *cuberta* could not be taken; so we were at length obliged to abandon it, and take to the forest afoot. Then in reality our troubles commenced. Hitherto, we were comparatively well off; the boat enabling

us to take along all that we needed for encamping in comfort. Now we had to carry everything packed upon our shoulders.

Dividing our *impedimenta*, and appointing to each his load, we commenced making our way through the mazy network of tree-trunks and trellis-like climbers. Our Zummate guides professed to be following a path; though to the eyes of Senhor N—— and myself there was not the slightest sign of one. A path through an Amazonian forest is where the Indian has hewn out a track with his *machete*, just wide enough to permit the passage of a man's body, often squeezing it between tree-trunks, or branches beset with sharp dangerous thorns. This, in a few months, or even weeks, from the quick-growing exuberant vegetation, becomes choked up again; requiring to be freshly hewn. The traveller glides along it, under the shadow of trees that, loaded with air-plants and parasites, spread a pall over his head, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Now walking erect, now stooping under some stout limb, which the *machete* had not touched, we passed between the huge trunks of gigantic *Casalpinia*, *Melastomas*, and *Lecythis*, whose tops were lost to view amid the chaotic foliage of the climbers they supported.

Now and then we came upon tracts of forest where the webs of spiders were so thickly interwoven with the branches, as to appear like strips of unbleached linen cloth extended from tree to tree, or the nets of fishermen hung out to dry. Sometimes these cerements were so strong and tenacious, as to require an effort of strength to break through them. We could well believe in birds being caught in these nets, for even a strong-winged bird, once entangled in them, would find it difficult to disengage itself.

THE BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.

We had ocular evidence while traversing the forest track of that singular fact in natural history first made known, if I mistake not, by the graceful pen of Madame de Merian, in her letters from the Dutch colony of Surinam. I allude to the killing of birds by the large spider, or tarantula, termed *Mygale*. The idea was doubted by book critics and scouted by closet naturalists, until Bates confirmed it as a fact—having himself actually witnessed the spectacle, and caught the bird-killing spider at its bloody work. We were not so fortunate as to see this, though we repeatedly saw the hirsute monster crawling among the branches, and twice came upon the dead bodies of birds, apparently depleted of their blood, which our guides assured us had been killed by the tarantulas. Strange to say, in our passage through the forest, we were often in trouble for something to sit down upon and rest our weary limbs. There was neither log nor stone, nor even a projecting tree-root. In this respect the tropical forest often differs from that of the temperate zone; where the fallen tree is found everywhere, offering a natural bench—a seat of the most comfortable kind. In the tropics the tree is braced up and supported by its parasites, just as a ship's masts by the stays and rigging; and although the said parasites often kill the tree, yet do they keep it from falling, until rotting in the warm humid atmosphere, it wastes away, and gradually smoulders into the dust whence it came. The roots, too, that otherwise project above the surface, get so covered up with leaves, and the constant accumulation of vegetable matter, that they offer no seat for the fatigued traveller.

Fire cannot devastate these forests of the Amazon Valley,

as it does those of the Mississippi. It can make no progress under these shades, and amid their perpetual dampness. Rain, too, must be heavy, to be perceptible underneath their thick foliage. A mere shower expends itself before reaching the ground, being caught on the canopy of epiphytes, and there arrested, only a few drops trickling down to the earth. The winds of heaven shake only the top branches of the highest trees; and there alone, amid the dense foliage, dwell the few forest denizens, the parrots, macaws, and monkeys. All underneath resembles the interior of a cavern inhabited by bats, moths, and spiders—and alas, also, by biting mosquitoes.

TROUBLES OF FOREST TRAVEL.

For more than a week we made our way through this sort of forest, tramping on in Indian file, in most places having to cut a path with the *machete*; at night encamping between two great fires, always hearing the howl of the bearded monkeys, always fighting with mosquitoes, or scraping the ticks from our skins; which last, if left to themselves, would have buried their heads in our flesh and caused sores troublesome to heal, and painful to bear. We did not make more than ten or twelve miles in each day's journey. We were impeded, not only by the *lianas* that required cutting out of our way, but by the nature of the ground, which being densely embedded with leaves, made it like walking through a farmyard thickly strewn with straw, or across a hay meadow with the grass freshly cut. In the moist tropical forest, there is no fire to destroy the dead leaves, no wind to sweep them off, no rain to flatten and pack them down, they remain loosely *en masse*, rising up to the knees of the pedestrian, checking his onward progress.

DANGERS FROM FALLING FRUIT.

In traversing these primeval forests of Amazonia, one of the dangers to which the traveller is exposed is the having his skull crushed in, by the falling of some huge nut or fruit with hardened shell.

This is especially the case when passing under the trees that yield the Brazil nuts (*Bertholletia excelsa*); which are forest trees of first magnitude and very tall, rising to the height of a hundred and fifty feet. The huge pericarp, resembling a cocoa-nut with the fibre stripped off, when full of the heavy seeds is quite a ponderous affair; and when ripe drops to the earth with a thud that can be heard far off through the forest. They who make it their business to collect these nuts, before going under the *Bertholletia*, take the precaution to cover their heads with thick wooden caps like firemen's hats or the head-plates of ancient armour. Whenever we approached a grove of these trees our guides gave them a wide berth, warning us to do the same. We learned from them that the monkeys practice similar caution, proving a reasoning power on the part of the quadrumana that should go some way towards establishing the Darwinian theory.

Another strange circumstance asserted by our guides is, that the monkeys, fond of the Brazil nuts, but unable to get at the kernels through the thick hard shells, lie in wait and watch the latter being gnawed open by animals of the order *Rodentia*—the genus *Calogenys* and others—then rushing up, rob the latter of their hard-earned repast. The great kindred tree, called *sapucaia* (*Lecythis alvearia*) sheds its seeds before the fruit falls, the top of the pericarp, when ripe, opening like a lid, and spilling out the contents. The shell remains attached

to the branches—in time also to drop—strewing the ground underneath with cups, to which the natives give the name of “monkey-pots,” while the tree itself is called the “monkey-pot tree.” The fruit falling amidst these forests sinks and becomes buried under the thick stratum of leaves where, to birds and most quadrupeds, it is lost.

THE WILD SWINE OF AMERICA.

There is one animal that can still discover, and draw it forth from its leafy bed. This is the peccary, or wild pig (*Dicotyles*), the only animal of the swinish order indigenous to America. In the Amazonian region occur the two species, the “white-lipped” and “collared” (*Dicotyles torquatus* and *collaris*). Of the latter we saw several large droves of four or five hundred each; though our guides assured us that as many thousands often go together. They range the forest just like ordinary hogs when let free on a foraging expedition, tossing up the leaves and sticks, and “rooting” in a similar manner. When searching for nuts, the little creatures often bury themselves under the fallen foliage, until their presence is only known by the movement of the loosened leaves, or an occasional grunt uttered by one or another. But while thus occupied they are not forgetful of the dangers to which they expose themselves. The puma, or still more dreaded jaguar, might take advantage of them at such a time; and to guard against being surprised by these formidable *felidæ*, some of their number are always kept stationed as sentries upon the outskirts of the drove, if necessary, to give the alarm, which they do with a sharp squeaking sound, understood as the signal of danger.

When in close phalanx, and prepared for defence, the fierce fearless jaguar is disinclined to attack them; and, unless separated, the little creatures are pretty safe from being molested by any species of predatory animal. Even man will pass them by without making onslaught upon them, unless he sees that they are not in great strength of numbers, and disposed to resist hostile intrusion; which at certain seasons they are, at others not. The time when they are most dangerous to approach is when they have their young along with them, or at the rutting season, when the boars are fiercely combative. When provoked, they will follow the party that has provoked them with an anger that appears implacable. This is a sure result when they have been shot at, and any of their number killed or wounded. The fact has been often stated, and its truth as often questioned, by some naturalists. For all that, it is true; as we had reason to observe during our expedition upon the Trombetas.

A PURSUIT BY PECCARIES.

On one occasion, having surprised a large drove, we fired some shots into their midst, killing one and wounding two or three others, the wounded making a *fracas* that soon compacted the whole drove around them, where they stood defiant and threatening. Observing their attitude, our guides counselled retreat; and we continued our journey without making any attempt to retrieve the game we had shot. We kept on rapidly, as by good fortune a tract of open forest permitted us, otherwise we might have had difficulty in getting off from the enraged enemy. As it was, we had not gone far, when one of the Indian hunters, who had hung behind, came rushing up, and in a few hurried words, delivered in a tone telling of alarm, made us acquainted with the fact that the *tai-assu* were after us. He added that we were in great danger, and had no chance of

avoiding an attack from the infuriated creatures, unless by climbing up into the trees, or getting across a stream, which he knew to be nearly a mile ahead. By taking to the trees we might be detained for hours—even a day or two—as the enraged peccaries would be sure to lay siege to us, and maintain it for an indefinite period of time.

The idea of being thus delayed was not to be entertained for a moment, and we decided on continuing our retreat, in hope of putting the stream between us and our porcine pursuers. The Indians assured us that, however enraged, the little brutes would not attempt to follow us across it, as although on an emergency they can swim, they nevertheless have the greatest aversion to water.

Thus counselled, we kept on, the Indian hunter staying behind, as he and his comrades assured us, to keep the animals back and at bay. This he professed his ability to do by some charm of which he was master, though without imparting the secret. He simply told us that it was the same as is practised by the jaguar, when this grand feline, safely ensconced in the overhanging branch of a tree, wishes to draw the peccaries within reach of his powerful paws.

Whether all this was pretence on the part of the Indians—a people whose instincts give them delight in mystification, coupled with a pride in showing their woodcraft—we could not say. Certain it was, that the Zummate lagged behind; and that after our party had reached the stream, and succeeded in crossing it, we saw him come on dancing backwards in the most fantastic manner, giving tongue to what appeared a wild chant or incantation; while some two or three hundred yards beyond we could perceive the peccaries, advancing in a solid phalanx, grating their tusks, foaming at the jaws, and apparently determined on a hostile encounter.

On reaching the river's bank, which meanwhile we had all of us forded, the Indian sprang into it and crossed to our side. He had scarce entered the water, when the infuriated animals rushed up to its edge, and stood in a compact body, so closely wedged together as to appear only a mass of dark, hirsute forms, their snouts turned upwards. We could hear their growls and sharp squeaking, and see their little eyes, bloodshot with rage, while the white froth flew up from their jowls. Not until then did we fully appreciate the peril from which we had escaped. Nor would we have felt certain of having escaped it but for the words spoken by our Indian guides, who assured us of our safety, declaring that the water between was a defence to be relied on safe as a wall of fire. Thus fortified, Senhor N—— and I had grasped our guns, and were about to commence a fusillade on the wild pigs, resolved to pay them off for the scare they had given us.

THE ZARABATÁNA.

Our vengeance was averted by an impulse of curiosity. We saw that our Indians were getting ready their *zarabatánas* to commit a similar slaughter, and, desirous of witnessing the effect of this singular South American weapon, both of us dropped our gun-buttocks to the ground.

The Zummates were not slow in giving us an exhibition of their skill. In a trice their long tubes were levelled, and with the little poisoned arrows pushed into their lower ends. Then their lips were placed in juxtaposition, their cheeks swollen out like street musicians blowing on the trombone, after which came a “whiff,” and the barb was spent. Almost simul-

taneously on the other side of the stream there was commotion among the peccaries, and we saw that several of their number had fallen, and were struggling in the agonies of death. We saw also, strange to say, that their comrades, instead of sympathising with the fallen, turned towards and attacked them, tearing them with their teeth as though they had been their bitterest enemies. What naturalist is able to explain this?

The Indians continued their blow-gun "fire," inserting arrow after arrow into their zarabatánas till their bamboo quivers were spent. Then several scores of peccaries were prostrate on the opposite side of the stream, some apparently quite dead, others kicking and struggling in the throes of departing life.

Senhor N—— and I could hold back no longer. Both together levelled our guns and opened fire upon the distracted drove, that now for the first time showed fear and gave signs of retreating. No doubt they were alarmed by the reports of our firearms, to them an unusual sound, for, after a few discharges, they ceased their angry grunting, and, turning tail, scampered off into the forest, where they were soon lost to our view.

Recrossing the stream to collect the slaughtered game, we encamped for the night, making an ample supper on peccary pork chops, that, so far as I was concerned, did not cause me a very dreadful dream.



"BUGHERS" OF CEYLON.



MOORS—CLOTH VENDORS.

Four Months in Ceylon.—I.

THE POSITION OF THE ISLAND—APPEARANCE FROM THE SEA—"SPICY BREEZES"—A DREADFUL ACCIDENT AVERTED—POINT DE GALLE HARBOUR—ATTEMPT AT EXTORTION—HOTELS—THE ARMENIAN MILLIONAIRE—THE JEALOUS JEW AND HIS PRETTY WIFE—THE FORT, AND ITS BUILDINGS—PRECIOUS STONES—JEWELLERS—THE SUBURBS—THE STORY OF "PRINCE."

THE position of the Island of Ceylon is such that it must always be a place of considerable traffic and commerce. It lies right in the centre of the highway of communication between Eastern India, the Malayan Peninsula, the East Indian Archipelago, and China with Arabia, the Persian Gulf, and the Mediterranean. Even as regards Australia and England Ceylon occupies a position where mail steamers must touch. Situated thus, at the head of the great Indian Peninsula, in the centre of the Indian Ocean, with rich trading countries on every hand, it has been

marked out by Nature itself for commercial importance; and when to this unrivalled position in the East, it contributes several valuable productions of its own, as coffee, pearls, precious stones, and elephants, we can understand why Ceylon must have been known and celebrated as Seilan and Serendib from very early times. Serendib is resolvable into *Seren* and *dib*, the former being clearly the *Seilan* (as *l* and *r* are interchangeable), and the latter being the Sanscrit word *dwip*, which means "island." The old Hindu name is *Singhala dwip* (the island of lions), and it is from a combination of these two words that the names Serendib and Seilan were derived. Indeed, in early Hindoo fable, Ceylon holds a high importance, being the seat of Rama's celebrated Trojan Epic War. I am not, however, writing a history of the island, and must pass by these incidental matters; as also the discussion of the question whether Ceylon

is rightly to be regarded as the *Taprobane* of the ancients. Suffice it to say, that after a full, thorough, and sifting investigation, I am inclined to believe the identity of *Taprobane* with Ceylon to be a mistake. There has been a generally-received opinion with regard to the identity of these, just as "Ophir" was placed up till lately somewhere in Africa, or Arabia—anywhere, in short, but where it should be. The Tipperah, or Tipporah country, to the east of Bengal, at the head of the Bay of Bengal, I am inclined to regard as the *Taprobane* of the ancient geographers.

It was on a bright sunny day that we sighted the island, as we steamed down the Bay of Bengal. For an entire day it lay to our right—a kingdom, as it were, floating on the bosom of the ocean. The outline was clear and well defined against the

towards the ship, I could not perceive the slightest trace of any "spicy odour" at all. Here I may observe that my scent is very keen, and I may also remark that I have had no "fragrant gales wafted" to me from "Araby the blest," when sailing along the Arabian coast. But the idea of "odorous gales" is not altogether a delusion, though the locality has been misplaced. When sailing along the northern coasts of Sumatra, and along other very much smaller islands of the East Indian Archipelago, I have had sweet odours of spices and gums wafted to me, even at a distance of sixty miles out at sea, of which I had not only to take notice, but positively enjoyed. On one occasion, we remember getting this "spicy gale" when even out of sight of land.

We came opposite to Galle harbour late at night, and as



WOMEN OF CEYLON.



CINGALESE OF THE COAST.

horizon, by far the greater part of the northern half of the island, as well as much of the south, being but a little raised above the level of the surrounding waters, while the centre of the island, being the regions about Kandy and Adam's Peak, rose up to a considerable elevation. Adam's Peak, especially, being a perfect cone, and nearly 7,000 feet high, showed remarkably well in grand solitude. So far as I could discern by the aid of a glass, every corner of the island was green with vegetation. In this respect it presents a great contrast to the bare coasts of Eastern India, and approaches more nearly the Malayan type, and what we see on the western or Malabar coast of the Indian Peninsula. Cocoa-nut trees, in a dense and bright green fringe, lined the shore all along. Bishop Heber has immortalised Ceylon by describing it as "wafting spicy odours," just as another equally imaginative poet has referred to the "odorous gales of Araby the blest." I thought of Bishop Heber's lines, when we sighted Ceylon, but though I sniffed up the gale as hard as I could, and it was the period of the south-west monsoon when the "spicy odours," had there been any, would have blown directly

pilots could not be had at that hour, we were obliged to turn the head of the steamer due south out into the Indian Ocean; but before we altered our course, a most dreadful accident was averted. The watch had been set, the decks were quite silent and deserted, and only the commander and myself were on the poop having our last few words with each other before "turning in." He was leaning against the bulwark talking with me, when he suddenly turned towards the head of the ship, and exclaimed in one instant, "What is that?"—turned round again, rushed up to the wheel in another instant, shouting out the one word, "Port!" with an energy which meant that the course of the steamer was to be at once altered to right angles with her former track, and which caused me to start up from my drowsy state and inquire, "What on earth is the matter?" Immediately after, a magnificent large ship passed along our side so close that we could almost jump from one vessel into the other! We were going at the rate of ten knots an hour, and the ship was crossing our bows; and we should infallibly have cut her in two and gone over her in an instant, leaving

probably not a survivor or a wreck behind, but for our commander having chanced to incline his head a little forward. It seems, however, that our vessel was fated to run down some other ship; for a year or two after, I read of her running over and cutting in two a large ship or steamer in the Red Sea. The steamer was American, though I believe British built, but the commander was acquitted from blame. He was a most gentlemanly person.

During the night we had run out into the Indian Ocean, and turned in again towards land. Early in the morning we were off Point de Galle, and could discern a number of pilots ready to board us. One soon came on board, and piloted us through the eastern channel into the harbour. The harbour is not large, but is more an open bay, the western half of its entrance being covered with low rocks which disappear towards the eastern half, leaving a channel to come in by. Some of the rocks towards the eastern extremity of the line are dangerously low, and some quite covered with water, so that sometimes accidents have happened. It is not very long since that a fine mail steamer, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental line, in getting out of harbour late in the evening, managed to run upon a rock and sink. There are not sufficient grounds for thinking that Galle, as a harbour, is not of very modern date. The Dutch raised it to importance by erecting a fort, and the exigencies of mail steamers have continued it. It cannot compare with Malacca in antiquity.

As we anchored, there was a busy scene all round us on the glistening waves, and soon after on board. Hundreds of canoes and shells of various descriptions, some exceedingly tiny, containing only one man, and others larger, with two and even four men, were moving about in every direction. Some were fishing, some carrying pilots, some were ready to land passengers or discharge cargo, and some brought off provisions or dealers in miscellaneous stores. After a sea voyage the boat that brings off provisions, usually termed the bumboat, presents the most tempting appearance. Large sirloins and rounds of beef, legs and quarters of mutton, geese, ducks, and poultry, baskets full of eggs, piles of bread and butter, tempting golden oranges and bananas, loads of green cocoa-nuts, greens, and vegetables, all looking so fresh and clean, at once serve to fix the attention. Among the dealers in miscellaneous goods are those who bring rich silk-flowered dresses, cigars, and tobacco, and, most prominent of all, scores of peddling jewellers. These last at once board the ill-fated vessel, and, spreading all over it with wonderful rapidity, in a minute after may be seen displaying their glittering wares. Wherever you may turn you see nothing else for sale but rubies, garnets, sapphires, pearls, and gold. Most of these, we need hardly say, are false, and unwary travellers are very often taken in, and pay high prices for mere bits of glass. There was a perfect Babel of confusion on board. The donkey-engines were going, cargoes were being discharged and taken in, passengers were getting out their luggage, chapmen and hawkers were displaying their wares, and nearly a hundred men shouting, or bawling, or talking, or laughing within a confined area.

I was glad, therefore, to escape out of this scene of confusion into a boat to carry me ashore. At the west end of the harbour there is a little creek, quite sheltered, and there I got down, and had my first experience of Cingalese natives, not that those of Egypt or Italy are any better. I was asked to pay just five times what appeared to me reasonable,

and I stoutly declined to do so. The Custom-house people were referred to, and they confirmed the boatmen's account; but as the Customs' authorities were natives, I marched off, telling the boatmen to take what they wanted after a process in court. Well, I was followed by these men, making a great noise along every street I passed, till I reached my hotel. Here, after bawling for another half an hour, and seeing it was not of the slightest use to bother me, they gladly took what had been offered to them at first, and left me in peace.

Galle is famous for its hotels and its jewellers. In a small and narrow fort there are more than a dozen hotels, and most of them make a thriving business of it. There are steamers with whole batch-loads of passengers to England and France and all the countries of Europe, to China, Calcutta, Singapore, and the East Indian Archipelago, to Bombay, Madras, and all the ports of Australia, touching here almost every day, and the passengers are only too glad to vary their monotonous existence out at sea by a day or two on land. Then the hotels have not only different names, as the "Oriental" (the largest), "Sea-View," Loret's, &c., but each has its separate reputation. One is famous for its oysters, another for its fine billiard rooms, another for its commanding a view of the sea, another for its widow landlady's pretty daughter, and so on. Some, like the "Oriental," can accommodate scores, others are very small, and can accommodate only eight or ten. They are kept by all classes and nationalities. The "Oriental" is owned by a body of European proprietors in England and elsewhere. Others are kept by English ladies, by Jews, and by "burghers," a term which we shall presently explain. Servants in the East are nearly always males, except when they are especially set apart for ladies. The Cingalese servants are generally natives, sometimes Portuguese and "burghers." They are all very intelligent, talk English pretty fluently, and are not more knavish than their brethren in Calcutta or Bombay. I got down at an hotel kept by a Jew, and as I was ailing, as a special case, had one of the finest rooms adjoining the private family apartments of the hotel-keeper, a tall, lanky, hook-nosed, and rather suspicious-looking fellow. The *table d'hôte* had a regular medley of passengers. Some were only for a day, some for a few days, and others, like myself, for an indefinite period. There were ladies and gentlemen, and youths and children. There were Germans, Spaniards, Japanese (ambassadors), Greeks, Dutchmen, Americans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen. Some were generals, others were cornets; some high up in the Indian Civil Service; there were merchants, adventurers, and even a Member of Parliament. Some aired their ideas of the fine arts, others their ideas about Galle, others the price of cotton, while the Member of Parliament, who was going out to visit some estates in Australia, with a view to future use, secured me to himself, and learnt as much as he could of the Himalayan countries, Cashmere, and Upper Thibet. On the whole, life in one of the Galle hotels is eminently suggestive and instructive, and the time is very pleasantly passed. One day I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw an old Armenian whom I had known in Upper India sitting in a room, chaffering with the everlasting peddling jeweller about the price of a plain gold ring. The Armenians are not an active travelling class; but I learnt that this gentleman had just arrived, and was on his way to England to see some children of his who were being educated there. The Armenians are Asiatics, but have taken very kindly to the

English rule. They were severely oppressed by the Moslem rulers. They are fair in complexion, and Christians, and have of late years discarded the Asiatic style of dress and living, and followed English customs. At present it is difficult to distinguish them from Greek and other Eastern Europeans; and they have also begun to Anglicise their former uncouth names. In India they are ranked with Europeans, though with as much fairness as would be a Parsee. I knew this old gentleman to be a wealthy man, but he haggled over the price of the ring, which was only a few shillings, and actually in my hearing told the pedlar that "he was a very poor man!" Such are Asiatics, however much they may be disguised by English names, education, dress, &c.

My rooms being near the hotel-keeper's family apartments, I often came in contact with his wife, a young and rather good-looking Jewess, and found her a most cheerful and kindly-disposed person. As I received several attentions from her in my weak state of health, I thought I could not do better than present her with a richly-embroidered silk dress. She looked at it with wistful and glistening eyes, but while her heart said "Yes," her lips involuntarily uttered "No." I could not understand this refusal, and on pressing her for the reason, was informed that her husband was very jealous, and that he would be very angry with her if she had such a present from any gentleman. On this I immediately sent for him, and on his coming told him that I was determined to acknowledge his wife's kindnesses by a suitable present, and that it lay on the table before him, but that his wife could not take it without his consent. He was rather taken aback at the rich present; he looked first at me as if I were a fool, next at his wife, as if suspecting her, and finally his eyes rested on the dress, as if it were too good a one to be refused. Finally, he said, "Yes, she might have it," and walked away. I mention this apparently trivial story, as the poor, young, pleasant, and pretty woman, who was also a mother of two children was, a year or two after, *murdered* with horrible barbarity by this same jealous fool of a Jew. I was pretty intimate with her during my stay, but she never said or did the least word or thing which could be possibly construed into infidelity by the most jealous of husbands. I do not know what became of the man after he had murdered the poor woman; but he was either hanged or transported.

The fort is a small one, erected by the Dutch during their occupation of the island. This plan of surrounding towns by forts shows clearly the state of insecurity under which the Moslem and Dutch governments in India and elsewhere laboured, and our present English-built towns, open on every side, present quite a contrast. We have proceeded even to knock down the walls of several towns and cities. The Galle fort mounts a few guns, but is of very little use, and could be shelled and taken by a European force very quickly. The town of Galle has sprung up inside the fort. There are numerous roads, well laid out, with plenty of shady trees. Shops, hotels, commercial offices, and dwelling-houses line the streets, which present a neat and clean appearance. The dwelling-houses, built after the old Dutch style, are very neat and cosy. There are no fine or grand buildings here as in Bombay or Calcutta. The largest appears to be the "Queen's house," an open place maintained for high officials, and other state purposes. The finest walk, or the Mall, of Galle, is the road that runs along the sea-wall of the fort. Here you may meet every evening

with numbers of European ladies, children, and gentlemen, taking a pleasant walk, with the ocean beating below their feet. The lighthouse is situated at an angle of the fort, near the entrance to the harbour, on the ledge of rocks which we have previously described. A good view of the adjoining country, and of the sea, can be had from its top, and visitors sometimes take the trouble to go up there.

Ceylon is celebrated for its precious stones, and here at Galle they may be seen in every variety. Of course, in a place so full of jewellers, every variety of stone, including such as are not found in the island, may be procured. Of those, however, that are found in Ceylon, the following are the principal:—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, cat's-eyes, and the moonstone. The diamonds are not of the highly valuable kind known to commerce, but inferior varieties, having either a brownish or rose tinge. They are distinguished by the name of "Ceylon diamonds." Rubies are abundant, but generally of a small size. The largest and finest we saw in Ceylon was an oval, half an inch the longest side; it was a perfect beauty. Very often they are inferior in water and brilliancy, and full of flaws. Sapphires are the most abundant, and of the most lovely and sparkling blue; they vary, of course, in colour. The prices asked for them here are considerably less than what they cost in India or Europe. The finest and largest sapphire we saw was nearly as large as a small pigeon's egg, for which the owner asked £2,000. Both this stone and the ruby mentioned above belonged to one and the same person—a leading jeweller of Galle. There are also *white* sapphires, with a very delicate and chaste lustre; but they are very rare, and little sought after. Topazes are common, and sold for quite low prices, as also are amethysts, which may be procured in great abundance. The finest specimens of both topazes and amethysts are very rare, and command exceptional prices. The cat's-eye is rather a dear stone, especially when it is a fine specimen. Moonstone is a common and cheap stone, with a peculiar, chaste, pearly lustre. There are also any quantities of the cheaper kinds of stones, such as garnets, red and brown, goldstone, and the like. Ceylon carries on a large traffic in precious stones with the outside world, exporting bagfuls of sapphires, rubies, amethysts, &c., to London, Paris, Burmah, and other countries. The cutting and polishing of the stones are done by native artists. The mines are declared to be inexhaustible, and are worked by the usual class of native adventurers. These part with the stones in a rough state for mere trifles, compared to the prices subsequently asked by the jewellers. For stones not found in the island high prices are given by the natives. I found that turquoise stones, which I had purchased for ten shillings each in Upper Thibet, were valued here at £4 each! I made this discovery too late to be of any use. The same, I regret to say, was the case at a previous period of my Eastern travels, when I found that a fine specimen of a coral bead, which cost only £2 in the Calcutta market, would fetch just £20 in Turkestan! It must have been in some such way that Oriental and early Jews and Armenians acquired their riches.

Ceylon, thus, being a famous place for precious stones, and Point de Galle presenting the best field for disposing of them to ignorant, unwary, or unsuspicious travellers, it may be imagined that it is full of jewellers, and those of all ranks and classes. We have already stated how the peddling jewellers board a steamer almost before she has anchored. The nuisance

is continued on shore. Pedlars abound, hawking rings set with true and false stones. They occupy the streets, and make hotels a market-place. The more respectable jewellers have their shops and show-rooms, and there is hardly one that has not some visitors at all hours of the day. How the jewellers themselves can stand the fatigue is inconceivable. From long and daily—nay, hourly—practice they have all, from the richest to the poorest, become experts in inducing passengers, who always have a few pounds to throw away, to pay the highest figures for the least valuable specimens. The first three or four days the jeweller nuisance is quite a plague. "Even if master will not buy anything, will master please to see?" But if "master" declines even that, the box is at once opened and flaunted in his face, and he must either see, or make a precipitate retreat to his bedroom. It is only after you have been there some time, and given everyone distinctly to understand that you are not a passenger, but intend to stay in the country, that they give up pestering you. Common bits of glass or inferior specimens are very often palmed off at high prices.

During my stay at Galle in June, August, and September, the rains were very heavy indeed. It was raining every day, and often all the day long. The rain would come down in perfect torrents. Vegetation consequently is luxuriant, and the entire surface of the country appears robed in bright green. This adds to the charm of the suburbs of Galle. To the east of the bay or harbour there is a gentle hill, crowned with a substantial school. In a north-easterly direction from Galle runs the native town, full of filth and vice. Away to the north is another pleasant drive, leading to an eminence from which many miles of country all round may be viewed. In another direction are the famous "Cinnamon Gardens," full of luxuriant cinnamon shrubs and trees, used as a resort for picnics and open-air baths. Finally, there is the road to Colombo to the west, shaded with dense groves of the cocoa-nut palm.

While I was at Galle I managed to come into possession of the finest dog I have yet seen. One day a ship's steward came to me stating that he had a fine large dog for sale, "dirt cheap." The ship had come over from Australia, and had brought a large number of kangaroo hounds, and other good breeds of dogs, all of which had been sold, except this one. He was a giant among dogs, with a head and mane about as large as a lion's, a bull's neck, and with the strength of a bull and the ferocity of a tiger. No one would purchase him. His eyes appeared quite bloodshot even when at rest. His coat was white as snow, and as soft as silk. He was a magnificent specimen of a cross between a Newfoundland and a Scotch "collie." His barking could be heard almost a mile off; he used to make all the other dogs on board ship (and many of them were large hounds) shake through fright whenever he directed his ferocious regards to them; his strength was so great that he used to carry me on his back as a small pony would, walk off with me when leading him out as if I were of no account, walk along with a heavy weight of *ten stones* attached to the end of his chain, snap thick chains as if they were mere twine. While in my possession I have seen him chase an entire pack of hounds and other good-breed dogs, kill a dog by one bite, getting the backbone between his immense jaws and crunching it into pieces, and maintain a most successful fight against *four bull-dogs* on four sides of him. This last achievement (he had disabled two of them before they were rescued) was not in Ceylon, and we must pass it over. I, of course, wanted to see the dog, and when

the steward brought him over, I purchased him at once for the ridiculously small price of four pounds sterling, English money being current in Ceylon. I learnt afterwards that he had been *transported* from Australia for attacking and *killing* a man. He was so wild and ferocious when I got him, and I was so ill and confined to my couch, that it was with the greatest difficulty that I could manage him. Chains were perfectly useless, as he used to snap them with ease. I used to lock him up in the same room with myself, and in my then helpless state adopted a mode of bringing him to reason which was perfectly gentle and most successful. It consisted in having a tub of water near at hand, with a large bowl, and as soon as he was up to his tantrums, a bowl or two of cold water would go flying at his head. This novel "cold-water cure" for dogs was perfectly successful. As soon as he got the liquid element about his face, he used to come to himself and remain on his good behaviour for a while. When I had succeeded, by great and unremitting kindness, feeding, and the "cold-water cure," in attaching him to me, he used always to glance at me furtively to watch if a dash of cold water was coming on before he plunged into any mischief. When I used to take him out in my carriage, or for a walk (always securely chained), crowds of natives used to assemble to look at him, and he was often mistaken for a lion. His whole history while with me remains to be written, and I may do it for a *Dogs' Magazine* should I come across one. I have not introduced him here, however, merely for the above detached notice, which is to serve as an introduction to two most funny and ludicrous incidents which happened in two hotels where I stayed, and in which incidents "Prince" (that was his name) was the hero.

I had just got into an hotel kept by a substantially-built widow lady, when, securing "Prince" by a chain to an iron stake in the wall upon which a leaf of a door played, I locked the door, and went to breakfast. There I gave such a wonderful account of the dog that the landlady was determined to see the brute, and from the breakfast table came along with me. As soon as I unlocked the door, "Prince" determined upon making a name, and also making me pay heavy damages (I often had to pay for his damages), gave one leap forward. The chain was too stout to yield, but the iron stake, which was about a foot deep in the wall, came out, bringing the door along with it. As the door fell upon "Prince" with a tremendous force, he leaped upon the four-post bed, hung about with fine gauze curtains, brought them all down (including the posts) in an instant, then leaped upon the wash-stand and smashed all the crockery on it, before I could secure him. To describe the agony of the landlady at seeing her four-poster knocked down like nine-pins, her fine gauze curtains destroyed to a shapeless mass of rags, and her crockery all in minute fragments, besides the sudden shock she received at seeing the gigantic animal and the proof of his strength, were superfluous. She shrieked at first, and I thought she would have fainted. She managed, however, to run off, and in a couple of minutes after there came a "notice to quit" at once, with a bill for heavy damages, amounting to nearly three pounds. I paid the bill, and left at once, without even attempting to see the face of the landlady.

In the other instance, I had taken the end of a long range of rooms, where I managed to keep "Prince" quite secure, till one day, at about three p.m., I was aroused from my midday nap by hearing loud shouts of "Boy! boy!" from



HARBOUR OF POINT DE GALLE.

the other end of the building. There were four rooms, occupied there by as many French captains of ships, and on jumping up and rushing out, I saw all four assembled in a body on the verandah (a wide balcony) with stout sticks in their hands, at a safe distance from "Prince," retreating slowly from him, while he was measuredly walking sideways at them, with his huge tail cocked up as firm as a poker. It seems he had managed to get loose while I was asleep, and went off at once to take a survey of the building. All the four captains were in bed in their respective rooms, some reading, others variously occupied, and little expecting such a giant and unwelcome visitor. "Prince" entered the first room, the nearest on my side, when the party in bed at once jumped up and got out of the room. Thereupon the dog got upon the bed, and tossed about the bedclothes apparently to his great satisfaction. Having done this, he walked into the other rooms, and having necessitated a change of sheets and blankets, and driven out the four occupants, appeared on the verandah to measure his strength against them. His

walking sideways towards them with his tail cocked up, their being in a body, slowly retreating, with sticks in their hands, while they were lustily bawling, "Boy! boy!" (the call for attendants), was a sight so extremely ludicrous, that I was ready to roll into fits of laughter, but that I discerned from the eye of the animal that he meant mischief, and that not a moment was to be lost. So I at once rushed off and got a bowl of water, and coming up to "Prince," dexterously dashed it full in his face, and then secured him. The entire thing, as it had happened from first to last, was so ineffably funny and ludicrous, that the captains themselves, while lamenting over the condition of their beds, could not restrain themselves from hearty laughter, in which I could not help joining. On the strength of the common danger and common deliverance they had experienced, they each had a glass of brandy and soda, and could not refrain asking me to partake with them, though they were inclined at first to resent my possessing such a big brute. The comicality of the whole thing, however, drowned any temporary soreness of feeling.

An Excursion in Dahomey.—I.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLY.

IN the autumn of 1871, while staying at Dahomey, the honoured guest of King Galeleh, I had a desire to visit the country to the northward of the capital, and accordingly, as is the custom there, I asked permission from his Majesty to make a short tour among the Mahé people, who inhabit the southern slopes of the Kong Mountains. After several days' delay, during which numerous obstacles were raised in opposition to my journey—not the least being "that the king held me so close to his heart that he could not let me go"—I obtained the desired permission; and after sundry preparations, I finally started from Abomey on Monday, September 25th, at daybreak.

The morning was cold, the thermometer being down to 68°, and a thick white mist obscured all but the nearest objects in its fleecy cloud. Every leaf was saturated with moisture, and the general aspect of the scene reminded me of a foggy November morning in England, rather than the sweltering climate of western tropical Africa. Our way lay across the square opposite the new gate of Coomassie Palace, leaving which on the right hand we entered the plantations, which are always situated just outside the native towns in Africa. The young maize, invigorated by the frequent showers of the wet season, which was just at its close, had now attained considerable height, and was putting forth its feathery blossom.

The long and slender leaves of the Guinea grass were pendulous with moisture, looking much the same as if covered with hoar frost. Above us the birds were chirruping their matins in the branches of the lofty palms, almost hidden from sight by the mist. The road was rugged and winding, being merely a footpath which had been trodden hard by the naked feet of the natives, who carry oil, wood, and water, to the market at Dahomey. We were soon completely drenched by the drops shaken from the tall grass, as we forced our way along the

confined pathway, the tops of the longer stems being several feet above our heads. Every few minutes we would hear the "tinkle, tinkle" of the Amazons' bell—that signal of warning to all of the male sex, borne by the semi-sacred female warriors of Dahomey—and then leaving the path, and reckless of thorns, holes, or snakes, we hurried pell-mell into the bush.

Our progress, owing to these frequent interruptions, was necessarily slow, and at sunrise we were only a few miles from our quarters in Abomey. When the rays of the sun became strong the mists began to ascend, and the sunshine pierced the cloudy envelope in which the earth had been shrouded during the night, we were rewarded by a scene of majestic grandeur which fully recompensed us for our somewhat uncomfortable starting. The sunlight, reflected from myriads of crystal dew-drops, flashed out with all the varied scintillations of the diamond, while borne upon the gentle breeze came the perfumed breath of the orange-trees, then in full blossom. Every minute the mist became thinner, and in a short time we arrived at the northern escarpment of the table-land of Dahomey.

Had the morning been favourable we should have caught from this point a glimpse of the hills of Mahé, forming a jagged, cloudy boundary to the landscape; but as it was, we could only discern the plain below us through occasional rifts in the mist. The descent was precipitous in the extreme. I alighted from my hammock, and, thanks to the aid of a couple of sturdy bearers, managed to escape a broken neck. The sandy conglomerate, of which the rock was composed, offered no secure foothold, except in the furrows scooped out by the rains; and the broken pieces of water-pots and oil jars, thickly strewn on every side of the path, showed where some unfortunate had come to grief.

The plain, about 300 feet below the table-land, is a rich

alluvium composed of the detritus of the cliffs, and a clayey soil. Here yams attain a size never seen on the highlands, and the oil-palm flourishes with remarkable vigour. At the foot of the escarpment a small gurgling stream was dashing along with impetuous fury, as if determined to get as soon as possible to the low-lying plain, where its current is soon lost amid the marshes, which at this time of the year extend for several miles over the surface, and which then form a continuous communication with the Denham Waters. Across this swamp our progress was made by a series of leaps from hummock to hummock, of what appeared to be the soundest ground—our efforts being often rewarded with signal failure; and we were only extricated from our oozy couch by the aid of three or four hammock-bearers. In the height of the rainy season this swamp is almost impassable, and people are not unfrequently drowned or smothered in the morass.

By the time we had reached the other side it was past noon, and our feelings warned us that it was time to bring up for the day. A walk of a few miles brought us to Zeugnoomie, where we were soon busy in discussing breakfast. While so doing, I will attempt to describe our company.

First, the interpreter, John Beecham, formerly a Mahé slave, who, with two others, was sent to Cape Coast to receive an education at the Mission there. He accompanies all Englishmen on their journeys and palavers, and was interpreter to Commodore Wilmot and Captain Burton, on their visits to the present king some few years ago. He is a short, thick-set man, speaks good English, but has such a profound respect for the king, that it is difficult to get him to undertake the conveyance of any message which he thinks will be unpalatable to his Majesty.

Then comes Amoosoo-ndomphe, my "dragoon," old "Blood and Cowries," as I designate him. He is a splendid fellow, over six feet high, and strong as a horse. He is the most useful man of the party, settling all palavers and regulating all my affairs with extraordinary ability. A quiet vein of dry humour pervades all his actions, and often, when reprimanding a carrier for some delinquency, there will be a humorous twinkle of his small brown eye, by which I know that he is plotting some ludicrous mode of punishment for the offender. He is quite a "swell" in his appearance. His head is shaved *à la mode*, leaving only two tuft-like thimblefuls of grey hair on one side. His dress is a tunic of native cloth, striped in rainbow colours, and embroidered round the neck, with drawers to correspond. This tunic is covered with rows of cowries, smeared with the blood of a fowl. Around his neck a string of green and yellow beads depends, to which a *fetiché* is attached, something like a pincushion, with red feathers stuck in it. But it is his "medicine bag" which most attracts my attention. This is made of various coloured pieces of leather, sewn together in a fanciful pattern, with a strap which goes over the left shoulder. In this "sack" is the most heterogeneous collection of fetiches imaginable—snakes' fangs, skulls of birds, feathers, twigs, hair, and stones go towards making up the contents—and on the outside a number of larger fetiches are suspended. There are two or three leopards' tails, a small tortoise, an imitation lizard, beautifully made of coloured beads, two or three wooden gods, one or two snuff-boxes of various shaped gourds, besides a multitude of other things impossible to describe. He is always accompanied by his pipe-bearer, Todafeor, a comical little fellow about

twelve years old. These two are the chiefs, and they are responsible for my personal safety. Old "Blood and Cowries" has the king's symbolic staff with him, to secure my reception by the chiefs of every village through which our way lies. Without this stick it would be unsafe, if not impossible, to proceed.

To enforce respect, and afford protection if necessary, a troop of eighty soldiers, under the command of "Captain Sua-mattoh," accompany me. They are dressed in blue tunics with white cross-belts, to which knives are suspended, and black leather cartridge-belts encircle their waists. On their heads they wear caps of white cotton cloth, with red and blue ornaments, of a trefoil pattern, on each side. Around their necks each one has a curious rattle, made of iron, and containing small stones. They are armed with long-barrelled flint guns, and whenever we approach a village they commence firing, dancing, and singing extemporised songs, in honour of the king, their own bravery, and myself. They have a band with them, consisting of drummers and players on the *gong-gong*—the latter an iron instrument, shaped like a gauntlet, which is beaten with a small iron rod, and produces a "music" not unlike the harmony which would be caused by rattling iron saucepans and pokers together.

My hammock-men next claim our attention. These are strong negroes, eight in number, who carry my hammock, which is slung to a long pole, on their heads. Two at a time take the hammock and start off at a brisk walk, the others walking alongside and relieving each other at intervals of about a quarter of an hour. Egbulie-egbah is the chief of these—a most amusing fellow, who keeps the whole company in a roar of laughter by his extemporaneous verses. He never seems to be tired, for after a long day's march he will commence dancing to his own music, and is soon joined by others, who will keep up "the ball" till long past midnight. The carriers, who bear their loads upon their heads, complete the remainder of the company.

I generally sleep in my hammock, which is slung underneath the eaves of the house wherein we spend the night. The cooking is principally done by my servant Joe, whose talent as *chef de cuisine* is by no means to be despised. He was at the time in very low spirits at the prospect of visiting the Mahé people, who are considered to be the greatest savages in the country; but his fears in no way diminished from his argumentative powers, for he was then engaged in a hot dispute with one of the assistants as to the best mode of cooking sweet potatoes. Poor Joe, he was always solicitous for my welfare, and, except that he occasionally had a fit of the sulks, he was a most excellent servant.

Early the next morning we were again astir, and, after a tedious walk of four hours, we left the flat swampy plain and began to ascend the first slopes of the hilly region of Mahé. The first notice we received of our approach to the hills was the unwelcome presence of large flies (*Tabanidae*), which settled upon the bare skins of the people, causing a little rill of blood to flow from the punctures of their short proboscides. It was ludicrous to see the people slapping each other to kill or drive off their tormentors, a grunt of satisfaction following each successful stroke. We passed through several small villages, the inhabitants of which turned out *en masse* to see us. At such places we generally made a short halt to allow the stragglers to come up. The loads some of these people carry

on their heads is astonishing, two hundredweight being considered a mere nothing; and, although they seldom steady the load with the hand, accidents from its falling off are rare.

It was late in the afternoon—for there is no evening—before we arrived at our resting-place for the night, which was at the village of Ah-hun-seh. In the centre of the market is an immense baobab, which is held sacred by the people on account of some spell which was laid upon it by one of the fetichists. Here cotton first makes its appearance, yielding its downy harvest twice a year. There appear to be several species, as the colour and quality of the fibre vary to a great extent. Very little cloth is woven here, the bulk of the cotton gathered being taken to Dahomey for sale; but as there are no plantations of the shrub—the fibre being picked off the wild cotton bushes which grow everywhere—the quantity brought to market by no means represents the amount which might be grown if subjected to any sort of cultivation.

About eleven o'clock the next morning (after a sleepless night spent in a hopeless battle with driver ants, which made an inroad upon our sanctum), we started on our journey, with the additional supplies of live stock, tobacco, and rum which we had purchased here, on account of its being the frontier town of the old kingdom of Dahomey. We now kept well together, as our way lay through a thick forest, inhabited by wild beasts. There was no road to speak of, only a track, and my hammock-men had to exercise considerable ingenuity in manœuvring the long hammock-pole through the thickets. The country began to assume a rugged appearance, the hills being broken up by long glens and ravines, which are richly wooded on their summits with clumps of African oak, mahogany, and other trees. The valleys were covered with a profusion of tall grasses, in which numerous deadly serpents lurked. After an ascent of about five hundred feet the ground became more level, seeming to indicate that we had

surmounted the first rise in the terraced system of the hills of Mahé. On our way we sometimes came across some of the

people gathering firewood or cutting the long grass for thatch, who stared with amazement at the unprecedented spectacle of a white man escorted by a company of the king's soldiers. The people were dressed in the coarsest grass-cloth, scarcely any one, except the wives and daughters of the *caboceers*, or head-men, having any of the common textile fabrics obtainable from the factories on the coast. Their features are far more brutal and repulsive than those of the Dahomans, and they have not the same regard for personal cleanliness. Their houses are often built in a circular form, with a conical thatched roof. There are only one or two apartments in each house, and children and adults sleep indiscriminately huddled together upon mats spread upon the floor. They live for the most part on vegetable food; but occasionally indulge in a fowl, rat, bat, or snake, which is generally eaten in a semi-raw state, being merely scorched in the fire.

Resuming our journey, we travelled over an undulating country until we arrived at Ampasim. Here we were entertained by the *caboceer*, Nquavhe, who had received news of our approach from a runner, and had prepared a sumptuous repast, which was served under the shade of an immense baobab. He first offered us cold water, "to cool our hearts," and then rum, palm-wine, and other liquors in abundance. Fowls, roasted and boiled, pigs, pigeons, and goat's-flesh, were then brought in, together with yams, sweet potatoes, and roasted plantains. Of course there were no knives or forks, excepting those brought by ourselves, and all the viands were served on plantain-leaves spread out on the ground. During the repast the band kept up a beating of drums and singing until the noise was deafening, while a crowd outside gazed with eager faces at "the king's



A MAHÉ WOMAN OF AMPASIM.



MAHÉ LABOURER.

white man." They did not appear in the least shy, but indulged in jokes with each other, doubtless at our expense.



INLAND TRAVELLING.

A Visit to Borneo.—IV.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

SLAVERY—HEAD-HUNTING—MANANGS OR SORCERERS—RELIGIOUS BELIEF—ANTUS OR DEMONS—ANCIENT TRADITIONS—THE RACES WHICH INHABIT BORNEO—MILLANOWS—BADJOWS, OR SEA GYPSIES—KYANS—OTHERS—THE DYAK LANGUAGE—MISSIONARY EFFORTS—MEN WITH TAILS.

THERE is no such thing as polygamy among the Dyaks. The only exception to this is when there are a number of female slaves in the house. In such a case, an old chief may have one or more slave concubines. And this brings us to the institution of slavery which we find among the Dyaks. During former periods of turbulence and war, while all the males were slaughtered without mercy, their heads being cut off to add to the skull-heaps, the women and children were spared and carried off as slaves, becoming the property of those who took them. These slaves intermarry, assist in household and farm duties, and are as well fed, lodged, clothed, and free as their masters. They are never sold, and continue in the same family for generations. Considering that property is the acquisition of labour, and that in an earlier stage of society more labour could only be commanded by such as had more slaves acquired by war, it would be interesting to inquire how far property is a result of cruel and barbarous wars and an enslaving of human beings; but such themes are foreign to our purpose.

No one can enter into a Dyak house without seeing a larger or smaller heap of skulls hanging from the roof. In the longer houses, there are numerous trophies, and some of them of a very considerable size, containing more than a hundred. All these skulls are of enemies killed, and are kept as trophies and heirlooms. The practice of keeping "heads" is not confined to the Dyaks alone, but may be seen among various other wild tribes to the east of India. But head-hunting seems to have reached its height under the conditions of savage life in Borneo. Here the tribes seemed to have

practised it most perseveringly and ruthlessly. Continually at war, and surrounded by enemies, the Dyaks kept their heavy short swords (*parangs*) as sharp as a razor, and used them with a dexterity which sent a head flying clean off the trunk with one blow. Whether in attack or in defence, heads were equally sought after, and when there was no general war going on, individual Dyaks would lie in wait in little frequented corners, among bushes, or by creeks, and suddenly leaping on the unwary Dyak belonging to a hostile tribe, chop off his head at a stroke. The evil rose to such a height that young men could not get married till they had displayed their nerve and prowess in bringing in heads and laying them at the feet of the fair objects of their affections. Though the heaps of skulls still exist, such practices are gradually dying away, not only in Sarawak, but in other parts of the island. The Illanon pirates of a few years ago, who used to make annual raids all along the coasts, keeping alive a feeling of revenge, war, and murder, have been completely suppressed by the efforts of the British navy, seconded by the late Rajah Sir James Brooke; and though the Dutch in the west and south hold but a nominal rule, still the presence of Europeans, the establishment of peace, the existence of the British colony of Labuan, and the English government of the Rajah of Sarawak, have served gradually to bring the bloody and barbarous practice to disuse. The Dyak will only have the heads of foes worthy of his steel. As I have stated previously, they do not kill women and children; and, during a late insurrection of Chinese, when the Dyaks were called out against them, and cut them off by thousands, not one head was brought back as a trophy. The reason the Dyaks assigned was that Chinamen were cowards, and their heads were no trophies of a man's courage.

All the Dyak tribes have their *manangs*, who combine the

business of a doctor with that of a wizard. This combination is rendered necessary from the Dyaks believing that most illnesses are due to malignant spirits. In cases of illness their entire dependence is on the manang, whose pharmacopœia is comprised of a few simples and herbs, and whose treatment consists in combining doses of these with exorcism. These wizard doctors sometimes make an exhibition of their powers for the credulous Dyaks. On such occasions the performer sits in the centre of a large circle with a cleared space about him, and proceeds with his tricks. The manangs of the Millanows, a tribe which we shall describe hereafter, are the most famous in North Borneo. Their most usual way of practising is by means of a human skull covered by a basket. The exhibition always comes off at night. Heaps of cloth are laid on the basket, and after some mumbling and muttering of the performer, the basket is seen to move slightly. The skull is now said to be possessed of a supernatural spirit, and to be again alive. In proof of this, locks of hair grown from the skull are exhibited from the corners of the basket. Questions may now be put by any of the audience to the performer, who repeats it to the living skull, applying his ears close to the basket for replies, which he alone is privileged to hear, and which he makes known to the questioner as the interpreter and medium of communication. I can speak confidently of this subject from an account that I heard from a manang, who had given up his trade, accepted Christianity, and become a farmer. In the days when he practised, he was once present at an exhibition given by a Millanow manang, and not knowing the trick of making a dead skull live and speak, he determined, if possible, to find out the deception. He sat as near as he could to the basket, and being a dexterous fellow, managed to accomplish his object. When the performer said that the skull had become alive, and the basket began to move, and the locks of hair were drawn out for exhibition, he had the boldness to feel them. His suspicions were verified, for he could make out from the feel of the hair that it was nothing else than the black bunches of the hairy cordage or fine filaments which grow on the stems of the *Gomuti* palm. On this he narrowly watched the movements of the head as indicated by the movements of the basket. He suspected there was some animal inside it. All of a sudden, when the basket was lifted a little on the side where he sat, he saw distinctly the feet of a cat. He said nothing at the time, but after the performance was over he took the manang aside, and told him what he had felt and seen. He was only laughed at, and told that as both were of one trade he had better keep quiet.

The Dyaks have a very simple religious faith, and one in consonance with the life of perpetual warfare they have led, and the character of their wild and forest-covered country. They believe in one Almighty Good Spirit, who is the giver of all good things. Then, they have a powerful evil spirit, who creates wars, kills in battle, and does every possible harm. Finally, there are hosts of minor spirits of the woods and mountains who are generally mischievous in their character. The one Almighty Good Spirit is very good indeed, and as he never does any harm, is not prayed to. It is possible that in the form of thanksgiving for harvest he is recognised, but his existence seems to receive only a passive assent. The evil spirit is propitiated by prayers, vows, and offerings, especially

before a warlike expedition. After it is over, he is supposed to have done as much harm as he could, and is neglected! The minor spirits are supposed to make a man lose his way during a journey, frighten him by sounds and appearances, and make him ill. The Almighty Good Spirit is called Tuppa, or Yaoah, the latter being nearly the same form for the "Almighty" among the Jews. The evil spirit is supposed to work independently of the Good Spirit, though if closely questioned, the Dyak will say that the latter is supreme. When the harvest is gathered in, there is a day of general thanksgiving for the tribe. There are no temples, places of worship, idols, or priests. The heaviest ears of corn, with the choicest of their made dishes, are laid before the deity in an open space, which is surrounded by a circle of the older women of the tribe, who step it round and round, chanting hymns in a low tone. The men keep at a distance, and the gong discourses rude music. When the deity is supposed to have eaten the spirit or essence of the offerings, the thanksgiving is over. Such is the explanation that was given to me; but may I be permitted to ask whether the deity was invoked, or the spirits of their ancestors? The worship of ancestors seems to be very prevalent in the south-eastern corner of Asia, and among the Chinese; and offerings of food are made by these to their forefathers, and the remains of the feast, after the essence is supposed to have been eaten, greedily devoured. The Dyaks are very averse to say anything about their worship, and very little is known about it. The worship of the spirits of the woods and mountains is one that has always attached itself to a rude people. The ancient Greeks elaborated their system of fauns, satyrs, dryads, and others from this very worship. The Dyaks are peculiarly circumstanced, and have naturally taken to this belief. Living among wild and dense forests—so extensive and thick that men have often entered into them and never come out, and with such strange and uncouth varieties of the monkey tribe, it is not strange that they have been peopled with imaginary hosts. They are called *antus*, and it seems to be the same name which is found among savage tribes in India and Eastern Bengal, for demons and fairies. Even the Burmese have their *gnâts*, or *nâts*. The Dyak may be said to live in a forest, and this enters so much into his life that he personifies its terrors and dangers. If a boar, in being hunted, turns round and wounds his pursuer, an antu in the boar caused the hurt. A pain in the stomach, or a diarrhoea, is caused by an antu. If a man loses his way, and never returns, an antu has decoyed him away to destruction. If a man begins to act or speak strangely, an antu is supposed to possess him. And the aforesaid manangs—on a par with the rest of the tribe in propitiating the evil, or worshipping the good spirit—are, with regard to the antus, the only exorcists. Even a thorn in the foot is ascribed to an antu. It is these manangs who help to keep up the belief in antus. Omens and auguries are very much studied. There are good birds and bad birds, and the sight of one or other of these when the Dyak sets out on a journey, is sufficient to either encourage him to proceed, or deter him altogether. Even the entrails of birds are consulted for omens.

I may conclude this portion with two most remarkable and curious traditions. In the first, the Dyaks say that there were only three men, the ancestors respectively of the Chinese, the Malays, and the Dyaks. On a great deluge coming on, these three had to swim for their lives. The Chinaman took

good care to tie his bundle of books and writing materials on his head. The Malay tied them under his arms. The Dyak took more care of his sword and other weapons, and tied his bundle of books, &c., to his thighs. After swimming about during the deluge, the three came to dry land again, and while the Chinaman and the Malay had their books, &c., the Dyak found that he had lost the bundle he had attached to his thighs, and had only his weapons left. This tradition is made to account for the natural courage and ferocity of the Dyaks, and their being without any written language. It appears that the story of the bundle of books, &c., was foisted into an original tradition of the great deluge to supply the reason of the Dyaks having no written language and literature. The other tradition evidently refers to the building of the tower of Babel. It is said that the ancestor of the Dyaks was seized with a sudden desire to go up to heaven, and therewith began to erect a very high ladder. He had nearly finished it when one night a worm ate into its foot, and it crumbled down. These two traditions are certainly very strange, and agree remarkably with the accounts we have in the Bible. And it is more remarkable to find them in this remote corner of the world, in an island, and among a tribe separate from the rest of the earth.

The various peoples or races who inhabit the vast island of Borneo are the following:—Malays; Dyaks, divided into sea and land Dyaks, and Badjows; Millanows; and Kyans. One or two other specimens from the interior we have seen, but they call themselves Dyaks. There are also large bodies of Chinese settlers (some have been there for centuries), and also Bugis men from Celebes, who have occupied the south-east corner of the island. While I shall leave these Chinese and Bugis men for a future paper, I may proceed to describe the Millanows, the Badjows, and the Kyans. I have already, I trust, most fully described the Dyaks, as well as the Malays, as these are to be seen in the island, though in a subsequent account of their capital city, Brunai, some further mention will be made of them.

It would seem from native and trustworthy accounts that the Millanows were the early occupiers of the northern coasts of Borneo before the Malays drove them away to the very easternmost parts of Sarawak. The part of the country to which they retired lies about Cape Sirik, the most eastern point of Sarawak, and their principal towns, or rather villages, lie a little further to the east, and are called Moka, Hoya, and Egan. That these Millanows were once a numerous and somewhat civilised people may be evidenced from the fact that the remains of a large settlement have lately been discovered at the mouth of the Santubong entrance of the Sarawak river at the base of the high hill previously mentioned, running along a distance of several miles on the eastern bank. Here remains of baked and glazed pottery—of such an extreme degree of hardness as to excel any modern specimens of china-ware—jewels, and ornaments of gold, &c., have been dug up to the great astonishment of the present Malay population, who seem to have lost all remembrance that their forefathers and first settlers destroyed a once flourishing Millanow town on the spot. Of all the races inhabiting Borneo, the Millanows are, so far as is yet known, the clearest in complexion. We may describe it as a brownish, yellowish white. One or two instances of *Albinos*, with quite fair skin, red hair, and blue eyes, have been known to exist. The women are, in

general, softer and clearer complexioned than the men. Both sexes are well formed, though, like all the other races seen in these parts, the height of five feet and a half is seldom exceeded. The features are regular, and may be referred to the Caucasian group. The women are generally better looking than the women of the Dyaks and Malays, and some may even be called pretty, but still there are very fine specimens of faces among the Dyaks. These Millanow women, when slaves, are disposed of for much higher prices than the women of other tribes, and are generally taken by the wealthier Malays for the purposes of the *harem*. The ingrained ugliness of the Malay cast of features, however, never seems to depart with how-many-soever intermixtures. Mildness, tranquillity, and gentleness, seem to be the prevailing expressions of the Millanow face, so much so, that when you look at these people you are led to believe that they are incapable of harming any creature, and their actions do not belie this impression, for they are the most peaceable of all the tribes of Borneo. The next impression about this strange people is that they have a depth and power of mind which would be susceptible of high cultivation. The dress of those who live near the sea is that of the Malays for both men and women, the former wearing a short loose pair of drawers, a jacket, and a loose robe to cover the shoulders and chest, or tied round the waist; and the women being enveloped in a simple, loose flowing sack, equally open at both ends, which may be taken on and off readily, and which is kept from slipping off by the upper edge being tightened into a knot above the bosom. Those who live inland, and have little intercourse with the Malays, dress very much the same as the Dyaks, the men merely wearing a tight waist-cloth, with the ends passed under, while the women have a similar slip, only narrower. The women also sometimes wear the same kind of brass-wire or rattan bodices as the Dyak women, and also, like these, adorn their necks, waists, and breasts, with rows of bright Spanish dollars, strung upon a tape or bit of twine. The peaceful habits of the Millanows are evidenced by their extensive cultivation of sago, their three above-named towns exporting only sago to Sarawak, Singapore, and England. They are also most averse to the practice of head-hunting; and build their houses on exceedingly tall posts, sometimes even twenty feet high, to be safe from their enemies, the piratical Dyak tribes, who swarm about them in great numbers. Hence, too, it is that many of their women have been carried off into slavery. When they used to be attacked by these Dyak tribes, or by the Illanon pirates, they have defended themselves with the greatest resolution, pouring boiling pitch or water on their assailants, and often beating back and routing the ferocious enemy. Those days, however, are over, and most of all do these peaceful agricultural and trading people bless the memory of Sir James Brooke. Their religious belief is little known. Very few of them have embraced the doctrines of the Arabian Prophet, which the Malays brought along with them. They have a fear and dread of antus, and propitiate them with unbloody offerings, and think that these spirits can aid mortals. This is at the root of the sorceries which their manangs practise on the credulous. Their sorcerers are noted for their powers all over the north of Borneo, and I have already furnished a specimen of their acting. On the whole, these people appear ready to be the soonest to enter into the spirit of modern

civilisation ; but I fear that they are unaccountably neglected. They live in independent territory of their own, lying between the Sarawak and the Brunai Sultan's territories. At one time, Sir James Brooke wished to incorporate them into his own dominions by exercising a sort of protectorate over them—a protectorate which they were actually enjoying—but the Colonial Governor of Labuan at the time (having probably nothing better to think of in his own circumscribed sphere,

the island. The peculiarity with them is that they have their habitation in boats. They are born, live, and die in their canoes. Such people are to be found also in the southern provinces of China, in Siam, and in Cashmere ; but in these countries it is necessity, and the want of land on shore, which have bred up a water race, whereas there is no such necessity in Borneo. These Badjows are also called *orang laut* in the Malay, which simply means men of the sea, or men who live on



A MALAY PRINCESS.

but having all the authority of Great Britain at his back) interfered, and most effectually put a stop to a Brookian scheme. Many of the Millanows, however, still reckon themselves the subjects of Sarawak. It is Sarawak which affords them peace and security from their enemies ; and it is Sarawak which takes all their sago. With regard to the way these interesting people are neglected, I may state that even the Church of England Mission in Sarawak has bestowed no attention on them, while missions have been established in far less favourable places.

The Badjows are evidently the same race as the Dyaks, and are to be found principally about the northern parts of

the sea. They are great fishers, and depend upon fish for their subsistence. Many, however, have settled down as farmers on shore, and they possess a large part of the country to the north of the great Kini Balu Mountain. They differ very little from the ordinary Dyaks, whom I have already described. In the illustration on page 325 of this volume, a boat in which one woman stands, is moored close in shore, while another woman is standing on shore. Behind, there are plantain-trees, probably hiding a small hut. The Dyak hat is seen on the head of the woman on shore, and the shape is here more that of an umbrella than conical. The cloth strung round the middle might have been reduced by several inches,

both above and below. It is generally from the waist, over the hips, that the strip descends to about half the distance of the thighs. The same remarks may be made with regard to the waist-cloth of the figure on the canoe. The jacket is one

times wean infants when very late, keeping them at the breast for even a couple of years, so that it is not unusual to see a mother suckling two babies at the same time, one nearly two years old, and another a few months.



BASKET-SELLER.

which is sometimes donned by Dyak women. The clothing is all of native make, and very stout and strong. There is a semi-circular basket at the back of the woman in the canoe, which is the usual place for the infant. Infants and very little children are thus carried generally by their mothers. This basket is strapped on to the shoulders and chest, and the child is generally very comfortable in it. Dyak mothers some-

The Kyans, who stretch from the northern parts of the island far into the interior, are a most important part of the population of Borneo. Their numbers are reckoned at more than a hundred thousand. They are supposed to be of a different race from the Dyaks, but I should think that they are another branch of the same great family, just as there are Kookees, Garrows, and others in Eastern Bengal. The Kyans

are supposed to have their chief seats far away in the interior, some hundreds of miles from the coast. They are generally of a cleaner complexion than the Dyaks, and better made men. Having been not so much exposed to pirates, and being numerous and strong enough to keep off other Dyak tribes, these Kyans have advanced further generally in civilisation. They have large villages and communities, grow cotton, weave cloth, make their own ornaments, have cultivated fields, and have a method of communication with their interior districts. They are frank, brave, honest, and faithful. Here is, thus, another race of people in Borneo who are most unaccountably neglected. Very few Europeans have gone among them; none to their central and more populous districts; but such as have gone to the outskirts on the northern coast have found them a remarkable people, generally superior to the Dyak tribes. They have little communication with the outer world, and it yet remains for some enterprising explorer to go among them and, while settling the geography of Borneo, open out a new nation to the gaze of the civilised world. Under some circumstances people might be willing to undertake the work; and I have no doubt that the Government of Sarawak would render such assistance as it can.

The Pontianak and Banjermassin Dyaks on the west and south coasts, and in Koti on the south-east, have the same general points as those I have described, only that they are in an inferior condition, and generally continue under Malay rulers who acknowledge the Dutch authority. To these I hope to refer in a future volume. At Koti there is a greater intermixture of the Bugis men of Celebes. For a long time they have come over from the opposite shores, just as the Sooloo Malays took possession of the north-eastern parts, and have settled in Borneo as the children of the soil. The Bugis men and women, or those of such descent, are generally of better make than the Dyaks, and more advanced in civilisation, as will be seen from an account I shall furnish of their great trading expeditions, which annually include a great portion of the Archipelago, and even the northern shores of Australia, in the new colony of Queensland. The illustration of a woman of Koti, given on page 324 of this volume, shows them to have made some considerable advance in the art of dressing, only that in this particular instance the woman is of a superior position. Her petticoat and bodice leave nothing to be desired in these respects, while she even carries a fan in her hand.

I have seen two other specimens of Dyaks from the interior. In the one instance the body was covered from head to foot with the most elaborate and curious tattoo-marks. Tattooing is not practised, save in exceptional instances, along the coast; but in this instance it was the very height and perfection of the art. It must have cost months, if not years of labour. There were representations of birds and animals, of ornaments and arms; and the lines were finished with a delicacy which could not be surpassed. In the other case there were some tattoo-marks, but the principal feature about the body was the enormous elongation of the lobes of the ears by means of heavy, large brass earrings. There were several borings on each ear, in each a ring, the uppermost being the smallest, and the lowest one actually reaching to the ground. There were thus two masses of concentric circles of brass worn on each side of the body, which made a cymbal accompaniment to the movements of the body, and which must have effectually

protected both the neck and limbs from being suddenly wounded by a sword-stroke. The ears were enlarged to an enormous and abnormal size, falling down to below the shoulders, and thus produced an appearance strikingly resembling what we form in imagination of—

“Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.”

I could never learn that any tribe of Borneo were anthropophagi, and I believe the island is entirely free from cannibals. It will have been observed that I have generally classed all the scattered tribes of Borneo—except the Malays, Chinese, Millanows, Bugis, and Kyans—as Dyaks; and it is difficult to say that these last, the Kyans, are not also a Dyak tribe. They have all the same general make and appearance, have manners and customs in common, and have a uniform way of living.

With reference to the Dyak language, it is difficult to say much on a point on which very little is known. The missionaries of Sarawak, generally of an inferior order of attainments, with every opportunity, have made no elucidations on a subject of the greatest interest. The following notes are entirely my own. The language used in conversation by Europeans with Dyaks is the Malay, which is generally understood; but among themselves the Dyaks generally speak their own tongue. This language varies a great deal among the different tribes. Living separate and isolated from one another, their language has departed much from the original form, and with each tribe has assumed a new shape. There appears to be a great many words in common between the Malay and the Dyak, and probably these form the basis of the language that was general once over the Archipelago. The words in common can only be discovered by close attention and a fine ear, on account of the phonetic changes which they have undergone. There are, besides, numerous words evidently lately adopted from the Malay, the vocabulary of which, as is well known, is largely enriched from the Sanscrit and the Arabic. On a careful comparison and examination between the Malay and a native West Australian dialect, I have found numerous words in common, showing, perhaps, that there was one original basis all over the Archipelago, down even to New Zealand and up to the Friendly Isles in another direction. Mr. Crawford, whose researches have so much opened up this quarter of the globe, does not think that there are any words in Australia which agree with Malay words. He says:—“The absence from the Australian languages of all trace of the Malayan can, I think, only be accounted for by the very low social condition of the Australian race, which seems as if it were to have repelled all knowledge derived from a superior one.” This was written twenty-four years ago, since which vocabularies of Australian dialects have been published, and in one of them, which I have been able to examine, I can trace in every page one or more words in common with the Malay, sometimes hidden under subtle forms. In the New Zealand dictionary, Mr. Crawford states that he discovered one hundred and seven words common to the Malay, the proportion being twenty in one thousand. In this case Mr. Crawford seems to take the Malay vocabulary to amount to 5,350 words, a number by far too large for the common and essential purpose of any language, or what we may suppose the original Archipelago language to have been. In the Malagasi he found the proportion seventeen in one thousand. Here the same

high number is reckoned. From the brief list of words which I am able to furnish here I should think the proportion to be very much larger in Dyak. Unlike those in the Malagasi, which have evidently a Sanscrit origin, the words in the Dyak are such as are used in daily common life. The following list will also be interesting as showing the Dyak system of naming males and females:—

Names of Males:—Melana (? Malay, *Mellangar*, fight); Itak; Pemuleng (? from the Malay, *Mulia*, glory); Bletang; Loonsong; Jalang (Malay, *Jalan*, path, or, to go); Gluma; Bulang (Malay, *Bulan*, moon); Bugei (? connected with *Bugis*); Poontang; Brain (Malay, *Brani*, brave); Mangha (? connected with Malay, *Manis*, sweet, whence *manggis*, the mango); Langi (Malay, *Langit*, sky); Majang; Paninkong; Mandong.

Names of Females:—Burong (Malay, *Burong*, bird); Minang; Meda; Noolang; Lamut; Serampai; Gunja; Madi; Sarah; Sarai; Rinja; Pedang; Bintang (Malay, *Bintang*, star); Binda; Pongoth; Dyang (Malay, *Dang*, virgin). Some of these names, as Binda and Rinja, are pretty enough to be incorporated into the English, where the proper names for females are so few.

Among interjections, which prove little, the word *Adok* (*k* silent) is in common use among Malays and Dyaks, expressing "oh!" And the Dyaks have the word of assent in *Oum* (*m* almost silent).

The following remarks, brief indeed, are from the pen of one who resided at Pontianak, on the west coast:—

"The class of words is by no means small in which the body of the syllables is quite the same (in Dyak and Malay), and the last two letters of the word, *kn* in the one case, and *ng* in the other, the Dyak being the harsher generally, but not always. In another class, ending in *n* in Malay, a *t* is often found before it in the speech of the other people. The Dyak uses it thus in the already long enough name of his island-home (*Kalamantan*, which, we ought to have mentioned, is the native name for the whole island of Borneo; the word *Brunai*, from which we get our name, being only the appellation of the native Malay state in the north of the island). In the name of the moon yet another change occurs, as *buratn*, *bulan*. Who made the change, and when? Malays here sometimes turn *r* into *l*; and among Dyak children it is not an uncommon affectation to make a *y* of it, as *bu-yatn*. A few words from the Malay language, to which the rules above alluded to will apply, are the following—*pohou*, tree; *orang*, man; *tumpang*, house; *kyang*, mat; *papan*, tiling; *kain*, cloth, &c."

It is remarkable how for a long time there have been efforts made by missionaries in Borneo, and yet what little fruit any, save the Church of England Mission in Sarawak, which is the youngest, has produced. The Dutch Reformed Church has sent missionaries to the south and west coasts among the Dyaks, but in the majority of instances they have failed to effect anything. Other missionaries from Germany have also been hither and thither, a few years at a place, and left the country in despair. The Roman Catholic Mission to the northern part of the island has also done nothing save the very remarkable feat of converting a Malay. Malays are rarely converted, *zs*, indeed, Mohammedans generally, though the lower in the scale of civilisation, and hence the harder in fanaticism, the more difficult will be the process.

The Church of England Mission in Sarawak, established under the auspices of the Rajah Sir James Brooke, himself a sceptic, in 1848, has been eminently successful. I cannot do better here than quote a few extracts from a tract issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, under whose immediate direction the mission work proceeds. The first missionary bishop was the Rev. F. T. McDougall, who went out originally as a missionary, and has lately been succeeded by a Rev. Mr. Chambers, who also laboured for some years as a missionary. The secrets of the success of this mission lay more in the great influence of the rajah, the medical character of the mission as it was originally started, Mr. McDougall having once been a surgeon, and the exhibition of a real sympathy for the Dyaks.

"On the 30th June, 1848, the two pioneers of the mission, the Rev. F. T. McDougall and the Rev. T. Wright, landed at Kuching, the chief town of the province of Sarawak, and the residence of the rajah. A temporary abode was found for the members of the mission in the court-house, the offices of which were kindly given up by the rajah and the officers of the government for their accommodation. The first step of the missionaries was to establish a regular public service, a shorter one for daily use, and the full service of the Church on Sundays and holy days. This was with the double view of benefiting the European population and of showing the Mohammedans that Christians considered it a duty to worship publicly and regularly the one true God. The next step was to open a public dispensary, which soon attracted numbers of natives, and from among these patients many were induced to become the first scholars of the day-school, which was opened at a house procured for the purpose. This school was at first much frequented by all classes, who came in throngs, being attracted by the novelty of an English teacher and the maps and school apparatus. In order further to begin some directly Christian teaching, and to lay the foundation of a school which should furnish future labourers for the work, five orphans of Malay and Dyak mothers were taken from their native friends and adopted by the mission.

"Simultaneously with these operations men were employed to clear the land set apart by the rajah for the mission for building and cultivating, and to collect timber for the buildings of the mission. By means of hard work and constant urging, the house was sufficiently advanced in July, 1849, to enable the members of the mission and school to remove from their former cramped abode to the spacious and airy residence on College Hill, which had already begun to assume a civilised appearance, the ground having been planted with spice-trees, cocoa-nuts, roses, and jessamines, while the house was building. The adjoining eminence, called Church Hill, was next cleared and levelled; the indestructible and ponderous blocks of iron-wood, which had been gradually collected during the preceding year, and of which alone the church is built, were carried up the hill with no little difficulty, and the building of the church set about in real earnest. It will give an idea of the size of the trees in these equatorial regions, to mention that one of these, which stood near the site of the church, and had to be cut down—a gutta-percha tree, called *nisto* by the natives—was found by measurement to be one hundred and twenty feet in length to the first branch, and the stem at about twelve feet from the ground was nearly seven feet in diameter. This is by no means one of the largest kind of jungle trees; others,

especially the tapang-tree, in which the bees make their hives, are much larger.

"In January, 1849, the junior missionary resigned his office; and all the spring of this year was spent in much alarm and uncertainty, owing to the ravages and repeated attacks of the piratical fleets from Sarebus and Sakarran; people from all sides came flocking into Sarawak to put themselves under the rajah's protection, and the whole place was in continual commotion and excitement, most unfavourable to missionary efforts, until the pirate fleet was dispersed, and these marauders received a well-merited chastisement on the 29th of July, 1849. After the return of the flotilla to Sarawak on the 28th of August, the foundation of the church was laid by Sir J. Brooke. About this time three more children were added to the home school, one of them the son of a Malay pangeran, or nobleman, who, having received some kindness from the missionary, was induced to give one of his sons, of whom he had several, to be brought up as a Christian. While the church was in progress, all the Dyak chiefs from the neighbouring rivers who came to Sarawak were entertained at the mission house, where they also received medicines and surgical aid for the sick and wounded they brought with them; and every opportunity was taken to converse with them on the subject of religion, and to kindle their desires for that knowledge which can alone raise them from their lost estate. These in turn were visited by the missionary in their own countries, in order to keep up the interest already awakened in their minds, and as far as possible prepare them for the teachers whom they desire to have sent to them, that they may '*no longer be ignorant black men, but learn to be good and wise like the great Rajah and the white men.*'

"In September of this year (1850), an accession was made to the school of thirteen children of Dyako-Chinese emigrants from Sambas, several thousands of whom came to put themselves under the protection of the rajah, not feeling themselves safe in the Dutch possessions. They were exposed to the constant attacks of pirates from seaward which, with the exactions and oppression of their Dutch and Malay rulers on the land side, drove them to seek a refuge in Sarawak. They brought with them many wounded and sick, and as it was impossible from their numbers for the missionary to offer them effectual assistance in their temporary abodes, the government at first built a house, and subsequently fitted up a large building near the mission as a ward, with twenty-four beds, having a dispensary attached, and allowed rice and money sufficient to support the patients in the hospital.

"In 1851 the Rev. Mr. McDougall proceeded on a tour to the several tribes on the Batang-Lupar and the Rejang rivers, numbering in all about 300,000 souls who, since the defeat of the Sarebus pirate fleet, had opened their rivers to commerce, placed themselves under the rajah's protection, and requested that Europeans might be sent to live among them, to govern them and teach them. He was received with the greatest kindness by the chiefs. They deplored their own ignorance respecting the worship of God; they said the Malays wished them to worship Allah, and some few of their people had already Islamised, but the prohibition of pork did not suit them, and they felt that it would be much better for them to learn to worship the white man's Allah. In some cases those who had heard about baptism, asked why they should not be *washed and made white men at once!*

"The mission is steadily progressing. The number in the

training school is now (1853) twenty-seven; three adult Dyako-Chinese are in course of preparation for service in the Mission; a class of catechumens is continually under instruction, and after due probation they are baptised and added to the Church. Up to June, 1852, there had been in all about fifty baptisms, and candidates go on offering themselves. The present stations of the missionaries, and those to be soon occupied, give access to about 500,000 aborigines, now under the influence of the much-loved rajah."

Since the above graphic account of the origin and progress of the Church of England Mission was published, its course has been one continued series of successes. Even the fatal Chinese insurrection in 1854 failed to affect it. On the contrary, the rebels themselves recognised it, and actually constituted Mr. McDougall, then a bishop, a member of their government! I have already referred to the reasons of the great success which has attended this mission. Hundreds and thousands of Dyaks—sometimes nearly entire tribes—have come over and joined the Church. And a serious plot which the Malays laid to destroy every European in the province, and would have been infallibly carried out, was revealed by a Christian Dyak commander immediately after it was proposed to him under his former sacred heathen oaths. Sir James Brooke thus was fully rewarded for the efforts which he bestowed in establishing a mission in the principles of the religious life of which, at least in those days, he was supposed to be an unbeliever.

An account of Borneo would not be complete without some slight reference to the stories which have been circulated from time to time to the effect that men with tails have at different times been seen in this and neighbouring islands.

In the magnificent and valuable edition of Colonel H. Yule's "*Comments on Marco Polo's Travels*," Vol. II., p. 244, we find it thus written:—"For the earliest version of the tail story, we must go back to Ptolemy and the Isles of the Satyrs in this quarter; or rather to Ctesias, who tells of tailed men on an island in the Indian Sea." It will be seen from this that the story is not a modern invention; that it is recorded by the best-informed men of antiquity; and that the locality is indicated. It will be necessary to bear these points in mind, as the account is confirmed by late travellers of high credibility, and the locality is the same. If under such circumstances alone we had an account of the remains of a great ancient temple, or something of that kind, which would have interested only antiquarians, there would have been repeated efforts made to examine into its truth; while this account, of the highest importance in natural history, and it may even be philology and ethnology, is left to languish, and we may even say, trouble the world, simply because it goes against preconceived explanations of the Mosaic record. We cannot attribute any other reason to the strange neglect in which this great question is allowed to lie.

The next record of this story of men with tails is to be found in Marco Polo's Travels. His veracity in describing what he has seen has never been questioned; and though he did not visit any of the East Indian Archipelago islands, save one or two on the outskirts of the great group, it will be seen that he too fixes the locality. His words are:—"Now you must know that in this kingdom of Lambri there are men with tails; these tails are of a palm in length, and have no hair on them. These people live in the mountains, and are

a kind of wild men. Their tails are about the thickness of a dog's."

With reference to very late accounts, Colonel Yule goes on to say:—"Mr. St. John in Borneo met with a trader who had seen and *felt* the tails of such a race inhabiting the north-east coast of that island. The appendage was four inches long, and very stiff; so the people all used perforated seats." Although the present writer has been twice mentioned by Mr. St. John in the interesting but ill-digested work, "Life in the Forests of the Far East," I must confess that I had never taken the trouble to look into it. In reading a few

days back Colonel Yule's account of what Mr. St. John says about the men with tails, I turned over his work to find him writing:—"It is singular how the story of the men with tails has spread. They talked of it here, and I have heard of it in every part I have visited, but their country is always a few days' journey farther off. The most circumstantial account I ever heard was from a man who had traded much on the north-east coast of Borneo. He said he had seen and felt the tails; they were four inches long, and were very stiff, so that all the people sat on seats in which there was a hole made for this remarkable appendage to fit in." (Vol. I., p. 51.)



HOUSE OF THE CAROCEER OF MBO-GE-LAH.

An Excursion in Dahomey.—II.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLY.

THE next morning we continued our journey, which had now become very irksome, the road forming one continuous and difficult ascent, varied only by a few level stretches. The scenery was truly magnificent, the day was particularly fine, and the breeze deliciously cool. Many beautiful flowers were just bursting into bloom, and all nature looked fresh and verdant, the sun not having yet burnt up the grass, or changed the colour of the leaves to the usual brownish green of the African dry season. Many of the trees and shrubs, covered profusely with their own blossoms, were entwined with creeping plants, also in flower, and the contrast between the colours of the two flowers was often most pleasing. Palm-trees, interspersed here and there, lent an additional charm, while the song of the pretty African canary and the twitter of numerous swallows added life to the scene.

We could here see, far away on the western horizon, the rugged outline of the hills of Krobo and Aquipim. A range of

hills extends in a west-south-westerly direction from Mahé towards the river Volta, where they slope down to the low swampy country through which that river flows. The tableland upon which Dahomey is situated appears to be surrounded on all sides by swamps, as the lagoon to the northward communicates westward with the deltaic marshes of the Volta.

On the eighth day, while descending a ravine on the northern slope of one of the lateral ranges of the Mahé group, we were startled by the roar of a lion, evidently close at hand. All was consternation—the soldiers urging each other on to accept the challenge, for such they deemed it to be; but no one seemed willing to lead the way. The jabbering was incessant, and had the lion felt inclined for a meal of negro flesh, he could easily have gratified his appetite, for the people could not have made any resistance to a sudden attack. Our fears, however, were groundless, for, although we heard him

frequently give vent to his awful roar, we never caught sight of him. In the evening the conversation turned upon hunting, and the wonderful exploits each meant to have performed had opportunity afforded for exhibiting his prowess. Soon after leaving our halting-place the next day, we crossed a lofty ridge close by the mountain, called by the natives *Pahlookoh* (the two hills), an isolated cluster of peaks, the highest being saddle-shaped. In the reign of King Gézu, the predecessor of the present King of Dahomey, war was declared against Dan-yoh, the King of Pahlookoh, on the plea that he had ill-treated some of the messengers of the king. Upon this Dan-yoh sent to Ge-nah-koh (the Elephant), King of Ey-yoh, a branch of the Nah-go people, who live north of Lagos, to ask for assistance. Meanwhile King Gézu laid siege to the place, and while so engaged, he received word from Chechah, a Portuguese slave-dealer at Whydah, that "the Elephant" was coming to fight against him. This was corroborated by the King of Porto-Novo (the king's brother), and by the thirty-three kings of Mahé, who at that time were on very friendly terms with the Dahomans. These messengers urged upon Gézu to retreat, but he said that "he did not know how to go back, but that he must break this people." After much fighting he succeeded in killing Dan-yoh, and took his brother, Joon-toh, alive, and sent him prisoner to Dahomey. This was effected before the junction of "the Elephant" with Dan-yoh. Gézu then waited for Ge-nah-koh in the valley at the foot of the mountain, and in the first encounter completely routed his forces, and killed "the Elephant" before he succeeded in joining the Pahlookohs, who had assembled to witness, as they fondly hoped, the discomfiture of the Dahoman army. No sooner were they convinced that the Dahomans were again victorious, than they threw down their arms and sued for mercy on bended knees. Gézu said, "As you are brave men, and know how to fight well, you shall belong to my army for ever;" and many of the present generals at Dahomey are the children of the Pahlookohs who fought King Gézu.

The town (Pahlookoh) now contains about 1,000 inhabitants, who are in a wretched condition, living on a vegetable diet, varied only by an occasional meal of the flesh of an antelope or other animal taken in the chase, when, as is usual among savage tribes, they gorge themselves to repletion.

The foot of the mountain is covered with thickets of prickly pear and pine-apple, but neither are eaten, as they are held *fetiché* by the natives.

Beyond Pahlookoh a comparatively level table-land extends for several miles, running in an easterly and westerly direction, and having a presumed elevation of 1,500 feet above the sea. This is covered with numerous erratic boulders of a hard sandy conglomerate, which lie scattered indiscriminately all over the plain. Here numerous agates, jaspers, tourmalines, and other mineral productions, are frequently met with in the gravelly soil, generally on the eastern edge of the large boulders. Specks of gold, too, were often observed, but not in any great quantity.

This table-land is covered with a short wiry grass, with numerous clumps of cotton, and abounds with rabbits, guinea-fowl, antelope, &c.

As we journeyed along this flat, monotonous district, our bearers were much annoyed by the myriads of ants, whose trains crossed our path at frequent intervals. Thousands upon

thousands of black ants were going and returning from marauding expeditions, the "labourers" being prevented from straggling by the "soldiers," who were stationed on either side of the line of march. Any ant attempting to pass this barrier was immediately seized upon by a "soldier" of three times his size, and ignominiously thrust back among his companions. Every now and then some unlucky bearer would tread upon the column, and in an instant he would be attacked by the "soldiers," who, swarming all over his naked body by hundreds, inflicted summary punishment upon the hapless intruder.

At length we reached the distant hills, whose peaks we had seen, from the path descending to the valley, towering up to the clouds, and extending on either hand as far as the eye could reach. The country now presented a very different appearance from that we had left. Huge masses of granite were piled up as if by a Titan, and appeared to threaten us with immediate destruction if we ventured too near. Trees were comparatively few, and smaller than any we had yet seen. The curious chandelier-tree (*Pandanus candelabrum*) is plentiful, rising to about thirty feet, and then throwing out forked branches, the extremities of which are terminated by long rigid leaves pointing upwards, something like those of the pine-apple in shape. Another conspicuous tree was one something like a lime, with but few leaves, while the whole surface was literally ablaze with scarlet blossoms. Ginger grows in profusion, and together with the capsicum constituted a pleasant seasoning to our dishes.

A thin film of blue smoke, visible for miles in the clear atmosphere, at length announced our approach to a village. This was the village of Kan-gro, captured by the present king. This is the rendezvous for the Amazonian hunters of the king, who assemble here previous to their annual expedition in search of elephants. These hunters, or "Gan-u-nlan," that is, "conquerors of all animals," form the second battalion of the Amazonian army. They are armed with blunderbusses, and go out every year to hunt; but cannot return from a foray with *éclat*, however successful otherwise, without bringing the tusks of an elephant. The few inhabitants we met were of a type considerably lower than the native Dahomans; with narrow dolichocephalic skulls, low foreheads, and very prominent features. They exhibited the greatest terror at our approach, instantly dropping their burdens, and rushing off, pell-mell, into the bush. The old women are positively hideous, having a shrivelled-up appearance, their long pendent breasts looking particularly disgusting; their hair was a tangled mass, apparently innocent of the use of a comb. They are filthy in the extreme, the *débris* of their meals being either left on the floor of their huts or thrown outside their doors. Their huts are merely sheds, constructed of the stalks of palm-leaves, wattled with the smaller branches, and thatched with mats, made of the leaflets woven or plaited together. Plantations of cassava surround the houses, and the only cooking utensil used by them appears to be an earthen pot, which is placed on stones over a wood fire. They wore a scanty waist-covering of grass, and few of them possessed beads, but nearly all wore charms of various descriptions suspended from their necks. Their weapons were bows and arrows and rude knives, evidently the manufacture of Dahomey. The bows were shaped like boomerangs, being curved suddenly towards the upper end, and were strung with twisted sinews. The arrows were either slender rods with their

points hardened in the fire, or a thin bamboo with an iron head, and were winged with red parrots' feathers. They did not appear to be particularly skilful in the use of their weapons, and never shot at any animal unless it was at rest. They also possessed axes, each one made by inserting an iron chisel in the split end of a stick, which was then tightly bound with sinews. The chief came to pay his respects to us the next morning, first sending us a present of a goat and some fowls. He was an old man, very feeble, and walked by the aid of a stick, having a large crescent on the top, on which he rested his hand; but he must have been a powerful man in his younger days. He was dressed in a blue cotton cloth, wrapped round him like a shawl, and had numerous *fetiches* suspended from various parts of his person. His hair, which was very white, was twisted into little ringlets, at the end of which was a bunch of parrots' feathers, also a *fetiche*. When he approached, he prostrated himself before the king's stick which I carried; and, after kissing the ground, smothered his head and shoulders with dirt, rubbing it all over him, as also did all his attendants. He welcomed me to his town, and, as is usual, complimented me for all the trouble and danger I had undergone in coming through the mountains. He then presented a calabash of deliciously cool water, which he first handed to one of his slaves to taste, and then offered to me. This custom is the invariable practice among the Dahomans, in order to prevent suspicion of poisoning; and everything presented to a stranger is first tasted in his presence by one of the company. He then produced a bottle of gin, and after drinking my health and that of the king, brought out a short black clay pipe. I immediately offered him my tobacco, which he received with a profusion of thanks, and at once proceeded to load and strike a light with his flint and steel. The tinder employed is the pith of a palm-tree allied to the sago-palm, which is rubbed between the fingers until it assumes a woolly character. We next accompanied him to see the tribute which he was just upon the point of sending to Dahomey. This consisted of jars of palm-oil, bags of cotton, cowries, Guinea corn, and calabashes of yams. The bearers had just received their rations, and were going to start early in the morning for Abomey. Frequent mishaps occur, owing to the rugged nature of the road; and as the king will only accept the full amount, nothing less, nearly twice the value of the tribute is sent; when the losses are made up, the remainder is sold in the Abomey market.

Beyond Kan-gro we passed for several days through an undulating country thickly wooded, in which we frequently observed elephant spoor, and once or twice saw a herd grazing quietly in the open spaces. Eagles of enormous size appeared like specks against the clouds, as they sailed with untiring wings in their series of circles, ever on the watch for prey. Pythons were very numerous, and are eagerly sought for by the natives, who take them by means of a goat, which is tied to a post near the haunt of the serpent. When he has gorged himself with the morsel, a number of persons of both sexes, who have been on the watch, rush out and dispatch him. The flesh is eaten, and I am assured is by no means to be despised; the disjointed vertebral column is sold in Dahomey for the ornamentation of the musical gourds.

Leopards are not unfrequently met with, but as they are

considered to be the representatives of the king, they are unmolested, unless one destroys human life, when a general hunt is proclaimed, which invariably ends in the destruction of the animal; not, however, without some revenge, for he generally leaves the marks of his claws on the persons of more than one of the hunters. The skin is sent to the king, and the brains and teeth are claimed by the *fetichists*, to make charms against various evils.

The splendid Whydah finches (*Vidua*) were now in full plumage, the beautiful tail-feathers of the male being in perfection. Their nests are curious structures, composed of grass beautifully interwoven into a bottle-shape, and suspended at the extremity of a palm-leaf—generally a dead one—and we often observed a tree covered with these nests; several being built one above another on the same leaf-stalk. The entrance is at the bottom of the nest, so that the birds can only enter on the wing, which is an effectual preservative against the tribes of monkeys and other enemies. Sun-birds—the humming-birds of the eastern hemisphere—flitted from flower to flower and bush to bush, like living gems, their beautiful metallic greens and blues shining with dazzling effect in the sunlight.

We passed through the towns of Dassah, Vagee, and Ved-doh, all of which were taken by the present king; and on the sixteenth day from our leaving Abomey, arrived at Mbo-ge-lah, the frontier town of the kingdom, situated far up the side of a range of lofty mountains; beyond which I was not allowed to pass, as the king had given orders for me to return when I had proceeded thus far. The town was similar to others passed *en route*, and contained nothing worthy of particular notice. I stayed in the house of the head captain, who behaved most hospitably to me, sending provisions of every kind, for my own use and that of my escort.

After a day's rest, of which we stood in much need, considering the fatigues of a long march through a mountainous country, I started with Beecham and a few carriers to make the ascent of the mountain behind us. Our road led us up the bed of a torrent, now dry, but showing evidences—by the worn appearance of the rocks on either side, and the fragments strewn in every direction—of its impetuosity in the rainy season. After a difficult ascent of about 500 feet, we turned aside to the shelter of an overhanging cliff, where we partook of breakfast. I here found to my dismay that the man with the water-skin had been helping himself on the way, and having carelessly fastened up the mouth of the skin, nearly all the water had leaked out. The sun was blazing away overhead, and, although a fresh breeze was blowing at the time, the exertion of walking over the rough stones produced intense thirst. I satisfied myself in a slight degree by some oranges, and dispatched the water-carrier to a house, the smoke from which indicated the presence of some inmates. We then fell vigorously to work to devour the savoury viands prepared by Joe, and while so engaged, the water-carrier returned with the news that the man at the hut would not let us have any water without paying for it. Having no cowries with me, I thought I would try if a piece of tobacco would have the desired effect, and having sent the man back with a small bundle of leaves, was soon overjoyed by seeing him approach, staggering under his load of two skins of water. Having taken a copious draught, and put on the kettle to make some tea, we all lay down in the coolest

spot for a siesta, as it was too hot to proceed in the middle of the day, although our guide assured us that "plenty cold catch us to-morrow."

About three, we again started, and passed over a series of terraces under cultivation, the yam, cassava, and sweet potato being the principal objects of care. The way was very steep, and walking very toilsome, and, by this time, a strong wind was blowing from the heights above us, which made us feel very chilly. Just at nightfall, we arrived at the hamlet of Cha-ra-rah, the plantation of the captain of Mbo-ge-lah. I was glad that I had taken the precaution of bringing a thick rug with me, for, towards morning, my teeth chattered with cold, a sensation which I never expected to feel in Western Africa, only eight degrees from the equator. The

the eastern verge. Another and another followed, when suddenly my boy Joe called out, "Look! master," and there on our left shone forth a lofty peak, gilded with the rays of the sun. All around it was shrouded in darkness, while this peak stood out as if formed of molten fire, clear and distinct, against a sombre background. Every moment its colour was changing, and one by one other peaks appeared, but none came up to the splendour of the first. Streaks of yellow and ruby light now variegated the sky; while pencils of vivid gold shot upwards from the spot where the sun would soon appear. Green blending into the clearest blue, painted the sky, while the lower edges of the fleecy clouds were tinged with rosy light. Objects now began to be visible, but our view was confined to the peaks of the nearest mountains, for all the



VILLAGE OF EYVANGO, NEAR ABOMEY.

carriers were all crowded together round the fire, which was kept in all night, for the double purpose of keeping out the wild beasts and the cold.

We started about two o'clock for the summit, over a precipitous path, strewn with large blocks of granite, against which we were continually knocking our shins. As we approached the top, the trees became fewer and smaller; the apex being covered with a brushwood of thorny shrubs. It was still dark when we arrived, and, lighting a fire, and putting on our kettle, with pipes in mouths, and hands in pockets, we awaited the rising of the sun. A piercing wind was blowing from the north-east, the thermometer indicating 48° Fahrenheit; and we were glad to ensconce ourselves under the lee of the thickest bush we could find. Presently, a faint, grey, hazy appearance showed itself along the eastern horizon, and all eyes were on the alert to catch the first glimpse of the sun. Brighter and brighter grew the grey streak, until it extended upwards for several degrees, and then a thin line of a delicate pink was faintly perceptible close to

valleys were as yet enveloped in darkness and mist. Slowly the gilding crept down the sides of the mountains, till at length a flash of glorious sunlight proclaimed that another day had commenced for the toilers of Dahomey. All around was now bathed in a flood of light; and, as the sun climbed with rapid strides his steep course towards the zenith, peak after peak appeared like islands amidst a sea of fog. The more distant cones had the appearance of burnished copper, with the ridges picked out with gold, shining out in deep contrast with the sombre greys and olives of the ravines between them.

By this time the warmth of the sun's beams had disturbed the bank of fog which had settled over the valleys during the night. Higher and higher rolled the smoke-like billows, creeping slowly up the mountain side, and here and there showing us a glimpse of the world beneath, already welcoming with the matins of its feathered songsters the grateful warmth of the morning sunbeams. Close by, a dragon-fly, that had passed the night sheltered by the thorny leaves of a species of aloe, brushed the dew from off his gauzy wings, and with

a rustling noise darted into the sunlight to commence his daily butchery amid the insect tribes. Bees, too, commenced their labours amongst the mellifluous sweets of the floral world, long before their brethren, the dwellers of the plains below, thought of bestirring themselves from their waxy couches.

The view was soon shut out by the rising clouds, and we took advantage of the interruption to partake of breakfast, with appetites whetted by the keen air of the mountains. Poor Joe looked as if he were trying to shrink into invisibility, and when I asked what was the matter, he answered, his teeth nearly shaking out of his head, that "too much cold live to catch him for this country."

About nine o'clock the sky became clear again, and a splendid prospect lay spread before and around us. To the east, immediately beneath us, was a precipitous descent of some hundreds of yards, gradually becoming less steep until it reached a chasm more than three hundred feet deep—a huge rent through the heart of the mountain, at the bottom of which a torrent still foamed along far below. Beyond rose a colossal mountain, looking so near that it seemed as if we could throw a stone on to its summit, though miles of rough travel must be gone over before any one could stand on its top. Round its base the little stream that thundered through the gorge at our feet meandered like a silver thread, now hidden by a hummock or thicket, and again appearing, sparkling in the sunlight, as it gently wound its way onwards to the marshes beyond. Here and there a few circling black specks in the sky would point out a number of vultures wheeling their airy flight, and beneath them the thin blue film of smoke from the wood fires indicated the preparation of the morning meal at some far distant village. Beyond these, massive rounded mountain tops rose one above another, in range after range, until the dim blue outline of their lofty crests seemed to be reposing on the bank of clouds that rested on the distant horizon.

Turning southward, we looked across a wide expanse of country, over which we had travelled with so much labour during the past fortnight. Far below us we could hear the "caw, caw" of the black and white crow, the king's emblem or heraldic insignia, as the lion is the military symbol of England, while a majestic eagle swooped past us, startled from his eyrie, close at hand, by our talking.

Villages dotted the landscape here and there, and the

bright green hue of the cassava plantations contrasted favourably with the more sombre olive of the forest. The pale grassy colour of the clumps of bamboo in the swamp, blotched here and there with black patches of mud, or oftener still with the silvery sheen of a lagoon, seemed to be close at hand, while far beyond, the grey battlements of the hills of Mahé met the clouds. Westward a panorama of terrific grandeur was disclosed. Far as the eye could reach, mountain towered on mountain, and valley merged into valley in endless

variety—sometimes rocky and broken, at other times fortress or roof-like with dark glens and shadowy ravines, in whose recesses the ever-moving fog still lingered, sometimes completely enshrouding the valley in its cloudy covering, and at others enveloping it in a gauzy film as though with a bridal veil.

Near at hand a valley, on whose sides lay blocks of stone strewn in regular order, and whose walls of masonry were of glassy smoothness, with scratches running parallel to each other, announced the existence of a glacier at a period almost too remote for human conception, when this land, now fervent with torrid heat, was cold as Iceland is at the present day. Water-worn pebbles strewed its bed, while the confluent valleys revealed the former presence of their own minor icy burdens by the piles of stones dropped at the angle of junction with the main glacial stream.

The mountains did not seem to form long ridges for any considerable distance, but were rather clusters round the bases of single ones of greater elevation than their brethren, with naked masses of lichen-covered rock rising above the grassy surfaces of the soil. The direction of the main valleys was about

east-north-east and west-south-west, and the height of the principal summits appeared to increase as the view extended westward.

A few appeared isolated, and were apparently volcanic, having a faint indication of a crater; but these were too far off to enable me to be perfectly certain as to their nature: besides, the summits of the highest were frequently encircled with a zone of clouds, gradually dissolving and dissipating into invisibility, to be again condensed when the chills of evening came on. It was a scene where Nature, in her own peculiar way, exhibited the massive vastness of her colossal forms, moulded in lines of grandeur and eternal beauty, though but seldom gazed upon but by the eyes of the lowliest of her



KAN-GRO "KENIKBAH," OR HARPIST.

sons. The solitude was awful. Not a sound fell upon the strained ear but was increased in intensity, even the hum of the poor insect seeming out of place on that vast immensity of silence, and the soul, becoming conscious of its own inferiority and puny littleness, when its best attempts were brought into comparison with the slightest efforts of the Deity, seemed to be filled with wonder, reverence, and awe.

On the north a vast plain extended, blending with the slope of the mountain range upon which we stood, apparently some 10,000 feet below us. Numerous little rills ran gurgling down their rocky beds, soon to gather strength, and, as tributaries, perhaps swell the stream of the far-off Niger; or, meeting the thirsty soil, there to become absorbed, after yielding up their life-blood for the sustenance of millions of created forms. Not a sign of human industry met the gaze, as I strained my eyes to catch the pale blue haze of the wood fires of some distant hamlet, or detect the vivid emerald hues of a plantain grove; not a single village or plantation was to be discovered, even by the aid of a powerful glass. Far as the eye could pierce, a series of rounded undulations met the view, rolling in parallel lines of hill and valley, till I could almost fancy that it was the heaving ground-swell of some mighty ocean, that rolling onwards with increasing speed and gathering strength as its sides became more steep, at length dashed its ponderous mass against the rocky buttresses of the mountain upon which we stood, and there had become petrified in an instant. The scream of the hawk, echoing from crag to crag, alone broke the solitude. Such is the wondrous power of Nature when viewed in her vast simplicity, that the very carriers who accompanied me—untutored as they were—became awed to silence, as they turned with eager faces to the rugged landscape spread out before them on every side.

This range, whose highest peaks attain an altitude of about 12,000 feet, extends in an east-north-east and west-south-west direction, being nearer the sea-coast at the western extremity,

where they sink down to an elevation of about 5,000 feet, and there becoming split up into several forks, some of which are known as the mountains of Aquipim, Krobo, and Aquambo, and run in a north-north-east direction. These again divide themselves as they approach the coast, forming the Mumquady range on the one hand, and a series of rounded peaks—known as the “Abbey Dome,” Ningo Grand, the Cook’s Loaf, and others, with a low range of hills connecting them—on the other.

The northern fork forms a curved sweep in a north-west direction, and, running nearly due west, forms the northern frontier of the kingdom of Ashantee, being in the longitude of Coomassie about 350 miles from the sea. They form the great watershed of Upper Guinea, and give rise to several rivers—such as the Grand Bassam, Assinee, Boutry, Prah, and Volta, which last is a river of considerable magnitude, the lower portion forming an immense deltaic lagoon, which although shallow for the most part, affords great facilities for the carriage of oil from the producers to the coast. To the north the natives could not tell me of any large stream; although, judging from the little rills observed by myself to flow down the northern slope, there is every reason to believe that a stream of equal size to the Volta runs in a northerly, or north-easterly direction, forming one of the tributaries of the Niger. Much as I desired to penetrate this unknown region, it was an impossibility under the circumstances, as the king had “tabooed” my progress any further.

After staying on the summit of this, one of the highest peaks of the Kong Mountains, until nearly noon, we reluctantly began the return journey, which we accomplished without mishap; and, after a series of adventures which space will not allow me to relate, a safe descent was accomplished, and we arrived again at Dahomey, having had the satisfaction of looking upon a scene that perhaps had never before been beheld by any white man, with the exception of the unfortunate Mr. Duncan, who died some years ago.

Four Months in Ceylon.—II.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA MAIL—COCOA-NUT GROVES—A NIGHT FULL OF HORRORS—BENTOTTE—APPROACH TO COLOMBO—PARTING SHOT—THE FORT, AND THE NATIVE TOWN—VARIETIES OF POPULATION—FRUIT GARDENS—THE ROAD TO KANDY—REST-HOUSES—BUDDHISTS IN CEYLON—KANDY—COFFEE PLANTATIONS—LEMON-GRASS—CINNAMON—ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

BEING determined to see as much of the island as possible during my stay, I secured a seat in the Royal Victoria Mail-coach, which leaves Galle for Colombo twice a day, morning and evening. Having been the first to apply I got a back seat. At five p.m. I got in, and found my companions to consist of a stout Dutch lady with an infant in her arms (in the other back seat), her husband opposite her, while a native Cingalese occupied the other front seat opposite me. The place for the feet had sundry bundles and parcels half filling up the narrow space, and as I have (fortunately or unfortunately) rather long understandings, my cramped position may be easily imagined. Besides, the Dutch lady next to me was so stout,

that she quite squeezed me into a corner. Still more, the native continued throughout the night puffing villanous Cingalese cigars (steeped, I believe, in opium), the smoke of which was quite nauseating. To crown all my misery inside, the lady alternated the charge of her baby between her husband and myself! I had never even so much as taken up a baby in my arms before; but all this was of no avail, and I was obliged to submit to the discomforts which this arrangement entailed. What with these, the sly enjoyment of the husband at my discomfort and misery, my being squeezed into a corner, my legs cramped up, and the nauseating puffs of smoke just opposite, I never had a worse night of it. But this was only inside. There were horrors outside. My dog was shut up in the box under the driver’s seat, but he could poke in his head from inside to us, and he would bark and howl, and make frantic efforts to get in among us. The driver, a Portuguese, or one of the “burgher” class, indulging himself in a glass of strong waters at the end of each stage (without which he

declared "he could not drive") soon became rather unsteady, and as the road lay often over narrow bridges unprotected by side-rails, over small creeks of the sea, and there were deep ditches on either side of the road, my chances of a safe arrival at Colombo, it may be imagined, were very small indeed. Added to all this, there came on during the night a perfect tempest of storm, wind, and rain, while it was so dark that our way was not visible before us for even a yard. While this, I believe, had the effect of steadying and sobering the driver, my own apprehensions of finding the entire vehicle turned over into a ditch with the stout Dutch lady rolling over me and squeezing the very life out of me, or finding myself suddenly plunged into the sea, struggling for life inside a closed coach with a dog, human beings, parcels and luggage, were by no means allayed, but rather increased. As I am now narrating the tale of this night of horrors, inside and outside, it may be presumed that I lived over it; but it is a perfect marvel that it was so. At one time, just as we had nearly cleared a causeway or bridge, we approached to within *an inch* of rolling over, coach, horses, and all, but the driver suddenly woke to a sense of the danger, and pulled in the horses, which sent us back into the middle of the road. After that, I stopped his "grog" by main force, and would not allow him to have any more. The road winds along the sea-coast in a north-westerly direction, and is shaded along its entire course with dense groves of cocoa-nut palms, quite green, and with large clusters of fruit on each trunk. Native huts, orchards, and gardens, and fine dwellings may also be seen. Here and there are views of the ocean. The bridges and causeways over creeks and rivers are numerous. The drive must be a very pleasant one with pleasant companions, and during the day. On my return to Galle, I came by day, and was fortunate enough not to have had a single fellow-traveller, although, to escape being squeezed again by a fat Dutch lady, I had taken the precaution to secure both the back seats. The entire length of the road is about eighty miles, and midway there is a "rest-house" at Bentotte. It was midnight when we reached it, and glad I was to escape from the baby and other nuisances inside, and stretch my ill-used legs for even half an hour. These "rest-houses" are built for travellers all over Ceylon and India, those in the latter being sometimes on the scale of small hotels; but I shall describe them more fully hereafter. We got a fine hot supper of eggs and chickens, with tea and coffee, with oysters (plentiful here) and liquors for those who cared for them. Refreshed, renewed, and strengthened to endure the manifold miseries yet remaining till the morning dawn, and in a perfect storm of wind and rain, we left the lights of the Bentotte "rest-house." The remainder of the journey passed away pretty much as before, only that the native passenger smoked less, and was continually in danger of falling against me during some of his dozing fits, which catastrophe I always prevented by receiving his head against my knee, which had the effect of sending him flying up wide awake for several minutes.

At last morning dawned, and we were driving through the pretty southern suburb of Colombo, called Galle Face, through avenues of cocoa-nut palms, orchards, gardens, and neat dwelling-houses. We were very soon inside the fort, which here, too, surrounds the business part of the town, and were brought to a stand opposite an hotel. I was glad to jump out, and getting my baggage, &c., together, was marching off, when the fat Dutch lady gave me one more shot—it was a

parting one, and very mean in her. She asked me, with a beaming smile, "if I had not enjoyed my journey." My legs were quite sore, and so, too, were my arms and ribs, and I made a rush inside the hotel, without even answering her.

Colombo is a much larger town than Galle, and is the capital of the island; and yet at Galle there is much more to be seen and noted. The harbour is even still worse, it being merely an open roadstead. There are always a few square-rigged vessels seen here, but none of the numerous large mail-steamers which touch every week at Galle. Colombo may be said to consist of the fort, the extensive suburbs, and the native town. The fort is a little larger than the one at Galle, and may probably be made more use of; but it is old, and could easily be taken. It is laid out inside in roads and squares, lined with well-built houses, which are occupied either by merchants for their offices and stores, or by the government for offices. There are also a few hotels, shops, and a couple of printing-presses. The Governor's house is at a corner, overlooking the bay, and beautifully shaded with trees. A narrow stream flows by the north of the fort, between it and the native town, and is crossed by a substantial bridge. It is in the suburbs, however, that most of the residents of Colombo live. To the south there is the Galle Face, with a large level parade-ground in front of it; the lake, a large sheet of water to the south-east and east, with several beautiful islands, but which I should imagine must be rather unhealthy; the Cinnamon Gardens, a large tract which once was a beautiful garden, but which is now a brown, withered waste, here and there occupied by dwelling-houses; and Colpetty, with the fine houses on the sandy beach of the lake and by the river. The Cinnamon Gardens are extensive, but in their brown and withered appearance present a strong contrast to the beautifully bright and flourishing Cinnamon Gardens at Galle. The plant here does not thrive so well, the soil being very wretched. The gardens about the European dwellings, however, are well cultivated, and present very neat and pretty appearances. The houses are more in the cottage style, when compared with the superior tenements in India, and very low, not providing against the damp and malaria. There are few or no amusements beyond the everlasting billiards, and an annual race or so. The officials of the Civil Service here are contented with very much poorer salaries than those paid in India. The native town beyond the river is, perhaps, the most striking part of Colombo. It is large, extends along the sea-coast for two or three miles, with a good depth. The roads are densely lined with houses, all crammed with a great variety of races and creeds. The quarter where the shops of the native merchants and dealers are situated is the most worthy of a visit. Here may be seen Moormen, Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, and Tamils (from Madras), along with Portuguese and "burghers," occupying very respectable shops of all kinds of the varied and rich productions of the East.

The varieties of population in Colombo may serve to give an idea of them as generally found on the island. There are first, of course, Europeans, chiefly Englishman, occupying the chief civil and military offices of the state, or merchants and planters. After them we have the "burgher" class. These are descendants of the Dutch of olden times, and range in colour from fair to dark brown. Many of them are well-to-do people, most of them having a little money, or being engaged in trade. The class of wealthy natives, who were converted by force in older

times, and had to assume European names, are confounded and incorporated in this "burgher" class. Many of them send their sons to be educated in Calcutta, or in England, and occupy leading positions as barristers, doctors, and clergymen. Some of these are pure natives, without a drop of European blood, though with Dutch or Portuguese names. The better classes of these "burghers" can only be compared with the better classes of East Indians in India, though these last, by frequent intermarriage with Europeans, shade off into English gentlemen, and are to be found in Her Majesty's army and other services, being entered and taken as Englishmen. The Moormen and Arabs are a distinct race, easily distinguishable, and appear to belong to a very early date, probably from those times when

much more so than in India, except the cities of Madras and Bombay. Living is extremely dear; and many articles, as mutton, &c., are only to be procured at very high prices. Sheep are imported from Australia; the cows are few; and rice is brought over from the mainland. The price of labour, too, is high, and a servant here costs twice what one costs in India. A Portuguese valet, whom I employed at nearly a pound a week (a month's wages in India), used to get shamefully drunk every evening, till I was compelled to send him away.

There is not much more to describe at Colombo. There are specimens of other races to be met with, but, with the exception of the Maldivé and Laccadive islanders, who come in during the season with a nominal tribute to the Ceylon govern-



MALDIVÉ ISLANDERS.



BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

Sinbad met his adventures in Serendib, as related in the "Arabian Nights." They are mostly in affluent circumstances, being native traders of the countries bordering on the Arabian Sea, or wealthy shopmen. Parsees also are to be found, but only in very small numbers. The Tamils are mostly the lower order of coolies, labourers, &c. A few Malays, as domestic servants, may be rarely met with, though there is a Malay regiment of rifles kept up for the protection of the colony, the native Cingalese making very poor soldiers. The Portuguese are mostly domestic servants, and are found in the same wretched condition, and large numbers, as in Bombay and Calcutta. The Cingalese are employed as servants, or are occupied in mechanical trades. They are a most degraded and inferior race. A great many of them have been at English schools, and can talk English. They keep the hair long, which they tie up with a comb into a knot on the top or side of the head. They are weak in physical strength, and extremely cunning. They impressed me very unfavourably. Throughout the island English is very largely spoken by the better classes of natives,

ment and a quantity of cocoa-nuts, shells, and coir, they are few and unnoticed. The fruit gardens about some of the dwelling-houses in the suburbs show the rich nature of the soil and its similarity to that of the Malayan Peninsula. There is the same luxuriance of growth of the cocoa-nut palm. Many of the other fruits are the same. The bread-fruit tree flourishes here as in Singapore. The *jack* thrives. Papias and plantains are very plentiful. So, too, are oranges and pine-apples. There are several varieties of jambus, guavas, and mangoes; these last, however, are not so fine as those in Western and Northern India. The avocado pear, with a brownish yellow inside, of the consistence of soft cheese, is eaten with salt and pepper. Grapes are rare, and so are mangosteens and rambutans; the two last introduced from the Malayan Peninsula. The noble Malay fruit, the *durian*, has also been introduced, though at the time I saw the trees they were too young to have produced any fruit. They were about twenty feet high, and thriving luxuriantly. Such thriving, however, cannot be accepted as an indication of their producing fruit.

The bread-fruit tree grows very well in Bengal, but as yet has failed to produce any fruit. As it is now some years since I was in Ceylon, the question of the bearing of the durian-trees must have been solved by this time, and probably while I am writing this, some native is enjoying its rich creamy pulp with his family round him. Another common Malay fruit is the *camaranga bilimbi*, which thrives in Ceylon.

At the time I was in the island, the railway which was intended to open up the coffee districts of the interior highlands had not been completed, and so I was obliged to travel along the old road to Kandy by Ambapusse and the

Indian language, a "dâk-bungalow." *Dâk* means "post," and these bungalows, or houses, were erected originally for the convenience of government officials travelling post. They may be met with along most of the main roads of India, at convenient distances; and the houses consist of a couple of bed, dressing, and bath rooms. Two or three servants attached to it serve to keep the rooms clean, and cook a dinner or offer refreshments to the traveller. The pleasure with which one dismounts after a hot and weary ride in one of these cool, airy, and pleasant spots, cannot be realised by one who has not travelled in the East. There is so much paid as hire for the



TEMPLE IN CEYLON.

Koduganowa Pass. Both in the low country immediately after leaving Colombo, and in the highlands the road is more interesting than the one from Galle to Colombo. Mail-coaches used to run in those days, and though the railway is now open, I would still advise those who wish to enjoy the scenery and see the country to travel by the old route up the road. The Kalany-gunga (*gunga* being a generic name for many rivers in India and Ceylon) is crossed by a bridge of boats, and on the way eastward numerous small streams are met with. A great deal of traffic may be seen along the roads towards the markets of Colombo. Provisions and all the produce of those parts of the interior which are untapped by the railway, are carried on the backs of porters, or in large carts drawn by oxen of a very inferior breed. These carts travel, as in India, day and night, and may be seen, many together, either on the move or at rest. At the end of the plain country we came to Ambapusse, where there was a prettily-situated "rest-house," or, in

room, being a shilling for three hours, and two shillings for the day, and this money goes to the credit of the Post-office, which has the care of these "rest-houses." Generally the income is sufficient to support the establishment. The servants sell the refreshments to the traveller, and this forms their perquisite. Sometimes, as at Delhi, Amballa, and Saharunpoor, the dâk-bungalows are kept up on a great scale, and have accommodation for over twenty people; and as these places are on great lines of road, the profits to the Post-office are considerable, while the cook secures all the profits of an hotel-keeper, with few of his risks.

From Ambapusse the low plains are left behind, and the ascent to the interior highlands begins. The road from this to Kandy presents a succession of varied and delightful scenery. The cocoa-nut palm, which loves the sea-breezes, disappears, but gives way to more graceful and noble species of the palm tribe. Mountains and valleys lie on either hand,

with ambushed villages, forests, and cultivations, pretty abodes of rural wealth and plenty, and, not the least remarkable, Buddhist temples. It is only when you enter on this region that you realise that Ceylon is a Buddhist country. Wherever the Buddhists have established themselves, whether in Burmah, in Thibet, or in Ceylon, they have shown a remarkable partiality for the loveliest and most beautiful sites for their pagodas. Buddhist priests, too, are now met in their long, flowing, yellow robes. More miserable specimens of humanity it has not been our lot to meet anywhere else. Emaciated, and without any expression on their countenance, they are only rivalled by the priests of the same faith in Burmah. The Thibetan Buddhist priests are in better condition, and evidently know what good living means. In Thibet they are directly concerned with secular pursuits and callings, some even going so far as to trade; but in Burmah and Ceylon they separate themselves entirely from the world, and devote themselves to a life of voluntary poverty, contemplation, and celibacy. Any one may enter into the sacred class; and these priests do not form an aristocratic and exclusive *race* as the Brahmins of India. This was the main difference between the teaching of Buddha Gotama and the old Brahmins, and as it was entirely subversive of the power of the latter, they resisted it to the utmost, and succeeded in driving away the reforming party to the countries adjoining India. This is not the place to describe the tenets of Buddhism; but we may note, in passing, that Ceylon is a stronghold of that faith. A tooth belonging to their great leader is supposed to be in existence, and possessed by them, and it is very much venerated, being kept in a jewelled shrine. But there can be no doubt that the tooth, if there ever was any, has long since been lost, and that a substitute for it has been found. The monasteries, however, contain many valuable old works on the rise and progress of Buddhism in the island. Some of these are available to scholars, but many are most carefully and jealously guarded.

Higher up on the road, the usual difficulties of mountain travelling are met with. Numerous ravines and torrents have to be crossed, before the highest point of the road, called the Koduganowa Pass, is reached. After this, the road descends down a few miles, as far as the Mahavelli-gunga river, on a bend of which Kandy, the old capital of Ceylon, and still the abode of her native nobility, is situated. The entire distance is not much more than from Galle to Colombo. Kandy lies between the river and ranges of hills, with a tranquil lake in front. The houses of the natives are mean and dirty, and there is very little to be seen except the ruins of the old palace, and the natural scenery. At one end of the palace is the shrine for the supposed tooth of Buddha, where it is kept in great state, and jealously guarded. Much of the forest has been cut down for coffee-plantations, several of which may be seen from here. At a short distance from Kandy is Peradenia, where the Ceylon government keeps up a fine botanic garden, principally made use of by travellers and others, for picnics and excursions. At Kandy itself there are but few Europeans. Among the natives, the nobles may be discerned by their extra fatness, their large flat turbans, and their umbrellas or fans of state, usually held over them by dependants. They appear a heavy and uninteresting race, and probably will be the last to be moved by the civilising influences of the West.

One of the principal products of Ceylon is coffee, the cultivation of which was introduced only a few years ago, and which was so vigorously and successfully prosecuted, that the island now exports a considerable quantity of the berry. The first planters were Englishmen, but natives have now begun plantations of their own. The labour market is supplied by coolies from the Madras coast, who are attracted by the nearness of the island to their own native province. They receive very good wages, and always return after a few years, in comfortable circumstances. Kandy is in the centre of the coffee-producing districts, and no one who has been here goes away without a visit to a coffee plantation. The planters are extremely hospitable—as they are all over the globe—and glad to welcome visitors. I have seen coffee, and tea, and nutmeg cultivation, and coffee plantations do not suffer by a comparison with the other two. The nutmeg-tree is more bright, green, and luxuriant; but the long clustering rows of the coffee blossom, pure white, and emitting the most delicate and sweet perfume, or the clustering lines of ripening berries, dark green, or red like the berries of the holly-bush at home, offer the most exquisite attractions to a man with rural tastes. Some plantations are of considerable extent, though not yet quite cleared and planted out. Views of whole hill-sides, covering many hundreds of acres, laid out with the dark green coffee-bush, may be obtained from points in these hills. From a distance they look like immense close-shaven green lawns. The coffee of Ceylon is of medium quality, and does not approach to what is exported from Celebes under the name of *pea-berry*, which consists of a single seed inside the shell. We often hear complaints of coffee being “too strong.” A most delicious mild beverage, with all the flavour of the coffee, may be got out of the coffee *shells*, which are now simply thrown away. Hundreds of tons of this, quite as good as tea for a mild beverage, are annually lost; and we may yet come to see this in general use, and profitable to the planter.

Here and there on these hills occur large patches of a long, stiff, highly-scented grass called, from its smell, “lemon-grass.” Few large trees grow on these patches; and a strong essential oil is extracted from this grass and largely exported to Europe. It is from this oil that most of our soaps are perfumed, and that, with combinations, so many essences and bouquets for the handkerchief are made by perfumers and chemists. The fragrance of the pure oil is so powerful that a few drops in a room render it uninhabitable; and ladies in Ceylon keep off moths and other noxious insects from their wardrobes by just sprinkling a few drops inside the drawers. A few bits of this lemon-grass in a tea-pot are sufficient to flavour several cups of tea, the original tea flavour being quite hidden or lost.

While coffee thrives, and the trade returns show an annual increase, the cultivation of cinnamon is degenerating and threatening even to decrease. It is commonly stated that the cinnamon plant thrives well in certain parts, while in others it will hardly grow at all. My own impression is that the plant, like the nutmeg, pepper, and other products, is found to exhaust the soil in a few years. Hence an inferior production is the result. It is seldom we see now that thin, papery, fragrant, and *bitingly* pungent cinnamon which was so common a quarter of a century ago. This result is encouraged by the state of the market, which requires an inferior and less-priced article for common and general use. Another of the vegetable products of Ceylon is ebony—the black wood of a

soft, satin texture and dense consistence, which is so largely used for ornamental furniture. It is the heart of the trunk of a tree found wild in the forests, and is not confined to Ceylon, being common in the East Indian Archipelago; while an inferior variety in colour but much harder in the grain has been discovered in India. A great deal of ornamental ebony furniture, which would fetch the very highest prices in Europe, may be seen in most houses in Ceylon.

Kandy is the centre, not only of the coffee districts and the highlands, but of the forests, which still cover a great part of the interior districts of the island, and which are the haunts of wild animals like the leopard, the elephant, and a few others. Ceylon has long been famous for its elephants. The forests at one time must have abounded with them; but the supply has been very much diminished. The area is circumscribed, and the annual raids against these animals by both government and private hunters are tending to annihilate them. The elephant in a state of nature loves shade and the vicinity of rivers. Here in Ceylon he has no such deadly enemy as the royal Bengal tiger, and his life, save for the hunter, is passed in halcyon days of ease and retirement. The presence of the inferior animals which feed on grass, as the buffalo and the deer, seldom troubles him, and whole herds feed together, with their young, and generally with only a single male, and in this way are often seen by the traveller in these hilly districts. From his enormous size and weight it would seem as if he were not fitted for high and broken country; but he is found at

very high elevations in both Eastern Bengal, in the Tipperah country, and in the Sewalik range of hills at the foot of the Himalayas. He is, indeed, an excellent climber, and may be seen winding his way up toilsome ascents, which the horse of the plains finds it a difficult matter to surmount. As in Bengal, he is snared here in great numbers. A large herd is marked out, and kept in their position by surrounding groups of men using various methods to keep the animals stationary, such as fires, noises on drums, shouts, &c. A corral (called *keddah* in Bengal), or enclosure of heavy and substantial stakes is then constructed as rapidly as possible, leaving an opening towards the herd. Through this opening the elephants are then driven, and, once inside it, they are shut fast, and tame elephants sent in to secure and tie them up. The men engaged on this service are sometimes killed. Often a corral is constructed without reference to a particular herd, and beaters drive in the game from over a considerable extent of country. In Bengal, the modes of constructing a *keddah*, as well as of securing the elephants after they are inside, are very different, but may be left here undescribed. In both, however, tame elephants are largely used in securing the wild ones after they are caught; and in both *fire* is used to frighten the animals with. It is remarkable how wild animals dread fire. Through the most lonely forest solitudes of India the common native mail-runners proceed by night, protected by only a flaming torch, which scares tigers, panthers, leopards, and bears away most effectually.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—IV.

THE LLANOS OF GUIANA.

As we advanced towards the foot-hills of the Guiana mountains, the country presented a very picturesque and diversified aspect. The open grassy expanses, alternating with the tracts of woodland, became of larger extent. Some of them might deserve the title of prairies, or *llanos*, as these are termed in Spanish parlance. But, in South America, this intermingling of savanna and forest is very different from that seen in the northern division of the continent—as, for example, in many parts of Texas. There the “oak openings,” or the tracts partially covered with *chapparal*, show but few species of trees, and these generally with only two or three kinds in each grove or *motte*. On the llanos of Guiana, the interspersed pieces of woodland are made up of many kinds, while the broader leaves of tropical vegetation—the palms more especially—lend to the landscape a very different aspect. Frequently small clumps of palms, standing apart from all other trees, give it a pronounced tropical character.

It would be impossible to imagine anything nearer the idea of paradise than some of the scenes passed on our way. There were vistas of woodland, with green savannas intervening, the timbered edge showing every kind of curvature in its indentations and embayments. Some of the groves were rounded, others elliptical, and some running in straight belts, or “spinneys,” as if they had been planted by the hand of a

landscape gardener. Sometimes the open plain narrowed into an avenue shape, in this way continuing for miles and miles between walls of towering trees, grand *Ceibas*, *Lecythids*, and terebinths, whose topmost boughs could alone be distinguished, their lower branches and stems being completely hidden by an impenetrable drapery of parasitic plants.

PARKS WITHOUT PALACES.

As these avenues again expanded, disclosing fresh vistas of park-like appearance, we instinctively looked for palaces; at least for noble mansions. In vain. There was no dwelling of civilised man within hundreds of miles of us; and, travelling many days, we did not see even the toldo of a savage. In this wild domain of Brazilian Guiana, nature has been long left unmolested—perhaps since the dawn of creation. A wonder, too: for there is no spot on the habitable earth that appears more suited for man's habitation, as for his happiness. Whatever may have hindered the population of this fine country in ante-Columbian times, its remaining a wilderness now is due to Portuguese misrule. These colonists have scarce even explored it; such explorations as were made by them being mostly gold-seeking expeditions, and too often razzias in pursuit of red men to be reduced to slavery. In the guilt of these last the Brazilians and half-castes have borne the larger share. Even their missionaries made converts of the simple

savage but to betray and enslave him. Instead of civilising, in most instances they but brutalised him.

As an artist I revelled in these scenes; and a lifetime would not suffice to paint half the landscapes we saw worthy of being transferred to canvas. Many were well fitted for a place upon the walls of the Royal Academy. But I had not time for that then, and they could not be depicted from memory. Fancy may fill up an outline, but cannot be trusted to portray the very unnaturalness of nature.

THE CURASSOWS.

As an amateur in natural history, I was equally charmed—delighted—with the lessons I was daily learning. For if man was absent from the scene, all the more abundant were the wild denizens of the forest and the savanna. Numerous strange species of beast and bird were presented to my eyes; among the latter, many that were new to me; while others, old acquaintances of the Zoological Gardens and the Museum, were seen disporting themselves in their native habitat. One of our chief sources for provisioning ourselves was found in the family of the *Cracide*—the curassows, and their kindred genera—which in most parts of tropical America represent the *Gallinaceæ* of the eastern hemisphere. Of these birds, I believe there are not less than twenty distinct species, though a much less number is known to ornithologists. I draw my deduction from the fact that new species are continually being discovered, some of them confined within limited geographical range; and as there are vast tracts of tropical America still unexplored, it is more than probable that many other species exist unknown. Travellers in South American countries speak of shooting "wild turkeys," as also "pheasants." It is simply a misunderstanding of generic names. The pheasants so spoken of are birds of the genus *Penelope*; while the turkeys are different species of *Crax*. It is doubtful whether there is any indigenous species of the *Meleagris* on the South American continent; though it is possible, and indeed probable, that the ocellated turkey of Honduras has found its way to the south of the Straits of Panama.

THE KING OF THE VULTURES.

On our journey we saw daily, almost hourly, a very interesting bird, of a sort very different from either turkeys or curassows. This was the "king vulture" (*Sarcorhamphus papa*). I had seen it before, upon the savannas of Southern Mexico, where it is known as the "rey de zopilotes," or king of the zopilotes. In South America it is called "rey de zamuros," an appellation of similar significance. It is beyond question the most beautiful of all the vulture tribe; and, regarding

its brilliant-crested head and clean-looking plumage, as seen in zoological collections, or upon the shelves of a museum, one could hardly fancy its beak clotted with blood, its feathers bedaubed with filth, and its body emitting an odour that makes it unpleasant to approach within several paces of it. And yet I have seen and shot king vultures in this disagreeable condition.

At the best these birds are not numerous anywhere. They are certainly not gregarious, in the proper sense of the term; though as many as a dozen may be observed in proximity, drawn together by the common quarry that has attracted them. Usually but a pair will be seen soaring or perched; and sometimes the pair of old birds with their young, forming the family. But never in large flocks, as the *Cathartes atratus*

and *Cathartes aura*—the latter itself not strictly gregarious. Indeed, of all the American vultures, condor, Californian, king, and at least four small black species distinct (not admittedly), *Cathartes atratus* seems the only one given to a gregarious habit. And it may be observed that it is the one which is farthest from the pure vulture type. Space does not permit me to dwell on the natural history of the king vulture, however interesting the bird, and little known its habits. Of the characteristic which has given it the name it bears, both in Spanish and Portuguese America, we were often witnesses. We saw that while it was feeding on carrion, the black vultures and other predatory birds kept at a distance, only approaching after the "king" had completed his repast, and seemed to permit them. Hence the regal title, denoting a spirit savouring of

tyranny. Of course there is nothing strange in all this. It is simply because the king vulture is stronger than those of the other species, and keeps them at a distance, as a big mastiff would the small cowardly cur.

IN SIGHT OF THE SIERRAS.

My travelling companion had no great taste for natural history, nor, indeed, nature in any shape, save that of nuggets, or blocks of quartz showing *specule* of gold. For these his eyes were ever on the alert; the more so as we entered among the foot-hills of the mountains. We were now within sight of the sierras whose fame had attracted many Spanish explorers, and one great Englishman to his ruin. For it was in the midst of these mountains Sir Walter Raleigh had located the "Gilded King," at whose court he was so desirous of presenting himself. He never reached either the court or kingdom; but lost all—fame, royal favour, at length even life, for making the attempt.

After all, Raleigh was right. There is amidst these



MUNDURUCU GIRL, TATOOED.



SUN-WORSHIP OF AMAZON INDIANS.

mountains an "El Dorado," though perhaps not exactly of the sort he supposed. There may have been no "Gilded King;" but there were, and still are, gilded rocks—blocks and boulders of quartz in which the precious metal is imbedded.

My travelling companion, Senhor N——, was no idle dreamer. The book he had perused in the library of Rio Janeiro was no fictitious tale; but a truthful account of mines and miners in the Sierra Tucumuraqua. The former had received *exploration* in early times, close succeeding the discovery and conquest, while the latter had been undoubtedly murdered—massacred by the mountain Indians. From legends still alive among the Zummates, as stated, and day by day gathered from our guides, we learnt this much. Part of this legendary lore they had obtained from their enemies, the Woy-o-ways—from captives taken in battle.

THE DEFECTION OF OUR GUIDES.

Of these Indians our guides conversed every day; indeed every hour, as we drew near to the district where the Woy-o-ways might be met. And every hour they grew more apprehensive of meeting them; until at length their apprehension reached its climax; and one and all declared they would go no farther. The Woy-o-ways were cannibals, and would eat them. They had conducted us to the threshold of this anthropophagous family, which was all they had promised to do. If we insisted on proceeding farther it must be at our own risk. Not one of them would venture to go along with us. Expostulation was in vain. So also promises and entreaties. The scared Zummates forsook us, and went back to their tribe, leaving us in the dilemma, either to return bootless along with them, or take our chances of being eaten by the Woy-o-ways.

Their desertion was a chagrin—to Senhor N—— a great one. He had expended a large sum of money on the expedition, and to return without gaining any end would be to him not only the dissolving of a long-cherished dream, but a complete commercial ruin.

He could not think of retreating until he had tried to the utmost.

It did not need any appeal to me. I was with him to the end. So, too, was my man Pluto, and so also the Tapuyos we had brought from below.

Having parted with the disaffected Zummates, under a fresh spurt of hope we once more shouldered our *impedimenta*, and kept on towards the sierras.

THE GATES OF THE GOLDEN LAND.

Gradually the blue of the mountains became changed to green, growing more vivid as we drew nearer to them. We at length arrived at the foot of their forest-covered declivities. But their sides were not all sloping. Only after reaching a certain height did they ascend obliquely. At first, for several hundred feet, they presented a steep cliff, whose grim façade extended to right and left as far as we could see. Here and there a deep ravine ran into it, the cleft made by some mountain torrent, fed by tropic rains. We were at the gates of the golden land; for so might be justly styled these gashes amid palæozoic rocks, in whose beds lay huge stone boulders that had all the indications of being imbued with the auriferous element.

Into one of these ravines we entered; and commenced making our way up.

Senhor N——'s object in ascending was to reach the elevated plateaux lying between the sierras. Upon these the ancient record located the abandoned mine. There, too, dwelt the Woy-o-ways; and so far from wishing to shun an encounter with these Indians, it was his most ardent desire to meet them. As already said, he believed them to be a maligned people, simply because they had done battle with the whites—both Spanish and Portuguese—to preserve their independence. In this they had been successful; neither of these nations having ever made a successful expedition into their country.

Should we fall in with them, Senhor N—— did not fear their receiving us in a hostile manner, so long as they knew it was not a party of slave-hunters. Our numbers were not great enough for us to be mistaken for this. On the other hand, should the Indians prove unfriendly, they might massacre us at their mercy.

Dwelling on such doubtful contingencies, I was by no means easy in my mind; at times, indeed, almost dismayed. It was only through the great confidence and courage of my companion I was contented to go on. I may add that a hope of getting gold in large quantity—becoming rich at a single *coup*—helped a little to sustain me. Senhor N——'s story was in many respects substantiated by what we heard among the Zummates. Why should it not be true? We *might* discover the mine; or, better still, the accumulated wealth of the murdered miners!

Cheered by these hopes, we continued the ascent of the sierra. It was hard work now, becoming more difficult as we advanced. The path led among rugged rocks and spinous plants, agaves and cacti, that bristled on both sides of us. These had sometimes to be grasped to facilitate the climbing of some cliff or steep slope. We had to crawl along ledges so narrow as scarce to afford footing; while far below a groaning torrent seemed as if singing our death-knell. For a whole day we thus clambered; and it was near noon of the second when, with hands and faces torn and bleeding, footsore, and fatigued with the exceeding toil, we arrived on the edge of the upper plain.

UNPEOPLED PLAINS.

Here we still saw mountains before and around us. Now no longer with foot-hills, but rising above the plateaux in clear sharp outline, some in continuous ranges, others standing alone and isolated. The rocks composing them were primitive, and had all the appearance of being auriferous. We were certainly in a region of gold. After resting a day to recruit our spent strength, we struck across the adjacent plain; and turning a mountain spur, came in sight of another tract of table-land still more extensive. All the while our eyes were on the alert, now raised and looking ahead, now bent on the ground to discover the traces of human footsteps. But neither the sight of man himself, nor any evidence of his existence, rewarded our search. All around was wild, savage, and silent. The only signs of life were the birds flitting from copse to copse, and now and then a deer, that, bounding from its lair in the long bunch grass, ran affrighted before us. The only sounds heard were the harsh cackling of parrots, and the yet harsher cry of the harpy eagle, which, perched on some bold peak, seemed to scold us for intruding upon its domain. This, and the black vultures hovering above, produced a depressing effect on the spirits of our party

They were ominous signs and sounds. These filthy birds might soon be banqueting upon our flesh, leaving our bones to bleach upon the table-lands of the Tucumuraqua. The very fact that we saw no signs of man—not so much as his footmark—made the loneliness of the place all the more oppressive. We did not look for meeting civilised men, but only savages. Now that neither were disclosed to the view, it seemed as if we were treading some accursed spot of earth from which human beings had fled.

For three days we traversed those table-lands without once striking on a path that showed sign of having ever been trodden before. There were trails, but only such as were made by the mountain tapir and a small species of deer indigenous to the uplands of Guiana. There was nothing to show that hunters had ever chased or stalked them. Indeed, these animals were so tame that we had no difficulty in procuring plenty of their venison. This, with an occasional *Penelope*, or curassow, by way of change, formed the staple of our food while thus vainly wandering. And we were in reality wandering, since we had now no guide, and not even a landmark.

We at length grew so wearied of this idle search that the sight of savages would have been welcome, even if not altogether friendly. Anything rather than the uncertainty and long-constrained solitude we were in.

GROWING DISCOURAGED.

We began to think of retracing our steps, and returning to the Trombetas. The hope of becoming suddenly rich had been gradually growing fainter and fainter. It had at length forsaken us. Even Senhor N—— had given it up as a delusion and a dream. It is wonderful how, when alone with stern nature, far away from the scenes of civilisation, man loses his delight in that which makes civilisation so enjoyable. In the wilderness gold no longer charms, and cupidity ceases to be a passion. Thus disenchanted, we were about to resign ourselves and set out on our return to the settlements. But Senhor N—— was a man of stern, unflinching resolve, and chafed sorely at his disappointment.

"One more day," he said; "one more effort to find the Woy-o-ways. They must be among these mountains somewhere. I am sure of it. Let us climb up to yonder peak, which seems the highest of all. From its summit we shall be able to view the country for at least twenty miles in every direction. If that show us nothing, then let us abandon the search, go back to Pará, and drown our disappointment in a basket of the best champagne to be had at the Diana Hotel."

My companion, naturally light-hearted, thus endeavoured to keep up his spirits, ending his speech with a laugh. Perhaps it was to conceal the chagrin he must have felt at failure. For I knew he had laid out all his fortune on the expedition; which, if fruitless, would not leave much to be expended on champagne at Pará.

A LAST LOOK AROUND.

Once more cheered by thoughts of success, we again girded up our loins, and commenced ascending the mountain.

After a fatiguing climb, lasting some three or four hours, we stood upon its top. Beyond, we looked down upon a deep and desolate ravine; and beyond this a congeries of other peaks, towering one above another, and piled in chaotic confusion. And so to right and left, in every direction, save that

from which we had ascended. On this side alone the eye penetrated into illimitable space, the view ending in the blue ether that hung over the low-lying plains of Amazonia.

For a time we remained on the mountain-top, looking down on every side, and examining every plain and valley that was visible. Part of our equipment was a binocular; and with this we gave minute telescopic survey to all that came within its field of view. No house, no smoke, no sign of human habitation, nothing to indicate that man made abode in all that district of country, comprising a circular space of at least fifty miles diameter!

Where was the El Dorado? Where Manoa, the city of the Gilded King?

With saddened hearts and something more—a wild weird impression upon us—we descended to the plain; and at once started on our return to the Trombetas.

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Nearly another week was spent on the way back to the Zummate village; where a surprise awaited us but little calculated to allay the ghostly feeling that possessed us. The *toldos* of the Indians were all deserted, not a soul to be seen about the place!

What could it mean? Had an enemy—the Woy-o-ways—been there, captured their hereditary foes, and carried them all off to the mountains?

No. It could not be this. There were no traces of havoc or devastation. The *toldos* were all standing, their fires still smouldering, their furniture untouched. It would not have been thus after a *razzia* of Red Indians. Where were the denizens of the deserted village? This we asked while visiting wigwam after wigwam, and finding them all empty. For answer we now hurried to the malocca, or council house, that stood some distance apart. Entering, we found it also empty, even more so than the private dwellings. For it was stripped of its trophies, the flags and feather dresses that we had seen there before, and knew to be its usual adornings—the property of the commonwealth. The absence of these looked more like pillage. Still we could not think it was this. There would have been dead bodies and blood; and neither were seen. Nor any signs of struggle or conflict.

RETURNING FROM SUN WORSHIP.

While we stood speculating on what had become of our friends, in fear also about their fate, a sound fell upon our ears that seemed to issue from the depths of a distant cavern. We could tell it to be a chorus of voices, chanting some sad or solemn refrain. As we listened it grew louder, as if the chanters were drawing nearer; and in the same degree it was becoming more joyful. All at once a procession appeared approaching the spot, men marching two and two, with files of women intermingled.

As its head emerged from among the thick-standing tree-trunks, we recognised our old Zummate friends, dressed in all the gala of a grand holiday—with plumed circlets upon their heads, feather armlets, and garters of the same, girt just below the knee.

On reaching the malocca, they broke ranks, at the same time bursting into peals of joyous laughter. Then surrounding they embraced us; the chief in a speech again making us welcome to their village.

We soon discovered the cause of their absence from home with all these mysterious proceedings. The day was a grand festival—a religious ceremony annually observed by the tribe, when every man, woman, and child go forth into the woods, to *worship the sun*.

There, near the mouth of the Amazon, and amid the mountains of Guiana, is found the same *culte* observed by the ancient Peruvians in the days of Pizarro, and the Mexicans before Cortez christianised them.

Is it a mere contingency—the sun, symbol of life and strength, calling forth an instinctive adoration? Or, are the

We there drank the champagne as promised; and though Senhor N—— did not drown his disappointment in the cups then quaffed, I am happy to say he has since succeeded; as I learn by a letter just received from him. It is dated from the lately-discovered gold mines of Guiana, where he is at present residing, one of the most successful of mining speculators. So that he has at length found his El Dorado, not up the Trombetas, but upon a branch of the grand Orinoco.

In a postscript to his letter, Senhor N—— adds that he still holds on to the belief of there being a rich gold mine in the Tucumuraqua Mountains, that was once worked by



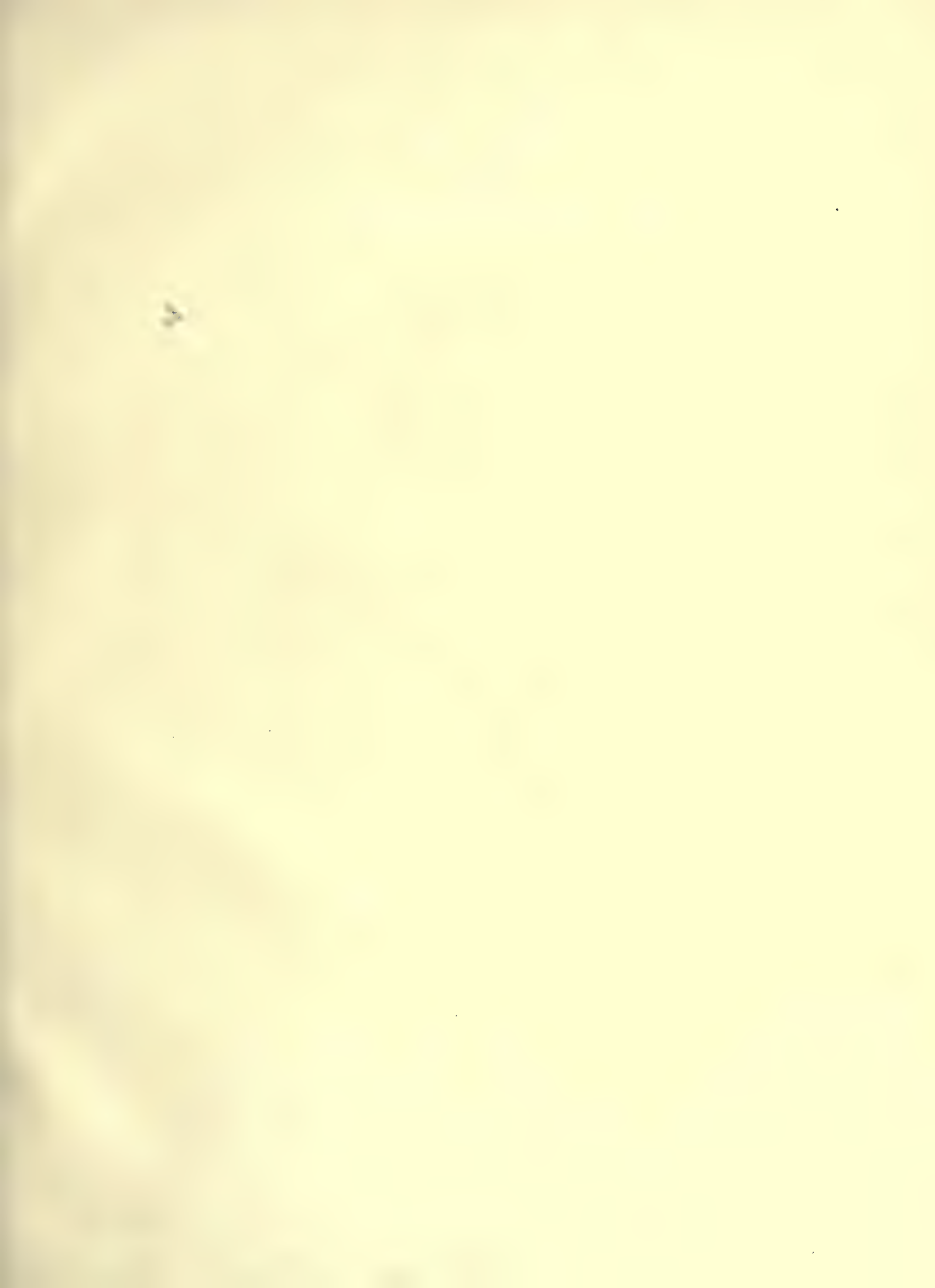
MURA INDIAN, WITH LIP ORNAMENTS.

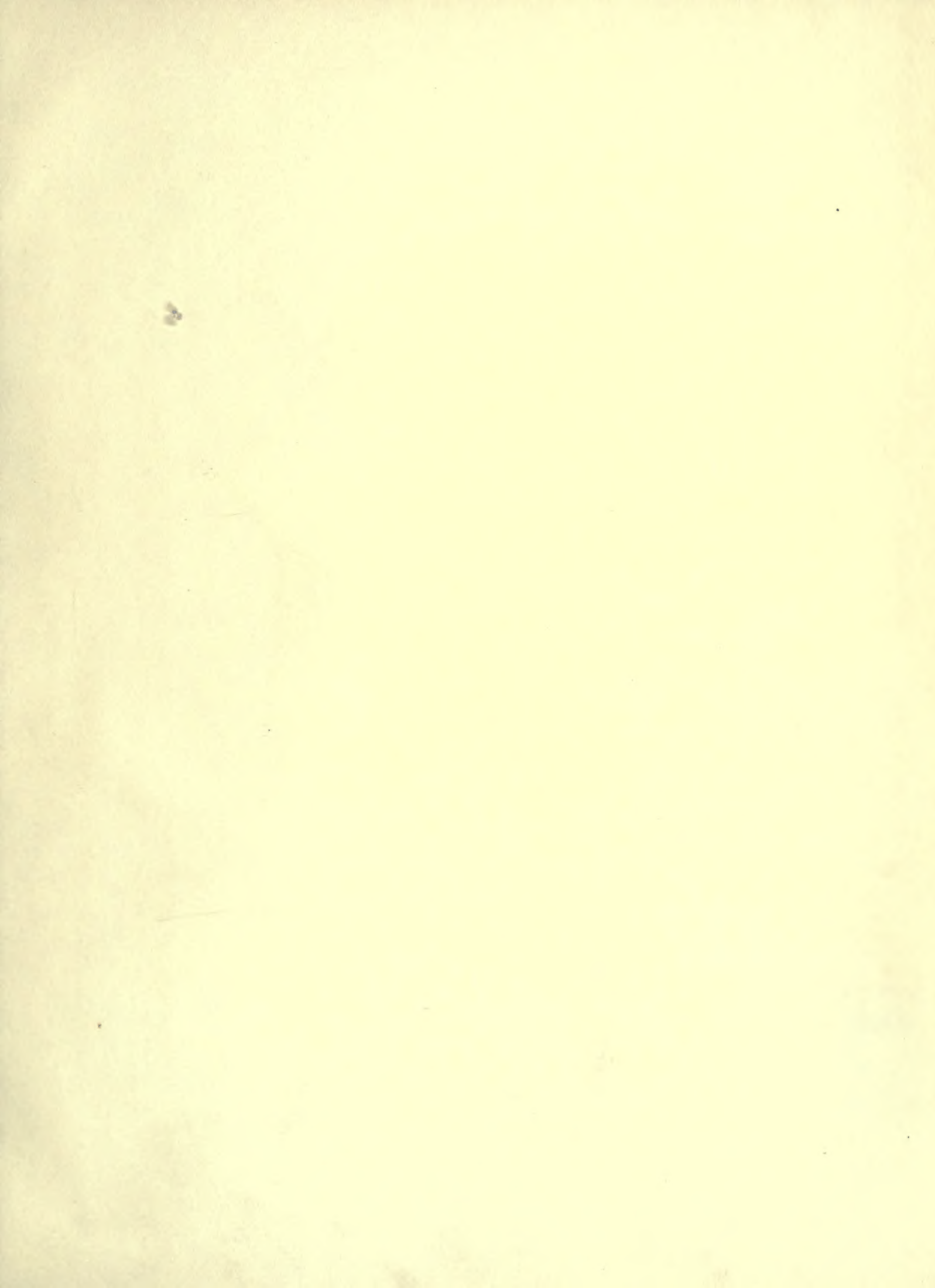
Indians of South America and Mexico but the scattered fragments of the same stock, that were once a grand united people, one in worship as in nationality? Who can tell?

When the Zummate chief spoke words of welcome, he meant them; since he proved as good as his promise. For several days we were the recipients of his hospitality, until sufficiently rested to proceed on our homeward journey. This we did, once more embarking in our *cuberta*, and descending the Trombetas branch, and then the river itself.

Without any further incident worth recording, we at length reached Obydos, and thence made our way to Pará by a returning steamer.

Spanish miners, and long ago abandoned. He states that he has found some further confirmation of this fact on the Orinoco side, and intends at some not distant day to make a fresh attempt at the exploration. He asks me once more to become his travelling companion, with a promised share in the adventure if successful. While declining his invitation, it is not from want of faith in the feasibility of his scheme. For if he does not find the old mine, it is very likely, with his skill and late experience in gold seeking, he may strike some new vein well worth working. From what I saw up the Trombetas I could have no doubt that gold in great plenty exists among the rocks of the Tucumuraqua range.





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